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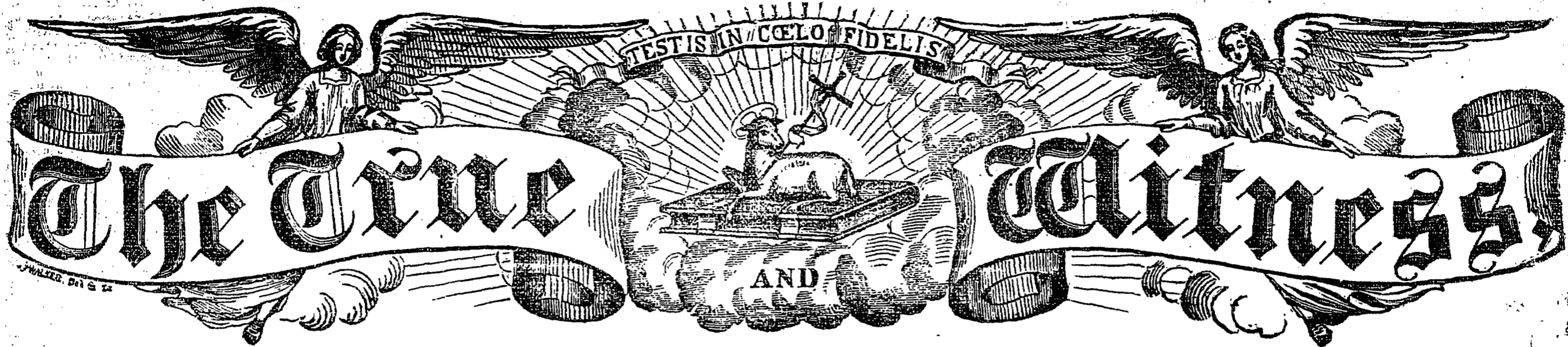
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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CLARA LESLIE.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE CATHOLIC REST.

"How happily the days Of Thalaba went by."

Southey.

And so Lent passed rapidly on. Day by day the young convert was to be seen wending her way to the little church of Santa Maria di Gesu; and poor Maltese who frequented it knew her light step and slight form, and instantly made way for her when she appeared to kneel in her accustomed corner near the altar-rails, and smiled in recognition and interest as she thanked them for their courtesy in her low sweet tones, or by her mute looks. Hour after hour she would remain there untired; it seemed as if the love she bore Him Who dwelt within that Tabernacle could never be satiated, and that it overflowed upon every member of His mystical Body—upon every one united to her by the bonds of the mystical unity of the Saints. She felt that in every Catholic she had a brother or a sister—a member of the same Body; and that feeling which she had begun to experience towards the small portion of the Church of England that she could feel communion with in her Puseyite days, was now extended and deepened to every living soul around her. She knelt at the same confessional, was guided in the same manner, and adored in the same full faith the presence of the Lord of Hosts. Unity was no longer a beautiful dream; it was a seen and felt thing. Each day, in her mysterious communion with the Lord of the Church, she seemed to enter more and more into the world unseen; and for hours, day by day, she would meditate upon the words 'one Body,' 'one Head,' till the fear she had once had of giving the love she owed to Him to another, in honoring His Virgin Mother and the Saints, passed away like a dream, and she saw that a light on this point was communicated to those within the fold, which the stranger and wanderer cannot have till made a part of the mystical Body towards which he is yearning and tending. And here too she learnt to pray for those who were left behind her; here too she learnt that their salvation indeed depended on her; she learnt to aim at perfection for the love of them as a secondary motive, to sanctify herself, and cut off every imperfection that might render her less pleasing in the eyes of her Heavenly Spouse, that He might the more readily hear the ardent yearnings that reached His Sacred Heart day by day for the lost and loved ones. Then, as the afternoon drew on, when the walk with Catherine was over, and the morning had been spent in quiet, unless some grand function was to take place, she sought her other favorite haunt—the side-aisle of St. Dominick's, where the white cloth on the altar-rails and the ever-burning lamp betrayed the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. This, too, was the resort of the poor; and the good lay brothers in their white dresses knew her place, and smiled as they brought the chair for her to lean against, and loved to see the devotion and recollection of her motionless attitude. Catherine joined her shortly before benediction, and then, when dusk came on, they walked home together, sometimes in company with young Courtney, if he happened to be sallying forth from the convent of the church-door at the same time. And now the retreats began in all the churches one after another; and how delightful this time was to Clara, one may easily imagine. The retreats in Italian and English were conducted at the Gesu, and Courtney took good care to inform her that one of the Italian preachers would be a Capuchin.

"Catherine!" said Clara, one beautiful night, as they walked with the stream that was issuing from the Gesu down Strada Venova home,—"what a very scene of romance was that church to-night! How every power of the soul is used and sanctified in the Christian Church, instead of being allowed to run wild at will, and carry its owner to perdition and error! I never saw such a scene, as the shadows of the building grew longer and longer, and twilight stole on!"

"It was very beautiful," said Catherine; "I could not help thinking how struck you would be." "The crucifix as large as life," proceeded Clara, standing in front, with the form of the preacher, wrapped in his Jesuit cloak, below.—The altar, with its two solitary tapers in the distance? and before us, in the length of the long-drawn aisle, all those kneeling figures, the red coats of the soldiery mingling with the black faldettes of the Maltese, and the European costumes behind. Then the chanting of the one verse of the 'Miserere,' and that low, dull murmur that followed it, as the burst of eloquence with which that Jesuit priest placed before one, as if it was really happening at the moment, the awful scene that follows the instant of death, died away in the murmur of supplication. I could not look up; I hid my face, and I thought

I was in the only chamber of death I have ever seen. O Catherine, how little I knew what was then passing—what was then bursting on the view of the asked, disembodied spirit! At that instant he knew that the Catholic Church was the Spouse of Christ; that the flames of Purgatory were a reality,—a tremendous reality. O Catherine! the thought was too terrible; and then I thought I heard Alan's broken sobs once more, and the words he uttered beside that still and beautiful corpse. Ah, Catherine, could I have such hope for Douglas and Mildred? Are they as single-minded and as truly in invincible ignorance as he was? Would they, and do they, as readily follow the truth the moment they have a glimmering of its reality?"

Clara said no more, but Catherine saw she had been deeply affected. She could not tell her more, nor say how she had knelt on as the preacher resumed his discourse, on the cessation of the 'Miserere,' and the candles on the altar were being one by one lighted for the benediction that was to follow, and her whole soul had risen in one concentrated prayer for the conversion of her brother and sister. She could not even tell Catherine how she had offered all that was dear to her—her health, her dearest hopes, her life—to obtain this grace from God for them; nor how she had felt that her offering was accepted. An interior voice had whispered that her life would be the price of the boon she asked. She could not tell how she had knelt before Him whom her soul loved, verily present, and coming forth from His resting-place; and amid the swell of the organ, the burst of the triple ascription of praise to the One and Undivided True God,—

"Genitori, Genitrici Locus et jubilatio, Salus, honor, virtus quoque Sit et benedictio! Procedat ab utroque! Compar sit laudatio. Amen."

—the clang of the bells, and the stifled murmur of awe that seemed to thrill through the Church, a vista of suffering had opened before her—her portion of the chalice of the Son of God—instead of her fond dreams of cloisters and hours of prayer, and the hard, tranquil austerity of a Poor Clare. The whole extent of the sacrifice was before her; calmly, gladly she resigned it, the sweet vision of years, and bent to receive in that blessing the seal of her self-immolation.—And the seal was given; for an ardent desire to make that sacrifice filled her soul, overflowing it with a joy unutterable that He had deigned to call her to it.

Palm Sunday came, and the converts were all to be found for the ceremony of blessing the palms of St. Johns. All who have attended the functions in that sanctuary of the old Knights of Malta know the beautiful decorum with which each ceremony is performed there, and can enter into Clara's breathless listening to the chanted gospel, thus heard for the first time. The deep bass that uttered the words of the Son of God, and the higher voices that took the parts of the disciples; the high priest; the chorists that intervened, representing the cries of the people; the solemn pause that announced the death of the Son of God—made an impression that could never be forgotten. It was like a meditation; the whole scene of the Passion seemed to come before her mind in its vivid reality. She followed Him to the garden, saw Him apprehended and led away captive, heard the denial of St. Peter, felt heart thrill at the murderous cries of the mad multitude; and when in that sudden silence she knelt before His cross, it was with Mary at her side, and her tears flowed with hers over the still corpse of the world's Redeemer. Tuesday and Wednesday, as the silence and gloom of the Holy Week gathered closer in, again and again was this treat repeated. And now Clara's wish was to be fulfilled. She was to be present at one of the far-famed Miserere offices, which she had so often repeated at dead of night alone, or in the company of some of her Puseyite friends, and read of in books of travel, till her childish heart turned to listen to 'the wail of the disembodied spirits' that constituted the Miserere, and the heart-writhing lament of the prophet Jeremiah.

"They say the Tenebræ at St. John's are the second best in the world," said young Courtney—who had quietly and unobtrusively been performing every kind of little service for his friends during this time when people of all kinds are crowding to see the ceremony of the Catholic Church, from motives of every opposing description—as they accidentally met at its outer door of St. John's just before the office began.

"The Sixtine of course being the first," replied Clara, "you are spoilt, having heard the best first." "It is not quite fair," he replied, "upon our poor St. John's; is it?" "This will be my first Catholic Easter," said Clara. "I suppose it will be very different joy from our Puseyite Easters, although those were very happy days."

"Somebody you are very fond of said," replied

young Courtney, "that his first Holy Week and Easter after becoming a Catholic was what he could not even have imagined as a Puseyite, and I suppose no one recited offices or kept Lent more perfectly out of the Catholic Church than he did."

"I suppose not," said Clara. "But here we are at the door."

"I have got seats for you up in the gallery over against the altar for to-morrow's ceremony," said young Courtney; "the nave will be too crowded, I am afraid. Of course you mean to gain the plenary indulgences."

"We mean to try for the one connected with the visit to the seven churches," replied Clara; "are there any more to-morrow?"

"There is a plenary indulgence for any one communicating to-morrow morning, and also for an hour's watching in the sepulchre," answered he.

"The sepulchre!" said Clara, looking rather puzzled; "is not to-morrow Holy Thursday?" "Yes; but the Blessed Sacrament consecrated to-morrow is exposed for the adoration of the faithful in each church, in a chapel which is called the sepulchre. You will understand it better to-morrow."

And with a smile they parted—the ladies to one side of the church, and young Courtney to rejoin Mr. Merville, who was waiting for him to act the cicerone in the minutæ of the office, at the other side of the building.

They passed in, and Clara was struck dumb with the metamorphosis that had taken place since the morning. The whole building was darkened; a large purple veil hung behind the altar, and concealed the gigantic marble figures of the baptism of our Lord by St. John Baptist. The six immense yellow wax-candles were being slowly lighted, and the triangular candlestick with its fifteen lights stood in the centre before the altar.

The nave was rapidly filling; many strangers were there (evidently English, by their irreverent behaviour, and almost loud talking), and the ladies, not liking their vicinity, sheltered themselves as much as possible among the Maltese, who were ranged in front. It is not necessary to enter into the details of a thing so often described. Those who have heard the Lamentation of Jeremiah sung in the Sixtine or St. Peter's could scarcely enter into the deep delight and emotion with which Clara followed the beautiful boy's voice that told of the desolation of Jerusalem. Her mind wandered back to her own desolate home, her own England; and the pathetic strain that closed this part of the office, 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem, turn again unto the Lord thy God,' seemed to her the yearning cry of the mother over her lost child, and her inmost heart re-echoed the beautiful words.

Then came her favourite office, Lauds; and though subdued, it was yet glad, for it finished with the 'Laudate Dominum de cælis,' and the sweet chanting of the 'Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel.' And now one by one the wax-lights had been all extinguished, and Clara looked up at the darkened roof, and almost trembled with intense expectation as the last verse of the Gloria Patri died away, the white candle disappeared behind the altar, and the beautiful versicle,— 'Christ was made obedient for us unto death,' was slowly chanted forth amid the solemn and mysterious gloom of the darkened building. There was a moment of silence, and then the full choir began the first verse of the Miserere, as each Catholic knelt to join in its accents of penitence and prayer. It was deeply affecting, and Clara forgot every thing around in the tears that flowed over the forgiven past, the happy present, the blessed future; and she felt that penitence as well as confession, in the Catholic Church, had indeed lost their sting.

She was rudely awakened by the noise around and looking up saw the white candle issuing from behind the altar. It was the token of the Resurrection; it too spoke of peace to come; and slowly rising, she left the church with Catherine. It was scarcely light the next morning when again they sought the sanctuary of God. This time it was to seek Him Himself in His hidden glory. Clara was scarcely less struck than the night before on entering the little Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, to which they repaired as the nearest at hand, in order to be ready afterwards for the grand function at St. John's, which was to begin very early. The church was quite dark, except that on the altar dimly burned two wax-candles, and the form of a priest was to be seen before it in the act of taking the pix forth from the Tabernacle. A range of black figures round the rails showed that communion was being administered; while on the steps of the altar knelt a few dark-brown figures and tonsured heads. On these three days only one Mass could be said in each church; and some of the Carmelite monks of the convent were communicating at the same time with the laity.—Silently they knelt them down, in the darkness and stillness of the church, to prepare for the

Guest they expected within so short a time to take up His habitation within them; and Clara, who knew she must fast for the next two days, till Easter morning had fully dawned (as she had not strength to wait for the end of the High Mass on Holy Saturday, which they were going to attend, as the first Mass of the resurrection, at St. John's), felt as though she was taking her last look of the Lord, whose daily visit was to her life, her happiness, her strength, and food, from whence she drew streams, rich with graces and blessings, to satisfy her ardent soul, verily 'a thirst for God.'

"O Catherine, how shall I wait till Easter morning comes?" said she, as they left the church; "how shall I bear the hours on Good Friday, when He is no longer with us for one whole day, and the Church is left desolate and bereft of her Spouse, her light, her joy, her rich jewel? Who will care to be in Church then, when the Lord of Glory is gone?"

Catherine's eyes filled with tears; there was something very beautiful in the fresh, glowing faith and realization of mysteries that every moment showed itself in Clara's innocent manner of expressing herself. It struck every one that came near her, and more especially Catherine, who saw how day by day the fair flower was rapidly coming to maturity, and expanding into greater sweetness and bloom. Day by day she saw those little defects in her character, which she had so mourned and vexed herself about as a Puseyite, one by one disappearing, and fresh graces implanted. Indeed so rapid was the progress, and so marked its origin, that Catherine sighed as she looked upon what she thought her own want of correspondence with God's graces. She could not help the idea sometimes crossing her mind, as she heard her constant slight cough, and saw the beautiful hectic color in her cheek, and the unnatural but sweet brilliancy in her soft dark eyes, that rendered her more lovely than ever, that her beloved charge was rapidly ripening for another world; that God had only brought this fair flower into the garden of His Church to transplant it ere long into Paradise, to bloom in His presence for ever, with an everlasting and never-fading bloom.

"How I love this silent preparation for Communion," continued she, as they slowly walked up Strada Venova, Clara pensively leaning on Catherine's arm; "each one in the stillness of his own heart preparing the abode of His God.—How different from Anglican devotion, that 'hopelessly following a long form of words,' as some one expresses it. But see, there is Mr. Courtney coming down the street to meet us."

"I saw you coming," said he, when he came up, with the sweet smile and slightly heightened color he always wore as he came from his morning visit to church; "and I came to tell you to be sure and see the procession, which is to take place this evening and to-morrow too I believe, particularly if the wind rises as it is now doing."

"How will the wind hinder the procession?" asked Clara.

"By blowing out the candles," returned young Courtney playfully. "You will see such an exhibition of them to-night."

"Where will it pass?" inquired Catherine.

"It comes out of Santa Maria di Gesu," he replied; "then goes up Strada S. Orsola, down Strada Mercante, and so home again. You really must see it; for this is what the Protestants call Paganism, you know."

"If the night is very fine and warm," replied Catherine, "I think Clara may venture, if she is not too tired. You will let us know if it takes place to-night or to-morrow night?"

"I shall be quite sure to know all about it," he replied. "And now I will not detain you, for you must be in good time at St. John's to secure your seats in the gallery."

And now we will not detain our readers with an oft-told tale of ceremonies, which must be familiar, at least in description, to all.

