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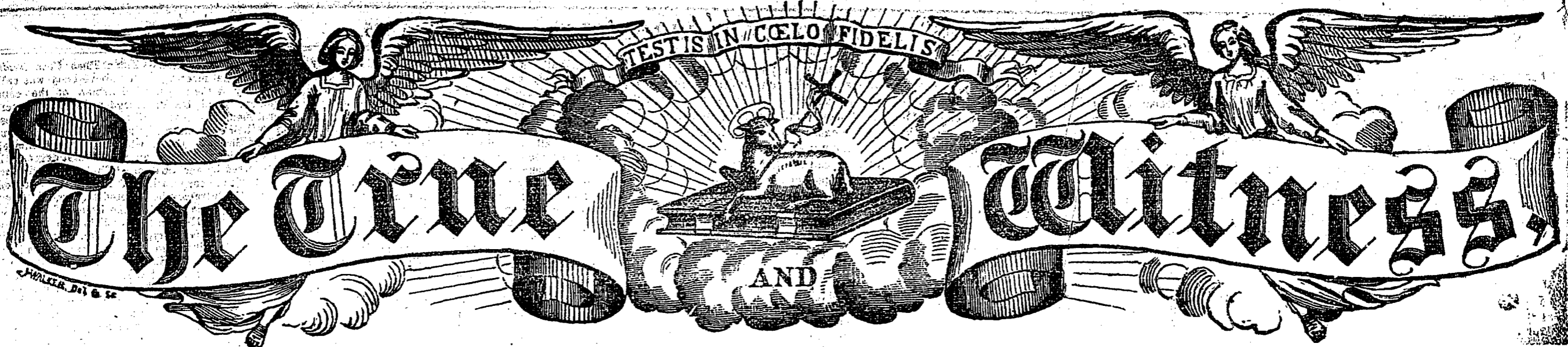
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THE TWO MARYS; OR, THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE.

CHAPTER X.—MARY AT INNISMORE—DEATH AMIDST THE MOUNTAINS—THE CLOISTER.

A lovely summer evening was that on which Mary O'Donnell again beheld the old tower of Innismore rising above the valley in which the Castle was situated; whilst in all their sublime grandeur frowned the heather-clad mountains;—the sun was just setting, and its last rays shed a golden light on the fertile and luxuriantly wooded valley, now buried in such calm repose. The building was raised some two hundred years since, on the site of a very ancient structure, one tower of which still remained. The rays of the sun glittered cheerily on the white granite walls of the edifice, and though the sudden illness of Mrs. O'Donnell was the cause of Mary's summons hither, still she felt that pleasure we experience on our return homewards.

Old Connelly, a trusty and faithful servitor of the family, was the first to bid her welcome, with his—'Isn't it well pleased we all are to see your purty face again, Miss Mary, for the mistress has been looking after ye since long fore-noon the sun set the evening, and its sorra ill she is, but—'

The old man was interrupted by the light footed Bridget, who hastened forwards to conduct Mary to her mistress's room, and led the way through a staircase of carved oak, to the rooms occupied by her mother, as she was wont to call the good lady of Innismore.

Mrs. O'Donnell was, indeed, very ill, still the physician hoped the crisis was past, and the arrival of the affectionate girl, whom she loved as if she were her own, called up a smile on the wan and suffering face.

Mr. O'Donnell was seated by the bedside, his usually good humored, pleasant countenance, all the worse for the nights and days of anxiety he had lately passed, and he, too, pressed a fatherly kiss on the fair young forehead of the daughter of his adoption.

'Now, darling mother,' said Mary, pillowing the invalid's yet throbbing head upon her gentle bosom, 'you must have no one to nurse you but me, and you must soon get well again under my care; and when you can listen, I have much to tell you of your English friends.'

But Mrs. O'Donnell thought she could listen then, and so before the moon had shed its pale rays over yonder mountain, at the foot of which the Castle rose, much had been told of home scenes and home friends in England, and almost one of the first named, on account of her connection with the General O'Donnell, was the unfortunate Maria Flohrberg.

'But what can Margaret have written to me about soon,' said Mary to herself, as the very next morning, on taking her place again in her dear old sitting room to do the honors of the breakfast table, she perceived a letter there bearing the London post mark. It contained a few brief lines; told her of the scene that had taken place at the Montagues, the loss of the bracelet, the suspicion that had fallen on Fraulein, and ended with telling her that she should write again on the following day.

In no small anxiety did Mary watch for the second epistle. She received it in due course, but this time it was in the hand-writing of the barrister.

We need not, of course, repeat its contents, with the nature of which the reader is already acquainted; everything was explained, and the concluding lines were as follows:—

'The trial will come on probably in about six weeks from the present time, and you, my dear Miss O'Donnell, will be subpoenaed as one of our principal witnesses, for we expect much to hear from you; that you were with Fraulein at the very time in which it was stated she pledged the bracelet. If, as we hope, and believe you can state this on your oath, your evidence alone will be amply sufficient for the acquittal of poor Maria Flohrberg.'

This epistle caused no small uneasiness at Innismore, for Mrs. O'Donnell was very ill, but still she might be quite recovered long before the time specified; and to relieve, at once, the minds of her friends from all doubt, Mary wrote as follows:—

Innismore.

'Dear Sir—I can say on my oath, that Maria Flohrberg and myself were chatting together, in her chamber, from a quarter before, till a quarter after, eight, the evening previous to my leaving home. I had been with her for an hour, earlier in the evening; we went out together a little before seven; I parted from her at the top of Regent Street, and a very little later, thought that being faint and ill, a few peaches might be an acceptable offering; I purchased them, and returned almost immediately, but Maria had arrived home before me; she had just finished a short note. She also told me the reason why she had been out at all that evening, and of the

fortunate termination to her trouble. I can swear to the time, because not only did the church clock chime the three quarters after seven, but the timepiece in Maria's room pointed to the same hour. I shall be quite ready, my dear sir, whenever you call upon me,' continued Mary. 'From what I have heard, I think giving one's evidence in a court of justice must be a most painful task, and a species of torture I could willingly dispense with; but I hope to come off with credit, and trust that you will find me a very clearheaded witness. Give my best love to your mother and sisters, not forgetting our poor Fraulein. I was much shocked at the contents of the note I have just received.—Yours very truly, MARY O'DONNELL.'

Slowly but surely Mrs. O'Donnell recovered from an illness which had brought her almost to the verge of the grave; but a naturally vigorous constitution had enabled her to triumph over it, and the care and solicitude of Mary was at length crowned with success, by beholding her friend again occupy her accustomed place in the library, or the ordinary apartments of Innismore.

On one fair September evening, only one week before the time when the subpoena that morning served upon her told her she must be in London, to give her evidence in the approaching trial of Maria Flohrberg, Mary was seated alone in the library with Mrs. O'Donnell; the moon had just risen; every article in the room was seen as clearly as in the full light of mid-day, and its mild soft rays fell full on the pale face of the yet scarcely convalescent Mrs. O'Donnell. Mary had read aloud till the sun had set, and was now speaking of a subject near to her heart, the approaching trial; her fear, for she did fear her entrance in a court of justice, when the silence of the evening, hitherto undisturbed, was broken by a low plaintive voice warbling the following words, some little distance off; the voice sometimes sounding close at hand, then again dying away in a plaintive feeble wail, lost, as it were, among the distant hills:

'My zone, sad life was ever full of sorrow, If e'er I had a joy, it knew no sorrow: If e'er I loved, my love would end in woe, And prove the deepest grief this heart could know.'

'Ah, yes! 'twere torture far beyond belief, To know that love for me could work much grief; That I amid these rocks and glens may sigh Throughout the live-long day, at eve mayhap to die.'

'Alone, unloved for, not one tear to lave The spot where wretched Ailey finds a grave. My husband false; my child she knows not I Am watching near, yet all alone to die.'

Mary had sat with folded hands and parted lips, bending forwards, eager to catch each word that fell from the lips of the songstress; at first she had paid but little attention, but suddenly a chord was touched which had long since ceased to vibrate in her affectionate heart; she had heard that air to which the words were sung in far other scenes, on the waters of the broad Atlantic; far, far away in a penal settlement; again in this the land of her nativity; but ever, ever amid sorrow and suffering. The voice, too, was not unlike; and yet the lips of her of whom she thought, had long since been closed in death;—yet again the strain is borne on the evening air, and the name of Ailey falls upon her ear, the remaining words feebly dying away as it sung at a considerable distance.

She had sat, as it were, speechless, transfixed; but suddenly she bounded from her seat,—'Mother, I come, I come,' shrieked the girl, and Mrs. O'Donnell (ah! well she knew who had sung those words) saw but the flutter of her white robe as she rushed through the open window into the valley beyond.

And still fell on her affrighted ear those words uttered in that heart-thrilling tone, 'my mother, my mother,' as Mary rushed through the valley and glen, round by the hill side and beneath the overhanging rocks in her wild despairing search.

Mrs. O'Donnell tottered to the bell rope, and bid the affrighted servants hasten in all directions in search of their young mistress.

The distracted Mary had already searched fruitlessly for the mother whom she was convinced still lived, and was now aided in her search by the servants. A horrible fear took possession of her soul; what if she had perished by falling into one of the many pieces of water which abounded in that fertile spot.

Suddenly a thought struck her, and in a rich deep voice she sang the last line of the ballad. Her idea was a happy one; the wanderer feared not that she should be repelled, for, lo, again, but very feebly, oh! so feebly, as if it were the last effort of expiring nature, fall upon the air, the words,—

'Am watching near, but all alone to die.'

For one moment Mary stood irresolute; but yes, the voice must surely come from beneath that overhanging rock, and the girl awakes the echoes amidst the distant mountains with the heart stirring words, 'Mother, Mother.'

Onward she flies till she reaches that friendly rock, she feels, she knows she will surely find the dying wanderer there.

Look down ye holy angels and rejoice, for the soul of the outcast has made its peace with God, and she is not to be denied one long and last embrace from the dear one from whom she had so long been severed.

The moon shone forth in unusual splendor, not the smallest fleecy cloud passing over its disk to mar its brilliancy; the parent and child are alone; the warm arms of Mary cradle the dying mother; the head, already damp with the dews of death, reposes on her gentle bosom; and hot tears fall on that cold face, every feature of which has, in the long lapse of years, been fondly treasured in the heart of the loving child.

'Ah, mother, mother! they told me thou wert dead, long, long years since,' sighed Mary;—'oh, why was this?'

'My love, for thee, Mavourneen; my love for thee,' feebly gasped the dying woman; 'to see thee made a lady; to spare thee coming under thy mother's ban, I made thee think that I was dead; and now, glory be to God,' said the dying woman raising her attenuated eyes to heaven, 'I can kiss and bless thee my own heart's treasure, before I die, and Ailey is content; that air thou dost remember, Mavourneen, and the blessed Mary hath heard my prayer.'

The sacredness of the scene was respected by the servants, but Connelly stepped forwards.

'His mistress wished,' he said, 'the dying woman to be brought to the Castle: she had already sent for the services of the parish priest; couldn't they be after carrying her to Innismore.'

But no, it might not be, for Ailey could not bear removal; but close, quite close at hand, much nearer than the Castle, was the cottage of Bridget's mother, and thither they carried Ailey, and the priest was soon at his post, to strengthen the dying one with the last sacraments of the Church. She lingered through the night, but ere the sun had gilded with its golden rays the tall summit of the mountains, the soul of Ailey had passed to its rest, her head pillowed on the shoulder of her child.

Why is that the outpouring of parental love, so often returns in so thin a stream from the heart of the child? Why is it that so often it is found so strong in its descent, so weak and feeble in its upward current? But not so was it with Mary.

It was well for her after-peace of mind, that her dying mothers in the few hours which she spent with her newly-found child, dropped no word by which she made known to Mary the stern repulse she had met from Mrs. O'Donnell, in the vain effort she had made to see her child; if she had, it were difficult to say whether or no Mary could again have borne to reside at Innismore. Still, humanly speaking, Mrs. O'Donnell could not be blamed for having kept the unfortunate Ailey so strictly to the performance of her promise; she naturally dreaded the child whom she had adopted should become by contact with its unfortunate, weak, and erring mother, a sharer in that mother's misery.

A few days later then, the remains of poor Ailey were conveyed to their rest in the churchyard of Innismore, and it was, perhaps, well for Mary that she should be denied the power of brooding over the death of her mother, and dwelling on the miseries which had preceded it, by her almost immediate departure for London. Yet there was one visit to be paid first, for Mary's resolution, made long since, scarce needed the last overwhelming trial to render it firmer than it had previously been.

Not far from Innismore was a humble Convent of Carmelite Nuns, with whom Mary had been educated, and now pale and tearful, clad in robes of deepest mourning, she sought the Prioress, in order to enquire if she could be admitted into the house, on her return from London.

'Mrs. O'Donnell then is dead, my dear child,' was the first remark of the Nun, who knew the secret of Mary's birth, and that the name of O'Donnell did not belong to her in her own right, and who had heard of the death of her mother, when Mary was first a pupil in the convent school.

With much surprise then did she listen to the story unfolded to her by Mary, who added—

'You may well understand that Innismore is no longer a place in which I can bear to dwell, associated as it will ever be with such painful remembrances. I have now to visit London—I am summoned thither as witness in a criminal court, and would wish not to visit Innismore, but to come here on my return to Ireland instead.—I have the consent of my benefactors for so doing.'

'God has led you to himself by the path of suffering, my child,' said the gentle Nun, 'and if it be His will, that after the ordinary term of noviciate has expired, you should make your profession amongst us, your wounded heart may yet taste a peace which you have not known in the world. Come with me, Mary, the community even now are at recreation; some you will remember; of course the lapse of six years will

have wrought a change; others have been removed by the hand of death, a visitation, as you know, terribly felt in a community which is a little world in itself; and you will also recognise new faces amongst our Novices and younger Nuns; they will gladly welcome their new sister.'

As the Nun spoke thus, she passed from the reception room into the gallery without, down a spacious staircase, and through the quiet cloisters, paved with marble, till she reached the gardens, where the chief part of the community had adjourned.

The appearance of a beloved Superior was the signal for the Nuns to join her, and Mary, their former, docile, clever pupil, was warmly welcomed by those who of old had been her preceptors, whilst the younger Nuns, to whom she was a stranger, came forward to tender her their kindly salute.

With a full heart and tears welling into her eyes, Mary looked upon the quiet group; here, she thought to herself, is quietude and peace, where the soul may at last find rest; she knew, too, the histories of some amongst the sisterhood, how two or three were daughters of noble families, who had been reared in the lap of luxury, but who felt a void within their hearts which the world could not satisfy, who felt themselves called, as it were, to serve God in religious seclusion, and by cutting asunder human ties did but anticipate the severance which, sooner or later, the hand of death would effect. Others there were, too, whose hearts, like her own, had ached under the pressure of earthly sorrow, or who, perchance, had found this life one arduous struggle; who, delicately reared, had only poverty for their inheritance; these latter sisters had, mayhap, sought religion with a less perfect intention, but there they were nevertheless; and even as when two children make to some fond parent an offering of affection, the one, mayhap, a lovely rose, the other, some wild wayside flower, yet both are accepted with love; so, may we hope, that the great Father of all would reject none of these. His children, whether they bring Him hearts full of love, but untried with worldly care, or, whether they are those who have tried the world, and whom the world had sorely tried, too, and who seek the cloister's calm and quiet shade with aching hearts which long for rest and peace, hearts which trouble, and sorrow, and disappointment, and wreck of earthly hope, or perchance, the death of some dear one, on whom their affections were too firmly fixed, for—'where the treasure is, there will the heart be also,'—hath led the soul to God.

Yes, there in that large community are, perhaps, more than two or three of the classes we have named. Here is the rich lady, now transformed into the humble sister; there the countenance once traced with the lines of care and anxiety, now wearing an expression of calmness and peace; wearing the same austere and simple habit, rising at the same early hour, sleeping on the same hard couch, partaking of the same diet, subject to the same observances, passing their lives—monotonous if you will—in the same manner; yet in the world how different was their fate.

Mary O'Donnell was, naturally, full of vivacity, impetuous in temper; well, this she will have to moderate somewhat; she was very cheerful too, in disposition, and were it not the case, her convent friends would scarcely have received her, for a moping, melancholy person, in a convent, would surely drive the sisterhood mad.

Yet ever, ever as she walked beneath the shade of the avenue of lime trees, leading from the grounds to the cloisters, came before her mind's eye the agonized dying face, she saw a few nights since, beneath the rocks of Innismore, ever in her ear rang—and will till the day of her own transit from time to eternity, as a death-bell—the words,

'She knows not I Am watching near, yet all alone to die.'

Yes, there are things in the memory of some amongst us, which we can never forget. If our friend Mary were to live for a hundred years, she will ever remember the horrors of that night.

CHAPTER XI.—A LETTER FROM ENGLAND.—THE FRAU FLOHRBERG MEETS WITH A RICH RELATIVE.

'An odd thing, this,' said General O'Donnell to his wife, 'here is a letter in a strange hand-writing, bearing the London post mark, and directed to my care, to be forwarded to our friend Von Sulper, well,' he added, 'there is a delay in its having been sent to Coblenz, in the first instance, so Herr Von Sulper shall have this letter at once; as soon as I have breakfasted I will take it to him.'

The letter was from Herbert Mainwaring, begging the Herr Von Sulper to be in London at the time of the trial, as he would form an im-

portant witness in the case in question, on the side of the accused, it being himself who had given Fraulein the money, wrongfully supposed to have been part of the cash received when the bracelet was pledged.

The morning then, was not very far advanced when General O'Donnell emerged from his house in Vienna to seek his friend, who was still lounging over a cup of chocolate, when he entered his room.

'A letter from London, my good friend,' said the General, placing it on the table as he spoke.

'From London!' replied Von Sulper, in much astonishment, 'and forwarded from Coblenz, I see,' he added, glancing at the superscription, 'for it is addressed to me there, to your care.—What can this mean? I have no London correspondent that I am aware of.'

He opened the letter, read on in extreme amazement, then laying it down, still but half read, he exclaimed—

'Good heavens! General, I am requested to return to England, immediately to give evidence in a criminal case, in which your poor little friend the Fraulein Flohrberg is concerned.'

'What is it you say?' said the General.—'What on earth can you have had to do with Maria? Why you never saw her till you met her on visit to my wife at Coblenz.'

'I met her since then, however, in much distress, in the streets of London,' replied the gentleman. 'But let me quietly, if I can, read the rest of my letter, and I will then tell you all I know of poor Fraulein's troubles.'

He did read the letter through, very carefully, pushed his cup of chocolate away, and ended by giving the letter to the General, and pacing up and down the room in a state of extreme agitation.

The General perused it, too, and agast with horror at finding of what a crime his poor protegee was accused. When he had finished the perusal, Herr Von Sulper stood before him, and, in a serio-comic tone and manner, exclaimed—

'See, General, what a pretty mess I have got myself into by my knight errantry in succouring distressed damsels; yet, go I must; even if I could refuse, what a wretch should I be, for, if they bring in a verdict of guilty against this poor young person, the sentence will be transportation for a long term of years.'

'I am much distressed at all you have told me,' replied the General, 'but how, or in what way, may I ask, did you become acquainted with Maria, so as to be involved in this sad affair?'

Herr Von Sulper then told his friend the circumstances under which he had met with Maria, and added, 'I was looking out for a cab to convey me to the steamer, when I met the Fraulein; before I parted from her I looked at my watch, and found it was a little more than half-past seven; I had gone some little distance, and remembered I had forgotten a small parcel; I hurried back to the hotel to get it and returned. What I then thought a strange similarity as to dress, now flashes across my mind—as a most remarkable coincidence; within a few paces of a pawnbroker's shop, stood a woman whose height and dress exactly corresponded with that of Maria Flohrberg; I went up and spoke to her, but, as she raised her veil, I discovered my mistake; and I could identify that face whenever I might come across it, or amidst a thousand others.'

'Poor Flohrbergs poor Flohrbergs,' sighed the General, 'how unfortunate they always are, this news will kill my poor friend should he hear of it; he is a worthy creature, and loves Maria as if she was his own child, which, in fact, she supposes herself to be, though I and all old friends know the reverse.'

'Not his child?' exclaimed Von Sulper.—'Why what could induce such a poor man to burden himself with the child of another person?'

'She is his wife's niece,' said the General; 'was left a mere infant between two and three years of age, to the care of a maiden sister, by her dying brother, his wife having, before her husband's illness, left his roof, and gone, no one knew whither; the real duties of a mother had been discharged, from the child's infancy, by its aunt; and so it came to pass that, when Flohrberg, the serving under my own command, married Fraulein Von Alstein, a native of Munich, they decided, as there was little to be said in favor of her parents, that the little Maria should be brought up to consider them as her own, and so—'

But here the General was interrupted, the countenance of his friend had assumed an ashy paleness; he staggered as a man might under the influence of liquor; and said,

'Repeat that name, my friend. Is it possible you said the lady's maiden name was Von Alstein? Tell me her Christian name.'

'Ida,' said the General. 'I have heard Flohr-

berg address her by that name, she has signed herself thus in writing to my wife.

"Oh! Heaven! is it possible?" exclaimed Herr Von Sulper; "know then, my friend, that Ida Flohrberg is my sister, this Maria, my niece."

"Listen, General," he said, "you have known me but a very few years, and that by letter, personally, only since my return from America, four months since. I will tell you briefly, the history of my life, and how, though I bear no longer the name of Von Alstein, I am, nevertheless, brother to Frau Flohrberg."

"It is now somewhat more than twenty-seven years since, that with only my passage money paid and a few thalers in my pocket, I set sail for America, to try whether a more regular life, combined with industry, would help to retrieve my shattered fortunes; my brother and myself, but more especially my brother, had led far from steady and prudent lives, thus the very moderate competency bequeathed us by our father, was soon wasted away, and our sole female relative, Ida, was then supporting herself by giving lessons in music, an art in which she excelled, and of which she was passionately fond. Meanwhile my brother Franz had made a rash and imprudent marriage, allying himself to a young Irish woman, whose only recommendation consisted in the perishable charm of a very pretty face, but who was a vain and selfish woman. His union was productive of excessive misery; in every respect ill-assorted, constant discord was the result; and two years and a half after the birth of her child, at the very moment when the fortunes of my poor Franz were at their lowest ebb, she suddenly left her home, and he afterwards heard had engaged herself as companion to an English lady who had been making the tour of the continent, and who had left Germany for England, on the very day his wife had disappeared. When I had received this news I had been already a year and a half in America, struggling still for a mere subsistence, and but very rarely corresponding with those whom I had not the power to assist, and who could not assist me. I heard but once from Munich; the next letter was from my sister, Ida, and contained the news of my brother's death, and her adoption of child he had entrusted to her care."

"As for myself, the next ten years rolled on in one almost unvarying struggle with fortune, and I was beginning to give up all attempts to earn a decent competency with despair, when an event happened which placed me eventually in the prosperous circumstances I now enjoy. There arrived in New York a Dutch gentleman of considerable fortune, he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, and in a fortunate hour I procured an introduction to him. I became his managing man, with an income sufficient to place me far beyond the reach of distress. I was now leading a regular and steady life, fond of business, and quiet; mindful, too, that there was a better world, and striving to push my way on to it; I had not, I must also add, forgotten my poor Ida and her little charge. I wrote to Munich, but received no reply; again I wrote, this time to an old friend. Both letters were returned, the one to my friend, with the intelligence that he was dead, the former that no such person was known in Munich. I then decided that, either in the long term of years which had elapsed, Ida was herself dead, or married, and removed to some distant place, or, perhaps, left Germany altogether."

"I had, too, when fortune at last emptied her gifts into my lap, decided on visiting once more the land of my birth; but my patron, Herr Von Sulper, was now falling into years, and implored me to abandon all idea of such a journey, for at least some time to come. I eventually married his only child, and sole heiress to his large property; we had no children, and, unhappily, my Amelia died before the good old merchant, who then executed a will, leaving me heir to all he possessed, on condition that I, for the time to come, formally lay aside my own name, and bore that of Von Sulper."

"Hence, you see, how impossible it was that I could have any suspicion, when I twice met poor Maria at Coblenz, that she was in any way connected with myself. Now, however, I am full of a restless anxiety till my return to England, for you will observe, my dear General," he added, pointing to the various post marks on the letter, "that this epistle has been sent to several places, wherever, in fact, you have been known to be a sojourner, until at last it has found me here. There is one person though, whom I must visit first, and that is my poor Ida, the more so that she is in sorrow and suffering."

"Herr Von Sulper, for so we must call him, lost no time then, but bade adieu to the amazed General, hastening to make the few arrangements necessary, prior to his sudden departure for England, and the former returned home to surprise his wife with his news, and tell her that the hen with the golden eggs had at last, turned up for the hitherto unfortunate Flohrbergs."

"Who on earth can that be so late? ruo and see, Mina," said the Frau Flohrberg, as she sat wearing away her once fine eyes in mending clothes scarce worth mending any longer, by the dim light of a small candle, and as Mina hastened to obey her mother's request, the poor Frau looked uneasily at her still-sickly husband, whom the timely gift of Squire Manwarren—Maria's money having been stopped, it will be remembered—had saved from the horrors of a prison. But there was cause yet for fear, in some way or another; or why was it that Frau Flohrberg laid her hand upon her heart and changed color so fearfully, when she heard a strange voice without, enquiring for herself.

"And still more did the cheek and lip grow pale when she heard the words, 'I must see your mother,' and heard also the stranger's footsteps coming towards the room. Ah, poor Frau, it is fear for your husband, that husband who cannot keep his family on his poor little income that makes your heart beat so wildly."

But Von Sulper enters the humble room, and the brother and sister, so long separated, gaze on each other as strangers gaze. He cannot see one trace in the matronly, elderly, plain-looking woman before him, of the bright-eyed and handsome Ida of high thirty years since. Aye, thirty years, they had snatched, one by one, the roses from her cheek, and ploughed the fair land open with furrows; they had turned almost white the rich, smooth, brown locks, so that Ida Flohrberg was a totally different being from the Ida Von Alstein, her brother Heinrich had bade adieu to so long since. And so, ye fair young damsels, count not as things of sterling value, your beauty and your youth. Alas, alas, both will quickly vanish; the hand of time passes on so very speedily, you see; and it takes this frail gift along with it; if, haply, it fade not under the touch of care and rude contact with the world, when adverse fortune frowns, or sickness cometh not to make a wreck of beauty, even while the fleeting period of youth remains. Not that Ida Flohrberg had ever erred, this way, for humble and simple, virtuous in girlhood, and religious without any ostentation, shewing forth the beauty of religion by the rectitude of her life, rather than by words ever unselfish, and ready in a thousand little acts of kindness, to aid her neighbor when occasion presented itself; the life of Ida was a perpetual homily on the beauty of the Christian faith to all who approached her.

But return we from our digression; with tremendous hesitation, the Frau enquired the cause of the stranger's visit; he replied: "I am informed you bore, before your marriage the name of Von Alstein; is that information correct?"

The Frau answered in the affirmative, wondering what could be the purport of the stranger's visit. "I am the bearer of a token given by you some thirty years since to a brother, who left Munich for America."

"Heaven help me!" said the Frau, supporting herself by the chair against which she stood; "it surely is not possible, Mein herr, that my brother Heinrich still lives."

"Behold your souvenir, Frau Flohrberg," exclaimed the stranger, withdrawing from his neck a small gold cross, the back of which, on touching a spring, disclosed to view a lock of dark brown hair.

The Frau Flohrberg gazed in a sort of bewildered astonishment, too intense for words; she fixed a sort of half-frightened stare on the face of the elderly, staid looking gentleman before her and in vain, tried to associate a single feature in the face with those of her forgotten brother Heinrich. No, that hard weather-beaten countenance bore not any resemblance to the face which her recollection of Heinrich brought before her.

But Herr Von Sulper could no longer dissemble, and the words, "Ida, my sister, Heinrich is before you," trembled on his lips, whilst his strong arm sustained the feeble form of the weak woman.

The little scene that ensued can be better imagined than described, for the young people came in for their part also; carrying uncle Heinrich off in triumph to their father, his wife having first roused him from slumber, and told him, as well as her emotion would allow her, that Heinrich had at last come back to Germany, aye, and had been many months before, for that Maria was wont to meet her own uncle at the General's, but of course did not know him under the name of Von Sulper.

And then, when the first outbreak of joy was over, Von Sulper had to tell about poor Maria, how strangely he had been wont to meet her, in her visits to Coblenz, and yet knew not the relationship that existed between them; of the assistance he had rendered her on his chance meeting in London, with this stranger niece, and which had been so woefully turned against her, and of the robbery, to give evidence in the trial, concerning which he was on his way to London, proposing but to tarry with them till the following morning.

"I must go with you, Heinrich," said Flohrberg, rising suddenly from his couch, "I cannot remain here idle, I must be in the court whilst the trial takes place."

"Nonsense, Adolph," replied his wife; "it is impossible, remember how ill you have been; do you not know the doctor, Herr Rosen, has told you to keep yourself perfectly quiet."

"I tell you, wife, I cannot keep quiet, and if my new friend, Heinrich, will only say I may bear him company, I am sure I have strength for the journey."

"And for the excitement? I fear not," said Von Sulper, looking doubtfully as the patient, and sorrowfully, too, as his eye fell on the sleeve of the coat dangling loosely by his side; "but you must bear in mind, my good brother-in-law," he added, "that should you be unhappily taken worse on the road, it will seriously interfere with my travelling by such rapid stages as I otherwise should, and might greatly delay me, and I am already later than I ought to have been, through that poor Maria knowing of no address but the General's former quarters at Coblenz."

Flohrberg seemed to yield compliance with his wish, and the night was far advanced ere the little party broke up, previously to which, the rich relation had spoken of a commission for Gustave and college education for Wilhelm, the one lad eager to enter the army, the other the Church. Heinrich had also placed a handsome sum of money in his hands of Flohrberg, telling him that when he came back to Germany he hoped to see their house a little smarter.

Von Sulper was up long before the sun, in spite of the late hours he and his newly found relations had kept; but there was one, so lately and even now an invalid, who was stirring as early, too, and this was poor Flohrberg. He could think of nothing but Maria, his poor dear Maria; no child of his, but whom he loved as only tender fathers love, nevertheless.

Heinrich could scarce credit his own eyesight, when he looked at his brother-in-law, ready equipped for travelling, a small carpet bag in his hand, and with determination expressed in every line of his pale countenance.

"I shall come with you my good fellow," he said, "unless, indeed, you positively forbid my doing so; I really feel much better, notwithstanding late hours and much excitement. You will have no cause to repent having done so, should you allow me to bear you company."

Von Sulper had not the heart to refuse, so the good Frau's objections were all over-ruled, and the brothers-in-law departed; the heart of the Frau Flohrberg lighter, as far as regarded worldly means; but heavy enough as to the fate of Maria.

(To be Continued.)

On the 27th March His Holiness Pius IX. held a Secret Consistory, after which he delivered the following Allocution:—

Venerable Brethren—The care of all the Churches, and the solicitude laid on us by God, require us to communicate to you to-day, a matter concerning the Oriental Church. Our Venerable Brother, Clement Bahus, Greek Melchite Patriarch of Antioch, after discharging his most important duties for several years excellently well, has earnestly besought us to grant him leave to abdicate the Patriarchate. In consideration of the eminent qualities with which he is endowed, and in our desire to see him retain the dignity and office of Patriarch, we long and strongly opposed his resignation, and exhorted him not to abandon the rule and government of his Patriarchal Church. But his firm in his resolve, judging himself with humility, and feeling an ardent desire to return again to his former monastic and hidden life, and to be more free to devote himself to the things of Heaven, so repeatedly pressed and urged us that we decided at last that his wish ought to be complied with. Wherefore, we ordered our Venerable Brother, Joseph Valerga, Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem and Pro-Delegate Apostolic of Syria, to admit receive, and ratify in our name, in the name and by virtue of the authority of the Apostolic See, the resignation of our venerable Brother, Clement, and to release him entirely from the tie which bound him to the Greek Melchite Patriarchal Church of Antioch. Then the Bishops of that nation, convened by our venerable Brother Gregory Jussef, after the acceptance of this resignation in our name by our venerable Brother the Patriarch of Jerusalem, met for the election of a new Patriarch of their Church. The votes having been taken they judged that our Venerable Brother Gregory Jussef, Bishop of Ptolemais, ought to be raised to that eminent dignity. This election was received with all favour by the Bishops, the Monks, the principal personages of the nation and the whole people, for the Greek Melchites already knew the eminent virtues of the elected. Our Venerable Brother Gregory Jussef announced his election in a most respectful letter, in which he declares in explicit terms that he has nothing so much at heart as to be firmly united to us and to the Chair of Peter by the greatest faith, respect and obedience and earnestly besought us to confirm him by our Apostolic authority in his charge of Greek Melchite Patriarch of Antioch, and to grant him the honors of the Sacred Pallium. Wherefore every thing having been maturely weighed and approved by us, and by the congregation of our Venerable Brethren, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, placed in charge of the religious affairs of the Oriental Churches, we deem on the advice of that Congregation, that we ought to confirm this election or postulation all the more willingly because we know that our Venerable Brother Gregory Jussef is endowed with eminent religion, piety, prudence, and other precious qualities. And therefore we are filled with hope that he will apply himself with extreme care, activity and zeal to fulfil all the obligations of his vast and important mission, and will unceasingly strive to procure the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls. Whereupon, we consider that our Venerable Brother should be released from the tie which binds him to the Episcopal Church of Ptolemais, confirmed in the dignity of Greek Melchite Patriarch of Antioch, decorated with the honor of the Sacred Pallium, and enriched with all the other privileges which his predecessors held from the Apostolic See. We shall thus be doing a thing most pleasing and acceptable to the illustrious Greek Melchite nation, which this Apostolic See has deservedly always regarded and does regard with singular affection.

What think you? By the authority of Almighty God, of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and by our own, we confirm and approve the election or postulation made by our Venerable Brethren the Bishops of the Greek Melchite nation, of the person of the aforesaid Bishop Gregory Jussef, whom we absolve from the ties by which he was bound to the Church of Ptolemais, and we translate him to the said Patriarchal Greek Melchite Church of Antioch, placing him as Patriarch and Pastor over that nation, as shall be expressed in the Consistorial Decree and schedule.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. And now speaking to you, according to ancient custom, of the sad decease of the illustrious Maximilian II., King of Bavaria, of noble memory, we declare to you, Venerable Brethren, that we were seized with deep grief when first we learned that he had departed this life. For in him we lost a sovereign, cherished by his people, endowed with piety, prudence, and other eminent virtues, and animated by a profound love and respect for us and this Apostolic See. And although his most pious death bids us hope that he is already in enjoyment of eternal happiness, let us still stir up our eminent religion to pray to God for his soul. We have not failed to do so in private, and we shall celebrate his public obsequies in our Pontifical Chapel on the sixth day of next April.

Although the deplorable events which have recently taken place in the Empire of Mexico, contrary to our every hope and expectation, and to the testimonies of filial respect given to us on many occasions by our dear Son in Jesus Christ, Maximilian Emperor of Mexico, have caused us very great pain, still at present, we do not intend to speak upon that subject, for we are sustained by the hope that the Emperor, mindful of his own duty and interest, and seriously considering how much the Catholic religion and its salutary doctrine contribute to the happiness and stability of empires, and even to the temporal prosperity and peace of nations, will draw back from the path on which he has unhappily entered, will comply with our just desire, satisfy the claims and wishes of that Catholic nation, repair the ruins of the Church in his empire, protect her venerable rights, her liberty, her bishops her ministers, her institutions, and above all, preserve a cordial good understanding with the Bishops, as religion and justice require and as becomes a Catholic Sovereign. We cannot refrain on this occasion from bestowing in your illustrious assembly great and deserved praise on our Venerable Brethren the Bishops of the Catholic world, who, while the conspiracy against our Divine religion is so formidable, and while the depravity of so many men is so excessive, daily give us more and more abundant cause for comfort, joy, and consolation, amid our heavy trials. Of a truth our Venerable Brethren, cordially attached with admirable affection to us, and to this Chair of St. Peter the Mother and Mistress of all the Churches, allowing themselves to be deterred by no dangers and by no distress, braving all human respects, and disregarding the unjust decrees of the civil authority against the Church, glory in defending and courageously vindicating by speech and pen Catholic truth, unity, our power, our authority, our liberty, our rights, those of the Church and of the Apostolic See; moreover, in their recent letters, both to us and to the faithful under their care, they rejoice openly and publicly in rejecting and con-

demning all those things which are condemned by us, and they spare no pains both to resist with princely strength the wicked plans and efforts of the enemy, and to nourish their flocks with sound doctrine and to guide them in the paths of the Faith. Our Venerable Brethren, the Bishops of Italy are most of all deserving of this praise. For, though exposed to the violent injuries and persecutions of their enemies, and tormented in a thousand ways, they courageously discharge their office, they weary not to raise their Episcopal voice with marvellous unanimity strongly to reclaim and protest against all the bad and unjust laws passed by the Subalpine Government, to the detriment of the Church, her sacred institutions, her ministers, and her rights, and against the innumerable sacrilegious acts committed by the said Government. Yes, these Bishops of Italy, combating for Christ and for his Church with admirable constancy and courage, and solicitous for the salvation of their flocks, shrink not from undergoing exile, imprisonment, and every hardship following the illustrious example of the Apostles, who went forth from the presence of the Council, rejoicing that they were deemed worthy to suffer, contentedly for the name of Christ. Wherefore, while we grieve from our heart at these great sufferings of our Venerable Brethren, and deem their sufferings our own, and mingle our tears with their tears, we give most humble thanks to the loving Father of mercies and God of all consolation at seeing the Catholic Bishops, by the special help of his Divine grace, so attached to us and to this Holy See, animated with such a vigorous spirit of Faith, and fighting so valiantly for the defence of His Holy Church.

Meanwhile, Venerable Brethren, in these trying and dangerous times, continue unremittingly to address in your eminent piety your fervent prayers with us to God, that he may aid and console by his all powerful strength this Apostolic See, the object of so many outrages, the Church covered with so many wounds, Christendom and civil society a prey to so many calamities, in order that shedding profusely the treasures of His Divine grace and mercy upon all, He may cause all nations to know Him, love Him, venerate and praise Him, together with Him whom He hath sent, His only begotten Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ, so that diligently observing all His commandments they may follow the path which leads to life.

After the Allocution, the Holy Father proposed Metropolitan or Cathedral Churches for twenty-five Archbishops or Bishops, and announced four nominations of Bishops made by the Sacred College of Propaganda since the last Consistory.—*Tablet*.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN IRELAND.—LETTER OF VERY REV. DR. RUSSELL. St. Saviour's, 30 Rutland-square, W. Dublin, Feast of St Thomas Aquinas, O. P., March 7, 1865.

In addressing my Catholic fellow-subjects on the present occasion I am made to feel that, though I am a priest of their communion, I am not united with them in equality of law. They are emancipated, enjoying civil rights and privileges. I am a proscribed religious, living under an unrepented penal code. I yield to unavoidable necessity in appealing for sympathy and redress in consequence of a recent decision (Simms v. Quinlan) in the Irish Court of Chancery, which, to the injury of my religious brethren and myself, enforces penal clauses of the Catholic Relief Bill against the Regular Clergy.

The country had almost forgotten, until this judgment was delivered, that the Emancipation act of 1829—which enables Catholic gentlemen to enter Parliament, sit on the judicial bench, and to compete for almost all other places of honor and emolument in the State—was an act of disfranchisement for all subjects, who, however loyal and otherwise deserving, should dare thenceforward to exercise the rights of Christian conscience by professing the observance of the Gospel counsels, as reduced to a practical system in monastic life. I need scarcely remark that such a law of the British Legislature is anti-Christian in principle—an ordinance of unmerited persecution—a dark stain on the charter of Catholic liberties, and, as to any real effect of conscience, neither to be dreaded nor obeyed. Its enactment disturbed the State of tranquil security in which the clergy of the religious orders, after suffering courageously ages of persecution, had been exercising their ministry since the year 1793, when the Irish Parliament passed the famous act of religious toleration for the relief of Catholics of every description. Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel, in his speech on the Catholic question is reported to have said—"Since 1793 there was nothing in the law of Ireland to prevent the residence of monastic orders in that country."

Great alarm was excited by the announcement of the restrictions against religious communities of men which were said to form an integral portion of the proposed measure of Catholic Emancipation. Petitions in favor of the Regular orders were signed by bishops, prelates and people, against the obnoxious statutes, which were called, in the language of the day, securities. The members of the monastic bodies in Ireland sent a deputation to London—of which two distinguished prelates, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Connor, of this city, Augustine, and the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, of Dromore, Dominican, are still surviving—to watch over the interests of the bill through both houses of parliament, and to protest, in the name of their religious brethren, against the violation of the freedom of conscience with which they were menaced.