Young Courtney proved an excellent cicerone on this occasion to his friends, and to Mr. Merville, who only ran away when forced by conscience to attend the Protestant prayers that were being read at St. Paul's; for the blessing of the holy oils was equally new to all of them. Strange did it seem even to Clara, the veneration with which they were treated, as she saw Bishop and priests one by one severally make three genuflexions on approaching, saying each time, 'Ave, sanctum oleum,' or, 'Ave, sanctum chrisma;' and beautiful indeed seemed to her the long procession that bore the Lord of Hosts down the great nave of St. John's, under His gorgeous canopy, into the Chapel of the Crucifix, where the retreat for the priests had been carried on, and where now the sepulchre was prepared. When the washing of the feet was over, they descended to make their way through the crowd into the sepulchre. It was perfectly dark, for the light of day could only make its way in thro' the open door; the ground was strewn with bay-leaves, the walls hung with

red drapery, and the whole back part of the altar one blaze of lighted tapers; while in the centre, surrounded by crowns of the choicest and most beautiful flowers, was concealed the object of adoration, known only by the eye of faith.—A large vase of choicest perfume was standing in front; and at the moment they entered, a young priest in his cotta was occupied in making clouds of fragrant odours pour forth from their rich receptacle. It was like a scene of enchantment; and as Clara knelt before the altar-rails, and gazed with a heart on fire with the love of Him who was thus surrounded with all that art could procure to honor His presence, and was so soon, as it were, to withdraw Himself for a little while from amongst them, she felt as if that night was indeed not a night for sleep, but for watching with Him. How could she sleep when He had been through that livelong night, buffeted and spit upon, and dragged from tribunal to tribunal, till the dawn of day had seen Him hurried to the place of His condemnation, the judgment seat of Pilate? But there was another duty to be first performed; and alone and on foot they sat forth on their pilgrimage to the seven churches they had chosen, in order to gain the plenary indulgence for that day. Crowds were making their way in the same direction; confraternities singing hymns as they went; ladies in black; Maltese in their modest faldettes; men, women, and children,—all seemed to have but one object. The retreats had proceeded this holy week, sins had been confessed and absolved, resolutions of amendment made, and, with a glad heart, every soul was at liberty to follow and to weep over the sufferings of their Lord.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE LAST THREE DAYS.

"Fill high the bowl, and epic it well, and pour The dewa oblivious; for the Cross is sharp, The Cross is sharp, and He Is tenderer than a lamb."

Keble.

There was one church that Clara lingered long in that day. She had never lingered there before; but thoughts crowded one after another on her mind as she knelt there, roused by the recollections attached to its name. It was St. Augustine's, the church of the Augustinian Fathers; and my readers will easily imagine it was the thought of his holy mother St. Monica that awakened Clara's slumbering devotion toward this great Father of the Western Church. And now the time for the Tenebræ had again come round; and shall we tell how even the Lamentations of Jeremiah could not still Clara's yearning heart; and how she placed her chair, with a whisper of entreaty, on its face by Catherine's side, and stole away into the sepulchre, where now the distant and plaintive sounds of the far-off lament added to the beauty of the whole scene? Such hours of prayer as there stole on unperceived are things not to be described; but that they were sweet beyond description those who stole a glance at the motionless form and uplifted countenance of the young girl could easily tell, as, with one arm resting on the rails in front of her, she seemed to draw as near as she could be permitted to Him Who "draweth all hearts unto Himself," and to whom she seemed indeed to have said in the depth of her heart, "Draw me, and I will run after Thee." At last, as the Miserere was about to commence, she again rejoined Catherine in time to be a witness of the disgraceful conduct of the English, among whom they were unhappily placed. Several young men were seated near, talking and laughing aloud, as if they were in a theatre, of everything that entered their heads, and one of them had possession of her book and the chair Clara had left turned on its face some time before. Had it not been for Mr. Courtney, who happened to look round at the moment and saw Clara kneeling without any support, while the young men continued their flippant remarks on the little prayer-book they had taken possession of, their impudence would have been unchecked. He instantly rose, restored the book to its owner, and quietly told the gentleman that that chair belonged to a lady; and then returned to his place by Mr. Merville, his flushed cheek only betraying how hurt he was by the irreverence of his country-pert. No one however could help bearing the parting remark with which they finished their visit of mockery and insult to the sanctuary of God, as the usual noise concluded the Office.

"Just like the Opera!" exclaimed one aloud, as they rose, and, kicking their chairs aside, left the church, talking audibly to one another.

Good Friday came—the real fast-day of Lent for Clara—and in the broken and disjointed Mass she realized more than ever the desolation that was to ensue. They could not descend into the nave to kiss the feet of the crucifix on account of the crowd; but the realization of the Passion was more acute than ever Clara expected, as two and two the clergy came forward in procession, and lowly bent over the image of their suffering Redeemer; and then the laity pressed forward in their turn, while the choir sang on the

reproaches wherewith that suffering Lord addressed His people.

Tu factu es mihi nimis amara. Ego te pavi manar per desertum, et tu me cecidisti, lapis et lignis, et Clara's heart responded. 'Yes, Lord, all this I have done, but yet Thou knowest that I love Thee. I have given Thee gall and vinegar, I have given Thee a crown of thorns; but yet—yet Thou knowest that I love Thee still.'

And now the moment was come, the moment of consuming the last remaining token of His presence; arrived; her Lord was no longer there; every lamp was extinct, every altar stripped, and the door of the Tabernacle left wide open, to show that he was gone. The hour of the three hours of agony was at hand, and with a heart desolate as if its light was fled, and almost as if she were again seeking her Lord, as in those days of darkness before she was a Catholic, Clara bent her steps to the Gesu. Here all was dark as elsewhere. A crucifix almost as large as life replaced the stripped and deserted altar; there was no One to visit, no One to Whose precious Presence to fly in her very need. It was a beautiful room, more like a Puseyite than a Catholic church. No one bowed the knee as they passed; every one seemed conscious of the vacuum by the noise they made in getting their chairs, and the tones of their voices raised to a degree above their breath. But the service was beginning, and another of Clara's dreams to be realized. Those three hours seemed like nothing, they passed so swiftly on, as one by one the words of the expiring God-Man were pronounced and followed by a flood of that rich and tempered eloquence which goes direct to the English heart without grating on its sensitive hatred of all that borders on show and excitement. The music, too, was what even Clara's refined and delicate ecclesiastical taste could find no fault with; for they were Haydn's seven last words,—some of those majestic and solemn harmonies that must be heard a hundred times to be fully appreciated, and even then, instead of palling on the satiated ear like the lighter strains of beautiful, sunny Italy, seem to gather fresh depth and richness from every repetition. How sweet were the accents of her native tongue, thus heard once more in a Catholic land, we need not say; nor how her mind glanced back to those hours once spent in Margaret Chapel alone.—Now there was no strain on the mind, no weariness. It was gently led from meditation to meditation; the spirit lost in tears of compassion and love, with Mary as its guide, the blessed disciple as its companion, and the Magdalene for it to mingle its tears and its love with hers. Well might Clara's heart thrill within her as she heard the Catholic explanation of that word, 'Behold thy Mother!' and listened to that burst of eloquence that bade her glory in the title of 'Mary's child.' Would she be ashamed of, or fear to love the name that He, the Lord of Glory, had stooped to assume. Oh, no; every child of Christ's Catholic Church was at that moment given as a dying legacy to that afflicted Mother, His whole Church, His Immaculate Spouse, was her heritage. This was a gift worthy of the Son of God; this was the last gift worthy of such a Son to such a Mother. And then, as the hours passed on, and the death agony of the Son of God approached, His mysterious desolation and heart-rending cry, that wonderful, incomprehensible thirst that raged within and burned up the sources of life, the thirst for more suffering, the thirst for our salvation,—who could tell, that has not experienced it, what thoughts were Clara's as she realized indeed that she was present to His view in that hour; she was hid within His breaking heart; for her conversion He had thirsted, for her love He had longed; and at the moment of that last great cry His Heart was broken for love of her! Who can tell the tears that flowed unceasingly, the tears of mingled love and sorrow as she contemplated Him at last at rest, hanging, covered with blood, motionless on the bloody tree—the feeling that 'the worst was over.' And now she had to watch His lifeless Body, view it taken from the cross, and laid in the sepulchre till the dawn of the Resurrection. Her step was slow and faltering as, leaning on Catherine's arm they slowly left the Gesu.

(To be Continued.)

THE POPE'S ALLOCATION.

The following is the full text of the Pope's Allocation:—

Venerable Brethren,—More than once, O venerable brethren, exercising our apostolic office, we have deplored, either in our published letters or in divers allocations delivered in your most august assembly, the affliction which has hung for a long time in Italy over the affairs of our very holy religion, and the very grave insults offered to us and to the Holy See by the sub-Alpine Government. Moreover, you must comprehend with what grief we are seized now that we see that Government, with a passion that is increasing every day, constantly attacking the Catholic Church, its wholesome laws, and all its sacred ministers; when we see, alas, venerable bishops, and the most virtuous clergy, both secular and regular, and other most excellent Catholic citizens, sent into exile by that Government, without the least regard for religion, justice, or humanity, or thrown into prison or condemned to forced residence, molested in the most unworthy manner; dioceses deprived of their pastors, to the great detriment of souls; virgins devoted to God taken away from their convents and reduced to beggary; God's temples violated; diocesan schools closed against the members of the clergy; the education of Catholic youths taken out of the pale of Christian discipline and confided to the professors of errors and iniquities, and the patrimony of the Church usurped and sold. That same Government, in contempt of ecclesiastical censures, and without paying the least regard to our most just complaints and those of our venerable brethren, the bishops of Italy, has sanctioned similar laws, totally contrary to the Catholic Church, to its doctrine and its rights, and condemned by us; and it has not hesitated to promulgate laws respecting civil marriage, as it is called, altogether contrary to the Catholic doctrine and to the well-being of civil society. Such laws transgress under foot the dignity and sacredness of marriage. It destroys it as an institution, and encourages a concubinage that is perfectly scandalous; in fact, a marriage cannot take place among the faithful without there being, at the same time, a sacrament. It belongs, therefore, exclusively to the Church to decide on everything concerning the sacrament of marriage.

Moreover, that Government—injuring, in an evident manner the condition of those who make public

profession of religious vows, which have always and always will have force in God's Church, and not recognizing the very great advantage of the Regular Orders which, founded by men of holiness, and approved by the Holy Apostolic See, have in an especial manner deserved the thanks of the Christian Republic, civil and literary, by so many glorious labors and so many pious and useful works,—has not feared to sanction a law suppressing throughout its entire territory all religious corporations of both sexes; it has appropriated all their property, and a great deal of other property belonging to the Church, and has ordered it to be divided. Before entering into possession of the Venetian province, it did not hesitate to extend thereto the same laws, and it enjoined, contrary to all law and justice, the total abrogation and annihilation of the convention which was come to between us and our dear son, in Jesus Christ, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria.

Therefore, faithful to the very serious duty of our apostolic ministry, we raise anew in your most august assembly our voice on behalf of religion, of the Church, of its holy laws, the rights belonging to the authority of this chair of St. Peter; and with all our strength we deplore and condemn all and each of the things which, contrary to the Church, its laws, and its rights have been decreed, done, and attempted by the sub-Alpine Government, and by all other subordinate authorities; and by our apostolic authority we abrogate and proclaim null and void, and without force or effect, all the aforesaid decrees and everything that appertains to them.

We likewise beg their authors, who glory in the name of Christians, to bear in mind and seriously consider that they have unfortunately incurred the censures and the spiritual pains inflicted by the apostolic constitution and the decrees of the general councils upon whosoever should attack the rights of the Church.

You know, venerable brethren, that certain statesmen oppose us and interpret in their own sense the blessing which we gave to Italy when, assuredly without any merit of our own, but, thanks to the impeccable judgment of God, we spontaneously pronounced the words of pardon and peace out of love for the people of the Pontifical States.

In truth, full of solicitude for the welfare and happiness of the entire flock, asking by our prayers from God the good of Italy, we besought Him with fervor and humility that He might deliver her from the evils which afflicted her, and that the most precious gift of the Catholic faith might be all-powerful in Italy, and that rectitude of manners, justice, charity, and all Christian virtues might flourish there more and more. Once more to-day we do not cease to send up our most fervent prayers to God that in His goodness He would deign to remove from the Catholic people of Italy the many and great calamities of every kind which are afflicting and assailing them through the fault of the governors of Italy, and in consequence of a multifarious persecution. But, above all things, we beseech our most merciful Lord to aid and fortify by His heavenly help the people of Italy, in order that they may remain firm and immutable in the Divine faith and in their religion, and that they may be able with Christian fortitude to support and endure so many misfortunes and evils.

Foolish, however, are those who, on the strength of this, do not cease to demand of us, already deposed, and with the most manifest injustice, of several provinces of our pontifical territory, that we should renounce our civil sovereignty, and that of the Apostolic See. Surely every one must see how unjust and prejudicial to the Church is such a demand. By a singular arrangement of Divine Providence, as we have said on a former occasion, it happened that the Roman empire having fallen, and being divided into many kingdoms and diverse States, the Roman Pontiff, in the midst of such great variety of kingdoms, and in the actual state of human society, was invested with his civil sovereignty, in consequence of which, never being subject to any law, he exercises in entire liberty supreme authority and his jurisdiction over the Church, which has been divinely confided to him by our Lord Jesus Christ. And the faithful, with full tranquility of conscience and entire confidence, obeying the decrees, warnings, and orders of the Pontiff, submit themselves thereto without ever entertaining the least suspicion that his acts are subject to the will and impulses of any Sovereign or any civil power. We cannot renounce the civil power established by the Divine wisdom of Providence for the good of the entire Church. We are bound, on the contrary, to defend that government, and to protect the rights of that civil Power, and to complain strongly of the sacrilegious usurpation of the provinces of the Holy See, as we have already done, and as we do now, remonstrating and protesting to the utmost of our power.

Every one knows that the bishops of the Catholic world have never ceased to defend with zeal, orally and in writing, our civil sovereignty and that of the Apostolic See, and all have proclaimed that that sovereignty, especially in the actual condition of the affairs of this world, is absolutely necessary to establish and defend the perfect liberty of the Roman Pontiff, who feeds all the Catholic flock—a liberty which is so intimately connected with the freedom of the entire Church.

These same men fear not even to go about crying everywhere that we ought to reconcile ourselves with Italy—that is to say, with the enemies of our religion who boast themselves of having founded Italy. But how can we, the appointed champions and defenders of our most holy religion and of the salutary doctrine of virtue and of justice, who have to watch for the salvation of all, march in concert with those who, not upholding the holy doctrine and refusing to hear the truth, keep themselves away from us—those who would never condescend to grant our desires nor to meet our demands, to the effect that so many dioceses of Italy, deprived of their pastoral consolation and protection, should have their bishops?

Would to Heaven that all those who so vehemently oppose the Church, us, and this Apostolic See, turning their regards and their souls to truth and justice, may be enlightened once for all, and, thinking of themselves and looking to the good of their souls, moved by a holy repentance, may endeavor to come back to us.

predecessor, Leo the Great, in which she found herself when for the first time, the holy Prince of the Apostles entered this city, then the mistress of the world.

As to us, even when deprived of almost all human assistance, faithful still to our mission, and confiding absolutely in the aid of Almighty God, we are ready to combat without fear, even to the peril of our life, for the cause of the Church divinely confided to us by the Lord Jesus Christ, and if need be to remove thither where we shall be able to exercise in the best manner our supreme apostolic mission. And seeing that in such a horrible tempest our best and only support must be prayer, we address ourselves to all the venerable brethren and bishops of the entire Catholic universe, to all the Catholic clergy, and to all the children of the Holy Mother Church, who have never ceased to lavish on us such striking evidences of love and respect, and to come to our aid in our greatest trials and those of the Holy See; we beg of them more and more to offer constantly, with faith, hope, and charity, fervent prayers to God for the defeat of the enemies of the Church, and for their return to the path of salvation.

For, to avail ourselves of the words of Chrysostom, prayer constitutes a powerful arm—a great security—a real treasure—an excellent harbour—a very sure asylum—provided that, attentive and vigilant, we present ourselves before the Lord, the mind collected, and without leaving any access to the enemy of our salvation. In the midst of the deep anguish which afflicts us we have a great consolation—knowing that God, when His Church has no human support, effects marvellous prodigies, which manifest most clearly His omnipotence and His divine hand, and come to confirm this truth, that the gates of hell will never prevail against the Church, which will always remain immovable, triumphing over its enemies, until the consummation of time.

But it is exceedingly painful that it is not precisely determined that a nation shall always preserve the precious treasure of our divine faith and of our religion. In truth, there are many nations who have kept faithfully the deposit of the faith and the discipline of its manners; but, alas! they have been detached from the rock upon which rests the edifice of the Church, and separated from him to whom has been given the power to confirm the brethren and to feed the lambs and the sheep, not agreeing among themselves, and enveloped in the darkness of error, they are in the greatest danger as to their salvation.