To null the apprehensions of the Regular Clergy and silence popular complaints and remonstrances, the leaders of the party in favor of Emancipation, fearing least the exceptions so generally taken to these penal provisions might obstruct or retard the immediate passing of the great boon for the Catholics of the empire, held out assurances that the section of the bill for the eventual suppression of all monastic institutions in Ireland and Great Britain should remain a dead letter on the statute book, and, in the course of time, should prove to be quite harmless.—That hope is now found to be delusive.

The late important case, decided by the Irish Lord Chancellor, has called up the dead law to life and vigor in all the malignity of its sectarian spirit, and all practical mischievousness of its letter. The hated and persecuting enactment has been employed to drag the venerated Priors of St. Saviour's Dublin, and of St. Mary's Cork, with myself from our accustomed retirement into the public courts of law. A necessity was thus imposed on our honor and conscience to vindicate, by the advocacy of eminent counsel, the pious Catholic intentions of a deceased friend, whom we still remember and respect in his grave, and to defend the sacred rights with which we were entrusted in the good man's will against an aggressive act of sacrilegious spoliation. Through the judgment pronounced in this case by the Chancellor, we have been deprived of means bequeathed to us by a lamented benefactor towards the maintenance of one of our principal places of worship, and also towards the endowment of the College of the Rosary for Home and Foreign Missions of our Order, which we are now endeavoring to erect at Tallaght, near Dublin, amidst many trying financial difficulties.

My object in addressing this statement to the Catholics of the empire is to solicit, in a most respectful and earnest manner, contributions of pecuniary aid for the indemnification of our losses and the payment of heavy legal costs all of which have been inflicted on the Very Rev. Fathers White, Conway and myself. Surely, Catholics have not yet obtained full and unqualified Emancipation as long as the members of the religious orders of their Church are deprived of the protection of the laws of their country.

B. T. RUSSELL, Prior Provincial of the Order of St. Dominic in Ireland.

THE OBNOXIOUS OATHS.—Tuam Town Commissioners.—A special meeting of the above body was called this day by the respected chairman of the commissioners' board, Dr. Prendergast, J.P. There were several members present, all of whom gave expression to their estimation of the many and firm tone taken by Sir John Gray, who has proved himself both a patriot and politician of the first degree. It was resolved by acclamation—"That the petition received from the corporation of Dublin be adopted, and that the secretary be directed to forward a copy of same for presentation in the House of Lords by the Marquis of Clanricarde; and in the House of Commons by Mr. Gregory, M.P." Mr. Jasper Kelly having briefly alluded to the very great and eminent services rendered by Sir John Gray, not alone in this highly important business, but in everything affecting the welfare and the advancement of his country, has shown himself to be a man that for talent, practical powers, and sterling worth, has rarely been surpassed in our memory within this his native land. Mr. Kelly then proposed that a vote of thanks be hereby given to Sir John Gray for his energetic exertions towards the abolition of 'obnoxious oaths' in this country.

Mr. Orlan said he had the greatest pleasure in seconding Mr. Kelly's proposition, and from the commencement of his connection with this board, he never felt that a more deserving compliment was paid on the part of the inhabitants of this locality than that which was at present before them. Sir John Gray had shown himself throughout his whole career to be a man who in every way had earned and deserved the gratitude of the people of the country. The Chairman, in putting the resolution, said he felt gratitude in being the medium of conveying the public thanks to a man who stood so pre-eminently and deservedly high in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen. As they were all aware, few men had done more for the land of his nativity than did Sir John Gray, both in its metropolis, and in its provinces; and he (Dr. Prendergast) felt, therefore, the greatest gratification in placing this resolution before them.

The resolution was unanimously adopted, and the clerk was directed to prepare a copy of same to be forwarded to Sir John Gray, also copies of the petitions to be sent to Lord Clanricarde and Mr. Gregory, M.P., for presentation. The meeting then separated.—*Freeman's Journal*.

THE TRAGEDY AND THE FARCE.—After the tragedy comes the farce. The tragedy was the Belfast riots. The farce is the Belfast Assizes. As the mob had it all their own way at the riots, and were allowed to rob and murder until they tired themselves out, so the mob have had it all their own way at the Assizes. That is to say, the mob have seen that they can afford to laugh at the law when it attempts to punish the outrages and the assassinations of August last. Seeing what has happened, the mob must feel that they are too many for the law. Seeing that the law officers of the Crown have been obliged to abandon the prosecutions without having brought a single murderer, or intended murderer to justice, although the dead bodies of eleven murdered men are hardly yet cold in their graves, the Belfast mob must surely laugh in the face of any one who tells them about the inviolability of the law, and the certainty of its inevitable punishments. Eleven human beings murdered, and that in the presence of a hundred, and not one murderer brought to justice. Who can read of this and not hang his head with shame? If we heard of anything like this having taken place in France, we would certainly sneer at the boasted strength of the Emperor's rule, and say that here was a town which could set Napoleon and his legions at defiance. And, of course, we would probably make some appropriate remark about the British Constitution. Why, if such a thing occurred even in Algeria, we would be apt to think that all we had been told that about the civilisation of that colony was a fable. We would probably declare that no country could be deemed civilised where such scenes could be enacted; and that it was idle to talk of the protection of the law when, out of the scores of murderers and intending murderers, who had leisurely plied their vocation in the open streets, not even one had been brought to justice. We say, emphatically, that a heavy responsibility rests upon those who have brought Belfast to its present lamentable condition. We said before, and we now repeat it, that the blood which has been shed lies at the doors of those who set themselves to inflame a furious population, by laboring to convince them that a peaceful procession, occurring nearly a hundred miles away, gave the Belfast mob a right to let loose their worst passions, and—as it has turned out—to beat, and wreck, and murder by wholesale.—The guilt of the actual perpetrators of the Belfast outrages is bad enough; but we unhesitatingly say that their conduct was mainly and honorable in comparison with the sneaking cowardice of the newspaper ruffianism which, snug and safe itself, used all its powers to goad an ignorant population into madness.—*Derry Journal*.

An Antrim correspondent, under a late date, says:—A few nights ago, as Mr. Thomas H. Adams, an independent farmer, was returning to his residence, which is about half a mile from this town, he was overtaken by a man who presented a pistol at him, saying, 'Your money or your life.' Mr. Adams rushed on him, seizing him by the breast with one hand, and that in which the pistol was with the other—while the weapon exploded without doing any injury. The would be assassin then tried another pistol, but the cap only exploded, and the combatants separated—the assailant retiring towards the town. Mr. Adams then shouted for help and a man named Gordon came up, but in time to see the unknown, who, Mr. Adams says, wore a mask, running away. One of those agrarian outrages which, unfortunately, occur from time to time in the county Tipperary, was perpetrated near Mullinabone lately.—The victim was an inoffensive and respectable farmer, who resides at Ballydavid, contiguous to the Nine Mile House, Mr. Michael Landy. While leisurely walking along the road—a lonely spot, some short distance from his house—he was fired at from behind a hedge. The unfortunate man fell instantly, and lay senseless until a few persons proceeding homeward by this way came to his aid. A considerable number of slugs had lodged in his breast. Medical assistance was procured as promptly as possible, and we have been informed that it is probable Mr. Landy will recover. A dispute about land, it is said, had been the incentive to the commission of this shocking outrage. The would be assassin is not known.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

The kinder feeling shown towards Ireland in the House of Commons, in the debate on Mr. Dillwyn's motion, and in the appointment of the select committee on the land question has encouraged many timid and desponding parties here to admit that agitation outside as well as inside the House of Commons may produce good results. The petitions got up by the National Association were presented with great effect on the occasion of both motions, 281 petitions from upwards of 500 parishes having been presented in favor of Mr. Maguire's motion, the very night of the discussion. The articles in the English Press, quoted into Irish Liberal journals on the Church question have also raised the hopes of the people and spread dismay amongst the supporters of the Church monopoly. The Protestant Primate, Dr. Beresford, has published a charge in which he enters into a detailed analytic explanation of the 189 Parishes which the census commission returns as having no Protestants; without however disturbing one main fact in the statement. English sympathy has been largely worked up to sustain the Irish Establishment, as an organized scheme of petitions against the disendowment of that odious corporation was got up, under which a very large number of petitions have been presented to Parliament.—*Weekly Register*.

DUBLIN.—Contrary to general expectation, which fixed on either Alderman Dillon or Sir John Gray, as the parties most likely to be called on, the lot of the Louth Liberator at the meeting on Friday last fell on Mr. Triestram Kennedy, who is now the candidate of the popular choice. Major O'Reilly, M. P., presided at the meeting in Dundalk, and letters were received from his Grace the Lord Primate, Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, and from Very Rev. Dean Kieran, indicating union and determined opposition to any candidature who avows himself a supporter of Orange ascendancy. Although the Liberals have a majority on the Registry of nearly two hundred votes, what with the divided state of opinion amongst them, and the mistrust, if not hostility, with which several of the Liberal landlords, as Lord Ballinacorney, Lord Clermont, Sir John Robinson, &c. will view the prominently tenant-right aspect of the contest, the fight will be close, and victory, if achieved, won by a small majority. Mr. Kennedy's expenses are being borne by the people, and he goes before the electors as a supporter of the three questions on the programme of the National Association.

A correspondent of the Dublin Nation, writes as follows under the head of Desecration of a Historic Monument:—"At a meeting of the town council held on Monday, April 3, the subject of letting as a store the only gate now standing as a monument of corporate antiquity in this ancient town, known as St. Lawrence's gate, was taken under consideration. The letting of the interior of the two noble towers which form the pillars of the gate, and ornament the eastern entrance of the town—which have escaped the battering force of the minions of Cromwell, and braved the storms of above six hundred years—had been previously advertised, and to day there was only one applicant, who offered the weekly rent of one shilling and sixpence for the use of this time-honored structure, which has been visited by hundreds of travellers from year to year.

Royal Meath has been always true to faith and fatherland, and amongst the foremost to join in any movement having for its object the welfare of the country. As it was always so it is now. On the morning of April 3, at the chapel door a petition was placed to which the electors of the county put their names, calling for a remedy for those evils which affect this country, and as soon as possible will be convened a public meeting, whereat will be discussed those questions which are now agitating the public mind, and upon the settlement of which so much of the well being of the people of this country depends, namely, the land question, the Church Establishment, and Education questions. The meeting, I am sure, will be a success, as several eminent public men are expected to attend, including the representatives of the county.—Freeman.

We have it from most reliable authority that Mr. J. Ennis, of Ballinacorney, son to the member for Athlone, will be a candidate for the representation of this county at the coming election. Mr. Ennis will, we understand, advocate an equitable adjustment of the tenant right question, but differs materially from the present members upon the endowment of the Established Church. It is also stated that some of the most influential landed proprietors in the county have promised him their support.—Westmeath Independent.

THE IRISH ESTABLISHMENT.—Mr. Dillon has made his long promised motion in the House of Commons, on the subject of the Irish Protestant Church, the greatest anomaly to be found in the world. The debate that ensued brought out Sir George Grey, and Mr. Gladstone, two of the Whig ministry. The former said the government could not adopt the resolution which had been proposed, as they were not prepared to bring in a bill on the subject, as they believed such a step would prove a great disaster to Ireland! The Chancellor of the Exchequer Mr. Gladstone, was fully as apathetic; but he gave the Catholics of Ireland a severe rebuke when he asked where was the force of public opinion that would enable the government to attempt a solution of the difficulty? It was not one of the first elements of a government to promote an agitation of this kind, and revive all the embers of former animosities. It was their duty to consult the peace and welfare of the whole community, and therefore he could not assent to the motion!

The English government hardly ever reforms any abuse till a great noise is made about it; and here we have their usual rule manifested in the case of the Irish Protestant Church. It is an outrage on the feelings of Catholic millions to maintain in gorgeous splendor a Church which has an army of ministers but no congregations. In some parishes there may be a few hundred Protestants, but there are multitudes in which there are not twenty to form the congregation, and very many in which there is no Protestant at all. And the nation is told by a Whig minister that this state of things cannot be disturbed lest it might inflict great disasters on Ireland!

Ireland's reply to all this bombast should be a thundering agitation. It is the only way to get rid of the nuisance of a state church. It is a disgrace to us all that it should be tolerated so long. If it were doing any good, there might be some excuse for tolerating it. But it has never done any service to Ireland. On the contrary the Protestant Church is our greatest foe. It creates strife and ill will in the land, it reaps where it has not sown; it is the parent of the divisions, rancor and misery that weaken the country; and of what use can it be to the state to maintain an establishment which has blasted the prospects of Ireland, and done no service to the Protestant cause? But here it will be maintained, unless the people work for its overthrow. This they can effect by a vigorous and persevering agitation and we trust that the language of the Whigs will drive the Irish into a state of hostility to the Established Church, which will give it no peace, and which will eventually compel the English government to abolish for ever so foul a wrong inflicted upon Irishmen.—Dundalk Democrat.

DUBLIN, April 4.—As the time approaches for the erection of the monument in Dublin to the memory of the late Prince Consort, there is much anxiety felt with regard to the site. The committee of the Albert Memorial, after conference with the artist, Mr. Foley, selected a spot in College-green, between the statue of King William and the University, as the most suitable for the purpose. The corporation gave its sanction, which was officially communicated to the committee by the town-clerk. The proposition was submitted to the Queen, who was pleased to give her approval. It is questionable, however, whether Her Majesty would have done so if all the facts and circumstances had been fully submitted to her consideration. There is no doubt that the spot selected would be the most suitable, if the sole object were to have the monument seen by the greatest number of people. The site is in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare, near several rather dangerous crossings, where there is continual noise from the rattling of vehicles over the pavement. The statue would front Trinity College, with which the Prince had never any connexion, having the Bank of Ireland on one side, and on the other a small bank, an hotel, and some shops. In short, the monument would stand at the confidence or edifying point of three or four rapid currents of traffic, from Grafton street, Dame street, Westmeiland street, and Great Brunswick street. Its base would serve as a long-lying-place for cabmen, newsvendors, and people of that class. The associations of the place are not altogether such as the Prince would have liked to surround his memory. College-green has been the battle ground of factions, which at a time of public excitement, such as a general election, would be likely to contend again for its possession; indeed, there is a question of this kind now pending before the corporation, and it is not improbable that a majority of the council might yet be induced even to rescind the resolution granting the site. The very possibility of such an event, or of a disloyal demon-

stration, provoked for electioneering purposes, is enough to create uneasiness, and to make all our citizens to whom the memory of the Prince is dear wish that another site had been chosen, even if the associations and surroundings of the place were more in keeping with the quiet dignity and the philosophic repose of him whose memory is to be perpetuated. Besides, the space is much too small for a statue enshrined in a temple, according to the model selected by the committee.

At a meeting of the Council held on the 6th of last month the Marquis of Kildare, V.P., in the chair the following resolution was passed:—"Having learnt that there is a possibility of the site granted by the Town Council for the 'Albert Memorial' being again brought under consideration the council of the Royal Dublin Society, being anxious to testify their loyal respect towards Her Majesty, and reverence for the memory of His Royal Highness the late lamented Prince Consort, desire to offer the front centre site on Leinster-lawn to the Prince Albert Committee as a most suitable and proper position for the erection of the testimonial."

It was also agreed that a deputation of the council, consisting of the Marquis of Kildare, the secretary, the proposer, Mr. W. Lindsey; the seconder, Mr. Ryall; the Lord Justice of Appeal, the Hon. George Handcock, and Dr. McKay, should communicate with the Albert Memorial Committee, with the view of carrying this resolution into effect, "if possible." The matter rests entirely with the Queen. If Her Majesty would be graciously pleased to reconsider the subject and grant to the committee a discretionary power, which they feel they do not now possess, and which they do not even feel at liberty to solicit, all parties concerned—the committee, the corporation, and the council of the Royal Dublin Society—would be relieved from a great difficulty, and the statue would be placed in a locality where its merits could be best appreciated, removed from the influences which, when living, the Prince disliked, and surrounded by the arts which he loved and promoted.—Times Cor.

The only assizes which are still going on are those for Cork, and the proceedings have just been marked by an incident of an exceedingly amusing character. In one of the record cases the jury could not agree, and at the rising of the court they were sent back to their room. Actuated by a desire to study the convenience of the jury as much as he could, the judge came into court about half past eleven at night to inquire whether they had yet agreed. His lordship was apparently anxious to release them from confinement as soon as possible. But it appeared that the jury were equally anxious on that subject, and they had already given practical effect to their anxiety. They had managed to get out of the jury-room, and when the judge came the jurors were scattered through the court here and there, every man amusing himself as best he might, to while away the time. One of the papers says that a member of the jury, who wished to be thoroughly comfortable, had established himself on the bench and actually sat in the chair of justice itself, smoking a long pipe with the utmost gravity. No wonder the judge was extremely wroth, and threatened the jurors and the custodians with all pains and penalties. The delinquent bailiffs and policemen were sent to jail, and the jury locked up for the night. Subsequently, however, the jury were discharged. The judge lectured them very severely, and intimated that he should require their attendance next morning. When next morning came the bailiffs, police, and jurymen were called up, and the history of the affair was gone into in court. The police and bailiffs were let off with a caution, but the unfortunate jurors did not escape so easily. The judge (Mr. Sergeant Armstrong) made the following order:—"County of the City of Cork, Friday March 31, 1865. It is ordered that Mr. John Hill, Mr. John O'Mahony, Mr. Archibald Bradley, and Mr. Robert Denham be fined in the sum of £50 each, for contempt of court, in coming from the jury room into an open court without lawful permission, on the 30th day of March instant; and that Mr. Finucane, Mr. Garret Barry, Mr. John W. Steele, Mr. Richard Gallwey, Mr. Joseph Seymour, Mr. Dennis Hickie, Mr. Richard Perrott, and Mr. James Barrett be fined in the sum of £20 each for like contempt, unless cause can be shown to the contrary at the sitting of this court on Monday next, the 3rd day of April; such cause to be shown by affidavit to be sworn and lodged with the registrar before the hour of four o'clock on Saturday, the 1st day of April next. By the Court.—This is, perhaps, the most laughable incident that has occurred in reference to a locked-up jury since the case in which a Galway bailiff, having been questioned next morning as to whether he had spoken to the jury during night, gravely answered, 'No, my lord; they kept calling out and calling out for me to bring them whisky, but I always said, Gentlemen of the jury, it's my duty to tell you that I'm sworn not to speak to you!'"

On the 30th ult, no fewer than thirty individuals of both sexes left from the Strabane terminus, en route for Victoria, Australia.—They were chiefly of the working class, and residents of Strabane, Lifford and the adjacent districts of Donegal and Tyrone.

The Inman Company's steamer Edinburgh, outward bound to New York, called at Queenstown on Wednesday, April 5th. She took out 635 passengers, inclusive of 250 who went aboard at Queenstown. The emigrants were nearly all healthy adults, the ages of but a few exceeding thirty years. We regret to state that there is not the slightest prospect of the emigration from Ireland this year being diminished in comparison with past years. At present there are at least seven hundred emigrants in Queenstown, awaiting the arrival of steamers for their conveyance to New York.—Cork Herald.

THE CROPS IN IRELAND.—A favorable spring has up to the present blessed the labor of our husbandmen. Though vegetation has been somewhat backward, tillage is going forward with great activity and under most propitious influences. The effects of the plenty of last year are developing themselves as might have been expected. A sound potato crop rewarded the hopes of the farmer after the disappointment of nearly twenty years. The consequence is, that in the present year there is an immense breadth of land sown in what the agricultural papers elegantly term 'this excellent.' So far as we can learn, though of course we cannot in the absence of exact statistics venture to pronounce too positive, the extent of potatoes sown and being sown this year since the reduction of the population commenced. Once more, therefore, the country is committed to a great speculation. Ireland is now, perhaps, as dependent upon the success of a single root as England appeared to be before the American war, upon the import of the fibre of one of the cottoniferi. There was, however, the difference in favor of the latter, that while success continued it was one of the greatest ever achieved by manufacturing industry, while good fortunes in the former produce, if not evil results, at least only bare means of subsistence. If England lost eventually by the sudden stoppage of the cotton industry, it was only after it had realized immense wealth, and stimulated an enormous variety of other profitable pursuits; and the consequence was that when the calamity long apprehended came, it fell lightly upon the wealthy nation, and scarcely a trace of its existence now remains. Few amongst us have forgotten with what different weight the potato failure fell upon this country. The disaster it entailed was little short of ruin. There is no fear that a similar misfortune would now produce results of anything like so terrific a nature. But there can be no doubt that the effect would be of the most deplorable kind. They would be quite sufficient to extinguish the slight gleam of returning prosperity which we have been lately blessed. And can any one say that

there is good reason for confidence that this misfortune may not occur. If a man sows grass seeds he may with fair grounds of belief express his opinion that a green pasture will follow; or if he puts corn in the soil that the gladness of ears will sprout for the reaper. But for nearly twenty years the Irish farmer has been putting potatoes into his land, and getting back five times out of six only 'beaps of rottenness.' This is an ugly statement; but yet it is a plain inextinguishable fact, and one which it behoves our people to look steadily in the face. 'Croaking,' some will exclaim. 'By no means.' It is simply reminding people of what has happened before and may happen again, and which it is their duty as reasoning beings to guard against: so far as lies in their power. We believe the people of this country, instead of putting all their eggs in one basket from which the bottom has so often fallen out, should adopt the principle of varying their investments so that the gain in one way may cover the possible loss upon the other.