And here we cannot abstain, by reason of our mission, from abjuring in the name of the Lord all Sovereigns and other governors of States to examine once for all, and carefully to consider, the very grave obligation they are under to endeavour that love and respect for religion should increase among nations, and with all their strength to prevent the torch of faith from being extinguished among them.

Woe, then, to these governors who, forgetting that they are the ministers of God, unto God, shall have neglected to promote that worship when they could and ought. It is for them to fear and tremble when through their work especially they destroy the most precious treasure of the Catholic faith, without which it is impossible to please God. When they shall be summoned before the tribunal of Christ for most severe judgment, they shall see what a dreadful thing it is to fall under the displeasure of the living God and to feel His strict justice. Finally, we cannot doubt, venerable brethren, witnesses and companions of our labors, appreciating your excellent and well-known religion, your piety, and your deep love for Catholicism, that you will desire to unite your fervent prayers to ours, and to those of the whole Church, and earnestly to conjure the very gracious Father of mercies, in order that, through the merits of His only Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, He would cause that, after the destruction of all errors and the cessation of bitterness and perturbations, His holy Church may fully enjoy entire liberty and peace—that human society may be freed from the many evils that afflict it, and that all nations may be blended in the unity of the faith and in acknowledgment of His Son, walking in the paths of the Lord, and producing fruits in good works of every kind.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

SAINT COLUMBKILL'S 'PROPHECIES.'—In the late Pastoral of his Eminence Cardinal Cullen, he refers as follows to the subject:—Before I conclude I request of you to warn your flocks against certain superstitions and prayers, with apocryphal indulgences, which, in opposition to the laws of the Church, have been circulated, without any approbation, among the people, deluding them with false hopes; and also against certain so-called prophecies, which have been foolishly attributed to the illustrious St. Columbkille, though they are the invention of late years, and evidently spurious and unworthy of credit. When you meet with such productions, call to mind the admonition of the Gospel, 'Beware of false prophets, who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravenous wolves.'—Matthew 7:15.

Land in Ireland is treated precisely in the same manner as land in Scotland, England, and America, and as every other kind of property the owner of which is at liberty to let it exactly as he pleases.—This is the first great grievance of Ireland. The second is that the nation is dispossessed of the soil, and this is stated to be the result of bad laws—of the law of primogeniture, for instance, which never operates on any large estate. In this respect, also the law of Ireland is similar to the law of England and Scotland; and that law, the object of which is said to be to accumulate land in few hands, is simply this,—that the owner of land may sell, mortgage, divide, devise by will, and settle his land, just as he can his stock in the funds, for a life and lives in being, and twenty-one years afterwards. The fault of the law is simply that it leaves the proprietor as free to deal with his land as with any other property, that it lays down no rule at all, except the limitation in point of time which we have stated. The remedy proposed is that the liberty of individuals should be curtailed, and some arbitrary inflexible rule substituted for the present free power of disposition enjoyed by every citizen. To Mr. Bright this may appear a progressive policy; to us it appears to have a decidedly retrograde tendency. The free right to contract lies at the bottom of all individual and national prosperity and the man who invades this may be a leveller, but is not a Liberal. The same may be said with regard to the complaint against absenteeism, and of the accumulation of large properties in few hands. These things are the result of unrestricted personal liberty, of acquisitions by the provident and of alienations by the reckless, and the cry that is raised against them in the name of Liberalism is really a cry for the restriction of the rights now enjoyed by the individual citizen, and for pushing the dictation of the State into the management of every man's private affairs. The tendency of liberty is towards inequality, and it naturally follows that those who wish to create equality can only do so by striking a series of deadly blows against liberty itself. Mr. Bright is displeased with the extent of the estates enjoyed by some of the nobility in Ireland, and he thinks they would be much better in the hands of small proprietors. He therefore proposes to create a Government agency for the purpose of compulsorily buying up these estates and re-selling them in small allotments. It is not worth while to dwell on the shock to public credit and the security of private property which is implied in such a transaction. It is but a small step from compulsory expropriation, and the power which would deprive a man against his will of his estates would soon learn to appropriate the proceeds.

—London Times.

The Tories are often harsh and stubborn, but once they make a promise they will carry it out manfully. It was so with Wellington when he resolved to give us Catholic Emancipation. It is a well known fact, that in January, 1819, he went to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and told him that he expected his aid to carry that measure. That member of the government refused. 'Well,' said the old soldier, 'you may vote as you please, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer shall vote with me!' That is the earnest manner in which the Tories act, when they resolve to give a great measure to the country. The Whigs make promises to delude, and heaven knows we are a stupid people to bear with them so long. They promised the Irish Bishops, before the last general election, to do great things for Ireland and Catholicity, but now we see they carried out their promises? Why, in the usual fashion, by deceiving Ireland.

Do Irishmen really know what these Whigs are or what men's policy they have carried out in dealing with this country? Are they aware that some of the first Whigs were those who trampled on Catholicity in England, and afterwards levelled Catholic altars in the dust in Ireland? Are they acquainted with the fact that Cromwell was a Whig, and that the Dutchman, who pursued his father-in-law to Ireland, and fought against him at the Boyne, belonged to the same vile party? If they do not know these facts, we have great pleasure in enlightening them on the subject. It was the Whigs who perpetrated the massacre at Drogheda, and who basely slew the 300 women at the Cross of Wexford! It was the same odious demons who levelled our churches and colleges with the earth, and confiscated the lands of the Irish Chiefs who stood up for faith and fatherland. And about forty years afterwards it was the Whigs who fought at the Boyne, Aughrim and Limerick; and when the treaty of Limerick was won, by the gallantry of our forefathers, it was the Whigs who basely broke that solemn compact, and then destroyed our manufactures, and persecuted our bishops and priests till almost the day when the Tories gave us Emancipation!—Dundalk Democrat.

HOW IRELAND IS KEPT IN POVERTY.—In England people cannot account for the poverty of Ireland.—They say the land is fertile, the climate favourable, and that it must be the lazy and thriftless dispositions of our people which have brought it to its present poor condition. The Englishman, however, cannot see things in Ireland as they really exist.—He looks at the condition of the country, and observes the equal poverty into which three-fourths of the people are plunged, and he cannot be got to see the cause.

Let one, two, or half-a-dozen Englishmen come to Dundalk, just now, and we will be able to show them how the country is reduced to beggary. We will first take them to the corn merchant's stores, and point out hundreds of carts laden with corn, which is being delivered preparatory to its being shipped to England and Scotland. We will next take them to the merchant's offices where the corn is being paid for. And when the farmers have got their money, we will get our Saxon friends to accompany them to those landlady's offices, where the rents of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Russell, the Rev. Mr. Olive, and a host of other absentee landlords are paid. And at two or half-past two o'clock, we will take them to the banks, where they will see all this money deposited, and letters of credit obtained for the amount to be sent to the landlords, who reside in England.

They will thus observe that the money received for the farmers' corn, and which has kept him hard at work for twelve months, is taken out of the country to be spent in a foreign land to enrich its people. The cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, eggs, butter—in fact, all the produce of the nation, except the potatoes, is sold in the same way, and the money goes to pay enormous rents, which, in some instances, are treble the value of the land, never to return. Anything that remains is sold to purchase English manufactured goods, and to pay for exciseable articles.—And thus the profits of the farmers' labour, amounting to fully £20,000,000 a year, are swept away from the country, to pamper the English nation, and as an artist earning £1 a week would be reduced to poverty and want, if three-fourths of his week's wages were paid for the rent of his house, so is Ireland reduced to want, when the profits of her people's toil are carried away to England.

If our English visitors could not be convinced by all this of the manner in which Ireland is despoiled of her wealth, it must be admitted that nothing would be able to show them the cause of our poverty. At all events they should admit that we are not so idiotic as they appear to imagine. There can be no doubt, then, that the poverty of Ireland is no fault of hers, for no nation in Europe but herself is reduced to such a low condition. And the inference is, that no improvement can take place till a total change in the government of the country is effected. In whatever land England rules, there you will find want and misery. It was so in Canada before that province obtained an independent Parliament, and she rebelled against English oppression. It is so in India, and at present a famine rages in a portion of that unfortunate land, which has been so plundered by British rapacity.—India, too, rebelled, and some change was made in the land code, which, for a time, has quieted the people. And it is so in Ireland, which has suffered more than a thousand historians could write for half a century.—Dundalk Democrat.

Since our remarks upon the public career of the late Lord Plunket, Anglican Bishop of Tuam, were written, we have heard that his successor has been appointed. Of the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Bernard personally, who, it seems, is the fortunate object of Lord Derby's choice, we know nothing. But we know much about his family, and the information is certainly not calculated to win our approval of this appointment. He is a brother of that Irish peer who takes his title from that small borough in the south of Ireland over whose gates stood once the famous inscription:—

'Turk, Jew, or Atheist, May enter here; but No Papist'

which provoked the severe pendant.—

'Whoever wrote this, wrote it well' The same is written on the Gates of Hell.'

Lord Bandon's family have been always conspicuous for their bigotry, their intolerance, and their hostility to every principle of civil and religious liberty. To the last the Bernards resisted Catholic Emancipation of which Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley, was an energetic supporter; and it is important at this moment to remind the public that Lord Bandon gave a seat in Parliament to the acting secretary of the Vindicta Peace Society, the most energetic but insidious agent of proselytism by foul means that ever existed in Ireland. Hatred of Catholicity, evangelizing as it is called, and proselytism have been always characteristics of Lord Bandon's family, and if the New Anglican Bishop of Tuam have not changed his nature, or come into the world with a nature very different from that of the Bernard race, we greatly fear that Lord Derby has flung a fresh fire-brand across the Shannon. It is, of course, quite possible that our apprehensions may be groundless. Bishop Bernard may be the reverse of Bishop Plunket. We hope it may be so, but the selection of a brother of Lord Bandon to fill the vacant see, and at such a moment, looks as if Lord Derby had made up his mind to administer the affairs of Ireland in conformity with the principles of the Orange faction.—Weekly Register.

SIR HUGH CAIRNS.—The Times in a highly eulogistic leader on Sir Hugh Cairns says:—The fact that such a man has left the ministry does not tend to strengthen confidence in their durability; and they can ill afford a loss which a stronger administration might well contemplate with dismay.

COKE HARBOR AND THE GOVERNMENT.—According to the Daily Express, the Chief-Secretary's visit to Cork had connection with some improvements which are to be effected in the harbor at the expense of the Government. We were not aware before that the Government contemplated doing anything for the special benefit of the port, and while we would be very glad to think that there was foundation for the statement made by the Express, we fear we must receive it with a very large degree of doubt. The Express states that the improvements in question were undertaken, but not carried out, by the late Ministry. The only public work undertaken in the harbor by the late Government was the construction of the Royal Dock which, however useful for national purposes, will not be an improvement of the harbor in the sense in which the Express speaks of it. Beyond a visit to the site of the proposed dock, and to the convict prison on Spike Island, Lord Nass' inspection did not extend, and so far as we are aware, nothing occurred during his visit to suggest that it had the special object which the Express seeks to connect it. But although the construction of the dock would not increase the convenience of the port for trading purposes, we believe that much satisfaction would be felt if it were known that the operations would be carried out with more vigor than has hitherto been displayed in its execution. At present there are not more than 150 convicts employed in this important public work, the intention originally was to have not less than six hundred of these laborers engaged. In a short time free labor is to be taken on, but we understand that the first batch of workmen will not exceed fifty, and at that rate of proceeding the dock would not be finished for the next fifteen or twenty years.—Now if it is of any importance that there should be a naval dockyard on the southern coast, it certainly is desirable that no unnecessary delay should be placed in executing the works and making the dock available for the public service. That such an establishment has become an absolute necessity for the service is a matter of which we have ever and over had unquestionable proofs. Within the last fortnight three ships of the Channel squadron which had received injuries in the gales encountered during their trial cruise, were obliged to make for port to repair, and Cork harbor was found in each case to be the most convenient place of rendezvous. Though the Ocean, Research, and Wyvern were the only vessels that actually came into port, it has been stated that nearly all the ships in the squadron sustained more or less injury; and had there been at Queenstown an establishment even of the moderate dimensions of that in contemplation, the whole fleet might have assembled here to refit for the remainder of their winter's cruise. When it is so plainly to the advantage of the service that the dock should be completed, we are utterly at a loss to account for the dilatory manner in which it has been carried on.—The Government are spending vast sums of money freely in the extension of the English establishments, but seem to grudge every penny laid out in Ireland. In asking to have this work completed with reasonable despatch, we are not making an improper claim upon the Imperial exchequer. We are not seeking for a concession to Ireland, for the work has its own utility to recommend it. But, as the same time, we do not think that a useful public work ought to be neglected merely because it happens to be placed in an Irish port.—Cork Examiner.

EMIGRATION OF ALLEGED FENIANS.—Two young men, Wm. Pope and Peter O'Farrell, left Queenstown by the National steamer England on yesterday, for New York. They were escorted by a party of the Reserve Coast-guard from Mountjoy Prison, where they had been immured since the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, on suspicion of Fenianism.—One of the men, Pope, had led a rather chequered career, having been in the police of Belfast, Liverpool and London, and having also served in the Canadian police, which force he quitted to enlist in the American army, in which he passed in every campaign of the great rebellion, receiving numerous wounds. He had filled the post of warder at Spike Island and had served in other capacities in different countries. Pope looked quite a young man and decided American cut. O'Farrell was a native of Dublin.

MR. TAIT, MAYOR OF LIMERICK AND THE NEEDLE-GUN.—The following occurred a few evenings ago in the English town, Limerick, where a peer was reading a newspaper, the subject being the war in Germany, and the indemnity which Austria had to pay Prussia, viz: 20,000,000 thalers. The man read it twenty million talers. An old woman who was present, and who had two daughters working at the Mayor's clothing factory, inquired what the Prussians wanted with so many talers? when a red-coated soldier who happened to come in at the time, said it was to work the 'needle guns.'—'Pon my soul, then,' says the old lady, 'if Tait does not rise the wages in his factory, I'll send Ellen and Mary there, whether it be for the needle or the machine they want them!—Limerick Southern Chronicle.

A novel and curious form of disease has appeared in some of the flax mills at Belfast. It is thus described by a Belfast physician:—

'In Belfast a very painful malady is prevalent amongst the mill workers, more so, I think, than in any other place. I mean 'onychia maligna.' The subjects of it believe that it is mainly caused by having to stand, whilst at work, in the water which drips from the spinning frames. They usually get a knock upon one of their toes, which inflames; the nails drop off, and an exquisitely painful ulceration with reproduction of a deformed nail, follows. They are thrown out of work, and it is only by a severe operation and protracted treatment in hospital that they are finally cured. Last year, in the general hospital, out of 1,200 cases, we had 38 cases of onychia; several, however, were relapses.'

This painful and unpleasant disease occurs much more frequently in Ireland than in England, because in the Irish flax mills the men and girls were bare-foot all day, with the water from the flax dripping upon them. In the English mills the feet of the workers are protected by shoes or cloths. For their own sake, as well as for the sake of their workpeople, the proprietors of mills should insist that the workers should no longer remain all day barefoot.—Irish Times.

AN ELECTION IN TIPPERARY.—A correspondent of the Nation says:—The contest which has just been decided in Tipperary was one of the most determined and wicked ever fought in Ireland. Volleys of stones and forests of shillelahs assailed the military voters at every point, and though the military afforded all the protection in their power, they were important to save the unhappy voters from the rage and execution of the wildest and most ungovernable—when once excited—people in the world. From morning till night the battle raged with undiminished fury. Many times the close and compact lines of the military were broken, and the Waldronites seized upon and smashed by sticks and stones and bottles. Now the Scots Greys would wheel round and charge to drive back the mob, which rarely flinched an inch, allowing the points of the sabres to touch their breasts; simultaneous with this, a charge by the mob in front would compel the cavalry to advance, but now the Waldronites had gone down before a tempest of stones and missiles of every description. The cavalry were oftentimes severely struck.—In one volley alone every man save eight Captain Dan O'Connell's troop was hit. Captain Bagwell, Purcell, brother to Mr. John Bagwell, M.P., met with mercurial quietness from the mob; he narrowly escaped losing his life by taking refuge in a house, the windows of which were completely smashed.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 30.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER—1866. Friday, 30—St. Andrew, Ap. DECEMBER—1866. Saturday, 1—Of the Immaculate Conception. Sunday, 2—First of Advent. Monday, 3—St. Francis Xavier, O. Tuesday, 4—St. Peter Chrys., B. D. Wednesday, 5—Fast and Abstinence—St. Barbara, V. M. Thursday, 6—St. Nicholas, B. O.

ROMAN LOAN.

THE PONTIFICAL LOAN BONDS are now being delivered to holders of receipts; and Subscriptions will be again received, and Bonds for \$25 may be taken at \$14.50.

ALFRED LAROCQUE.

[Montreal, Nov. 12, 1866.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Gladstone has had, so it is reported, an interview with the Sovereign Pontiff. The Holy Father maintains an attitude of calm dignity; strong in the consciousness of his right, strong in his confidence on Him Who is ever in the barque with Peter, even when the storm rages most fiercely, he awaits the future without trepidation, and unalterable in his resolution to uphold his own rights, the rights of the Holy See, and the interests of the Catholic Church.

Amongst the many rumors of the week, there is one to the effect that Revolution in Spain is imminent, and that the Queen has already spoken of abdication. The reports from Spain, being for the most part circulated by the revolutionists themselves, must be received with much caution.

More certain is it that trouble is impending in Ireland, but the Government is on the alert, and is in possession of full information as to the designs and resources of the Fenians. There have been fresh arrests, and seizures of arms. A U. States citizen named McGillivray has been arrested in Dublin, and the authorities, have it is said, got their eyes on others. Yet is it not impossible that an outbreak may occur, and if so, very sad will be the consequences to Ireland.

The despatches received by the Atlantic Cable on Tuesday night state that an outbreak has taken place in Ireland, and that the greatest alarm is felt.

Again the report is current that Maximilian, the bogus Emperor of Mexico whom Louis Napoleon set up, has abdicated. As the collapse of the Mexican Empire involves merely a question of time, we see no reason for impugning the credibility of the report. A statement to the effect that President Johnson, convinced by the result of the late election, of the impossibility of carrying out his reconstruction policy, had signified his intention of accepting the policy of the Congress, or rather rump of a Congress which undertakes to legislate for the U. States—has met with a contradiction.

There has been much excitement about the alleged discovery of gold near Madoc in Upper Canada. There is still however, much uncertainty as to the truth of the discovery. If by some its authenticity is boldly asserted, by others it is insinuated that the whole affair is a humbug, and that no gold has been discovered, except that which had previously been hidden. The owner of the lot where the gold is said to have been found, has built a shed over the hole or pit in which the precious metal is supposed to be; this shed is carefully locked, so that all access to the mine is cut off, and all means of testing the truth of the pretended discovery, are withheld from the public. We have no opinion of our own on the matter to offer, but in a few days the truth or falsity of the affair will be made manifest.

There were also rumors to the effect that the

steamer China of the Cunard line had been captured by Fenians on her voyage to Liverpool. The announcement of her safe arrival at that port on the 16th has effectually and satisfactorily disposed of this canard.

The steamers of the Richelieu Company have ceased to run for the season, and have gone into winter quarters. Mr. Bright has made a mess of it in Ireland, or in other words, he has, through his disregard of truth, brought himself into a very unenviable position. This is by no means a singular case, for regard for truth is not a weakness of which Mr. Bright is habitually guilty; but as the man's sense of honor is not very delicate, he feels the unpleasantness of the frequent exposures that are made of him, less acutely than would a man brought up with the feelings of a gentleman; and thus by a beautiful moral arrangement of providence, is the wind "tempered to the saorn lamb."

Mr. Pope Hennessey, one of the best Catholic members of the House of Commons, was singled out as the especial object of Mr. Bright's malignity: for Mr. Bright has a natural aversion to real Papists, and an equally strong dislike to gentlemen. So at the banquet in Dublin at which The O'Donoghue presided, he, Mr. Bright's thought to do a good stroke of business in the way of damaging Mr. Hennessey's election, by holding the latter up to the audience as one who, though a warm champion of Catholic Poland, always sided in Parliament with those who sought to perpetuate the wrongs of Ireland. To this attack Mr. Hennessey triumphantly replied by reading a note that he had actually in his pocket, addressed to him by the chairman of the Bright Banquet, The O'Donoghue, and in which his (Mr. Hennessey's) services to Ireland were thus gracefully and gratefully acknowledged:—

"My Dear Pope Hennessey—I earnestly hope you are succeeding in your election for I found in the House of Commons that you always acted as a true Irishman should act. Always sincerely yours, 'O'Donoghue.'"

And not content with having repulsed his assailant, Mr. Hennessey carried the war into the enemy's camp; proving by facts that could not be gainsaid, that the Catholic Clergy, and the Catholic laity of Ireland have always found in Mr. Bright an opponent of their claims; that, as a manufacturer, and employer of many work people, he, Mr. Bright displays a spirit of exclusiveness as towards the Irish; and that he has always done all in his power to defend and uphold the infamous system of "White Slavery" of which in some recent numbers, we gave a few examples, taken by us from official documents, and the Protestant press. Mr. Hennessey's rejoinder was, in short, in every respect triumphant, and will, we hope, convince Catholics that they can but dirty themselves, and disgrace their cause by contact with Mr. Bright; whose Liberalism consists, as is usually the case with men of his class and antecedents, simply in a jealous hatred of gentlemen his social superiors, and an equally strong aversion to Popery and Papists. He has no love for the Irish tenant, and his only claim to the good will of the latter, is that he detests landlords, and all that savors of an aristocracy.

When we find that the office holders, and dignitaries of the Government Establishment in Ireland, are becoming awake to the absurdity of their position—that of shepherds without sheep, we may entertain hopes that the dawn of a better day is not far off. Now such is actually the case; and the London Times, always a little, even if but very little a-head of public opinion, by the tone in which it speaks out on the Irish Question, is as it were a herald of that dawn, of that better and brighter day about soon, we hope, to break on Ireland.

In the first place the Times virtually admits that the fable, current amongst Protestants, about the Reformation in Ireland has been torn to pieces by a late publication from the pen of a learned Protestant minister, and dignitary of the Establishment, the Rev. Dr. Brady, "a vicar and rector in the diocese of Meath"—we quote from the Times—"formerly chaplain to three Viceroys, and deeply read in Church history." Well! this gentleman, to whose testimony no Protestant can object, the impartiality of whose conclusions drawn from his deep historical studies, no Anglican can impugn, has given to the world the result of his researches into the origin of the Established Church of Ireland. But here again we will quote the words of the Times:—

"Some of the most zealous champions of the Establishment have recently been resting its defence upon the assumed facts, that the Protestant hierarchy in Ireland derives its succession from St. Patrick; and that the Bishops, as a body, confirmed in the time of Elizabeth, so that their successors at the present time rightfully inherit the national church property. But the Rev. Dr. Brady, a vicar and rector in the diocese of Meath, formerly Chaplain to three Viceroys, and deeply read in Church history, has examined the records of the time in the case of every one of the Bishops, and found that the assumption in question is without any historical foundation, and that the Irish Protestant Bishops must be content with their English descent through Archbishop Curwin."

And the practical result of the Rev. Dr. Brady's historical researches, the Times then gives in the reverend gentleman's own words:— "If the Church in Ireland is to be preserved, the

cannot be done by stifling and suppressing the truth, and it is better that an admission of error should come from within the Church itself, than that the charge of its being riddled by falsehood should be hurled against it by hostile hands. Under these circumstances, the author hopes he may be pardoned for the part he now takes; in contradicting what has been ascribed to him, by perhaps the highest living authority, as 'the most impudent falsehood in all history.'"

And yet this falsehood, impudent as it is, and as it is now admitted to be, has done staunch service in its day. It—the falsehood that the Protestant Bishops of Ireland derive their succession, through the Catholic hierarchy existing in the days of Elizabeth, from St. Patrick—has been the cheval de bataille of the defenders of the Establishment against the assaults of Romanists. What subterfuge will be resorted to now, when it is admitted by the best read men of the Establishment that the Protestant Bishops are interlopers, intruders, and that therefore the successors of St. Patrick, of such successors there be, are the Romish Bishops whom the others have ousted from their Sees whose title they have usurped, and of whose revenues they are in the enjoyment, it is hard to say; but that some subterfuge will be attempted, that some artifices to deaden the force of Dr. Brady's crushing blow will be resorted to, there can be no reason to doubt. In the emergency, Clippery or "Soapy Sam" as he is irreverently termed, is the man for the job.

But at all events one great forward step has been gained: and it is not Dr. Brady alone who is abandoning as no longer tenable the positions hitherto looked upon as the impregnable bulwarks of the Protestant Establishment. The very Bishops themselves are uttering a cry of despair; and though as yet they manifest no symptoms of readiness to capitulate, they by their language in their addresses to their Clergy, betray their uneasiness, and all but confess that they will soon have to surrender at discretion. The Times is again our informant.

Dr. Fitzgerald Protestant Bishop of Killaloe, whom the Times qualifies as "one of the ablest and most liberal of our Prelates," rules over four dioceses of which the total population is 335,079, and out of which only 15,905 souls or one in 23, yield to him their spiritual allegiance. For the care of these 15,905 muttons, the Established Clergy enjoy a net annual revenue of £20,154 or about \$100,000.

These are certainly startling facts, and though by no means unparalleled in Ireland, they tell upon non-Irishmen whether Catholics or Protestants. They furnish an argument, which no logic however subtle, no amount of eloquence however brilliant, can destroy; and Dr. Fitzgerald therefore like a sensible man in a charge to his clergy by him lately delivered, does not so much as attempt to refute it. All he can be said in defence of his position, and that of his mach-receiving and little-doing brethren amounts to this. That he does not see,—

"how by anything less than a sweeping revolution which should break the English connexion, and invert the present relative position of Roman Catholics and Protestants, not in the Church merely, but in society generally, the sentimental grievance can be wholly removed."—Times.

We hope the Bishop's view of the case is incorrect, since if a correct view, it furnishes an unanswerable argument in favor of "a sweeping revolution," of which there are many in Ireland who will avail themselves. They will argue thus: The Irish Protestant Establishment is a grievance, even if only a sentimental grievance; but as a grievance it must be removed: and if this can be effected only by means of a "sweeping revolution," if right cannot be done, and wrong redressed by fair means, and constitutional processes, then "a sweeping revolution" we must have. If Dr. Fitzgerald may assume as his premise that the Protestant Establishment, grievance, or wrong though he admit it to be, must be maintained, since it cannot be got rid of without "a sweeping revolution," his opponents are, by all the laws of logic justified in assuming as their major premise the necessity of getting rid of the wrong or grievance, and thus concluding to the necessity of a "sweeping revolution." There are however, we hope many Catholics who differ from both of the disputants, and who believe that justice to Ireland can be brought about by means of existing constitutional machinery, and that thus the necessity for, nay the certainty of a "sweeping revolution" may be dispensed with, and averted.

The Protestant Bishop of Kilmore is another dignitary who out of the fulness of his heart surcharged with anxiety as to the prospects and fate of the Establishment, has lately been delivering himself on the subject. He also has tried to ease his mind by a Charge; and though of course like his brother of Killaloe, he sees or feels the absurdity of his position, and recognises the anomaly of a Protestant Established Church and a richly State endowed Protestant Clergy for a people almost entirely Catholic, who cannot be brought within the pale of the one, and who reject with scorn the ministry of the other—he but found therein an argument for maintaining the status quo. Because the Protestant Church in Ireland is weak, because it has no hold on the respect or affection of the people, because if left to itself it would inevitably collapse, or come to grief, therefore argues the learned Protestant

Doctor, is its strong sister England bound to help it. The greater the abhorrence felt for it by the Irish, the greater the reason, according to the Bishop of Kilmore, why Great Britain should uphold the abuse, perpetuate the wrong, and do violence to the people of Ireland. Well may the Times say:—"Such an argument reads like a plea of desperation."

And whilst Bishops in their Charges are thus revealing the weak places of the citadel, other dignitaries of the Establishment, sign more hopeful still, are earnestly deprecating the incessant insults and outrages offered to the Catholics of Ireland by the Agents of the Irish Church Missions. Again we copy from the Times:—

"Another learned incumbent of the diocese of Meath, Dr. Orlando T. Dobbin, has put forth a 'Plea for Tolerance towards our Fellow-Subjects in Ireland professing the Roman Catholic Religion. After 13 years residence among the peasantry he declares his conviction that they are among the most worthy people that England rules, and observes:—

"Most of the class who present themselves to my observation are marked by a sobriety and honesty, a truthfulness of speech, a kindness and helpfulness to one another, a patient, uncomplaining endurance of bitter poverty and privation, a thankful willingness to labour at any employment when employment can be had, and a submissive, trustful dependence upon Providence, with a habitual respect for the ordinances of religion, that are pleasing in highest degree. With regard to their clergy he says:—

"They are, for the most part, a very unobtrusive class—neither politicians, nor proselytizers, nor meddling in any way with their neighbours of other creeds. They wish to hold their own—a very natural and not blameworthy wish. They look after their flock, after their dues, and, if lucky enough to have one, look after their farm, and give a little trouble, if not causelessly assailed, as any other class in the community. As a kind of spiritual police over the numerous subjects of their own communion, I believe their services to be invaluable to the peace of society. The loyalty of the Irish priesthood, with the exception of a few factious priests here and there (usually soon silenced by their own bishops), admits of no question.

Dr. Dobbin very earnestly deprecates the insulting attacks made upon the religion of the mass of the people by the agents of the Irish Church Missions. He asks how would other denominations like to be treated in the same way? How would the Irish Protestants feel if those who are thus assailed should retaliate? Why is Popery the only evil to be 'driven away' by such means? Why do not temperance agents plant themselves at the doors of publichouses, and thrust their tracts into the hands of the customers? It goes farther, and gives another illustration of the inconsistency which marks the proceedings of these partisan religionists, remarking that:—

"Houses of ill-fame and publichouses are evils in the estimation of the pure and sober members of society, yet never heard we of any agents being employed to stand opposite the doors of places of ill-repute to distribute tracts to those going in warning them against sin; nor of temperance societies seeking to put down publichouses in the same way. Such a mode of interference with the indulgences of loose livers would be disposed of in the most summary manner, and the authorities would, doubtless, throw the blame on the original aggressor, the person whose indiscreet zeal provoked the breach of the peace. On the same principles, is it to be borne that those who show themselves too prudent to attack directly the gross infringement of morals of which we speak, shall visit, with their insulting admonitions, respectable persons entering quietly their own places of worship to bow before the God of their fathers, after the manner their conscience dictates?"

Well certainly here is another and a most important step in advance gained, one which encourages us to hope that with patience, and a reliance upon the divine blessing upon constitutional means, the great grievance may be removed without a "sweeping revolution"—without violence, or shedding of blood. Yes—it is now admitted that the Establishment is in itself a grievance, even if only a "sentimental grievance;" and it is also admitted that the maintenance of this "sentimental grievance," entails the necessity of subjecting the Catholics of Ireland to other, and more substantial grievances: to obscene insults, such as these alluded to by Dr. Orlando T. Dobbin, and to the penal laws whose effects still survive, and which bitter memories still rankle in the hearts of the Irish people. Of these penal laws in connection with the Established Church, the Times thus expresses itself:—

"No words, indeed, can be too hard for the penal laws; and those who are surprised at the rooted antipathy to England which is still shown by some parts of the Irish nation would do well to refresh their memories by a perusal of Burke's Tracts on the 'Popery Laws,' the facts detailed in which are certainly sufficient to explain a great deal of hereditary bitterness of feeling. But Dr. Fitzgerald appears to suggest that it was these laws which the edge of offensiveness to all English institutions, and to the Irish Church in particular; and that, as they are now abrogated, we may expect that when the Church is presented to the people apart from each repulsive accompaniment, it may meet with a more favorable reception. We are afraid experience has already pronounced against any such hope; and, even if it had not, Dr. Fitzgerald would have overlooked one important consideration. The Established Church is itself the creation of the very spirit which in its extreme development, gave birth to those infamous enactments. It is not, indeed, a penal law; but it is, in a manner, a gigantic confiscation. It seizes the whole of the ecclesiastical endowments of the country, and appropriates them to the use of a small minority, to a large extent of a foreign race and of an alien religion. In its theory, at all events, it is the chief remaining relic of the old intolerant policy. Such is the aspect in which, under its present condition, it must necessarily be viewed by Irish Roman Catholics. A practical grievance, as we have repeatedly urged, it is not; but it is, as Dr. Fitzgerald puts it, a sentimental grievance; and the sentiment inseparably connected with it is, unhappily, the same which was so deeply implanted by the penal laws. As matters now stand, the Establishment diverges of its character of a grievance would be a knife without a blade. It was designed as a thorn in the sides of Roman Catholics, and the design has been abundantly successful."—Times.