One valuable way to do that is by adding the cultivation of flax to their routine. That crop is open to many of the objections applicable to the potato, while it possesses advantages of a far more conspicuous kind. No doubt it is liable to failure, as what crop put into the ground is not?—even the grass, the simplest of all vegetable produce, sometimes will not grow. But flax has not like the potato, an inherent fatality which may shew itself at any moment, and sweep like a plague over the produce of a whole country. There have been some failures in the late attempts at cultivation, but that was not the fault of the flax. All over the country there was produced an excellent crop. We have it on the assurance of a skillful judge that there could not anywhere in Ireland be seen a finer crop of flax than that which was seen in the county of Cork last year. Nevertheless, a good many persons were disappointed with the result. Evidently? Because their flax, good in itself, was spoiled in the preparation. The bulk of the crop, however, produced good average prices, and many, very many, achieved results which were really splendid compared with what they could have attained by almost any other specie of country produce. The capability of growing the crop successfully is therefore abundantly shown to exist, all that is needed being to take warning by the errors of the past, and give the straw when produced the proper treatment. A country which continues to grow potatoes, after the experience of the past, might not be easily discouraged by any slight disappointment. The Irish people have clung to the planting of the potato with a pertinacity that could not be equalled probably by any other people in the world. If they only shew a tithe of the same persistence as regards the far more useful flax crop, we may hope to have Ireland the first flax growing country in the world.—Cork Examiner.

One of our Irish exchanges speaking of emigration at present, says:—"The tide of emigration from our poor old country has again set in at full force. On Tuesday, the Vesta steamer, for Liverpool, took away a large number of our fine sons and daughters, chiefly from the county Tipperary. In many cases the poor emigrants are obliged to leave their furniture unlooked for, unable to find purchasers for it. All are anxious to leave, and want not the furniture of their neighbors."

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.—We would briefly remind our readers that the Religious Orders were sacrificed as part of the price by which the measure of '23 was gained. This enforces the obligation which Catholic Ireland owes to sustain them. It was hoped that by the insertion of these clauses the extinction of the Religious Orders would be brought about. Vain and delusive hope, that Catholicity, which has grown beneath the axe, would wither before this repelling clause! The Religious Orders live and expand, and are the glory of the Church to-day, as of old, despite the nefarious law which proscribes their members and despoils their property. Look through out the land, to the remains of Churches and Abbeys, glorious even in decay, associated with the names of the Religious Orders who founded them, and these eloquent sermons in stones will teach us what Ireland owes to the Regular Clergy, whose lives have fed the lamp of the Church. Even the very penal clause which would strike them down, is the highest testimony that could be borne to how surely the enemies of Catholicity regard their existence as the most formidable barrier that protects the fold.—Drogheda Argus.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The following is from the Dublin Review concerning the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster:—"As soon as it was known that all that remained to us of our great Cardinal Archbishop lay arrayed in his Pontifical vestments in the humble and modest dwelling where his latter years were passed, immediately a multitude of people began to assemble. For days the crowd was so great that many after long waiting went away without so much as entering the door of the house. Not only Catholics who were drawn by faith and by charity once more into the presence of the form which they knew so well, but many of those who are unhappily 'not of this fold,' asked admittance with the greatest desire and respect. We doubt whether there has been any 'lying in state' which has awakened such heartfelt sorrow, or drawn together a greater concourse through so many days. But this public mourning was only in its beginning. On the evening before the day of the burial the solemn dirge was to be sung in the pro-cathedral of St. Mary's Moorfields. The coffin was then removed to that place. It is said that thirty thousand persons on that day went through the church by the pier, passing by the door of the house attached to the Cathedral. The multitudes were so great that it was impossible to allow them to kneel or to linger. Persons were placed by the pier to touch the coffin with their rosaries and the like, and to press them onwards. But even this did not prepare for the next day. We have no powers of description; and the subject has been already exhausted. The outline, and even the minutest detail of that great day of public mourning, has been recorded by the Protestant papers of England. The Mass of solemn requiem once who saw and heard it will ever forget. It was in solemnity, grandeur, and pathos all that the burial of a great pastor and prince of the Church of God ought to be.

Then began the strangest sight which England has seen for three hundred years—a funeral procession more than miles in length; the whole Catholic hierarchy of England, with hundreds of the Priesthood, conducting the remains of their Archbishop and Metropolitan to the grave. Along the whole line of road from the Cathedral, for four or five miles, a crowd of people of every class and condition stood closely together on either side of the street. The greatest order, silence, and respect prevailed. As the funeral car passed, all heads were bared. The multitude at the cemetery was still more dense. Without doubt the desire to see a great and strange pageant there must have been many who had no special feeling of sympathy and condolence with the mourning of that funeral. Nevertheless, after all this has been said, there remains a fact which nothing can diminish, which no one has affected to explain away, which even the hostile witnesses have recorded, and that such a funeral has never been seen except in Royal burials, nor in our days since the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. We do not know that any form of speech could be found to go beyond this, or to fix more vividly the facts of the day. We should not have ventured to do so. Had we done so, we should have had to hold up to ridicule the exaggeration and grandiloquence of a handful spang the proportions and talking the language of a people. But the fact was so. Date the day when any personage in England was borne forth to burial with such manifestation of call it what you will—mourning, sympathy, respect, or bare recognition.

In our lifetime an Anglican Bishop of London, who had been publicly known to the population of that city during a longer incumbency than the eighteen years' episcopate of Cardinal Wiseman, was carried to his grave. He was a learned, cultivated, eloquent, benevolent, exceedingly laborious, large-minded, and warm-hearted man. He was surrounded by all the traditions and circumstances with which the Church and State of England could invest him. He deserved at their hands a great and noble manifestation of affection and respect; he had served them so as we remember no other to have done. He wore himself out in their service. His last years were especially touching. Broken with faithful toil for the Anglican Church in London, he withdrew to await his end in feebleness and out of sight. We are glad in passing to bear this testimony to one whose personal memory is, and ever will be, dear to many who were parted from him. And yet when he passed to his grave the stir and bustle of London held on its way. He deserved another response, but it was not in the millions of London to give it. Again, two Archbishops of Canterbury have been borne to their burial. Did London rise up to meet them? Were the roads lined for miles? Were there thousands and tens of thousands for days before Lambeth Palace!

There have been many men of great popularity, rank, and name buried in Westminster Abbey in these last twenty years. What one man has awakened—kindled, we may say—such a wide-spread sense of his death, and of his burial, as the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster?"

In reply to a newspaper writer who had remarked that the Cardinal's funeral was 'certainly a great effort for an unrecognized Church,' the Reviewer, with much truth, replies:—"For an 'unrecognized Church' Why, surely the Anglican Church is recognized, and yet it has never produced such a demonstration. But, perhaps, the Catholic Church is a recognized body after all, and for that reason did and can always produce a demonstration proportionate to the facts and circumstances of the event. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster was a person recognized throughout Christendom, even where the name of the Archbishops of Canterbury has not been recognized for three centuries. The Catholic nations of the world knew him by name and by form; and recognized him as the Chief Pastor of the scattered flock in England. They recognize, too, the body over which he presided as the Catholic Church in these realms, with which they have conscious unity of heart, mind, will, fortunes, sorrows and joys. It was this worldwide recognition of the Catholic Church in England which told upon London and upon England whether they would or no. The Catholic Archbishop and a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church may be legislated against, legally exiled, ignored, extinguished. 'Mergas, profundo, pulchrior evenit.' The world knows him, and knows nobody else in his place. His titles are ineffaceable, because his character is indelible. All the legal recognition upon earth could not create another Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. There are two other kinds of recognition wider and truer than the recognition of legislature, springing from a higher and from a deeper fountain—the one is of the Church throughout the world; the other is the public consciousness of a people even in its hostility; and these two unite in the recognition of the Catholic Church and hierarchy in England. Nevertheless, the critic was partly in the right. That day of public mourning was a wonderful event, springing from no adequate material cause. It was not got up by vote of Parliament, nor by an Act of Prerogative, nor by the organization of public agencies and public funds. It was the simple act of the Metropolitan Chapter and Clergy of Westminster, out of their poverty, giving burial to their Archbishop. Even the dignity of Cardinal added hardly an appreciable element in the provision and order of that day. They carried him out to burial with all simplicity. The funeral array was majestic for its vastness and continuity; not for any display of unusual costliness. The car was not like the stupendous funeral throne which now lies buried under the dome of St. Paul's. It was simple, open, slender, bare; and was criticised by the Times for its meanness. We are so much the better pleased. The majesty of that burial train was altogether such as became a Pastor of the Church. And, as it went along, it carried the hearts of a hierarchy, a Priesthood, and a flock along with it. And a multitude of the English people to whom the Catholic Church in England is as much a recognized fact as the Anglican Establishment—we refrain now willingly from saying much more which crowds upon us—stood by, or followed in kindly and reverent sympathy. There were doubtless, there many who are far from us in their religious convictions, yet they have learned to recognize and to respect manliness, zeal, hard work for souls and for the poor, in duty in duty, fidelity to conscience. They, too, could look on with kindness. Many were there who, though not even near to the Catholic Church, have been long healed of the blindness which once made them hate or fear it; many, too, whose hearts feel kindly to it, as the Church of the Poor, and in London eminently the Church which makes itself seen, known, felt, and trusted by multitudes of the most destitute and suffering of our people. All these and many other classes of minds which we cannot stay to enumerate, were to be found in the great concourse which streamed along those miles of streets. One who passed through them as a mourner said truly, as we believe, 'I was convinced that, whether they knew it or not, multitudes felt that day, as they looked upon the funeral procession, 'This was the old religion of England. This was once the religion of our fathers.' They who had read the history of their country could recall memories of Pole, Wolsey, and Langton. They who were simplest saw before them the living presence of the great Catholic Church which once filled the land. The English poor have it as a proverb, 'The Catholic religion was the first, and will be the last.' Its reappearance on that day in such wide-spread sympathy of men of every class preached to them on that homely prophecy. What Nicholas Wiseman had prayed, labored and suffered to do, he did that day more powerfully and more persuasively than ever before. He had spent his life to make the people of England know and love once more the Church of their fathers; that day he was the noblest and worthiest close to such a life. And thus we leave him with the tribute of our grateful and loving veneration, as the dusk of evening made more purely bright the tapers around his grave greater in its humility than all the glories of Westminster, as it now is, where St. Edward, whom he loved so well, still holds his own for God, and for the future—so we leave him as the Miserere is ascending to heaven like the voice of many waters, sweet, plaintive, but strong as the hope of the Church in England, as the truth he has taught us; and as his prayers, which ascend for us before the eternal throne."

The Liverpool Post says of the plague that has caused so much alarm in Europe:—"An epidemic resembling in its fatality the Asiatic cholera has for some months devastated the interior of Russia. Apparently taking its origin in Siberia, it has swept down southward spreading more widely on either side as it advances. As yet it has completely baffled the skill of the Russian physicians and of those professors of medicine who have proceeded from Germany to study its symptoms. In many respects this epidemic resembles the celebrated plague of Athens which decimated Attica in the second and third year of the Peloponnesian war. Like it the epidemic belongs to the class of eruptive typhoid disorders. The person seized immediately despairs of recovery; he loses memory and hope altogether. Like it too, the Siberian fever is accompanied by a hoarse cough and violent retching, and the victim seldom survives beyond the ninth day. There is some difficulty in obtaining a reliable account of the disease for the Russian officials, never very communicative, have endeavored to conceal the

existence of the disease. But it has touched one or two towns in Austria and Prussia and rages at St. Petersburg. The deaths in the latter city are acknowledged to amount to eighty or one hundred per day, but it is suspected they are five times as numerous. The disease is said to have assumed a mitigated form in Germany, but great alarm prevails throughout the continent. Men hoped that with the Asiatic cholera the last great scourge of the human race had passed away, but they suddenly find themselves confronting a pestilence which advances as rapidly as a prairie conflagration, floating on the rivers and borne on the air. Apprehension, too as in the case of the Asiatic cholera, predisposes to the disease. A plague of this description raging in St. Petersburg cannot be long absent from other European capitals. It marches steadily and surely. Already its route is traced by death and mourning and its future track has been pointed out. In such a case quarantine regulations are nearly useless. No plague was ever yet kept away from our shores by delaying a ship from an infected port at a distance from the harbor. The fever may be conveyed in a letter a bale of goods, a waif, or stray from the ship wind passing over the deck and be borne mysteriously, despite of all precautions to the crowded town. Physicians may dispute whether it is infectious or contagious.

We have in our power, however greatly to mitigate the virulence and almost to change the character of the disease. Dirt, squalor, insufficient and improper food, vitiated air, and defective drainage—these are the allies and spreaders of plagues. The homes of Russian peasants are proverbially filthy. The affluent have their splendid palaces in which all that meets the eye of the visitor is scrupulously clean, but the cellars of the noblest mansions are full of abominations, and the air from those holdens of malaria kills the sleepers in their gorgeous beds above. Nowhere are sanitary laws less observed than in the Russian towns, and it has been observed that where these laws have been most neglected there the pestilence has been most fatal.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Canadian Defences.—In the House of Commons on the 7th, Lord Elcho moved for the correspondence relative to the proposed Canadian defences. He deprecated the erection of defences, which would only have the effect of inviting the Americans to make Canada a battle-ground. A general debate ensued previously similar in character to that which recently took place. The policy of fortifications was questioned by several speakers, but the duty of the British government to defend Canada was generally conceded. The members opposed the production of papers pending a conference with the delegation appointed by the Canadian government and shortly expected in England. Finally the motion was withdrawn.

On the following day Lord Elcho asked as to the approaching conference with the Canadian deputation. Mr. Cardwell said four members of the Canadian Council were expected to confer with the government, and the result of the conference will be promptly communicated to Parliament. Nothing would be done to bind the country without the full knowledge and consent of Parliament.

Mr. Whiteside asked the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs whether the Foreign Office had received despatches or any information relative to statements lately published in this country to the effect that encouragement had been given by eminent political individuals in the United States to a confederacy of Fenians designed to attack Canada and invade Ireland, make war when required upon England.

Mr. Lysard said the attention of government had been called to a meeting of Fenians at which strong language against this country had been used. There were only two facts mentioned which required the notice of government, namely that Colonel Leeson had obtained leave of absence from the Army of the Potomac for the purpose of being present at the meeting, and that the Attorney-General of Louisiana presided. Her Majesty's government had asked for explanations on those points, and Mr. Seward's reply was that Colonel Leeson was entitled to leave of absence, and did not obtain it in order that he might attend the meeting, and that the Attorney-General of Louisiana was responsible to that State and not to the United States government.

We have to announce that the deeply-injured Mrs. Yelverton continues to lie dangerously ill at her lodgings in this city (Edinburgh.) On Friday and Saturday last so low had she sunk that little hope was entertained of her recovery; last night, however, she had rallied a little, and a more favorable impression was created among those in attendance upon her. It was as much as she was able on Saturday to indicate her mind as to a settlement of her affairs to her agent, who was called in for the purpose. Professor Simpson is unremitting in his attendance.—Caledonian Mercury, April 3.

One morning this week it may be said with accuracy that the 'chills were frighted' by the alarming telegram announcing all at once that a plague was decimating St. Petersburg and was travelling westward with steady step. It is extraordinary that this formidable pestilence should have been its way through heaps of slain from Siberia to the capital of the Russian Empire, and should have raged there for weeks immolating suburban villages and whole quarters of the city, without a word of the fearful intelligence having been heard in western Europe until the visitation had actually reached the Baltic ports immediately in contact with our own commerce. At present there is no mention of the occurrence of any case nearer to us than Danzig, but the breaking up of the ice will speedily bring that port into intercourse with the ports on the Clyde, the Wear, and the Tyne, and there is no time to be lost in putting our house in order. The experience of 1831 shows how futile are quarantine laws as a means of arresting the approach of an epidemic.—The air which wafted the cholera for the first time to our shores is not subject to quarantine regulations. The great object should be to ascertain the character of the disease before it visits us, should it be the will of God that we should not escape the infliction, and to take the invaluable precautions as to ventilation, cleanliness, and dietary which have always been found the best guarantees against the terrible inroads of cholera and typhoid diseases. Whole-some food, temperance, warm clothing, and abundance of fresh water and whitewash, have generally presented the best obstacles to the spread of these epidemics and especially to their malignant influence upon human life. We are glad to find by the reply to a question by the Bishop of Oxford in the House of Lords that the Government have lost no time in endeavoring to ascertain the peculiarities of the plague, and the medical treatment of cases that has been hitherto found most beneficial.—Weekly Register.

A report has been in circulation that the site of Cambridge House, the residence of Viscount Palmerston, has been secured for the erection of the proposed Memorial Roman Catholic Cathedral, in honor of the late Cardinal Wiseman. Such, we are informed, is not the case. It is, however, understood that the wealthy baronet who is the owner of Cambridge House has promised a site on some portion of his west-end estates in Piccadilly, Mayfair, or elsewhere, on condition that the plans meet his approval, and that there is an absolute certainty of a large amount being raised to ensure the erection of a really splendid edifice. The sum of a quarter of a million has been mentioned as the probable cost; and, from what we hear, we think that the site to be granted will not be so far westward as the present residence of the Premier.—Comet.

The revenue returns for the quarter and year ending March 31 have been published. The total revenue for the year March '61 was £70,313,436 against £70,208,963 in the previous year, the net increase being thus £104,473.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 5.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.
MAY—1865.

Friday, 5—St. Pius, P. C.
Saturday, 6—St. John at the Lat. Gate.
Sunday, 7—Third after Easter, HOLY FAMILY.
Monday, 8—Apparition of St. Michael.
Tuesday, 9—St. Gregory of Naz. B. D.
Wednesday, 10—St. Antonin, B. C.
Thursday, 11—St. Catherine, S. V.
The "Forty Hours" Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament will commence as follows:—
Friday, 5—St. Martine.
Sunday, 7—College of Montreal.
Tuesday, 9—Convent Point Claire.
Thursday, 11—Patronage of St. Joseph.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Booth the assassin, or at all events the presumed assassin of the late President has been shot by a party of the Federal troops; and one of his supposed accomplices, a man named Harold has been captured by the same party. "Dead men tell no tales," and so probably we shall never get at the full truth as to the particulars and antecedents of the crime which has rendered the name of Booth for ever execrable. Men will naturally apply the test *cui bono*? to this shooting of Booth. If indeed the Southerners were the instigators of the murder, then evidently it was in their interest that their tool or accomplice should as quickly as possible, be placed beyond the reach of a judicial investigation, in the course of which he might make some disagreeable revelations. But it was by the Northerners that Booth was shot down, when he might easily and without risk have been captured alive. Here are the particulars, as given by the principal actor in the business, the non-commissioned officer who fired the fatal shot: from this narrative men will draw their own inferences.

Lame from the effects of an injury, and unable to walk except upon crutches, Booth and a companion had taken refuge in a barn. Upon information given to the authorities, this barn was surrounded on Wednesday morning the 26th ult., at about 2 a.m. by a party of Federal troops, who summoned those inside to give themselves up. After some delay, Harold came out and surrendered himself, but Booth remained under cover. Hereupon the barn was fired, when the wretched man inside, made a rush for the door as if to escape. Mark what follows:—

"We could see him plainly" says Sergeant Corbett one of the party, "but could not be seen by him," so that the attacking party were exposed to no manner of danger. Outside the barn all was dark, because it was not yet daylight when the events that we are narrating occurred: but all inside the barn was brilliantly illuminated, and clearly exposed to the view of the party outside, by the flames of the burning building. It is evident therefore that the assailants were exposed to no risk from Booth, since he could not even distinguish them; and as he was lame they could have had no reasons to fear that he would make good his escape. Booth however staggered towards the door, apparently confused says the report: whereupon the narrator Sergt. Corbett took deliberate aim at him and shot him through the head. As a matter of interest to the conventicle, the telegrams inform us, that the Sergeant was "converted" some years ago in Boston, "and was baptized a member of the Methodist Church."