Can the Irish then be blamed if they seek to pull out that thorn from their sides? Can they be greatly wondered at, or righteously blamed if the gentler processes known to political surgery failing, they should seek to deliver themselves by more summary methods, such as the Fenian scalpel knife, and the revolutionary cauter?

PATRIOTISM AND THE CONFESSIOAL.—Garibaldi is quoted by the Protestant press with much applause, and as an incontrovertible witness against Romanism. "Never," this in substance is the testimony of Garibaldi—"never enter the Confessional, never allow your children to set foot therein, if you wish to keep alive within your own breast, and the breasts of your children, the flame of patriotism."

More sound advice never did mortal man give. The Confessional, and that which in the mouths of Garibaldi and the partisans of the Revolution, the word patriotism signifies, are irreconcilable; the revolutionary patriot cannot be a practical Catholic: the Catholic who is faithful to his religion, cannot but hold the principles of the Revolution in abhorrence, and regard its votaries with disgust.

What manner of men are these Italian patriots, these heroes of the Revolution, these first fruits of the Protestant Reformation, these liberators of Italy! In a few lines the correspondent of the London Times, their admirer, and flatterer, shall tell us; and certainly if to have thrown off the restraints of Christianity, of natural morality, and of common decency as well as of Popery, be a subject of rejoicing, Exeter all may well raise its shouts of praise, and extol its "Te Diabolum Laudamus."

It was on the occasion of the rejoicings in Venice, consequent upon its annexation to Piedmont, that the events narrated by the writer in the Times took place. All the "patriots," male and female, were assembled in the Opera House to celebrate the event:—

"Then the corps de ballet trooped in, but did not satisfy the gazers except when the queen of them all executed a series of graceful bounds, and less graceful, but more wonderful contortions; and again, when a crowd of damsels, dressed to outward appearance in ordinary modern costume, danced before them, and pleased them with gestures that would have caused indignation in an English theatre."

Garibaldi was right in his advice. The Confessional, and the frequentation of the Sacraments of the Church, would soon give a mortal blow to "patriotism," as he understands it, and to the Revolution. The latter thrives under an "open bible," but it would quickly be stifled in the atmosphere of Popery.

Times Coa.—"On that day the Lord Mayor (of Dublin) will give a banquet to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to which he invited the heroes of the Atlantic Cable who have received honors from the Queen; and other gentlemen who have distinguished themselves in the cause of scientific and social progress, which has been so often avianthematized by the Pope."

When an experienced cook wishes to tickle the palate of a Dutchman he throws into his bill of fare a dish of "saur kraut"—for a Frenchman frogs' legs—for an Englishman plenty of raw beef and red gravy—for an Icelander train oil with a dash of candles; and when a Times Cor. wishes to be particularly happy and acceptable to the bigotry of his readers, he throws into even the most out-of-the-way subjects a smart rap at the Pope. There is no accounting for tastes. "Sour kraut," frogs-legs, raw-beef, and train-oil with candles, may be all very acceptable to the different nationalities, but for a quiet bit at the Pope and Popery command us to a Times' correspondent. As with a Low Church Parson when all other subjects fail to draw the attention of his drowsy congregation, a stray bit at Popery is sure to arouse them; so with a Times' correspondent, there is no nostrum of his wallet so acceptable to the English public as a hit at the Pope. One would think that a contemplated dinner to the Cable projectors would hardly afford a hook whereon to hang a left-handed compliment to the Papacy; but no! the subject of cables, though naturally a watery one, is becoming dry and uninteresting, and must be relieved by the Attic (attic) salt of Papal misrepresentation. There is no abuse of logic so acceptable to the pike-boy as the "undistributed middle." A pike-pie is a jack-pie—a jack-pie is a pie-John—a pie-John is a pigeon-pie; therefore, a pike-pie is a pigeon-pie—such is the admirable logic of your school-boy, Times correspondent. Because the Holy Father has anathematized a spurious kind of "social progress," and because the laying of an Atlantic cable is social (?) progress, therefore the Holy Father has anathematized Atlantic cables—such is the sound logic of your Times Ignoramus, and such the disreputable weapons wielded against Catholicity by "modern civilisation," and English fair-play. It is difficult to determine which is more to blame—the correspondent who writes such twaddle, or the readers who require it at his hands. It has long been a vexed question whether demand begets supply, or supply demand; but whether it be a case of supply or demand, it is little creditable either to the Times correspondent, who will deign to cater to such a depraved taste, or the reader who demands such depraved catering.

The Holy Father has denounced that "modern civilisation" which, under the name of "social progress," "expediency," and "orthodox-nineteenth-century-Protestant-Englishman" robs the sanctuaries of God's Church, turns holy monks and nuns out into a depraved world, and leaves the abomination of desolation standing in holy places; and forthwith forgoth, a poor miserable scribbler dares to insult the venerable

Remittances in our next.

old man for his solemn protest against rapine and... The following letters speak for themselves, and warmly recommend a good work to the support of the Catholics of Canada:—

The *Star* at the *Salle Academique* of the Rev. Jesuit Fathers, which took place on the evening of Thursday, 22nd inst., Feast of St. Cecilia, was, as an exhibition of the literary and musical proficiency of the pupils, highly gratifying.

A dramatised version of the parable of the Prodigal Son, was well rendered. All acquitted themselves well, and received loud applause from the audience.

We believe that these entertainments, interesting and profitable both to pupils and the public, will be repeated during the course of the winter. We would strongly recommend our readers to pay a visit to the *Salle Academique*. It is spacious and well arranged. The stage is handsomely ornamented, and the scenery is beautifully painted, reflecting great credit upon the artist; and the *tout ensemble* speaks volumes for the pains which the Reverend Fathers take to promote the intellectual and moral welfare of their pupils, by furnishing them with innocent and instructive amusement.

Mr. Stephens, as our readers are aware, has disappeared from New York: where he will emerge next, we know not, but in his organ, the *N. Y. Irish People* of the 24th inst., we find the following mysterious announcement:—

"The Crisis to which the great effort now near culmination has been made, is approaching, and very nigh. The sky will ere long be a glare with rockets signalling the movement of men—Irishmen—which will, we devoutly hope, give liberty to the home of our birth."

"Gone, and out going are those whose liberty and whose lives are staked upon the great attempt. Shall not all partisanship, all jealousy and personal pique, where any may exist, be now laid aside, and one calmly considered, hopeful but determined and sustained effort be made to aid and succor the 'men in gap' in ways which you will understand?"

"If ever there was a time and opportunity to strike our old enemy a blow, 'tis now, and if there has ever lived a man for that time and opportunity 'tis James Stephens."

"Look to the East—with your hand on your gun."

The *Daily Telegraph*, a Protestant journal of Toronto, in a recent issue, had an excellent article on the late Fenian trials; and especially with reference to the Rev. Mr. McMahon, whose fate it contrasts with that of the Protestant minister, the Rev. Mr. Lumsden. We make some extracts:—

"We have no fault to find with the Jury who pronounced Lumsden 'not guilty.' We believe they did what they considered their duty. But we do say that a vast amount of pity of pity has been wasted upon that man Lumsden; if McMahon, with his Irish passions and his Irish heart, as an Irishman among Irishmen, as a Roman Catholic priest among Roman Catholics, allowed himself to do wrong, and had yet found no favour, what excuse, in the name of heaven, was there for the vagabond who has been let free? What must those members of the Bar who shake hands with Lumsden on his acquittal think of themselves now, when they reflect on the career of their friend? If drunkenness excused Lumsden, then drunkenness would have excused McMahon had he chosen to make a beast of himself. Instead of being the aggravation of the offence, it was the reason of an acquittal. Sir Edward Coke said 'A volunatious demon has no privilege thereby.' But it appears that it is otherwise now. In the face of this acquittal it would be simply murder to hang McMahon."—*Toronto Daily Telegraph*.

This opinion will, we expect, be generally endorsed by the community, whether Protestant, or Catholic: and the Canadian Executive will—we doubt not, be influenced thereby, since it has no desire to deal severely with the Fenian convicts.

The special commission, under which the remainder of the Fenian prisoners are to be tried, has been received by the authorities; and it is expected, that the sheriff will forthwith receive the precept to summon the necessary jury.—There are thirty-nine Fenians altogether remaining in jail; twenty-two of whom have been sentenced, and hence thirty-two yet await their trials, which will take place immediately on the close of term, commencing, probably, on the 3rd prox.

THE NORTH AMERICAN GRAND CATHOLIC GIFT CONCERT.

The following letters speak for themselves, and warmly recommend a good work to the support of the Catholics of Canada:—

TO THE CLERGY. Archbishop's See of Quebec, Nov. 12th, 1866. John B. L. Lemoine, Esq., the first Manager of the North American Grand Catholic Gift Concert of Kankakee County, Illinois, has just informed us that your Lordship is ready to recommend the good work of that Concert which he is preparing to realise sufficient funds to establish a convent and good Catholic schools in said county, if we think proper to recommend it in our Ecclesiastical Province and to invite the Pastors to announce it from the pulpit and urge their respective flocks to encourage it by buying Tickets. Yes, My Lord, we approve it with great heart and we think that it is proper that the Priests should encourage it and should be invited to do so.

It is a work of high importance for the salvation of our poor Canadians of Illinois, and we would wish to be able to assure its success in this Diocese and in the whole Province.

Please accept the assurance of the high consideration of your devoted servant.

(Seal) † O. F. Bishop of Tlos To His Lordship the Right Reverend † Ignace Bourget, Bishop of Montreal † CIRCULAR TO THE CLERGY. Montreal, November 14th 1866

Rev. Pastor, The present is to testify, that the good work recommended to the Clergy of this Province by his Lordship the Bishop of Tlos, has all our sympathies and we have no doubt that it will also have all yours. We shall then form but one heart and one soul, in all the Province, to give to our brothers of Illinois a prompt and efficient help, more so willingly, as it is easy. Therefore we invite you to recommend that worthy work from the pulpit and God will reward us by hundredfold (centuplum) by spreading new blessings over our religious institutions.

I remain very cordially your all devoted servant. (Seal) † Ig. Bishop of Montreal.

EXECUTION.—James Mack paid the penalty of his crimes on the scaffold on Friday last, the 23rd instant; we trust that he has received pardon from the God before Whom he has now appeared, and that his penitence has been accepted. Not indeed that we look upon the scaffold as the stepping-stone to Paradise, or the cell of the condemned as the ante-chamber of heaven; but we know that the mercy of God is infinite, and in the case of James Mack we believe that the penitence was sincere, and the contrition unfeigned.

He died calmly, without bravado, or any attempt to extenuate his offences. The Rev. P. Villeneuve, of the Seminary, attended him in his last moments, accompanying him to the scaffold, nor leaving him until he swang a lifeless corpse betwixt earth and heaven. His body was given to the Sisters of Charity, by whom it was interred in the Catholic cemetery. May his soul, through the mercy of God, and the infinite merits of Christ, repose in peace.

LECTURE ON THE "EVILS OF A SUPERFICIAL EDUCATION." By the Rev. Dr. McGregor, St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish.

We have to return thanks to the author for a copy of this scholar-like pamphlet, which strikes at the roots of one of the crying evils of the existing educational system. The students at St. Francis Xavier College are fortunate if the views therein expressed are carried out.

THE SANCTUARY.—A Story of the Civil War. By George Ward Michells; with Illustrations.

We have received a copy of this work. It is, as its name implies, a tale founded on the incidents of the war betwixt the Northern and the Southern States, by a partizan of the latter.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—October 1866. Messrs. Dawson, Bros., Montreal.—The present number opens with an article on the Irish Church (Protestant) and is followed by a clever review of M. Renan's last work, *The Apostles*. The *Reviewer* applies the lash severely but most justly; at the same time the extreme silliness of M. Renan's attempt to explain away the supernatural in Christianity, without impugning the intelligence or the good faith of the historian, is of itself an antidote to the poison which he seeks to instil. The other articles are much of the usual character.

ADDRESS PRESENTED TO THE REV. FATHER BOISSONNAULT.

Rev. Father,—We, the Catholics of Hemmingford, hearing that you are about leaving us, cannot allow you to remove from this portion of the Lord's vineyard to another, without publicly expressing our profound esteem for your character and person, our warm affection for your devotedness, and our heartfelt gratitude for your self-sacrificing spirit.

Words can but feebly express, Rev. Sir, the great loss we feel at your removal from among us; and at a time too when the unfinished state of our convent, requires your presence so much indeed; but, as dutiful children of the Church which you have always found us, we submit to the commands of our superiors.

In conclusion, we hope that your connection with your new mission may be of that pleasing character, which so distinguished your relations with us for the last four years—the time which you have been among us. We hope you will remember us in your prayers, and at the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar; and we shall ever pray for your happiness in time and eternity.

Signed on behalf of the congregation by, Thomas McAleer, John McCarthy, John Fleming, Michael McAleer, Michael Hoffernan, James Clancy, Hemmingford, 1st October, 1866.

Bishop Colenso having been excommunicated by his Metropolitan, and declared incapable of exercising his episcopal functions, had his salary stopped by the Trustees of the Colonial Bishporic Fund. To recover it, Dr. Colenso instituted legal proceedings; and these have terminated in a verdict in his favor;—thus showing that in the so-called Church of England it is safer for a Bishop to preach infidelity, and to deny Christianity, than to betray a tendency towards the old Catholic faith. In the first case, he is in harmony with, because carrying out the essential principle of Protestantism; in the second he is in avowed antagonism with it.

We learn that on Saturday last, His Excellency the Governor-General received despatches stating that the possibility of trouble before long in the United States, renders incessant vigilance indispensable on the part of the Canadian authorities. It is very unfortunate that the Minister of Militia should have left before this intelligence reached, though probably in Col. Macdougall's hands the preparations for defence will be as ably handled.—*Minerva*, 22nd inst.

It is stated that General Stisted, who served with distinction in Persia, and through the Indian mutiny with the 78th Highlanders, will relieve General Napier as Commander of the forces in Canada West, the beginning of the new year.

EMIGRATION FROM QUEBEC.—The *Chronicle* says:—Numbers of mechanics and laborers have been leaving this city for the States since the fire, and the emigration continues. A great many persons have gone to the West, Chicago and Detroit being the favorite destinations. The encouraging accounts sent home by the earlier emigrants, keep up the movement, which threatens to diminish considerably our population.—The ship building business holding out but a dull prospect this winter, has impelled many of the artisans in this branch of industry to seek a home in the States for the ensuing winter at least. Of course, many young and middle aged men always "went South" at the approach of winter, returning at the opening of navigation, and it is probable that a considerable portion of the emigrants this Fall will return with the coming spring. A batch of about twenty artisans left on Thursday for the States, and as many took their departure the preceding evening.

SCHOOL QUESTION.—The Kingston *Whig* of Saturday says:—"It is stated that Dr. Ryerson, Superintendent of Education, purposes leaving by the next steamer for England, with the object of representing the educational interests in the expectant Confederation. Although the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Superintendent of Education for Lower Canada, has left for England on a professed neutral mission, doubtless he will make representations on behalf of the educational interests of his own Province." We have been expecting this announcement for some time, and we have not the slightest doubt that it is correct. Dr. Ryerson is not the man to let his labour be lost in building up a great School system, that has answered so admirably with the great majority of Upper Canada, without a struggle. And he is just the person to keep Mr. Chauveau, and the rest of the dissentients from that system, in order. Thoroughly up in all that appertains to education, and the well-being of educational institutions—the founder, if we may so speak, of the system which has worked so well in the Upper Provinces—an eloquent and ready speaker and a practised debater—unless an amicable arrangement can be come to between the contending parties, the Doctor is almost certain to come out of the arrangement first-best.

HER MAJESTY AND THE QUEBEC FIRE.—Windsor Gazette, 7th Nov., 1866.—Sir,—It having come to the knowledge of the Queen that a public subscription is being raised for the relief of the sufferers by the late calamitous fire at Quebec, Her Majesty has commanded me to address you, as Chairman of the Committee formed in London to receive contributions, and to express Her Majesty's sympathy for the unfortunate persons who, in an inclement season, are deprived of shelter and the means of subsistence. The Queen is gratified to notice the efforts which are being made for their relief, and desires me to announce to you a subscription of £300 from her Majesty.

I have the honour to be, Sir, Your obt' humble servant, (Signed), T. M. BIDDLE. To ED W. WATKIN, M.P., Chairman Quebec Fire Relief Fund.