The wounded man lingered a few hours in intense agony, but he spoke no word that could throw light on the object of his crime, or on the character of his instigators and accomplices if he had any. With the guilty secret in his heart he has now appeared before the dread tribunal before which all flesh shall stand, there to answer for his crimes, and the blood of his brother man by him wantonly and brutally shed.

As was to have been anticipated, the murder of President Lincoln has provoked the Union men to murder, and to acts differing not one whit in cowardice and brutality from that which they profess to condemn and to avenge. Society is disorganized, and "Lynch Law" is for the moment the only law of the land. The real difficulties of the Northern States are evidently now but commencing. General Johnston has at length capitulated on the same terms as those accorded to General Lee. On this side of the Mississippi therefore the Confederates have no force left:

by some it was thought that President Davis would endeavor to cross the river, and try to make a final stand for freedom and independence in the State of Texas.

The political news from Europe is of little interest. There is still a good deal of anxiety expressed concerning the progress of the epidemic spoken of as the "Siberian Plague"—and of which some cases have declared themselves in Prussia and in Austria, thus showing that, following the regular but mysterious law of all epidemics, the disease is pursuing its course westward. As usual there is considerable discrepancy in the medical world as to the true character of this formidable visitor. The general opinion seems to be that typhoid fever of a highly malignant type—and plague is but typhus raised to its highest power—has been very prevalent during the winter in St. Petersburg, aggravated of course by the dirty habits, and unwholesome diet of the poorer classes of the Russian capital; but there seems as yet to be no reasons for believing that the disease, whatever name doctors may give to it, is of a novel character, or presents any features with which the faculty in Europe are not already familiar. At the same time it would be but prudent to take all possible precautions; and as the best prophylactics are cleanliness, thorough drainage, and the removal of all decaying organic matter from the streets, so our Corporation is bound to take measures for the cleansing and purifying of the filthy alleys and back-slums with which the City abounds, and the stench from which is of itself enough to produce disease at all times, as is evidenced by the fearful rate of mortality which constantly prevails in Montreal.

BOOTH, GARIBALDI, AND MAZZINI.—There is something almost comical in the horror with which some of our Liberal contemporaries affect to regard the brutal crime lately perpetrated at Washington. That men who at all times and on all occasions, have approved themselves the partisans of the Revolution in Europe, the eulogists of a Mazzini and of a Garibaldi, should now cry out against Booth for doing only what Mazzini and Garibaldi have preached and encouraged others to practise, is a moral and intellectual phenomenon well worthy of a passing glance.

That Mazzini is the patron and fautor of assassins; that though too cowardly to expose his own person to danger, by striking the blow himself, he nevertheless stimulates others to kill, and scruples not for this purpose to furnish them with money and with arms, is a fact which no one acquainted with contemporary history will presume to deny. Mazzini himself makes no secret, nay, he boasts of it; for in his own hand writing he has put it upon record that he furnished Antonio Gallenga, the well known Italian correspondent of the London Times, with "a thousand francs" and "a poniard with a lapis lazuli handle" for the purpose of assassinating Charles Albert. And yet by the Liberal press on both sides of the Atlantic, Mazzini is held up to admiration as a true and noble patriot, as one whom they delight to honor.

And Garibaldi!! He too is another object of the idolatry of the Liberal and anti-Catholic party throughout the world: and yet like Mazzini, Garibaldi also is a patron and fautor of assassination, for Garibaldi also has left it on record how, during the term of his dictatorship in Naples, he conferred out of the public funds, an annuity of 30 ducats a month and a dower of 2,000 ducats upon the female relatives of the soldier Agesilao Milano who attempted to assassinate Ferdinand II., the late King of Naples, and as a reward for the meritorious services of the would-be assassin. And yet with our Liberal press throughout the Province, with the *Globe* in Toronto, the *Witness*, the *Herald*, the *Pays* in Montreal, Garibaldi the revolutionary assassin, is elevated to the skies as a hero and a demi-God; whilst for Booth, the wretched assassin of President Lincoln, no language is deemed too harsh, no punishment too severe. Surely this is nice discrimination with a vengeance.

The interpretation of the matter is this. The professed horror of our Liberal contemporaries for assassins and assassination is rank hypocrisy, sheer humbug. There is a particular class of assassins whom they hold in horror, and there is another class of assassins whom they delight to honor. Not expressed in words indeed, for they would be ashamed to make the public avowal, their sentiments are these: That it is, if not a meritorious, at all events a quite pardonable act, to stab, shoot down or otherwise make away with, a Popish Prince, a Sovereign or Minister hostile to the Liberal and revolutionary tendencies of the age. The end justifies the means employed, in this case; and the murder of a Rossi, the attempted assassination of a Charles Albert, or of a King of Naples, so far from being deeds worthy of extreme reprobation, consigning all the actors therein, or abettors thereof to eternal infamy, must be looked as peccadilloes, to be buried in oblivion as speedily as possible, and which in no wise detract from the glory which surrounds the heads of advanced Liberals like a Mazzini or a Garibaldi. Besides, are not

both these worthies conspicuous for their staunch opposition to Popery? and is not Garibaldi in particular the champion and the prophet of the "Goddess of Reason" whom France of '93 proclaimed to the world; and therefore the delight of all who with him are looking for the downfall of "that hideous immoral monstrosity the Papacy."—*Vide* Address of Garibaldi, *Times*, Oct. 3rd, 1862.

As we have often insisted, Protestants keep always on hand two sets of weights and measures. By the one Garibaldi is weighed and tested; by the other, the wretched criminal Booth, now gone to his account before another tribunal. What judgment Garibaldi receives at the hands of Protestants, his ovation in England last year testifies, which testifies also to the hypocrisy of those professions of horror of assassination in general, which Protestants so ostentatiously parade before the world, when the victim is one of themselves; when he belongs, not to the party of the counter-Revolution and the Church, but is a foremost champion or representative of Liberalism.

Protestants, such of them at least as have smiled welcome upon Garibaldi, and other Italian revolutionists, have no right to condemn Booth; for though a criminal for whom no honest man can feel any sympathy, Booth is no worse than Garibaldi, not so bad as Mazzini. Booth was at least a brave villain and exposed his own life: but skulking in foreign countries and carefully avoiding all personal exposure to danger, Mazzini ceases not to stimulate bolder spirits to the crime of assassination, and exhorts others to crimes which he dares not himself perpetrate. Mazzini is therefore infinitely riler than Booth; and yet whilst for the latter there is but execration, there are for Mazzini amongst all classes of Liberals, yes even in the British House of Commons, apologists, and admirers, as for a great and good man.

Catholics, however, do not discriminate.—With them the assassin is always an object of detestation, no matter by whom or in whose fancied interests, the crime is committed, whether by a Ravallac or a Booth; for it must not be forgotten that, if by the maligners of the Jesuits, the assassination of Henry IV. in 1610, be attributed to the doctrines taught by Mariana in his famous work, *De Rege et Regis Institutione*, that work itself, or the passage therein which seems to justify tyrannicide, was publicly condemned by the Jesuits themselves in 1606, and formally repudiated in the name of the Society. To Catholics a Booth is no less odious than is a Garibaldi, and his accomplices, than Mazzini and his abettors. We can see no moral difference betwixt the shooting of President Lincoln, and the attempt on the part of Agesilao Milano to shoot a King of Naples which Garibaldi deemed worthy of a national reward, or the attempt to stab Charles Albert for which Mazzini furnished funds and a dagger "with a lapis lazuli handle." There have been crimes, and great crimes too no doubt, committed by all parties, in the name of religion, as well as in the name of liberty. But no Catholic will ever attempt to justify them, and their perpetrators; and the only avowed apologists for the crime of assassination are at the present day to be found in the ranks of that same Liberal and anti-Catholic party, which now also with rank hypocrisy makes such an outcry against the crime of Booth, whilst it kisses the dust at the feet of the assassin Garibaldi!

ROUGE TARTUFFERIE.—That the political party in Lower Canada known as the *Rouges*, and of which the *Pays* is the organ in chief, were insincere, dishonest, and hypocritical in their opposition to the Brown-Cartier scheme of Union for the B. N. A. Provinces, we have always believed. We have never been disposed to attribute that opposition on their part, to anything but the basest and most mercenary of motives; to party spite, to disappointed ambition, and to a hankering after a share in the spoils of office. Their professions of patriotism we have always looked upon as *bumcombe*: and remembering their antecedents, their readiness some few years ago to coalesce with Mr. George Brown, and to sacrifice to the insolent demands of Upper Canada Clear-Gritism, the autonomy of Lower Canada, we have always held in contempt their newly discovered and noisily proclaimed attachment "to our laws, our language, and our religion." The *Rouges* were themselves the authors and most active promoters of that very policy which they now condemn.

Nothing could more perfectly justify us in our suspicion of *Rouge* honesty, of *Rouge* patriotism, and *Rouge* attachment to the principle of Lower Canadian autonomy, than the tone which their journals have ever adopted towards the Northern and Southern States, respectively, during the contest that has been raging for the last four years. The principle at issue in that contest was, as every one knows, that of "State Rights" and "State autonomy." Accidentally—but accidentally only, and in no wise affecting its intrinsic merits, the question of negro slavery became complicated therewith: but the essence of the contest was "State Rights" on the one hand,

"Centralisation" on the other. Now these also are the very questions involved in the "sectional difficulties" betwixt British and Protestant U. Canada on the one hand, and French and Catholic Lower Canada on the other hand.

To compare great things to small, the contest or cause that since the cession of Canada by France, the French race in this part of the world have had to maintain, is identical with that for which the Southerners took up arms, and over which Northern democracy has for the time triumphed. Therefore it is natural, indeed inevitable, that every one who forms his political opinions from logical premises, and who bases his political actions upon principle, not upon sordid motives of personal interest, must sympathise with either North or South, with Upper Canada or with Lower Canada, according as he is in favor of or opposed to, the principles of democratic centralisation. Carrying out his principles logically, the Clear Grit, whose object it is to "swamp the French," and to consolidate the Two Provinces into one Province, must, and for the same reason, sympathise with the North, and rejoice over the defeat of the principle of State Rights. So also he who upon principle defends the autonomy of Lower Canada, and resists its absorption by the other and adjacent British Provinces, must if logical and honest, sympathise with the Southerners, and espouse, heart and soul, the cause of the Confederates as against the centralising North. There is no shadow of difference of principle in the two cases. What the South is to the North in the neighboring republic, that is the Lower Province to Upper Canada, in this part of the American Continent. The cause of the former was—rather we should say, for the cause is not yet lost, is the cause of Lower Canada *versus* Upper Canada—and its defeat in one quarter must be a severe blow, a source of mourning to its friends in every other quarter. If the Northerners have right on their side as against the South, so also must right be on the side of Upper Canada as against Lower Canada. If the latter does well in resisting a Union which menaces, or even appears to menace its autonomy, and which tends to centralisation, and therefore to a despotism the vilest, the most odious, and the most degrading of all despotisms because a democratic despotism—so also the Southerners did well, and deserved to succeed, in their resistance to the North, and in their assertion of the indefeasible sovereignty and independence of their several States.

Now the *Rouge* press of Lower Canada, like the Montreal *Witness*, the Toronto *Globe* and the entire *Clear Grit* press of the Province is, and always has been enthusiastic on the side of the North as against the South. To justify its inconsistency in the eyes of its readers, it has published a series of filthy and mendacious libels scraped up out of the dirty Protestant gutter against the slave-owners of the Southern States, who are therein presented as cruel libidinous tyrants: though the fact stands out in the face of the world that, though for the last four years the slaves of the Southern States have been constantly excited to rise against the whites; and though their masters, away with the army, had left their homes, their wives and daughters at the mercy of their slaves, not a single case of servile insurrection is on record. This simple fact is of itself a conclusive refutation of the mendacious libels circulated by evangelical ministers in the United States, and by a class of writers who pander to the beastly appetites of the public by publishing, sometimes obscene stories against Nuns and Catholic religious, at other times stories equally obscene and equally mendacious against the planters and gentlemen of the South. With this kind of stuff which no honest man would publish, which nothing but a morbid appetite for impurity would ever prompt any one to peruse, so dreary are its platitudes, has the *Rouge* press endeavored to blind its readers as to the real question at issue, that of State autonomy, in the great American war; and to their own inconsistency and dishonesty in advocating the cause of the North, whilst hypocritically pretending to base their opposition to the lately propounded scheme of Union of all the British North American Provinces, upon patriotic motives, and loyal attachment to the autonomy of Lower Canada.

That autonomy is and must be dear to the Conservative and to the Catholic, because therein is to be found the best defence against democratic aggression upon our civil institutions, against Protestant and infidel aggression upon our religious and educational institutions. But what care the *Rouges*, properly so called, for these? Their avowed political and religious principles are those of '89, of which the first fruits were the abolition of all the Parliaments or local legislatures of France, the spoliation of the Church, and the "Civil Constitution" of the Clergy.—How then can we expect that the inheritors of these principles in America should be honest in their professions of patriotic attachment to the liberties and autonomy of Lower Canada; or anything but hypocrites when they raise the cry of "our laws, our language, and our religion?" Bah!

Subscribers who are about to change their place of residence will oblige by leaving their address at this office.

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.—It is a melancholy fact that, whilst we are endeavoring to attract labor to our shores from the overcrowded districts of the Old World where the pressure upon the means of subsistence is greatest, emigration from Canada to the neighboring States is continually on the increase. The people are flying from Canada almost as they are flying from Ireland. Says the Toronto *Leader* on this subject:—

"Our able bodied men are daily leaving in large and increasing numbers for the United States. Upwards of fifty thousand have already gone."

On the other hand Emigration Reports and Sub-Emigration Agents keep on assuring us that the demand for labor is great, for farm servants and mechanics especially; and the Quebec *Daily News* finds it difficult to reconcile these apparently contradictory statements.

The solution seems to us to be this. However great the demand for labor may be in Canada at certain seasons of the year, it is only a temporary demand. During Spring, Summer and Autumn, whilst the navigation is open, and labor of all kind can be carried on in the open air, labor of all kind is in good demand, and is profitably remunerated. But then comes the long dreary winter, when workmen are thrown out of employment, and when labor becomes a drug in the market for which no one cares to bid. The Reports of Emigration Agents are true no doubt, but true only for a particular season of the year. The fact that emigration from Canada is continually increasing cannot be contested, and shows that the demand for labor is not permanent.

That the Government should do something in the premises seems to be the opinion of some writers in the public press—but what can any Government do? It is no more in the power of Government to check the stream of emigration, or to direct that stream from one country with great natural physical advantages, to another less liberally endowed in these respects, than it is in the power of an Act of Parliament to arrest the course of rivers from setting towards the sea, or to compel them to flow up-hill. As water by the necessary law of its being sets from the higher to the lower level, so does the tide of emigration irresistibly flow from the colder to the warmer climates, from the higher latitudes to the lower latitudes, from the ice and snow of the North, to the wheat growing countries of the South. To cry out against the Government of Canada for what is solely the consequence of the climate of Canada is unjust; neither is it reasonable to conclude from the emigration to the United States, that the political and social institutions of that country are in any respect superior to ours.

DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.—The wanton and brutal destruction of the farmer's and gardener's best friends and allies, by a pack of idle loafing blackguards, who on Sundays especially, and other holidays, turn out armed to the teeth to wage relentless persecution against our Spring visitors, the birds, has often provoked the notice of the press; but alas! hitherto nothing of any consequence has been done by the Legislature or by the City Police to put a stop to a public nuisance, of which one effect is visible in the total destruction of the beautiful orchards with which, a few years ago, the City of Montreal, and the Mountain were surrounded. In France the Legislature interferes to protect the birds, the destroyers of the caterpillars, which pests if left unmolested, destroy our gardens and orchards. In England public attention is aroused to the necessity of putting a stop to the destruction of these same useful creatures the birds; and in Australia, the colonists endowed with better taste than the people of Canada, and better acquainted with what the interests of agriculture and horticulture require, are at a great expence actually importing sparrows from England, to keep down the pest of grubs, caterpillars, and insects which destroy the crops. The following paragraph on this subject is from an English paper, the *Gateshead Observer*; and certainly it treats of a subject not unworthy of the serious attention and vigorous action of our Canadian Legislature:—

BIRD MURDER.—The President of the Naturalists' Field Club [the Rev. G. O. Abbe] stated on Thursday, at the anniversary meeting of the club, that he had been calculating the number of caterpillars which the 6,000 sparrows killed by a member of a 'sparrow club' in Essex, and for which he had actually received a prize of 10s., would have eaten. The amount was 6,307,000,000. While the cloud-hoppers of Essex are killing sparrows by the thousand, the Australian colonists are importing them at a considerable expence from England, to act the part of protectors of the crops, and thereby of promoters of the comforts of the people.—*Gateshead Observer*.

LA REVUE CANADIENNE.—The April number of this interesting periodical has come to hand, and contains a continuation of the tale, *Une de Perdus, Deux de Trouves*, followed by articles on the Mexican Question, Our Country Houses, the Events of the Month, *Le Souvenir* (poetry) and a notice of the meeting held by the Protestants in Montreal to discuss the School Question.

The Hamilton *Speciator* reports that General R. E. Lee is about to visit that city, where some of his relatives are residing.

THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON.—Amongst the passengers by the steamship Peruvian, we find the name of Mgr. Horan, who has returned from Rome, and in good health. This will impart sincere pleasure to the Catholics of Kingston, and we hope that before very long the people of this Diocese will be congratulating themselves on the safe return from the Holy City, of their own dear Bishop.

His Lordship the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe has issued a Pastoral recommending the case of the sufferers by the late great inundations to the charitable notice of the faithful of his diocese.

A NICE LOOK OUT FOR IRISHMEN AND CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES.—That the South subdued, the puritanical party triumphant in the Northern States would direct their arms against Irish Papists, has always been patent to the most careless observer of the current of public opinion in the neighboring republic. To put down the "rebellion" was the first thing, the thought uppermost in the Yankee mind; next to put down Popery and the Irish.

These sentiments were well brought out at a public meeting in New York the other day; and their public expression by one of the speakers was rapturously applauded by thousands of American ladies and gentlemen:—

"Let us urge upon our Government the necessity of giving votes to the free black Americans, in order that their votes may kill, or at least neutralize the votes of the low Irish scum which come to our shores in every ship, and pollute our fair land."

A Western Federal organ in the subjoined passage does but give expression to the feeling as towards Irish Catholics which universally obtains amongst Northern Puritans:—

"We dislike the nigger, but despise the Irish.—Their bravery, of which they and their admirers boast so much, is mere brute force unredeemed by a single sentiment of truth or loyalty; they would fight equally well for the devil if only paid for it."

Equally significant is the announcement in the New York Times to the same effect that:—

"The Catholic Church has a heavy account to settle,"

with the North, for her general sympathy with the Southern cause of State Rights, and Constitutional Government.

There can be no doubt of it. Catholics have nothing to expect from the triumph of the North but a political and social persecution, more bitter and unremitting than any to which they have been exposed on this Continent. The party that has triumphed, whose principles are now in the ascendant, is the party that has distinguished itself by its hatred of Popery, by its zeal in convent-burning, by its activity in outraging nuns and priests. It is the party of the Revolution on this Continent, whose principles are identical in substance with the party of the Revolution in Europe; and from the ascendancy of such a party, we can of course see what is in store for the Church. Equally significant of the hostile disposition of the victorious or Puritan party, as towards Catholics, is the following extract from a communication published in the American journals with respect to Missouri. The writer says:—

"It is impossible to ignore the chief cause of opposition to the Constitution"—(a Constitution which the same writer tells us commends itself to the people now on account of its severity towards rebels)—"it proceeds from the Roman Catholic influence combined with the rebels. All Catholics are not rebels, and all the rebels are not Catholics, but it is safe to say that all the former in Missouri who are not rebels could stand up in a four acre lot. The Catholic opposition is very simple; the Constitution taxes Church property and imposes a test oath of allegiance on all their priests. They cannot take this oath and consequently are secretly raising a terrible howl about making preachers swear."