FURTHER CONTRIBUTIONS FROM ENGLAND FOR QUEBEC.—On Saturday His Worship the Mayor received the following despatch, by the cable:—"You can draw upon me at once for nineteen hundred pounds obtained here, to relieve the necessities of the sufferers by the calamity which happened in your city. Signed, MAYOR of Liverpool, England."—*Quebec Gazette*.

QUEBEC, Nov. 24.—A destructive fire occurred at Lewis this morning. It broke out in a carpenter shop occupied by a man named Bellanger. Before the fire was extinguished, three houses, as well as the city coal shed, were entirely destroyed. The houses and contents are insured. Two hundred barrels of coal oil, unsecured, were burnt.

EARTHQUAKE.—On Monday the people of Quebec and neighbourhood were several times visited by an earthquake. In the morning, at five o'clock, the first shock was felt and at eleven in the forenoon a more violent one was experienced, accompanied by a rumbling noise. Persons in large, solid buildings, felt them tremble and vibrate for a couple of seconds. In the open air the shock was less perceptible. Then at four in the afternoon there were two more shocks separated by an interval of a few seconds, and each lasting about five seconds. Persons walking on the terrace experienced a movement under foot, and those leaning on the railing felt a vibrating motion. The weather was dull and gloomy all day, with a close atmosphere. The forenoon movement is said to have been from north west to south east. In Lower Town, including St. Rochs and other suburbs, windows and light fixtures rattled, and in some instances fell, while the distant rattling sensation frightened the inhabitants of many houses to the extent of causing a rapid flight to the streets. Bells were set ringing and the scaffolding at St. Columba Church fell, but fortunately no one was near to receive any injury. The river police remarked a swelling movement of the river, such as a steamship would occasion, and they state it lifted one of their boats to the beach. The shock was also felt across the river at New Liverpool.

THE GAZO.—\$450 has been raised among the former students of St. Mary's College towards the purchase of one of the organs for the Jesuits' Church in this city.

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.—The next time Mr. Bright refers to the British colonies as evidence in favor of manhood suffrage, he should be furnished with a Nova Scotian's experience. The *Halifax Citizen*, a very able liberal journal, after citing Mr. Prevost Paradol's article in *Les Debats* concerning the recent developments of election committees in Britain, says:—"The argument of Mr. Prevost Paradol is of as much importance in America as it is in England; and we regret to have to confess, that the experience of Nova Scotia fully sustains his theory that the integrity of the elector is not greater according as his worldly means are smaller." The introduction of universal suffrage in Nova Scotia was accompanied with the introduction of corrupt practices at elections to an extent that was before not only unknown, but impossible. The Province will be fortunate, indeed, if these corrupt practices will cease, or be even appreciably reduced, by the removal of the cause, that gave such free scope to their development."

DEATH FROM A GUN-SHOT WOUND.—On Wednesday afternoon, while a man named Filtz was out duck shooting on Wolfe Island near Kingston his gun accidentally went off, lodging the contents in his left leg near the thigh and shattering the bone. The leg was amputated, and the unfortunate man died shortly after the operation.

FIENDISH ACT.—The down-train on the Grand Trunk Railway last Saturday night was brought to a sudden and exciting stoppage just on this side Prescott by a tie which had been laid across the track doubtless by some villain for the purpose of plunder. As it was not quite dark, the brakes were down in time to save the intended catastrophe. Had the train struck the sleeper at a more rapid rate it must have been thrown off.

CLOSE OF STEAMBOAT NAVIGATION.—The cold season appears now to have fairly set in; our harbor is almost free of shipping; and the steamboats, one by one, are gradually creeping into winter quarters.—We learn from the Kingston papers that the steamers of the Royal Mail Line are making their last trips.—The *Kingston* has arrived in Montreal, and will remain here for the winter. The *Champion* and *Spartan* would arrive yesterday, and also lay up here. The *Magnet*, *Passport*, and *Grecian* are to be quartered at Kingston, as is the gunboat *Hercules* lately stationed at Prescott. The crew of the latter have returned to Quebec. The steamer *City of Ottawa*, of Dickison's Rideau Canal Line, will lie up at Ottawa in the Canal Basin. The American Express Steamers are already dismantled either at Oswego or Charlotte.—We may fairly state that all navigation on the Upper Lakes for the season of 1866 is now terminated. The amount of traffic done during the season has been very great as compared with the four previous seasons. The shipping casualties, we are glad to note, have been very few. The *Quebec* left for winter quarters on Monday evening, and the steamer *Montreal* made her last trip on Tuesday evening.

SHARPS.—A party of three were the other day committed as vagrants, under the following circumstances:—They had lately been noticed by Mr. Luttrell, station-master, hanging about the Bonaventure Street Depot. He put detectives on the alert, and the game the three were carrying on was soon found out. One of them carried a bundle, and pretended to be a young fellow from the country, but had run short of money to pay his fare home. He would be glad to sell his valuable gold watch, although it was an heirloom, &c. The other two acted the part of commiserating strangers, who would be only too happy to seize upon such an offer, but they had not quite enough ready cash on their persons. The countryman was first taken in hand by the police, and in his bundle, which he said, contained his travelling wardrobe, were found a pair of old shoes. His accomplices were next seized, and on them were found a number of sham gold rings, which they were offering for \$2 each, the real value being about their weight in brass.

CHAMPLAIN'S TOMB.—The *Journal de Quebec*, of the 13th inst., contains the following with reference to the discovery of the tomb of the French navigator and discoverer, Champlain, whose name is so justly revered in Canada, and who died in Quebec in December, 1635:—"We are happy to be able to announce to day a piece of news which will be schoed, not only in Canada and America, but even in Europe. It is that the *Abbes Laverdiere* and *Casgrain*, after long and serious searches made conjointly, have just discovered Champlain's tomb, which our most judicious archaeologists have been seeking so long. We abstain for the present, from giving fuller details because we are aware that those gentlemen will shortly publish a circumstantial report of the searches which have brought them to this discovery. Quebec ought to be proud that it should have fallen to the lot of two of its citizens to find again the tomb of its founder, and of the father of New France."

THE GUN BOATS.—The *Heron* has now received her winter coating, and will steam down to the Queen's Wharf, Toronto, to-day, or to-morrow. The boat has been rigged up with extraordinary rapidity, the order for the work having only been given on Tuesday, while she was completely covered in on Saturday. The improvement has given her a decidedly habitable appearance inside, while outside she has the shape of an iron clad, but much prettier.

MILITARY.—There are at present over 20,000 British troops in British North America, being a greater number than at any time since 1814.

A large number of Armstrong field guns and equipments have recently arrived in the Province from the Woolwich arsenal, and it is to be hoped that when they come to be distributed the claims of the Montreal Volunteer Field Battery—one of the strongest and best disciplined in the Province—will not be forgotten. Their present old smooth bores are worse than useless and should have been replaced long ago.

FENIAN BROTHERLY LOVE.—An instance of the brotherly feeling which animates the Fenians was given in the case of Eliza Burton, who was arrested among others in June last, and confined in Toronto jail. It was subsequently discovered that Burton was an imbecile, an idiot, and in consequence of this he was not put upon his trial. The American Consul at Toronto was informed that the prisoner would be liberated at any time upon application of his friends or others who would be willing to take charge of him; but the poor fellow remained in jail from day to day, no one caring to pay even his railroad fare from Toronto to the land he claims as his home; the American government declined, and the heartless miscreants who inveigled the poor idiot across the lines did not even attempt to get him back again.—The expense of returning him to his home was at length incurred by those who came to injure—the "bloody Canadian judge" about whom Fenians delight to rant, was the only one who could be found with kindness enough to order his passage paid to the United States.

The Protestant horse is, we are glad to say, gradually recovering from the disease he contracted while recently consorting with some strange Lower Canada cattle in the Treasury pastures at Quebec and Ottawa. He is now going through a gentle course of exercise on the old school road, prior to being entered for the Confederation stakes, and in the meantime backers are requested to apply for fuller information to his trainer, Mr. George Brown, at Toronto.

THE REPORTED GOLD IN MADOC.—Mr. Robt. Bell Professor of Chemistry in Queen's University, Kingston, writes an account of his exploration of the alleged gold mine at Madoc. The Professor saw gold said to have come from the mine, but nobody who had seen it in the mine. The mine has a house built over it, which is kept locked up. He doubts if there is any gold there, but thinks it possible.

Died, At Corunna, of diphtheria, on Sunday, the 18th inst., Edward, the beloved son of D. McLachlan, aged four years and ten months.

At Longue Pointe, on the 22nd inst., Catherine Ann McConnell, beloved wife of Francis Campbell, gardener, aged 42 years, after a long and painful illness.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, Nov. 27, 1866. Flour—Pollards, \$3.50 to \$4.00; Middlings, \$5.75 to \$6.00; Fine, \$6.25 to \$6.35; Super, No. 2, \$6.75 to \$6.90; Superfine, \$7.05 to \$7.15; Fancy, \$7.30 to \$7.45; Extra, \$7.60 to \$7.75; Superior Extra, \$8.00 to \$8.25; Bag Flour, \$3.80 to \$3.90 per 112 lbs. Eggs per doz, 18c to 20c. Tallow per lb, 9c to 10c. Butter, per lb.—Choice Dairy, 21c to 25c., according to quality. Middle Dairy, 22c to 26c. Oatmeal per bbl of 200 lbs, \$4.00 to \$5.05. Wheat—U. C. Spring ex cars \$1.54. Ashes per 100 lbs, First Pots, at \$5.45 to \$5.50 Seconds, \$5.60 to \$5.62; First Pearls, \$7.50 to \$7.52.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

Nov. 27, 1866. Flour, country, per quintal, 25 0 to 21 3. Oatmeal, do do 12 0 to 13 0. Indian Meal, do do 9 0 to 9 6. Wheat, per min., 0 0 to 0 0. Barley, do., (new) 2 6 to 3 0. Peas, do., 4 3 to 4 9. Oats, do., 2 0 to 2 2. Butter, fresh, per lb., 1 0 to 1 1. Do, salt do, 0 9 to 0 10. Beans, small white, per min 0 0 to 0 0. Potatoes, per bag 4 6 to 5 0. Onions, per mino, 0 0 to 4 0. Lard, per lb 0 8 to 1 0. Beef, per lb 0 4 to 0 8. Pork, do 0 7 to 0 8. Mutton do 0 5 to 0 6. Lamb, per do 0 4 to 0 5. Eggs, fresh, per dozen 7 0 to 7 6. Turkeys, per couple \$2.00 to \$6.00. Apples, per bbl \$6.50 to \$8.50. Ha*, per 100 bundles, \$4.00 to \$6.00. Straw \$3.50 to \$3.00. Beef, per 100 lbs, \$8.75 to \$9.00. Pork, fresh, do \$8.75 to \$9.00.



THE Regular MONTHLY MEETING of the above Corporation will take place in NORDEIMER'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING next, the 3rd Dec. A full attendance is particularly requested, as business of importance will be brought before the Meeting. Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock. By Order, P. O'MEARA, Rec. Sec.

SITUATION WANTED. A young man 22 years of age Speaking and Writing French and English with facility, wishes to obtain a Situation in this city, either in an office or Warehouse as Book-keeper, or Clerk. Can furnish the best recommendations. Address, G. W. MANSEAU, Jacques Cartier Normal School, Montreal. 2 m.

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT.

No. 59, St. Bonaventure Street. Plans of buildings prepared and superintendence at moderate charges. Measurements and Valuations promptly attended to. Montreal, May 28, 1863. 12m.

MR. ANDREW KEEGAN'S ENGLISH, COMMERCIAL, AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL IS AGAIN OPEN,

in his old established School House, at the rear of ST. ANN'S CHURCH (St. Ann's Ward). Parents and guardians, who favor him with the care of their children, may rest assured there will be no opportunity omitted to promote both the literary and moral Education of his pupils. Mr Keegan will give PRIVATE LESSONS in any of the various branches of an ENGLISH education to young Ladies in his own house, No. 53, MCCORD STREET, each evening, from half-past Four to half-past Six o'clock.

EVENING SCHOOL, For young men and Mechanics, from Seven to Nine o'clock, in the School House. Terms moderate. The School is under the patronage of the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, Pastor of St. Ann's Church. Nov. 22, 1866.

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

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to 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 1867.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Nov. 20.—It is said that M. Moutier the French Minister is preparing a note on the Mexican question. It is understood that it will be conciliatory towards the United States and will not object to the recognition of the Juarez Government.

The preparations for the evacuation of Rome by the French troops will be finally completed on the 16th December.

It is reported that a Franco American society has entered into negotiations for hiring the Great Eastern to convey passengers to and fro between New York and Brest for the Paris Exhibition.

La France, though the zealous partisan of a peace policy, and professing its dislike to what it calls 'the steeples of modern nations in pursuit of the means of destruction, utolaces that while the great Powers remain armed it is impossible for France to alarm; and that while close to her frontiers immense forces are ready to enter into campaign, she cannot reduce her army; and that disarming should be a collective measure, and not merely on the part of one nation only.

In the letter, written by M. Arles Dufour, of Lyons to the Opinion Nationale, on the deplorable condition of the workmen of that city, he stated, as 'his conviction founded on experience, that a certain political party was actually engaged in plotting by that condition for their own purposes, and that they sought to aggravate it as much as possible.

The France Centrale, published at Blois, has received a warning from Paris, in which the statements were false, and were published with the malicious and manifest intention of spreading, contrary to the truth, alarm respecting the Emperor's health.

Deuiling, which everybody thought was on its decline, has had a sudden revival in France. The journalists of the capital have been exchanging orbits right and left, and now a fatal encounter has taken place between two civilians. Some of the inhabitants of a quiet street near the Porte Maillot, Bis de Boulogne, hearing a noise in the night looked out of window and saw a knot of men in fashionable evening dress, surrounding two of their companions, who were lunging at each other with rapier.

Spain.—The Spanish Slave Trade.—In Mr. Graham Dunlop's account report are the following remarks on the Spanish slave trade:—The subject of slavery has occupied the special attention of the Government, with the object of entirely extinguishing the slave trade with Cuba and Porto Rico; a bill has been introduced to the Cortes, by which capital punishment will be inflicted on all Spanish subjects connected with the traffic, from the owner of the ship to the cook's boy on board. This seems a very stringent measure if carried into effect. The principle of the bill is simply to make slave-trading by sea piracy.

Italy.—Free, at last, from the Alps to the Adriatic, the nation has leisure to count the cost of its liberation, and to enter upon a work scarcely less important than that to which the Treaty of Vienna has put the seal. After the rescue comes the resuscitation. And here the financial question assumes the greatest prominence, because, notwithstanding the inflated generalities in which certain Italian speakers and writers have at times indulged, all other questions more or less hinge upon it.

Prussia.—The Paris correspondent of the same paper writes:—A telegraph dispatch, published two days ago by most of the papers, announced that Mr. Gladstone had had an audience of the Pope. Nothing could be more natural than that an eminent Englishman should pay his respects to the Pontiff; but people on the Continent are so accustomed to see great results arising out of insignificant causes, that it is quite natural the visit of the leader of the Opposition should give rise to endless comment.

Kingdom of Naples.—The Italian journal, the Diritto, states that all the monks at Palermo have been ordered to leave aside the monastic habit without delay.

were unknown in their hardest days under Ferdinand of Naples, of a crowd of foreign officials and of a foreign police, is fomenting steadily, and we shall have a new chapter, of Sicilian history before long. And, meanwhile, the authorities are murdering monks and nuns—taking vengeance after the fashion of Herod the Great. Happily, every drop of their blood was Sicilian blood, and goes to make the coming vengeance all the more signal.

Rome, Oct. 30. The Pope has distributed to the Cardinals two allocutions delivered by his Holiness in the Consistory held yesterday.

In the first the Pope deprecates the persecutions of the Church by the Italian Government, the suppression of the religious orders, the secularization of the ecclesiastical property, and the law of civil marriage. All these acts he condemns, and declares to be null and void, and repeats the censures of the Church against their authors. Nevertheless his Holiness declares he accords his benediction to Italy. The Pope further protests against the invasion and usurpation of the Pontifical provinces, and against the revolutionary project of making Rome the capital of the new kingdom. He states that the temporal power is indispensable of the spiritual power, and declares that he is ready even to suffer death for the maintenance of the sacred rights of the Holy See, and if necessary to seek in another country the requisite security for the better exercise of his apostolic ministry. Finally, his Holiness prays that Italy may repent of the evils which she has brought upon the Church.

In the second allocution his Holiness states that the Russian Government has violated the concordat of 1840, and recalls the persecutions exercised against the Archbishop of Warsaw; the suppression in the dioceses of bishops of their legitimate jurisdiction, the abolition of religious orders—all acts tending to the destruction of Catholicism in Russia. His Holiness concludes by offering up a prayer, that the Czar may put an end to the persecutions of Catholics within the Russian dominions.

According to the Nuovo Diritto, the French will give up the Castle of St. Angelo to the Pontifical engineers, and their arms and ammunition to the Pontifical Government. The same journal says the French will leave Rome on the 4th of December, remaining for a time at Civita Vecchia, the Antinea legion occupying the Castle of St. Angelo.

Mr. Gladstone at the Vatican.—The Standard says that of all the parts Mr. Gladstone has played, that of guest at the Vatican excites the most extraordinary interest. The visit of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Pope is, says the Standard, 'an incident worthy of being commemorated by a cartoon. He, who brought away specimens of rust from the dungeons of Naples; he, who spoke the language of lions; he, who would have confronted Hildebrand himself for the sake of 'fish and blood'; he, who is no longer for Church and State in his country, crosses the threshold of the Vatican, and is right welcome in a more than imperial palace. We wish him all manner of gratification, antiquarian and personal, aesthetic and critical, from his journey.

But we wish also, that ill-natured people would not assign to it a motive. What motive can there be? Because Mr. Gladstone is a member of Parliament, an ex-Minister, a Liberal of Liberals, the author of the indictment against the kingdom of Naples, the contriver of Garibaldi's sudden exit from England, the questioner of Church rights, and the recipient of universal suffrage flatteries, is there any reason why he should not admire, and even caress, the splendid salvage of antiquity laid up, for some future epoch of barbarism to disperse, in the high halls of the Papacy? It is the privilege of an Englishman's leisure that he carries no public character with him, no matter whether he may go. Yet people, especially on the Continent, will not put faith in this. They must have a motive for everything. Tell them that Mr. Gladstone is not too old, or too weary of the pleasures in which he once delighted, to enjoy another glimpse of the Sala Regia or the Sixtine Chapel, to hear the Miserere, or to linger in the Loggia of Raphael, and they inform you in return that this is all a blind, that there is political whispering going on, that negotiations are on foot, and that the ex-minister is 'putting things into the Pope's hand which ought not to be there.' We in England, laugh, of course. Not so all other nations. They are serious; they see deeply through discoloured writers; they have heard why Mr. Gladstone went to Naples, and why he went to the Ionian Isles; and they argue—he never goes anywhere without a distinct and formidable object in view. It is a pity that a public man cannot turn away for a few hours from politics to admire pictures, and statues, and architecture—to look over coins, medals, crystals, and intaglios, without 'the eyes of Europe'—those terrible eyes, which simultaneously follow the patriot to Olerken-well-green and the statesman to St. Peter's Piazza—pursuing him like an exacting and tributary power. We only do Mr. Gladstone justice, when we say that the small talk of the Continent concerning his trip to Rome is the simplest trash, and that if he does cast a longing, lingering look back upon Irish political pastures, where now the Birmingham bull is grazing and bellowing by turns, it is only a proof of the naivete with which he can say—I, at least, pay due reverence to the Holy Father! But while he is about it, let him pay, in charity a visit to the ex-King of Naples—he lives just over the way.

The Paris correspondent of the same paper writes:—A telegraph dispatch, published two days ago by most of the papers, announced that Mr. Gladstone had had an audience of the Pope. Nothing could be more natural than that an eminent Englishman should pay his respects to the Pontiff; but people on the Continent are so accustomed to see great results arising out of insignificant causes, that it is quite natural the visit of the leader of the Opposition should give rise to endless comment. Thus, the Europe, of Frankfurt, professes to be quite unable to understand what can have induced so many English statesmen to go to Rome on the eve of the execution of the Convention of September, and infers from it 'they have gone there expressly to renew to his Holiness the offer of an asylum at Malta.' The idea of such an offer being made by Mr. Gladstone, the thick and thin friend of Italian unity, would be burlesque enough even if the right hon. gentleman were in office, but under present circumstances it is preposterous in its absurdity. But that is no reason why it should not be generally credited, and in spite of common sense, the great mass of the public are persuaded that Mr. Gladstone is at Rome in some official capacity.

Kingdom of Naples.—The Italian journal, the Diritto, states that all the monks at Palermo have been ordered to leave aside the monastic habit without delay. The facts of Palermo are now pretty clear, and the rising was neither more nor less than a revolution of the oppressed people in favor of a Republic. The Sicilians have always wanted an autonomy—they are farther from it now than when under the Bourbons, and they are not likely to cease till they get it. The Syracian of Palermo, in his official letter, acknowledges that the rising was the result of faults on both sides. He instances the wrong lack of the Central Government in treating Sicily as if it were like the rest of Italy, the thorough inaptitude of all classes for political obedience, and he advises that the severest measures should be put in operation.—If the Sicilians are so blind that they cannot see the advantages of Italian unity, the only remedy is to put their eyes out altogether. Meanwhile, the Sicilians are massing on the mountains, hatred of a conscription, of taxes, of imports, of laws which

rated with Russia.—Warsaw Cor. of the Augsburg Gazette. The Posen nobility journal, Dziennik, from the national independence point of view, is not so far wrong in exclaiming that the Poles in Russia and Prussia have every reason to envy the happy lot of their compatriots living under the Austrian sceptre. Goluchowski, with Polonizing orders, is enthroned at Lemberg, and Czartoryski, with messages from Napoleon, on his way from Biarritz to Vienna.—Prince Czartoryski, whose ancestors have sat on the Polish Throne, and whose late father was at one time in a fair way of re-ascending the steep steps leading to that highest earthly elevation, has long lived as an exile at Paris. In the last rebellion of his countrymen in Russian Poland he was at the head of the directing committee in Paris, and in constant intercourse with the French Court and Government. He has now been not only permitted but encouraged, to remove his household gods to Gallia, and, before leaving for that country, obtained an audience of the Emperor Napoleon in the diplomatic watering-place at the foot of the Pyrenees. His well-wishers do not care to conceal that there and then he was charged with transmitting to the Kaiser the congratulations of Napoleon on having so happily taken the initiative in the Polish question.—Times.

Another act of the drama is over in Venice, a pretty contrast-plot now to the doings in the South. Sicily protests—for she has tried the new rule for six years; Venice accepts—knowing nothing but that she is to change her school, nor seeing as yet the rods in store for her. The pastoral of the Cardinal Patriarch was wise and credible; the pastorals of some of the Bishops are in marked contrast with it, and if it be true that the bishop of Rovigo headed the poll in state with his clergy, and that the Bishop of Verona had a 'Te Deum' in his Cathedral, one can only hide one's head for the Church in Venezia. The Church, undoubtedly, is badly enough off with a declared enemy of the Papacy for the new Vicar Capitular. They do things differently in Central Italy and in the South—there Bishops go into exile and to prison, rather than lend a smile to a Government which is founded on the basest falsehood and injustice. Of course, with the Italian troops already in possession, one can never know the people at large did vote, or how many of the returns were falsified.

The Troubles of the Emperor Francis Joseph.—In reference to the reported attempted assassination of the Emperor of Austria, the Times remarks that we must await further particulars to enable us to appreciate the real importance of this sinister incident; but the latest intelligence from Prague is well calculated to prepare us for any melancholy tidings from that city. There is, indeed, deep gloom gathering round the throne of that ill-starred Francis Joseph, and it seems as if every step he took only plunged him deeper into his sea of troubles. Baron von Buist, we are told, has really been placed at the head of the Imperial Cabinet. The intelligence of that ominous appointment, which was scouted as too absurd to deserve credit, receives now the fullest confirmation, and it is even asserted that the new Foreign Minister took his oath of office at Prague. The Emperor is an independent Sovereign, and the choice of his advisers is no concern of his neighbors; but the Emperor's subjects are not likely to share his confidence in a man who, whatever may be his abilities, has invariably ruined every cause he took in hand. We have seen how the nomination of Count Goluchowski to the governorship of Galicia was like a firebrand thrown into that province to light up the worst passions of the Polish and Ruthenian population. The flame of civil discord threatens the empire on every side; and, as if there were not enough of Magyar and German, Slav and Saxon, and the whole confusion of hostile races, the runaway Jesuits from Venetia have now come for a refuge to the Emperor; and have roused among the people of Vienna and Prague the enmity which that holy militia seldom fails to excite in every European community. Austria had at all times a great many friends in this country, and it is difficult to withhold sympathy from a sovereign the butt of such constant and undesired adversity. But to suggest an escape for him out of his present difficulties seems a task beyond the power of man. There is no course for the Emperor to follow that is not open to objection, to serious, almost insurmountable objection. Should even the means be found to reconcile the aspirations of the Czech and the Magyar with the interests of the monarchy, the virtual independence of the main nationalities with the authority of the central Government, violence would still probably have to be exercised upon the sub-nationalities, among which dissatisfaction is equally rife. The battle of Sadowa has revealed the existence of another 'sick man' in Europe. Sick men, it is true, do not always die at once; there are chronic and there are even curable infirmities; but all the symptoms exhibited by the new patient seem to point either to the necessity of violent remedies or to inevitable dissolution.

Prussia.—The Paris Presse has an article, signed by M. Cuclier-Alariguy, commencing with the statement that—The alliance between Russia and Prussia is now an accomplished fact. It is not now a question of the continual interchange of good offices which was revealed to indignant Europe in 1863 by the Extradition Convention of Posen, of that permanent complicity which led the Nord to speak of Prussia as the 'traditional ally' of Russia; it is a question of binding engagements entered into with reference to a special object, and in anticipation of events already determined upon.

After noticing the manner in which this alleged alliance has been effected the article goes on to explain its object:—If Russia, in the execution of her plans in the East, should meet with any other obstacle than the Turks, Prussia will range herself on her side. If any foreign intervention should thwart the work of assimilation which Prussia is accomplishing in Northern Germany, or the already prepared absorption of the minor States south of the Main, Prussia can rely upon the armed co-operation of Russia.

M. Cuclier-Alariguy points out the community of interests between Prussia and Russia in the work of denationalizing Poland.—The two countries have a common task to accomplish—the destruction of the Polish nationality. It was Prussia which conceived the idea of the dismemberment of Poland, which prepared its execution, which precipitated its accomplishment, and which has assuredly had a lion's share of the spoils. United by their complicity in this crime Prussia and Russia are now labouring with a common zeal to efface the last traces of the Polish name. While the Cabinet of St. Petersburg omits nothing in order to Russinize one portion of the Polish provinces the Cabinet of Berlin is engaged in Germanizing others; it has compelled them, despite all previous engagements, to enter into the North German Confederation in order to destroy the last vestiges of their national existence. The sole obstacle to the entire accomplishment of the design is the strip of Poland which has preserved its language, its religion, and its customs under the rule of Austria.

Matters assume every day a more threatening aspect in this country, and the military movements which follow each other uninterruptedly indicate that in Russia certain eventualities are believed in. For ten days there have been incessant arrivals from the interior of Russia, of trains filled with troops, who, after a short rest, took the direction of the Gallician frontier. Under the pretext that they are dreaming of the speedy re-establishment of their country, the Russian Government is urging forward vigorously the work of Russification, and favouring as much as possible conversion to the orthodox rite. The Russian Government is doing all it can to maintain the irritation of the Ruthenians in Eastern Galicia against the Poles, and it appears disposed in case of need to protect them with arms in hand. It has even caused petitions to be addressed, in which the Ruthenians demand to be incorpo-

ated with Russia.—Warsaw Cor. of the Augsburg Gazette. The Posen nobility journal, Dziennik, from the national independence point of view, is not so far wrong in exclaiming that the Poles in Russia and Prussia have every reason to envy the happy lot of their compatriots living under the Austrian sceptre. Goluchowski, with Polonizing orders, is enthroned at Lemberg, and Czartoryski, with messages from Napoleon, on his way from Biarritz to Vienna.—Prince Czartoryski, whose ancestors have sat on the Polish Throne, and whose late father was at one time in a fair way of re-ascending the steep steps leading to that highest earthly elevation, has long lived as an exile at Paris. In the last rebellion of his countrymen in Russian Poland he was at the head of the directing committee in Paris, and in constant intercourse with the French Court and Government. He has now been not only permitted but encouraged, to remove his household gods to Gallia, and, before leaving for that country, obtained an audience of the Emperor Napoleon in the diplomatic watering-place at the foot of the Pyrenees. His well-wishers do not care to conceal that there and then he was charged with transmitting to the Kaiser the congratulations of Napoleon on having so happily taken the initiative in the Polish question.—Times.

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Eastern Sketches. Jerusalem. Days fled quickly by at Jerusalem among scenes so interesting and dear to every Catholic. Each morning I used to bear the last Mass at S. Salvatore, which was at seven o'clock; then an hour in the Holy Sepulchre and the other shrines, and one felt prepared for all the afterwork and enjoyment of the day. With so much to see, it is difficult to decide where first to bend one's steps. Our second walk was thro the Valley of Jehosaphat, to the Fountain of the Blessed Virgin, and the two pools of Siloam. The afternoon was very lovely; the sky so blue and clear, but with plenty of white clouds floating on its surface. The tombs of Jehosaphat and Abalom stand at the entrance of the valley, just above the Kedron. On the hill-side are the Jewish graves, each covered with a rough stone, which at first sight has the appearance of a rock protruding above the soil; some few have two or three words of Hebrew cut on them, but the greater number bear no inscription, unless, indeed, it has been worn away by time and the heavy rain. There is no room for more burials there; they now begin to extend the graves beyond the valley; each morning there are some new ones dug. I fear the mortality among the Jews in Jerusalem must be very great. The valley, so connected in one's mind with the final judgment, cannot but fill one with awe and reverence.

Just opposite the little village of Siloam, on the other side of the valley, is the Fountain of the Blessed Virgin, to which you descend by a long light of rough steps deep down into a cave; the stream is at the bottom, the water is beautifully clear and bright, and pleasant to the taste; tradition says that our blessed Lady washed the clothes of her Divine Child here when she came up to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord. The stream passes underground to the pool of Siloam. A little girl was filling a kind of pail with water; she begged very hard for money, and followed us some distance, calling out continually 'Hadgi, backshish.' Here they always address you as 'Hadgi' which means 'pilgrim.' It is a pleasant sound than the hateful 'Hawarga' of Egypt.

At the upper pool of Siloam there were a numerous company of pilgrims washing their clothes, combing their hair, and cooking their food; amongst them were plenty of children of all ages, from mere infants upwards; the whole party seemed very merry, and looked for the most part strong and healthy, though they must suffer many privations. I fancy they were Russians. I laughed at them, and they at me; but we could not understand one another's language. The lower pool of Siloam is enclosed in a wall with an arch at the further end. The water was very thick; we got a mug full, but it did not taste it, as it abounded in weeds. The pool has the appearance of being perpetually in motion, which is considered a phenomenon. Flowers grow here in profusion—cyclamens, anemones, ranunculuses, and many more; holyhocks are natives of these parts, but it was too early for them; the pomegranates were just shooting forth their red leaves, and gave a nice tint of color mixed with the olives and hawthorns. We wandered home up another small valley, and, climbing the hill, by a very steep, stony path, entered the city of the Zion gate. This part of Jerusalem is extremely dirty; I never walked through such streets before, and was very glad to emerge from them. One does not much wonder at the dirt when one realizes the number of people living in so small a space; and at this time of year there is an increase of some thousands. The pilgrims begin to arrive soon after Christmas, and continually increase in numbers up to the Holy Week. They are from all parts of Europe and Asia Minor; there were more this year than ever previously, Russians predominated, and the Catholics were unusually few. Greeks, Armenians, Copts, even Mahometans come here as a religious act. Many people and strong nations shall come to seek the Lord of hosts in Jerusalem, and to entreat the face of the Lord.' Mahometans reverence the Mosque of Omar as a sacred spot next to Mecca. The Armenians have a very large convent, which accommodates within its precincts all their pilgrims. The Catholics I imagine, are mostly received into S. Salvatore by the Franciscans; as to the remainder of the pilgrims, I know not how they live; a good number must have no shelter at all, but pass their nights in the open air in the villages round the city. A Russian lady told us that her country people save up their money for years to enable them to visit these sacred spots, and they do not mind what hardships they endure in obtaining the end they have in view; she said that, in most cases, they make bread before they leave home sufficient to last them for the time they expect to be away, and, by baking it extremely hard, it keeps well; it is far more economical than to buy it in Jerusalem, where at this time of the year everything is exorbitant. A large number join together under some one a little superior to themselves, whom they appoint as their head, and he arranges all for them, managing the expenses, &c. From Europe in general, I believe, the whole of the pilgrims from one country are under one director; but then they are not nearly so numerous as the Russians, and they appear to be not quite so poor. It is touching to see any of them in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, so reverent and earnest; the tiniest children kneel down and kiss each spot with such loving adoration, and mothers lay their infants on the sepulchre or stone of unction, so that even they may get the pilgrim's blessing.