This reminds one of the action of the Legislative Assembly in '92 towards "refractory priests;" who because they would not, and in conscience could not take the "test oath" imposed by the Constitution, were treated as rebels, arrested and deported to Cayenne. The tyranny of Liberals, whether in the Old or in the New World, is always directed in the first instance against the Church and her servants; and this explains the general sympathy of Catholics with the South, as well as the universal sympathy of the extreme anti-Catholic party with the North. For the Catholic Church in the United States there is evidently at hand a day of bitter persecution and purification, when the few Catholics who have lent their aid to crush out the political liberties of their Southern fellow-citizens will perceive, and when too late, will bitterly regret their folly.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.—Mr. Godwin Smith, the uncompromising apologist for, and advocate of the North, offers an excuse for Andy Johnson, or rather for the Northern States in electing such a person to the post of Vice-President, by saying "that he was selected, not for his personal position but from electioneering motives." This, remarks the New York World "is simply to inform all Europe that a low fellow of unworthy personal position was taken up for the sake of success by the party which this very Godwin Smith has been lauding, in season and out of season, as the party of great moral ideas!"

An attempt to impose Dunkin's Act on Kingston has failed, receiving only 78 votes in a population of 15,000.

RECEIVING STOLEN GOODS.—When the Federal troops took possession of Richmond, President Davis' house was broken into and robbed of a set of porcelain, his private property.—The stolen goods have been presented to, and accepted by, Andy Johnson. "The receiver," says the proverb, "is as bad as the thief."

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir—On Tuesday, 25th April, the elite of our Canadian society assembled in the grand hall of St. Mary's College to witness a Dramatic Entertainment which had been most ably got up by the English Academy under the direction of one or two Jesuit Fathers. The room was crowded in anticipation of the success which the pupils of this College generally meet with in their literary Soirees; and when the curtain rose a burst of applause greeted the first strains of a beautiful orchestral overture, performed by the leading musicians of the city. The College choir and orchestra were conducted by Signor Barricelli, late band-master of the fourth battalion of Her Majesty's 60th Rifles; and the great variety of instruments as well as the multiplicity of voices produced, under his supervision, most entrancing melodies.

Mr. Francis Purroy, from Fordham, N.Y., read the Prologue of an enchanting drama composed six or seven years ago by the illustrious Cardinal whose loss England still continues to mourn. No piece could have been better suited to the actors, than was "The Hidden Gem." Therein is revealed the grand, comprehensive, and supremely Catholic mind of the writer, who seems in this, as well as in all his other works, to thirst for martyrdom in the practice of the most sublime Christian virtues. And well did the Academicians do justice to their parts: every phrase, every word, every *invenio* was perfectly understood, and all seemed to be imbued with the spirit of their respective characters. It would be hard indeed to single out one who surpassed his brother performers in energy of diction or in ease of expression, and we may say with confidence, that, although the acting might be equalled, it could with difficulty be surpassed.

The principal character was that of the young St. Alexis, who, after having left his father's house by a divine command, returns as a pilgrim, and, under the name of Ignotus, spends five years amidst a jeering and reviling set of paltry slaves, whose sole desire is to spurn their samty guest. Mr. Augustus Power, son of the late Justice Power, by his gentle and pilgrim-like demeanour, portrayed admirably the retiring virtues of the Hidden Gem, whilst Mr. Spalding, a nephew of the great Archbishop of Baltimore, was well suited, as Euphemian, for a kind and charitable host. But the pathos of the drama was still better brought out by a son of one of our first Canadian merchants, Leopold Galarneau, who, in the character of Carious, an adopted son displayed the most generous feelings of an upright mind. As to the other actors who formed the complement of the play, each and every one deserves his mead of praise; but we must not forget to mention the names of Mr. Mulhern, and especially of Messrs. Hart and Piquette, who were perhaps the most successful of all. The latter personated the ingratitude and base envy of a thieving beggar, whilst Mr. Matthew Hart gave such a life-like picture of a revengeful and murderous bondsman in the person of Bibulus; that several times during his criminal soliloquies, a secret tremor ran through the audience, and then gave place to universal admiration.

The entertainment was rendered still more attractive by some splendid choruses, among which the Chorus of Angels sung behind the scenes during one of the most thrilling incidents of the play, was pronounced by all to be a master-piece of execution. In a word the evening passed so quickly and pleasantly away, that the spectators were loath to leave the room when the performance was over, for every one had appreciated the merits of such an eminently classical entertainment.—Yours, &c.,

A SPECTATOR.

PRESENTATION.

On Easter Sunday, the 16th April, a meeting of the Congregation of the Catholic Church of this town was held immediately after Divine Service, at which a purse containing two hundred dollars was presented to the Vicar General, together with the following Address, which explains the object of the presentation:

To Very Rev. J. H. McDonagh, Vicar General, Pastor St. John's Congregation, Perth.

Very Reverend and Dear Sir—The Congregation under your charge having learned that you are about leaving them for some time, desire to take advantage of that circumstance to present you with an expression of the respect and affection which a faithful discharge of the duties of your sacred office during a period of nearly thirty years, has caused them to feel towards their Pastor. It is unnecessary for them to mention the many acts which have produced such feelings on their part, for happily those acts do not exist in fancy, but stand embodied in school houses and churches, which present so many living monuments of your zeal for the welfare of those whom the Almighty placed under your care. In viewing these important results of your labor, and considering the great difficulties which you have overcome in accomplishing them, the members of this congregation would be wanting in duty did they permit you to depart from their midst, even for a short time, without offering some mark of their gratitude for your services to the cause of education and religion; altho' it is beyond their power to offer an adequate reward for such services. They are yet fully sensible of their value, and gratefully present you with the accompanying testimonial, not only in recognition thereof, but as a personal tribute of affection for their Pastor; and trust to your kindness to 'take the will for the deed,' and believe that the amount of their offering is limited but by circumstances which they cannot control.

In wishing you a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, and a happy sojourn among the friends and amid the scenes of youth, in your dear native land, we but echo the feelings of every person in the large mission under your care, and that you may soon return with renewed energies of body and mind, to continue your good work of Christian usefulness, is the prayer of your faithful friends and parishioners.

Signed on behalf of the Congregation, —John Doran, Wm. O'Brien, Hugh Ryan, William Walsh, Daniel Kerr, Patrick Griffin, Martin Lee, Michael McNamara, Secretary.

Perth, Easter Sunday, 1865.

Father McDonagh replied to the above address in terms which drew tears to the eyes of many of his

old parishioners, and caused all present to feel regret at the separation about to take place. He also read the following written reply, which he had hastily prepared the evening before on receiving a copy of the address, and which, he said, but feebly expressed the feelings he entertained towards his people.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND PARISHIONERS.—For your kind address I feel deeply grateful, but what shall I say of the cordial and loving friendship which has heretofore existed among us?

Here adequate acknowledgment becomes a task to which I own myself incompetent; or rather the consciousness of being the object of unmerited esteem should suffice with a just blush the cheek of sensitive modesty.

In truthful candor the picture you have drawn of the humble writer but too clearly exhibits the embellishing traces of the friendly and partial hand. For the beautiful features portrayed by the able pencil of an affectionate people, in vain does one look throughout the entire physiognomy of the flattered Pastor. The traits of similitude are not therein to be found. When I gaze, however, as in after life I shall fondly do, on the kindly portrait, two faithful representations I can never fail to discover—the one, that of you affectionate regard; the other, what the obligated Pastor should labour to become.

Ever docile to the Pastor's humble voice, devoted to the interests of your Holy Faith, munificent in the support of Religion and Charity, and foremost in the ranks of Patriotism, your own exemplary conduct uniformly afforded me a powerful stimulant and a sustaining consolation in the discharge of my every duty.

The virtues of an intelligent and respected flock were always the edification and delight of a but too happy Pastor; and your noble and generous conduct on the many occasions that I had to call upon you cannot fail to furnish the humble object of your undeserved kindness with a new and potent incentive to labour with increased zeal for the promotion of the every interest—spiritual and temporal—of so deserving a people.

In the feeling and religious sentiments expressed toward me in your address, I have an excellent model of those I should cherish and reciprocate in your regard.

I bid you, then, adieu, for a short time, and allow me to conclude by expressing my heartfelt wish for your long life, continued good health your every blessing in time, your bliss in eternity.

J. H. McDONAGH, Vicar General.

Perth, April 18th, 1865.

The pupils of the Separate School also paid their respects to their Pastor, by waiting on him in a body at his residence on the day before his departure, and delivered an address expressive of their feelings, to which the Vicar responded in appropriate and affectionate terms.

THE RECENT INUNDATIONS.—Among the many laudable movements set on foot for the relief of the sufferers by the recent disastrous inundations, the latest is that of the Richelieu Company, who, with characteristic generosity, have organized an excursion trip to the islands at Sorel, for the benefit of the sufferers. The steamer which the Company place at the disposal of the excursionists will leave Montreal on Sunday morning, arriving at Sorel in time to enable the passengers to assist at divine service; after which the steamer will go round the islands ravaged by the inundation, returning to Montreal about six o'clock. Citizens of Quebec desirous of participating in the excursion, thereby aiding at the same time in the cause of charity, can leave Quebec on Saturday evening, and arrive in Montreal on Sunday morning in time to take part in the excursion.—Daily News.

DESTROYING SMALL BIRDS.—We again call the attention of the authorities to parties of rowdies who are in the habit on Sundays of going round the mountain shooting the small birds, which otherwise would add so much to the enjoyment of our citizens during the summer months. These men should be prosecuted as a public nuisance, for it is not only the annoyance they cause by shooting all Sunday, firing being kept up almost without intermission, but the positive loss occasioned by the destruction of the birds is very much greater than most people have any idea of. The risk and uncertainty attending the growing of fruits and vegetables is greatly attributable to this practice not being stopped. These men pass openly through the city on Sundays with their guns on their shoulders, and the police ought to receive instructions to apprehend them in accordance with the law on this subject, which is stringent enough.—Montreal Herald.

THE CITY CARS.—Among the subjects to which it will be well if the directors of the City Passenger Cars will turn their attention, is that of the filthy habit of spitting, of which it is currently believed in Europe that citizens of the United States have the peculiar monopoly; but which is even more common among some classes of our own people than among Americans. We know an instance in which ladies in one of our street cars had to move twice to prevent their dresses from receiving the saliva of two dirty fellows, who followed them, as they shifted their places, and seemed to enjoy the annoyance which they caused. The conductor on being appealed to after the fellows had gone, said that he had no authority to prevent people from spitting.—Now we can see no reason why authority to keep order in this as well as in other particulars should not be conferred on the conductor of each car.—Id.

DAMAGES FOR ARREST AND FALSE IMPRISONMENT.—The case of Betterworth vs. Hough, for false imprisonment, was decided at Quebec on Saturday, the Plaintiff receiving \$500 damages. After the St. Albans raiders were discharged by Judge Consoal, Hough took part in the pursuit for their recapture and arrested Betterworth, supposing him to be Scott, one of the party. Subsequently Betterworth was discharged by Judge Smith and then brought this action against Hough, laying his damages at \$10,000. The defendant claimed exemption from liability on the ground that he was a special constable, whilst the plaintiff urged that the arrest was made for the sake of obtaining the reward offered by the Government. The jury decided as above. Betterworth has also brought an action against Mr. Maguire, the Judge of Sessions for illegal imprisonment.—Id.

George Brown, one of the delegates who devised the Confederation scheme is now openly favoring annexation to the United States—doubtless with the approbation of his political followers. Are these loyal British Provincials, that are going to share some day with their illustrious parent the sceptre of the sea, are they to be dragged into a Confederation with Canada, that Canada may afterwards drag them under stars and stripes in the wake of George Brown, and the annexationists of Toronto and Montreal? No never, never.—Halifax Citizen.

A REVOLTING SPECTACLE.—The Hamilton Times says that on Saturday afternoon a team of horses attached to a wagon came into the city by the Dundas road, and were proceeding leisurely along without guidance when taken in charge by a citizen. In the vehicle was a man in a state of unconscious intoxication who was lying upon a coffin containing the dead body of his own mother! The bloated and mangled countenance of the wretched man, and the association of his drunken repose presented a spectacle truly revolting. The wagon was driven to the Police Station and its load of physical and moral corruption given in charge of the authorities.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—The Kingston papers state that on Thursday an engine and six freight cars ran off the track near Waterloo, on the Grand Trunk Railway.

OBITUARY.
Died, at the Grey Nunnery, on the 20th ult., in the 65th year of her age, and 36th of her Profession, Sister Harley, a native of Lisamore, County Waterford, Ireland. The deceased was well known to our Irish Catholic population by her indefatigable zeal, by her unremitting attention to the poor and sickly by whom she will be long held in affectionate remembrance, and whose prayers for her eternal happiness accompany her beyond the grave.

BREACH OF NEUTRALITY LAWS.—At Toronto on Wednesday the Grand Jury found true bills against Ben't H. Young, and Jacob Thompson, for breach of the neutrality laws of this Province; the acts complained of in their case being those with which the public is already familiar, by the investigation of the St. Albans Raid. True bills were also found against W. L. MacDonald, and W. W. Cleary, upon charges connected with the fitting out of the 'Georgian.' MacDonald has moreover been committed for trial by the Police Magistrate on that charge, upon the affidavit of Ryams, which has already been published in the Herald.

WHEAT CROP.—The Berlin Telegraph is pleased to state that the fall wheat in that section of the country looks really beautiful, and at present gives every promise of being an abundant crop.

FIRE.—On Sunday morning, says the Sherbrooke Freeman, a house near the Grand Trunk Depot, containing three families, was totally destroyed by fire. The inmates had barely time to escape with their lives, the flames spread so rapidly.

DROWNED.—The child of a boatman was accidentally drowned on Tuesday last in the river opposite this place. It was left by its mother with older children on the deck of the vessel for a moment, while she went below. She had only left it for a few moments when it fell over the side of the boat and has not been seen since. The child was a boy the name of Raymond.—St. John's News.

It is understood that the Commission appointed some time ago to inquire into the causes of shipwrecks in the River St. Lawrence, last autumn, has terminated its labor, and that the report was transmitted to the Government on Wednesday.

OIL SPRINGS AT AURORA.—Indications of the existence of petroleum have been discovered at Aurora, in the county of York, on the property of Messrs. A. and P. Graham. The oil is very near the surface, in great quantities, and will burn in a lamp when in its natural state, as taken from the ground. Professor Croft, we understand has analyzed it and found it to contain 80 per cent of petroleum. Purchasers from the Pennsylvania oil regions, and other places, have already made large offers to the proprietors, one of \$5,000 for the land but they have declined. The working of the wells will be commenced immediately.

ALARMING DISEASE AMONG CATTLE.—A fatal disease, of a contagious nature, has lately appeared in certain localities in the township of Barton, and has been the occasion of serious loss to farmers. Alexander A. Secord residing near the Albion Mills, states that, during the present week he has lost five valuable cows, all dying within forty-eight hours. The malady is very speedy in its effects, and the animals expire within a short time after exhibiting symptoms of derangement. A suspicion that poison was the cause of death was disproved by an examination of the stomachs, and prevalence of the disease upon other farms in that locality would also go to show that such an opinion would be improbable.—Hamilton Times.

Births.

In this city, on the 29th ult., the wife of Mr. P. Walsh, of a son.

In this city, on the 30th ult., at No. 1, Place Lartique, Sherbrooke street, the wife of Captain Welch, Barrack Master, of a daughter.

Married.

To St. Patrick's Church of this city, on the 26th ult, by the Very Rev. Canon Fabre, of the Cathedral, Auguste A. Meilleur, Esq., eldest son of J. B. Meilleur, M. D. and LL. D., late Superintendent of Education, to Margaret Diana, daughter of the late Daniel Murphy, Esq., all of this city. No cards.

In this city, on the 2nd instant, by the Rev. M. O'Brien, Michael Leonard, of Waterloo, C.E., to Emilia A. McCann, eldest daughter of deceased Mr. John McCann, of this city.

Died.

In this city, on the 1st instant, Bridget Garrity, a native of Westport, county Mayo Ireland, wife of Mr. Patrick Corrigan. May her soul rest in peace.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, May 1, 1865

Flour—Pollards, \$3.40 to \$3.60; Middlings, \$3.70 to \$3.90; Fine, \$4.20 to \$4.35; Super., No. 2 \$4.45 to \$4.55; Superfine \$4.80 to \$4.95; Fancy \$5.00 to \$5.10; Extra, \$5.00 to \$5.35; Superior Extra \$5.40 to \$5.50; Bag Flour, \$2.70 to \$2.75.
Oatmeal per hrl of 200 lbs, \$4.65 to \$5.00;
Wheat—U. Canada Spring \$1.02 to \$1.07.
Ashes per 100 lbs, Pots, latest sales were at \$5.20 to \$5.25; Inferior Pots, \$5.00 to \$5.70; Pearls, in demand, at \$5.40 to \$5.50.
Butter—Store packed in small packages at 16c to 19c; and a lot of choice Dairy 00c.
Eggs per doz, 15c.
Lard per lb, fair demand at 00c to 00c.
Tallow per lb, 11c to 12c.
Cut-Meats per lb, Hams, canvassed, 9c to 10c Bacon, 00c to 00c.
Pork—Quiet; New Mess, \$20.00 to \$21.50; Prime Mess, \$15.00 to \$16; Prime, \$14.50 to \$20.00.
Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs. .. \$8.50 to \$9.50
HAY, per 100 bundles .. \$3.00 to \$10.00
Straw .. \$4.00 to \$5.50
Beef, live, per 100 lbs .. 9.00 to 10.00
Sheep, .. \$5.00 to \$5.00
Lamb, .. 3.00 to 4.00

PROVINCE OF CANADA, } in the Superior Court.
District of Montreal. }
No. 919.

Dame CAROLINE EMILIE FAUTEUX,

Plaintiff;

ONEZIME GENEREUX,

Defendant.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that an action of Separation as to Property (en separation de biens) has been instituted in this cause by Dame CAROLINE EMILIE FAUTEUX, of the Parish of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, wife of ONEZIME GENEREUX, of the same place, Architect and Undertaker, against her said husband, retruable on the FIFTH Day of MAY next, in the Superior Court for Lower Canada, at Montreal, in the District of Montreal.
Montreal, 22nd April, 1865.

BONDY & FAUTEUX,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

A GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT

will take place at the INAUGURATION OF THE NEW ST. ANN'S HALL,

Corner of Kempt and Ottawa Streets,

ON THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 11th, 1865,

at Eight o'clock precisely, AT THE NEW BUILDING ERECTED BY THE SEMINARY FOR THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS.

The following well known gentlemen have promised their valuable assistance on the occasion:—Messrs. Torrington, Sedgwick, Ackerman, Smith, Birricelli, Lavallee, Gauthier, &c., &c. The PROGRAMME will be published in a few days.

The DOORS will be OPEN at SEVEN o'clock. Single Tickets, 50 cents; Double Tickets, to admit Lady and Gentleman, 75 cts. May 4, 1865. 2 in.

GOVERNNESS.

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

ESTABLISHED 1859.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

Carefully prepared and forwarded to all parts of the City. The greatest care and attention is paid to the Dispensing Department, and every Prescription is prepared under the immediate superintendence of the proprietor, whose experience in one of the largest Dispensing houses in England and the large Dispensing trade which he has acquired during the last six years in Montreal, is sufficient guarantee that all Prescriptions will be accurately and scientifically prepared.

HENRY R. GRAY,

Dispensing and Family Chemist, (New Number) 144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

DIRECTORS:

Benoit Courte, Esq., President.
Hubert Pare, Louis Comte,
Alexis Dubord, Michel Lefebvre,
Thos. McCready, Joseph Laramee,
Andre Lapierre, F. J. Durand, Esquires.

THE Directors of this Company are happy to call the attention of their fellow-citizens to the fact, that persons whose properties have been insured mutually, since its Establishment in October, 1859, have saved large sums of money, having generally paid one half only of what they would have paid to other Companies during the same time, as it is proved by the Table published by the Company, and to which it is referred. Therefore, it is with confidence that they invite their friends and the public generally to join them, and to call at the Office, No. 2 St. Sacrament Street, where useful information shall be cheerfully given to every one.

P. L. Le TOURNEUX,

Secretary. 12m
Montreal, May 4, 1865.

WANTED,

IN A Catholic ACADEMY, a Young LADY, capable of TEACHING the ENGLISH and FRENCH Languages. Apply at Messrs. SADLIER'S BOOK STORE, Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier Streets. March 30, 1865. 1m.

WILLIAM H. HODSON,

IN returning thanks to his Friends and the Public for past favors, begs to intimate that he will continue to prepare DESIGNS for NEW BUILDINGS and Superintend their Erection at a moderate commission on the outlay.

Plans and Specifications may be obtained without Superintendence if required. Preparatory Sketches of proposed Buildings made on short notice. Measurements and Valuations promptly attended to. Parties in the country will please address:

WILLIAM H. HODSON,

Architect, 59, St. Bonaventure Street, Montreal. March 30, 1865. 5w.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

TO LET,

PEW No. 136, opposite the Pulpit. Enquire at the Office. January 12, 1865.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS

KINGSTON, O. W.,

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

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages. A large and well selected Library will be OPEN to the Pupils.

TERMS:

Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half yearly in Advance). * Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July. July 21st, 1861.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF JAMES FURLONG, who was in Sorel some four or five years ago, and is now supposed to reside in Napierville, O.E. Any communication with regard to his whereabouts, addressed to the Rev. F. Dowd, P.P., St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, will be thankfully received by his sister, Margaret Furlong.

DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT.

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, 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. Jan. 17, 1864.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE. FRANCE.

PARIS.—The majority of the Legislative Body is growing as injurious as the majority under the Restoration; if we may judge by the storm of reprobation directed against Jules Favre, and which forced him, after he had spoken for some time, to resume his speech. The amendment to which he was speaking demanded the restitution of what 1789 had given to France—namely, a free press, responsible Ministers, and communes administered by mayors of their own election. In the course of his address he alluded to the former speeches and writings of the Emperor—as candidate to the Assembly, as candidate for the Presidency, and as President of the Republic—when he was interrupted by the cries of the majority on the ground that he was drawing up a regular indictment against the Sovereign. He was called to order, too, by the President, and the ill-humor, real or affected, of the House was so unmistakable that the eloquent member had nothing for it but to sit down, with the additional mortification of being requested by the President to continue, which the President knew very well the majority would not permit him to do. It is curious, indeed, that the mere reference to the writings of the Emperor should be taken as a direct attack upon him. His Majesty has given to the world his speeches, circulars, proclamations, and other writings. They are published by his own Imperial printer, may be seen in the shop windows of Paris booksellers, and bought by any one who chooses to pay for them. They have gone through several editions, and their front pages are adorned with the Imperial arms and emblems. They are often referred to in the press, extracts are made from them, and from the moment they first appeared in a collected form, ten years ago, they have never been once disavowed. To forbid any allusion to the adhesion of the Emperor to the institutions of the Republic was as just as to forbid all reference to the fact that he accepted the Presidency of the Republic, or to speak of him as a writer other than the biographer of Julius Cæsar. M. Schneider the acting President of the Legislative Body, expressed his astonishment that M. Jules Favre should have introduced the name of the Sovereign into the debate, which, he added, would not have been permitted in any French Chamber. M. Schneider has forgotten the Constitution to which he is so sincerely attached. By an innovation in French institutions the present Sovereign is responsible, and it was only the very day before this debate that M. Thullier dwelt on the manifold advantages of that responsibility, while M. Thiers as emphatically pointed out the inconvenience of it.—Times.

Last week there was an election in the Academy. Such an event has always been watched with interest in France, but under the Empire it has become of greater importance than ever. The only case of perfectly free election left in the country, it attracts an attention which not even the standing of the electors would secure for it under a Parliamentary Government. Political speculation, forbidden elsewhere, turns towards this, the only opportunity remaining for its exercise. But the election of last week exceeded in interest even the ordinary elections under the Empire. It was felt that more was involved in the result than a determination of the literary qualifications of the rival candidates. M. Jules Janin and Prevost-Paradol were competitors for a vacant chair—the first the prince of French critics, the second the unflinching advocate of Ministerial responsibility and the power of initiating legislation in the Chamber, as the necessary conditions of free government. Both were admirably well fitted for election were their literary abilities alone considered; but the one had never aroused the resentment of the ruling Powers, while the other had fallen under the ban of M. de Persigny, and every successive Minister of the Interior had attempted to gag his utterance. When two such men sought the suffrages of the last free assembly in France it is not surprising that all Paris and, indeed the whole intellect of the country should watch the proceeding and keenly speculate on the result. The electors, too, felt the responsibility of the situation, and almost every one who could by possibility be present attended to give his vote. On the one hand was M. Jules Janin, the literary veteran who had amused France for more than forty years, who had gaily canvassed the merits of every actor, every poet, and every painter that had risen above the horizon during that long period,—subtle and discriminating in his eulogy, tender towards debuts, but terribly severe upon any attempt to trifle with the public; full of caprices, but in his caprices never losing sight of his one object—to maintain the high quality of the amusements which occupy the life of Paris. Who could withstand an antagonist who had thus laid France under obligations, who had been a revered authority when the greater part of the existing generation of Paris were in their cradles, and who shared with the Emperor himself the glory of directing *Civivenses*, if not of administering *pauperes*? Strange to say, M. Prevost-Paradol, a comparatively young author, unknown before the *comte d'Etat*, who had never intermeddled with popular amusements nor courted popular favour, whose great distinction was the persecution he had suffered from the *avertissements* of successive Ministers was elected in preference to M. Janin.

It is possible that an election in the Academy may excite but little interest at the Tuilleries. It is not an event that can directly affect the Imperial power or hasten a revolution; it may suggest how improbable it is that the author of *Julius Cæsar* will soon cross the Seine to take his seat in the Palais Mazarin, and possibly it may give rise to no other reflection. But the Emperor of the French is wiser than his Ministers, and can scarcely contemplate with indifference the attitude of the educated classes of his subjects towards his Government. As it is, every fresh opportunity of expressing dissatisfaction is seized and turned to account. The Press, so far as freedom is allowed to it, never ceases to express disapproval of the existing order; the independent talent in the Legislature strains its powers in antagonism to the regime; a distinguished foreigner who has brought about a peace full revolution by recommending it argumentatively to his countrymen dies, and the reflection of Frenchmen is how impossible such a career would be among themselves; the Academy crowns the younger aspirant to honour in token of its approval of his steadfast advocacy of free institutions. Such phenomena ought to arouse attention and begot concern, for they show the permanent powers of the nation disaffected with the rule to which they are subjected.

THE POPE AND THE FRANCO-ITALIAN CONVENTION.—The *Moniteur* contains the following:—The foreign press has for some time occupied itself with many conjectures relative to the intentions of the Holy See respecting the Convention of the 15th of September, and it has been attempted by some pretended friends of the Papacy to strengthen the rumor which affirms that the Holy Father, so far from thinking of taking steps to place his Government in a self-defending position, intends to quit Rome before or immediately after the departure of the French troops. Those who amuse themselves with similar conjectures are, we think, very incorrectly informed as to the real sentiments of Pius IX. There is nothing in the attitude of the Government of the Pope to authorize the idea that it is unwilling to profit by the advantages secured to it by the arrangements made between France and Italy. The stipulations therein comprised guarantee the frontiers of the States of the Church, to release the Treasury from the burden of a considerable debt, and thus secure to His Holiness not only external security but also the resources necessary for organization of all internal means of defence. To renounce beforehand every endeavour to subsist in such a position would be making an avowal of impotence which could be related by the

enemies of the Church alone. We have reasons for supposing that the Pontifical Government is seriously occupied in increasing their gendarmerie, which is the most fitting corps for that kind of service to be expected from an army intended chiefly for the maintenance of internal order.—*Reuter*.

PARIS, APRIL 10.—The journal *l'Union de l'Ouest* has been suspended for two months for publishing false news, with the object of misleading public opinion and exciting hatred against the Government.

France indulges in a new china egg cup; half a hollow sphere resting on a thin ostentatious support, by carvatures representing Cæsar, Charlemagne, and the two Napoleons, I. and III. When the egg is in the cup, the figures appear supporting a globe. A pretty illusion; but easily broken.

The Bishops are still on the move to Rome. Those of Nancy, Soissons, and Coutances, have already arrived there; those of Versailles and Maas are about to start.

One of the many signs of the progress of Liberalism and revolutionary ideas may be seen in the fact that there are at this very moment in course of publication apologetic biographies of Robespierre, Marat, and that precious bloodhead, Anacharis Clootz.

The congregation of Priests of the Belgian Chinese mission which has been established at Brussels, has just received its final consecration from Rome. By a degree of the Propaganda dated the 1st of Sept., 1864, the Holy See commits the extensive mission of Mongolia, in China, to the care of this congregation, which was already in existence, having been formed according to the canonical regulations. The Holy Father had previously relieved the Lazarists, or Priests of St. Vincent de Paul, of the charge of the above-mentioned district, at their own request. It was their wish to give it up, as they had already more missions than they could well serve. In addition to this decree which was approved of by Pope Pius IX.; Cardinal Barnabo, who is Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, prescribes the measures which should be taken to carry out the decree, in a letter of the 1st of September, 1864, to Theophilus Verbist, the superior of the Belgian congregation of missionaries for China, as also in another letter of the same date, and to the same purpose, addressed to the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines. The Lazarists will meanwhile remain at their post until the arrival of the Belgian Missionaries, who are to start as soon as possible. The Mission will be directed by one of the missionaries, who is to be proposed for that office by the Archbishop of Malines and Mr. Verbist, and who will enjoy the title and authority of Pro-Vicar Apostolic, without being clothed with episcopal rank. This will be conferred at a later day by the Holy See on some member of the Mission who will be named Vicar Apostolic, when the Belgian congregation shall have given such proofs of stability as to show that they are equal to the wants of the Mission. There are not more than about 7,000 Catholics as yet in the vast vicariate of Mongolia.

At the last sitting of the Academy of Medicine Surgeon Velpeau asked if the council has received any information with respect to the epidemic which prevails in Russia, and of which some alarming accounts have been published in the papers. M. Velpeau was told in reply that the Academy had received no information on the subject. The only fact known is that the French Government have not placed the Russian ships at Dunkirk in quarantine as reported.

BELGIUM.

Brussels, April 5.—In the Chamber of Representatives to-day the motion that the Chamber should express its regret that the Government had not absolutely refrained from taking part in the Mexican expedition was lost by 55 to 37 votes, four members abstaining from voting. The Chamber maintained its vote of the 2d of September last, and passed to the order of the day.

THE PROTESTANTS LENT, OR THE DEVIL'S CARNAVAL.—According to ancient custom the good people Basle make their public protest against fasting by holding their carnival during the early part of the first week in Lent, and they usually avail themselves of this opportunity to insult the Catholic religion. Sometimes a Priest, sometimes a Religious, sometimes one of our religious ceremonies is held up to public ridicule. This year the Pope himself was the object of attacks. On the 7th and 9th instant, a grotesque train, consisting of people dressed up as Cardinals, Prelates, Monks, and Nuns, with a man in the midst, clothed in pontifical garb, paraded the streets of Basle and scandalized the respectable part of the Protestant inhabitants, no less than the 11,000 Catholics who dwell in the town. Many Catholics of distinction applied to the police to put a stop to this indecent exhibition, but these latter refused to interfere, merely replying 'its only in fun.'—*Bien Public*.

SPAIN.

The Spanish journal *Epoca*, which is supposed to be in the confidence of the Prime Minister, states that a conference has taken place between Marshal Narvaez and the Papal Nuncio on the Italian question. The Marshal declared that it was necessary to adopt a policy of conciliation. The meaning of this is sufficiently obvious. The Duke of Valencia 'respects' the rights of the Pope.

How consoling to know that that succour will in due time come in abundance from a higher Power, and that when the spoliators and their sympathizers are no more, and when the traitors and the craven-hearted are gone to their account, and their names are remembered only to be despised and reprobated, the Pope will reign in Rome triumphant over the enemies of the Church and undisputed Sovereign of those very territories which have for the present been appropriated by an unhappy King with so much lawless violence and guile.—*Weekly Register*.

TURIN April 2.—The *Stampa* of to-day asserts that, according to a convention between the French and Italian military authorities, their respective troops will have the right of crossing the frontier in pursuit of brigands.

ROME March 23.—The letter of Mazzini which appears in this evening's *Observatore*, and which has caused the immediate confiscation of every journal reproducing it in the land of regeneration and free press, may be looked on as the opening of the campaign the Party of Action is preparing against French influence in Italy. The existence of the secret treaty which I mentioned two months since, and which has since been asserted in the *Api Monarchia*, and other Italian journals, is put beyond a doubt.

The crisis may be even nearer at hand than events give reason to believe; but come what may, the Pope's cause is certain of ultimate and humane triumph, and no country will suffer so desperately by the removal of the Papacy to another country as Italy herself, and Rome most of all. Take away the Pope, and it is a city of the dead; no amount of spasmodic energy will even make a political capital of it in any other sense than it is now as the capital of Christendom.

As to the departure of the French troops, there are abundance of threats, but no prospect of the movement taking place.—*Cor. of the Tablet*.

As regards the departure of the Pope—a question

which is freely agitated—the extreme section of the College approve the step, fearing a reconciliation with the Italian Government, while the Liberals, on the contrary, oppose it. It is only last week that one of this party, whose name I abstain, of course, from giving, said: 'Even were the Piedmontese in the Courts of the Vatican, His Holiness ought not to leave.' 'That the Pope is himself disposed to do so there can, I think, be little doubt.' 'That he has long contemplated the probability of such a step is evident from an observation of his Holiness which I quoted at the beginning of the winter, and on the authenticity of which you may rely.'—'If I am compelled to leave, I will not do so as formerly, in a carriage, but on foot, with my breviary under my arm.' 'Nor,' say those who know him well, 'would the Pope's departure be the result of fear; he is ready to meet martyrdom; but he is highly imaginative, and has an idea that by moving from place to place he would serve the interests of the Church, and win many members to the fold. As to the place which his Holiness may choose for a refuge,' says the same informant, 'the Pope is indisposed to accept the hospitality of any Catholic country where his independence would be crippled and his presence would create strife and jealousy; nor would he make any fixed residence, always recognizing Rome as the seat of the chair of St. Peter. England or even Turkey would be preferable. The bare mention of the last country may excite a smile, but not many weeks have passed since one of the most zealous and exaggerated counsellors of the Pope observed, 'Why, where could he go? He would be better received and treated by the Turks than by his own people.' The outburst may have been suggested by a fact which occurred shortly before the receipt of letters by his Holiness from the Sultan and by Cardinal Antonelli from the Grand Vizier, 'full,' said Cardinal —, 'of expressions of the most profound devotion and respect.' I relate the anecdote, not, of course, under the impression that his Holiness is at all disposed to set up his tent in the land of the Prophet, but simply to show the animus which prevails here. The exodus of the Papal party would be preceded by that of Francis II., and, though the King speaks of Austrian intervention, he assured that arrangements are already made for departure at any moment; that he would be accompanied only by General del Re; and that his destination would be Spain, on which country as an infant he would have claims. For the present it is said in the Palazzo Farnese, that Count Pacheco, the Minister of Spain, at the Pontifical Court, will be accredited to the Neapolitan Court. His Majesty is negotiating very secretly a loan of 100,000, which, it is thought, is to serve for a probable contingency. A Mexican commission is expected here in a few days to arrange the difficulties between the Papal and Mexican Governments, and an autograph letter from the Emperor to the Pope announcing the fact was forwarded by the Commissioners from Paris shortly before the delivery of the Allocation. To this circumstance is attributed the modification of the Papal address, which originally was much more decided.—*Times Cor.*

KINODOR OR NAPLES.—The band of Guerra, sixty strong, was in motion near the village of Banco, and wishing to hear mass at the little shrine of Madonna della Grazie, a mountain chapel on the road between Banco and Casamari, they appointed a priest to meet them there and celebrate the Holy Sacrifice, as they expected to be attacked by the Piedmontese that day. They placed sentries outside the chapel, and were quietly hearing Mass, when they were surprised by a company of the 85me de ligne, in garrison at Veroli, who without further parley, began to fire. The Neapolitans rushed to arms and fought most gallantly, and drove the French down the hill, the officer being the first to take to flight, and turning them in flank they surrounded them in the chapel they had themselves left, and kept up a sharp fire for nearly two hours. The Royalists lost not a single man, but killed a French sergeant, and wounded badly nine soldiers besides taking prisoner a Pontifical *gens d'arme* who had accompanied the French, and whom they immediately restored to the outpost at Casamari. The Frenchman was killed by a young woman widow of a Neapolitan, who was given up by the French to the Piedmontese, and shot in cold blood a short time since. She and another woman whose brother was similarly murdered, were among the foremost of the combatants, and I may add that this is a frequent and terrible feature in the recent encounters: Guerra's band is with Fuoco's one of the few strictly political Reactionary bands, and consists entirely of soldiers of the Royal army, and is highly disciplined and perfectly armed as is testified by the report to the French Conseil de Guerra, and is commanded by two brothers, one of them is a rich farmer, and the younger an ex-sergeant-major of Lanciers.

Prince Arthur's visit to Naples is a sad grievance to the *Italianissimi*. It appears H. R. H. did not pay any visit to Prince Humbert or any of the Government, and the omission has given dire offence, and a new text for several amiable diatribes against our good Queen, who is far from being in good odour with the patriots of the Italian Press. Their usual political idols just now seem to be, as far as a careful perusal of their most accredited organs enable me to judge, Prince Napoleon and Abraham Lincoln. General Butler, too, is sufficiently of a kind to the late lamented General Piazzi as to have his little follies very leniently dealt with. Her Von Bismarck is the *bete noire* of the Revolution but the Emperor Maximilian has been kindly mentioned since the confiscation of Church property, and Turin is not ashamed to recognise a kindred mind even in the form of a Hapsburg.

Victor Emmanuel intends visiting Naples on the 10th of April, and it is rumoured, giving an amnesty to the Royalists. I do not believe it, for the number of 180,000 is too formidable a force for any Government so unpopular as his to set at liberty; and the Garibaldians of Aspromonte are all paraded, and everywhere returning to their homes. When will such a day dawn on Naples and her miserable provinces, and when will Whigs carry out their worn-out theories of progress, philanthropy, and recommend so just and necessary a measure to the Italian Government with half the energy they did on infinitely less urgent grounds to Ferdinand the Second. Has political consistency died out, or was the *Plebiscite* a gigantic farce.—*Corr. of Tablet*.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Government has sent a Medical Commission to St. Petersburg to examine into the nature of the epidemic which is raging there. The malady is here believed to be the *petechial*, or spotted fever. It is reported that the Austrian army will undergo a reduction of 70,000 if things should remain quiet.

POLAND.

Brody, April 3.—It is asserted that General Szekul, the Russian military governor, has ordered the suspension of all functionalities of Polish nationality in consequence of the discovery of a wide-spread conspiracy among the employes.

THE RUSSIAN PESTILENCE.—Authentic intelligence touching the Russian epidemic states that three several maladies exist at the same time in St. Petersburg. In October last *meningitis spinalis* appeared at St. Petersburg. This is a spasmodic affection of the brain and spinal cord, by which children are chiefly attacked; the mortality from 20 to 50 per cent.

In November typhus was added to the first-mentioned disease, occurring sporadically at first and gradually developed into a malignant species of *febris recurrens*. The fever lasts a week at a time, the several attacks being separated by intervals as long. During these intervals the health is apparently so good that people have been dismissed from hospital who died soon after. A Special Committee has been formed under Governor-General Suwaroff to look after those apparently cured. On a second or third attack there is a general collapse, decomposition of blood, and paralysis. Quinine and stimu-

lants have no effect. The deaths, at first but 20, have risen to 40 per cent. The spleen and liver are much affected. In many cases epidemical inflammation of the spleen, or *putilla maligna*, has been observed.

Quite recently the Siberian plague has broken out also. Of this 70 per cent. die within a few hours. A strong disposition to vomit which cannot be satisfied, a swelling of the belly, pestilential caruncles, and dark colour of the skin are its unmistakable symptoms. It is the Black Death. St. Petersburg papers deny the existence of the plague in the capital, but the official *Northern Post* states it to have broken out at Szaniewo, in the Waldai hills, and the description in the St. Petersburg official *Medical News* and *Exchange News*, in which the dilatation of the pupils is especially dwelt upon, shows the malady in its present stage greatly to resemble the Plague. In many cases, indeed, it is difficult to distinguish Plague from *febris recurrens* at a time when typhoid epidemics are abroad.

The disease is apparently on the decrease. Dr. Erichson, surgeon to the Emperor Nicholas, aged 75, died while attending hospital.

In Poland, also, an epidemic has broken out. One case at Cole, near Warsaw, is represented in the *Warsaw Grzesze* as *meningitis spinalis*. Out of 5,000 inhabitants in that town there are 36 sick and 15 dead. In Eastern Prussia there are many cases of *meningitis* near Dantsic.

NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA.

From New Zealand we have unpleasant news to the 25th February. The war had recommenced, and the British troops under Brigadier Wall suffered a heavy reverse. They were rallied, however, by the energy and courage of their officers, and were thus saved from utter destruction. As it was 13 were killed and 33 wounded. The rebels were committing great atrocities. Mr. Hewitt, a member of the Provincial Council, was murdered and horribly mutilated. The Maori leader, Wm. Thompson, whose influence among the insurgents had hitherto been great, was reported to have surrendered to General Oarey. It is altogether a very unfortunate business. We cannot say that the natives are altogether in the wrong, and we have a strong feeling as to the serious moral responsibility of colonising in regions where the aborigines are fierce and warlike, and manifest a fixed purpose not to yield to or unite with the settlers. But atrocities such as the New Zealanders are charged with cannot be excused, and there is now but one of two courses to be pursued—either to abandon the colony to the natives or subdue them, which with their habits and spirit means, we fear, extermination. We gladly leave to others the responsibility of resolving which course to take.—*Weekly Register*.

UNITED STATES.

THE FENIANS.—The Right Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia has published in the newspapers the following contradiction of the false report spread last January that a Rescript from Rome had been received, to the effect that the Fenians were not to be molested. The Bishop says:—'I take this opportunity to state that the assertion, or insinuation, contained in the *Universes* of Jan. 14, that a letter had been received from Rome announcing the decision concerning the Fenians in the words:—'Fenian non sunt inquietandi' (The Fenians are not to be disturbed), is both a falsehood and a forgery, no such letter having been received and no such decision made. What can we think of an association who are unscrupulous in the choice of means to further their impracticable projects. I am, gentlemen, most respectfully, your obedient servant.'

† JAMES FREDERICK, Bishop of Philadelphia.

THE FEDERAL OUTRAGES IN COLUMBIA.—MORE HONOURS.—The very altars of the Catholic Convent were desecrated, and a lady superior, while appealing, with cross in hand, to the humanity of the soldiers, was rudely thrust about. The building was afterward fired.

ARBITRARY ARRESTS IN NEW YORK.—Several persons have been arrested in New York for rejoicing at the death of the President. Among them are the following:—John Gallagher, said to be a stage driver, for saying that 'it served old Abe Lincoln right,' was sent to the Penitentiary for six months. William Fanning, for making use of abusive language about President Lincoln, was sent to the Penitentiary.

Thomas I. Jackson, Treasurer of the Winter Garden. It is alleged that Jackson said that he was glad the President had been killed; was glad that Booth had shot him; that had he not taken his life, he (Jackson) would have committed the deed himself. Jackson denies using the language. He was taken to police headquarters, there to await the action of Gen. Dix.

A man named Peter Britton, for saying 'I came a long way to see the old son of a—buried,' was committed to the Penitentiary for six months. John McKeezie, for remarking 'Have you heard Old Abe's last joke,' was conveyed to the First Precinct police station.

New York, April 27.—The *Times*' Washington special says, the statement that President Johnson declines all precautions for his personal safety is erroneous. True he has not given any special directions for guards to be placed about his person, but he approves the precautions taken by the authorities, which embrace the continuance upon duty of the late President's body-guard, commanded by Lieut. J. B. Jameson, of Ohio. This company consists of one select-man from each county in Ohio, and numbers nearly 100 men. A sufficient force of this guard is upon duty at all times, and the visitor who calls upon the President at his temporary mansion is confronted at once upon approaching the door by three or four soldiers, who do not permit him to advance further until his name has been sent in and the order given by the President to admit him. In the hall adjoining the reception-room are also found soldiers of general department, who quietly remain about the entrance, within a few feet of Mr. Johnson. Sentinels also constantly surround the house upon the streets and in the lot upon which the building stands.

New York, April 29.—The *Post*'s Washington special says, it is estimated that Secy. Stanton's order will dismiss from the military service at least 50,000 persons.

NO FAILURE.—An Abolition paper asks the *Urban Union* if it considers the war a failure?—The editor responds: 'Is the war a failure? Not entirely. You have made three thousand millions of debt, destroyed two thousand millions of property in slaves, four thousand millions in dwellings and farm improvements; made eight hundred sky-rocket banks, not a court of justice in any Southern State, and where Federal courts are pretended to exist at the North, they are not trusted with the trial of offences made such by Congress. Oh, no, no failure, the success is conclusively grand, and outstrips the wildest dream of desolation. Failure *avant!*'

In Illinois a genius advertises on behalf of a certain famous occultist railway that 'an experienced coroner and six practical jurors will follow each regular train in special cars, together with a few surgeons and reporters.'

New York, April 29.—The *Times* Washington despatch says, Senator Sumner was shot at last night by some person, who failed and was not recognized. Mr. Sumner received shortly after, a note saying, 'it was fortunate for you that my aim was not good.'

The Herald's despatch says that Harold has made a full confession, and pointed out all parties known by him to have been implicated in the plot.

The *Tribune*'s Washington special says:—It is believed that Jeff. Davis will be able to organize a force of 40,000 troops in Texas, with which he will move into Mexico, in the event of being pressed by the Union forces.

Philadelphia, April 27.—This afternoon Charles Ingersoll, the brother of Edward Ingersoll, and a notorious sympathizer with the rebellion, went to Spring Garden Hall for the purpose of going bail for his brother. On descending from his carriage he was set upon by the populace, and very badly beaten. He took refuge in the Hall, and was subsequently conveyed to his home. Several prominent Secessionists proposed to visit the Hall this afternoon to consult with Mr. Ingersoll, but they were warned not to do so, and desisted. The excitement on the subject runs high; and in the present state of the public mind, the lives of all sympathizers with the rebels can hardly be said to be safe.

Baltimore, April 15.—Jos. Shaw, Editor of the *Westminster Carolina Democrat*, was mobbed and the materials of his newspaper establishment destroyed on the night of the murder of President Lincoln, on account of his disloyal sentiments. He had been warned away by the people, but returned yesterday to Westminster. Last night he was again waited upon by a delegation of citizens who knocked at his door. He appeared and was ordered to leave the place forthwith. He then fired upon the crowd, wounding a young man named H. Bell. Upon this the enraged citizens fell upon Shaw and killed on the spot.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—Yesterday morning a squadron of the 16th New York cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant Edward Dougherty, traced Booth and Harold to a barn between Bowling Green and Port Royal, near Fredericksburg, Va. The barn was surrounded and a demand made for their surrender, which Harold was in favor of doing; but upon Booth calling him a coward he refused to do so. The barn was then set on fire, and upon its getting too hot Harold again presented himself and put his hands through the door to be handcuffed.—While this was going on Booth fired upon the soldiers, upon which a Sergeant fired at him. The ball of the Sergeant took effect on the head of Booth, killing him. Harold was taken alive, and he and Booth's body were brought to the Washington Navy Yard last night. Booth declared his intention never to surrender, and said he would fight the whole squad, consisting of twenty-eight men, if they would permit him to place himself twenty yards distant.—Booth was on a crutch, and was lame. He lived two hours after he was shot, whispering blasphemies against the government and sending a farewell message to his wife. Before breathing his last he was asked if he had anything to say when he replied: 'I tell my mother that I died for my country.' Harold and the body of Booth were brought into Bell-plain at eight o'clock last night, and reached the Navy Yard here at one o'clock this morning on board of the steamer John Sides, Captain Henry Wilson. The statement heretofore published that Booth had injured one of his legs by the falling of his horse has proved to be correct. After he was shot it was discovered that one of his legs was badly injured, and that he was compelled to wear an old shoe and use crutches, which he had with him in the barn. Booth was shot about four o'clock in the morning. He had upon his person some bills of exchange, but only \$170 in Treasury notes. It appears that Booth and Harold left Washington together on the night of the murder of President Lincoln and passed through Leonard town, Maryland, concealing themselves in the vicinity until an opportunity was offered them to cross the river at Swanpoint, which they did. Harold is supposed to be an accomplice of the man who attacked Secretary Seward. He was formerly a clerk in a drug store, is unmarried, and about 22 years of age.

The *Washington Star* of the 27th has the following of Booth: Booth and Harold reached Garrett's some days ago, Booth walking on crutches. A party of four or five accompanied them, who spoke of Booth as a wounded Marylander on his way home, and that they wished to leave him there a short time and would take him away by the 26th. Booth limped some and walked on crutches about the place, complaining of his ankle. He and Harold regularly took their meals at the house, and Booth kept up appearances well. One day at the dinner table the conversation turned on the assassination of the President, when Booth denounced the assassination in the severest terms, saying that there was no punishment severe enough for the perpetrator. At another time some one said in Booth's presence that rewards amounting to \$200,000 had been offered for Booth and that he would like to catch him, when Booth replied—'Yes, it would be a good haul, but the amount would doubtless soon be increased to \$500,000. The two Garretts who lived on the place alleged that they had no idea that these parties, Booth and Harold, were any other than what their friends represented them, paroled Confederate soldiers on their way home. They also say that when the cavalry appeared in that neighborhood, and heard that they were looking for the assassins, they sent word to them that these two men were in the place. In other words, they assert that they are entirely innocent of giving the assassins aid and comfort, knowing them to be such. The *Ida tugboat* reached here about two o'clock last night with Harold, and the two men above referred to, as well as the body of Booth. Booth and Harold were dressed in Confederate grey new uniforms.

ADVERTISING OBITUARY.—Died, on the 12th inst., at his shop, No. 20 Greenwich street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man, he was amiable; as a hatter, upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his leave behind were only three dollars each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more reasonable rate than any other house in the city. His disconsolate family will carry on the business with punctuality.

ASTONISHING CURE OF INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.

OF FIFTEEN YEARS STANDING! Messrs. Jones & Evans—Dear Sirs: Restored to health, as I have been, under God, by the use of your invaluable Hood's German Bitters, I feel that I owe you this public acknowledgment. About the year 1838, while residing in the city of Baltimore, I was attacked with inflammation of the bowels. For some time I paid but little attention to it, supposing it would soon pass off. But the disease grew worse, and I became seriously alarmed of its progress. I now had recourse to medical advice, but without any marked effect. I rapidly lost flesh, and became emaciated to such a degree as to attract the attention of all with whom I came in contact. I cannot attempt to describe the feeling of utter helplessness that almost paralyzed my efforts for fifteen years. At length, wearied of life, but still willing, for the sake of my family, to make another effort, I yielded to the advice of my friends, and as an experiment, bought a bottle of your Bitters. To my delightful surprise I felt a change for the better before I had taken half the bottle. I continued its use, and purchased a second bottle, which effected a PERPET CURE. Five years have passed away, and I have experienced no recurrence of the disease. I am now a resident of this city, and am willing to give all similarly afflicted a statement of my case. Very truly yours, WILLIAM CARBIS, 312 Thompson Street, Philad'a. JONES & EVANS, Prop'rs, 621 Arch St., Philadelphia.

For Sale by Druggists and Dealers generally. John F. Henry & Co., General Agents for Canada 303 St. Paul St., Montreal, O.E.

AN IMPORTANT CANADIAN TESTIMONIAL

HARTMAN'S CORNERS, AUBORA, O.W., July 7th, 1864. Messrs. Lanman & Kemp, N.Y. Gentlemen—This is to certify that my son William has been troubled with Scrofula for nine years...

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

ANOTHER MEDICAL TRIUMPH.—Wonderful cure of rheumatism. No disease is more agonizing than Rheumatism; none more difficult to relieve; yet a case which, for thirty years, had baffled the Faculty, has, it appears, been completely cured.

Victory!—What a cheering, heart stirring word, that implies long struggles, determined action, patient suffering, and ultimate success. A victorious army marching with all the pomp of glittering arms and rolling drums is a glorious sight...

RICHELIEU COMPANY.



DAILY ROYAL MAIL LINE

BETWEEN MONTREAL AND QUEBEC, And Regular Line between MONTREAL and the PORTS of THREE RIVERS, SOREL, BERTHIER, CHAMBLAY, TERREBONNE, L'ASSOMPTION, and other Intermediate Ports.

ON and after MONDAY, the 1st May, and until otherwise ordered, the STEAMERS of the RICHELIEU COMPANY will LEAVE their respective Wharves as follows: The Steamer MONTREAL, Captain Robt. Nelson will leave Richelieu Pier (opposite Jacques Cartier Square) for QUEBEC, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday...

A Welsh newspaper recently contained the following in its notices to correspondents: 'Truth is crowded out of our columns this week.'

CANADIAN DEFENSES.—We would most respectfully suggest to our 'grave and potent Senators,' that Canada's best defense is Henry's Vermont Liniment. Let every man fortify his household with a bottle of this valuable remedy against disease and pain...

We did not believe in 'cure-alls' until we tried AYER'S INIMITABLE PILLS, and now we think the whole secret lies in the fact, that purgatives are the natural remedy for disease, and Dr. Ayer has made made the best of purgatives. They cure all our complaints.—[Logan (O.) Press.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

IS a concentrated extract of the choice root, so combined with other substances of still greater alternative power as to afford an effectual antidote for diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. Such a remedy is surely wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove, as this has, of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens.

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. April, 1865.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

- Adjala—G. P. Hughes. Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Chisholm. Allumette Island—Patrick Lynch. Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron. Arichal—Rev. Mr. Girroir. Arisaig, N.S.—Rev. K. J. McDonald. Asphodel—John O'Sullivan. Athery—J. Healin. Barrie—B. Hinds. Brockville—O. F. Fraser. Belleville—P. P. Lynch. Brantford—James Feeny. Buckingham—H. Gorman. Burford and W. Riding, Co. Brant—Thos. Maginn. Chambly—J. Hackett. Chatham—A. B. McIntosh. Cobourg—P. Maguire. Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor. Carleton Place—Rev. E. Dunphy. Corunna—Rev. W. B. Hannett. Danville—Edward M'Govern. Dalhousie Mills—Wm. Chisholm. DeWittville—J. M'iver. Dundas—J. B. Looney. Egansville—J. Bonfield. Eastern Townships—P. Hackett. Erinsville—P. Gafney. Elginfield—T. Nangle. Farnesville—J. Flood. Gananoque—Rev. P. Walsh. Guelph—J. Harris. Goderich—Rev. Mr. Schneider. Hamilton—J. M'Carthy. Huntingdon—J. Neary. Ingersoll—W. Featherston. Kemptonville—L. Lamping. Kingston—P. Purcell. Lindsay—J. Kennedy. Lansdown—M. O'Connor. London—B. Henry. Lacolle—W. Harty. Maidstone—Rev. R. Keleher. Marysburgh—Patrick M'Mahon. Merrickville—M. Kelly. Newmarket—J. H. Crooks. Ottawa City—George Murphy. Oshawa—J. O'Regan. Pakenham—Francis O'Neill. Pomona—W. Martin. Prescott—F. Ford. Pembroke—James Heenan. Perth—B. Kennedy. Peterboro—E. M' Cormick. Picton—Rev. Mr. Lalor. Port Hope—P. M'Cabe. Port Mulgrave, N.S.—Rev. T. Sears. Quebec—J. O'Brien, 18 Beude Street. Jaudon—James Carroll. Renfrew—P. Kelly. Russelltown—J. Campion. Richmond Hill—M. Teffy. Seaforth—John Killoran. Sherbrooke—T. Griffith. Skerrington—Rev. J. Gratton. South Gloucester—J. Daley. Smith's Falls and Almonte—J. Hourigan. St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay. St. Athanasie—T. Dunn. St. Am de la Poutriere—Rev. Mr. Bonrrett. St. Sophie de Terrebonne—Rev. Mr. Payette. St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvey. St. Catherine's, C.E.—J. Goughlin. St. John Chrysostom—J. M'Gill. Starnesboro—O. M'Gill. Tudenham—M. Hayden. Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh. Thorold—W. Cartmell. Thorpuille—J. Greene. Tinswick—P. J. Sheridan. Toronto—P. F. J. Mullen, 23 Shuter Street. Templeton—J. Hagan. West Port—James Kehoe. Williamsburg—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy. Wallaceburg—Thoms Jarmy. Whitby—J. Johnston.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—The introduction of this healthful and delicate perfume must inevitably render the inferior scented waters, manufactured from strong and essential oils, a drug in the market. Twenty years ago it took the place of the European 'extracts' and 'essences,' in the South American and West Indian markets...

NEW DRUG STORE.—The Subscriber would respectfully inform the Public of the St. Joseph Suburbs that he has OPENED a branch of his Establishment, with a full assortment of Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Coal Oil, Burning Fluid, &c., &c., at No. 16, St. Joseph Street, Adjoining the Exchange Hotel.

Where he trusts to receive a share of public favor, so liberally awarded to him during the past five years in Notre Dame Street.

CONCENTRATED LYE.—The Subscriber is now prepared to supply the trade, on liberal terms, with the celebrated CONCENTRATED LYE.

SOZODONT.—Just Received, a large supply of this much admired DENTRIFICE. Price, 50 cents per bottle. J. A. HARTE, 268 Notre Dame and 16 St. Joseph Sts.

The New York Tribune says, 'the reason why Drake's Plantation Bitters are so universally used and have such an immense sale, is that they are always made up to the original standard, of highly invigorating material and of pure quality, although the prices have so largely advanced.'

The Tribune just hits the nail on the head. The Plantation Bitters are not only made of pure material, but the people are told what it is. The Recipe is published around each Bottle, and the bottles are not reduced in size. At least twenty imitations and counterfeits have sprung up. They impose upon the people once and that's the last of them.

The Plantation Bitters are now used in all the Government Hospitals, are recommended by the best physicians, and are warranted to produce an immediate beneficial effect. Facts are stubborn things. I owe much to you, for I verily believe the Plantation Bitters have saved my life. REV. W. H. WAGGONER, Madrid, N. Y.

Thou wilt send me two bottles more of thy Plantation Bitters. My wife has been greatly benefited by their use. Thy friend, ASA CURRIN, Philadelphia, Pa.

I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and had to abandon preaching. The Plantation Bitters have cured me. REV. J. S. CATHORN, Rochester, N. Y.

Send us twenty-four dozen more of your Plantation Bitters, the popularity of which are daily increasing with the guests of our house. SYKES, CHADWICK & Co., Proprietors Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C.

I have given the Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our disabled soldiers with the most astonishing effect. G. W. D. ANDREWS, Superintendent Soldiers' Home, Cincinnati, O.

The Plantation Bitters have cured me of liver complaint, with which I was laid up prostrate and had to abandon my business. H. B. KINGSLEY, Cleveland, O.

The Plantation Bitters have cured me of a derangement of the kidneys and the urinary organs that has distressed me for years. It acts like a charm. C. C. MOORE, 254 Broadway.

New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 24, 1862. Dear Sir:—I have been afflicted many years with severe prostrating cramps in my limbs, cold feet and hands, and a general disordered system. Physicians and medicine failed to relieve me. Some friends in New York, who were using Plantation Bitters, prevailed upon me to try them. I commenced with a small wine-glassful after dinner. Feeling better by degrees, in a few days I was astonished to find the coldness and cramps had entirely left me, and I could sleep the night through, which I had not done for years. I feel like another being. My appetite and strength have also greatly improved by the use of the Plantation Bitters.—Respectfully, JUDITH RUSSELL.

If the ladies but knew what thousands of them are constantly relating to us, we candidly believe one half of the weakness, prostration and distress experienced by them would vanish. James Marsh, Esq., of 159 West 14th Street, N.Y., says, 'he has three children, the first two are weak and puny, his wife having been unable to nurse or attend them, but that she has taken Plantation Bitters for the last two years, and has a child now eighteen months old which she has nursed and reared herself, and both are hearty, saucy and well. The article is invaluable to mothers.'

Such evidence might be continued for a volume. The best evidence is to try them. They speak for themselves. Persons of sedentary habits troubled with weakness, lassitude, palpitation of the heart, lack of appetite, distress after eating, torpid liver, constipation, diabetes, &c., will find speedy relief through these Bitters. Every bottle for exportation and sale out of the United States has a metal cap and green label around the neck. Beware of refilled bottles. See that the cap has not been mutilated. Any person pretending to sell Plantation Bitters in bulk or by the gallon is an impostor. We sell it only in bottles. Sold by principal dealers throughout the habitable globe. P. H. DRAKE & Co., New York.

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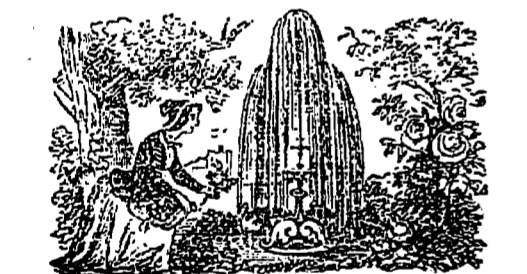
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