One day I was sitting on a rock outside the Garden of Gethsemane, when a party of twenty or thirty pilgrims approached accompanied by a guide; they all went a few yards up the hill sufficient to enable them to see over the wall into the garden, and the guide commenced relating in a clear voice the agony of our divine Lord; it was a beautiful sight to see their eyes so earnestly fixed on him, drinking in his words, and then as he stretched out his hand and pointed to the olives, they simultaneously fell on the ground and kissed it repeatedly, while tears streamed down many of their hard, weather-beaten faces.

A caravan of pilgrims leaves on the Mondays to visit the Dead Sea and to bathe in the Jordan; they are away three days. This year there were to be three such expeditions, hitherto two have been sufficient, so that it shows there is an increase in the number of pilgrims. They walk or travel on mules or horses, but go very slowly, keeping all together. Some are so old that it is marvellous they can bear the fatigue; it is amusing to see them, sometimes

three people on 'the same' beast, or a decrepit old man and woman in two panniers slung across a horse. They are accompanied by a good escort of Arabs, who are well paid for their services, and guarantee the safety of the caravan during their journey, and while at the Jordan; otherwise the pilgrims would be robbed by the wild tribes who inhabit all round the Dead Sea and its neighborhood. The Greek pilgrims take a coarse white garment with them, in which they bathe, and after carefully drying it, preserve it to serve them as a shroud; some wear it at Jerusalem on their final journey, for amongst such a number there are many deaths.—They stay in or about the Holy City till Easter Day then, after hearing High Mass in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, they begin at once to prepare for departure, many leaving the same afternoon. Some few go north to visit Nazareth, Tiberias, and Carmel, and embark for home at Caiffa; but the greater part return to Jaffa, and quit Palestine at once.—From Jerusalem they are able to visit Bethlehem and S. Giovanni in Monte. They carry home with them many relics of their pilgrimage, in the way of stones, water, &c.; and all purchase some little thing to be blessed on the Holy Sepulchre; one can imagine how in years to come they will recount over and over again their different adventures, and exhibit these relics, with a story attached to each.—Wishing to ascertain the peculiarities of the Holy City, we followed the advice of some friends, and spent one day in riding round and seeing it from every point of view; when he had done this, we had a clear and definite idea of the whole outskirts, and it is, I think, well to make this (as we did) one of the earliest excursions. The situation of the city is very striking, the valley runs round three sides, the fourth is towards Damascus; I never could gaze at it from a little distance without an intense feeling of love and sadness, it is, as Father Faber says, though 'half-buried in its ruins, no city upon earth is so dear to the believer's heart.' Holy Scripture, meditation, and pictures have made one so familiar with it, that it is difficult to realize that one is gazing on a new scene,—names which have been household words from childhood come to one as old friends. Jerusalem, indeed, cannot be viewed as any other city; it stands quite alone.

There are four gates in use, the Jaffa, David's S. Stephen's and the Damascus; we passed out at the latter, rode up Mount Sabat, under which is Jeremiah's grotto, and thence by a long road to the Mount of Olives, on the summit of which is the little Church of the Ascension; it is not really a church, but it incloses the stone of the Ascension, and in it Mass is celebrated at certain times; the walls were shamefully disfigured by names being cut all over them; I do not remember any other sacred spot similarly treated, but I dare say it is the result of not being under the care of religious. I spent some time in silent meditation by this stone, picturing the scene as it took place that first Ascension day, when a 'cloud received him out of their sight,' and the Apostles and His holy Mother 'returned with great joy to Jerusalem.' To this church there is a tower, from which you have a good view all over the city; we could trace out the whole very well,—the Mosque of Omar in the foreground, on its great pile studied over with cypresses; and at one corner its tall minaret; beyond the Church of Holy Sepulchre, discernable by its dome, the Armenian and Greek convents; and lastly, Mount Zion, and the Protestant church tower set the farthest point. Beneath lay the garden of Gethsemane, and the tomb of our blessed Lady. There was plenty to excite thought, but we could not remain up there long, for the wind was very high, and it was raining a little; so we retired into a house close by to rest, and when it became fine, we set out to walk down the mount, and to visit the three great indulgenced spots,—first, the 'Via Galilea,' not far from place of the Ascension, and where the angels encouraged and strengthened the apostles after their Lord and Master had left them; thence to an old house which stands where our Lord wept over the city,—this is by far the best place from which to see it: even now in its comparative degradation, it looks beautiful; I have often sat here for a long time gazing at it; and the scene is indelibly fixed on my memory; few people seem to visit this spot, for I never found any one, there, but such time enjoyed it to myself alone, which considerably enhanced the pleasure. Lastly, to the place (marked by a stone) where the angel announced to our blessed Lady her approaching death;—what a joy to her! This is immediately outside the garden of Gethsemane. We tied again to get in there, but it was deserted, and the door securely closed, so that we could only kneel outside for a few minutes,—but even that was pleasant. Here one quite forgets English reserve, and kneels down wherever and whenever one feels inclined, kisses a rock or a stone, to which one feels devotion, and no one takes any notice; this is not to be wondered at, as hundreds do the same. In church, too, it became quite natural to kiss the ground, in reverence to the blessed Sacrament, when one went in or came away, or went up to the altar for holy communion. When I returned to Europe, I found quite a difficulty in leaving it to this practice, so much had it become a habit; and I gave some scandal at Milan, when I ventured to do so at the altar of St. Charles, where his body was exposed, till I explained that I was only recently returned from the East.

At the foot of Olivet we remounted our horses, and proceeded along the valley of Jehosaphat, nearly up Siloam, when we turned off up the valley of Kinzoa, and so on to mount Zion. This valley is darker and narrower than Jehosaphat; I thought it beautiful in its depth of shade, and what was once fearful, now peaceful and calm. Near the entrance is a tree, said to be the one on which Judas hanged himself; it may probably be a successor, as the place at the confluence of the two valleys seemed a likely one for such an act. Near it, on the side of the hill, is Acladon, now consisting of a number of caves; the guide said that the bodies of unknown pilgrims are still buried here, but I could not ascertain that this was really the case, though I took much pains to enquire. About a mile beyond this valley is the Greek convent of rather college of Santa Croce; we went there with the view of seeing Jerusalem from that side, and also for the sake of visiting one of their places of education. This is for boys and young men, destined for the priesthood; it has been lately rebuilt, and is very large; the church is old, and the walls are covered as usual with gaudy pictures; to me these are very ugly; some of them are, I dare say, valuable, for they seem to take great care of them, and others appear to be of a raised kind, with stones set in them,—but they may be imitation. We were admitted without any hesitation into the college, and conducted over a large part of it: the students were out, so we saw only one about except one solitary Greek priest; the class rooms are large, and the walls of all were entirely covered with maps and charts; the books seemed much the same as are used in English schools, only that there were many Arabic ones intermixed. The dormitories were large and rather bare looking, and there was a great deficiency of air; they seemed to keep every window carefully closed; the kitchen looked small; some kind of vegetable soup was being prepared for dinner; it did not seem very inviting. I dare say, being Lent, they had not much choice of food; the Greeks fast more strictly than we do, and children seem required to begin the practice when quite young. The refractory was laid out very simply. What struck me particularly in the whole was, that there was not, as far as I could see, a single religious object visible in any of the rooms or galleries—so different to what is usual amongst Catholics. We went up to the roof, which forms a good place for walking; it is laid out in regular terraces, and the view from it is very fine. There was one large orange-tree covered with fruit in the grounds, but the garden in general seemed neglected. At leaving we inscribed our names in a book, but believe there are about a hundred students here, but

There is room for more. The education is entirely conducted by priests; there, however, seem to be women about, apparently to do the household work. We enjoyed our ride back again; our horses, having their faces turned homewards, willingly cantered as we liked, and we soon re-entered the Holy City by the Damascus gate.

WASHINGTON, 19.—The Charleston Mercury was issued this morning for the first time since February, 1865. It admits, editorially, that the war annihilated the theory of State rights, and proposes to devote itself in future to the internal development of Southern interests.

ENDING POPULARITY.—If ever a luxury possessed the elements of enduring popularity, that luxury is MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. Its freshness, its purity, its delicacy, its unchangeableness, its unwholesomeness, and its disinfectant properties in the sick-room, place it far in advance of every other perfume of the day. No other toilet water is like it: nothing can supply its place; no one who uses it can be persuaded to use any other perfume. Hence the amazing rapidity with which its sales increase. It is so far superior to all other perfumes of this hemisphere that it may be said to have no second; it stands alone, and after being thirty years before the people, is now making more rapid progress than ever before.

HEREDITARY DISEASE.—The lives of thousands are saved by hereditary scrofula. Yet it is curable. An alkali does not merely neutralize an acid, but BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA deprives the scrofulous and syphilitic virus of its sting. It is the only antiseptic which will arrest ulcerous malady of the virulent class, and prevent the possibility of their being transmitted to the next generation.—The patient is cured constitutionally, and becomes sound in every fibre, as though he had never known disease. Of course, to effect so great a change, it is necessary to continue the use of the SARSAPARILLA a number of months. BRISTOL'S VEGETABLE PILLS should at same time be used in moderate doses.

WHY ARE BRISTOL'S SUGAR COATED PILLS A POPULAR MEDICINE?—Because they relieve the bowels, tone the stomach, regulate the liver, and promote the general vigor of the system, without causing pain. Because their action is not followed by increased constipation, and the necessity for larger doses. Because they are a safe cathartic for the weakest, as well as active enough to relax the congested passages in the strongest. Because they create an appetite and revive the mental energies. Because they never produce tenesmus, but act like a healing balm on the irritated membranes of the stomach and intestines. Because no mineral ingredient pollutes the pure vegetable, antibilious, and aperient substances of which they are composed.—Because they act in harmony with nature, and without violence. Because no human being who ever used them has been disappointed in the effects. And, finally, because they are a family medicine, for which there is no substitute.

J. F. Henry & Co. Montreal, General agents for Canada. For sale in Montreal by Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE NURSERY. The following is an extract from a letter written by the Rev. C. Z. Weizer, to the German Reformed Messenger, at Chambersburg, Penn.:

A BINFACIENTS. Just open the door for her, and Mrs. Winslow will prove the American Florence Nightingale of the Nursery. Of this we are so sure, that we will teach our 'Susy' to say, 'A Blessing on Mrs. Winslow, for helping her to survive and escape the gripping, colicking, and teething sieges. We confirm every word set forth in the Prospectus. It performs precisely what it professes to perform, every part of it—nothing less. Away with your 'Cordial,' 'Paregoric,' 'Drops,' 'Laudanum,' and every other 'Narcotic,' which the babe is drugged into stupidity and rendered dull and idiotic for life. We have never seen Mrs. Winslow—know her only through the preparation of her 'Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.' If we had the power, we would make her, as she is, a physical saviour to the Infant Race. 25 cents a bottle Sold by all Druggists.

A 'COUGH,' 'COLD,' OR IRRITATED THROAT If allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary and Bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Reach directly to the affected parts, and give almost instant relief. In Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh they are beneficial. Obtain only the genuine Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Among testimonials attesting their efficacy are letters from—B. H. Chapin, D.D., New York. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn, N. Y. N. P. Willis, New York. Hon. C. A. Phelps, Pres. Mass. Seneca. Dr. C. F. Bigelow, Boston. Prof. Edward North, Clinton, N. Y. Surgeons in the Army, and others of eminence. Sold everywhere at 25 cents per box.

P. ROONEY, WHOLESALE MANUFACTURER OF IRISH LINENS, AND IMPORTER OF DRY GOODS, No. 82, St Peter Street, MONTREAL. Nov. 6, 1866.

JAMES CONAUGHTON, CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands. All Orders left at his Shop, No. 10, St. EDWARD STREET, (off Bleury), will be punctually attended to. Montreal, Nov 22, 1866.

PROSPECTUS OF MASSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE, NEAR MONTREAL. The object of this institution is to give to the youth of this country a practical education in the French and English languages. The course of instruction embraces the following branches, viz:—Reading, Writing, French and English Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic, Book Keeping, Practical Geometry, Architecture, Music, and Drawing.

Particular attention is given to the teaching of French to the English pupils, a professor being specially charged with that branch; their progress is rapid, as may be known from the fact, that many who, at the commencement, knew not a word of French, were, towards the end of the year, able to speak and write it tolerably well. This institution is under the direction of five priests, 12 Ecclesiastics residing in the house, and four lay professors. Pupils are boarded in the house; bed and bedding furnished at the desire of the parents. Particular attention is paid to the food, health, and cleanliness of the scholars, and all that pertains to their religious, moral, and domestic education.

TERMS, (PAYABLE QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE). Board and Tuition \$80 per annum. Bedstead, Bed & Bedding 5 do. Washing 5 do. Music and Piano 20 do. Drawing 5 do. N.B.—The College costume consists in a Blue Frock Coat, with white cord, and a Blue Sash. Terrebonne, situated on, and commanding a beautiful view of the river of St. Lawrence, is fifteen miles from Montreal. In the summer season, a comfortable steamer plies regularly between these two localities, which are also connected by a macadamized road. Nov. 22, 1866. 5w.

OWEN M'GARVEY, IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE Nos. 7, 9, and 11, St. Joseph Street, 2ND DOOR FROM M'GILL STREET, MONTREAL. Orders from all parts of the Province carefully executed, and delivered according to instructions, free of charge.

M. O'GORMAN, Successor to the late D. O'Gorman, BOAT BUILDER, SIMCO STREET, KINGSTON. An assortment of Skiffs always on hand. OARS MADE TO ORDER. SHIP'S BOATS OARS FOR SALE

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864. In the matter of FRANCOIS XAVIER BEAU-CHAMP, Trader, of the Parish of Montreal, Insolvent.

The Creditors of the Insolvent are by these present notified that he has made an assignment of his property and goods, in virtue of the above Act, to me, Syndic undersigned; and they are required to furnish me, within two months of this date, with a statement of their claims, specifying what guarantees, and their value, they may hold, if they have any; and if they have none, stating the fact, the whole attested under oath, together with the documents supporting their claims. FRANCOIS PERRIN, Syndic.

Cote St. Louis, Parish of Montreal, } 10th November, 1866. }



PAIN KILLER IT IS A BALM FOR EVERY WOUND. PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER. We call the attention of the public to this long tested and unrivalled FAMILY MEDICINE.

It has been favorably known for more than twenty years, during which time we have received thousands of testimonials, showing this Medicine to be an almost never-failing remedy. Taken internally, it cures Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoea and Cramp and Pain in Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painters' Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, SORE THROAT, SUDDEN COLDS, COUGHS, &c.

Prices 15 cents, 25 cents, 50 cents per bottle. PERRY DAVIS & SON, Manufacturers and Proprietors, 378 St. Paul Street Montreal, C.E. July 19, 1866. 12m

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; it is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

S. T.—1860.—X.—The amount of Plantation Bitters sold in one year is something startling.—They would fill Broadway six feet high, from the Park to 4th street. Drake's manufactory is one of the institutions of New York. It is said that Drake painted all the rocks in the Eastern States with his cabalistic "S. T.—1860.—X." and then got the old grumpy legislators to pass a law "preventing disgracing the face of nature," which gives him a monopoly. We do not know how this is, but we do know the Plantation Bitters sell as no other article ever did. They are used by all classes of the community, and are death on Dyspepsia—certain. They are very invigorating when languid and weak, and a great appetizer. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar." CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad St., Philada. This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all cases of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavins, etc., either upon man or beast. Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signatures of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the precise stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

All who value a beautiful head of hair, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyons celebrated Kathairon. It makes the hair rich, soft and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

WHAT DID IT?—A young lady, returning to her country home after a sojourn of a few months in New York, was hardly recognized by her friends. In place of a rustic, ruffled face, she had a soft, ruby complexion, of almost marble smoothness; and instead of 23, she really appeared but 17. She told them plainly she used Hagar's Magnolia Balm, and would not be without it. Any lady can improve her personal appearance very much by using this article. It can be ordered of any druggist for only 50 cents. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

Heimstreet's inimitable Hair Coloring has been steadily growing in favor for over twenty years. It acts upon the absorbents at the roots of the hair, and changes it to its original color by degrees. All instantaneous dyes deaden and injure the hair. Heimstreet's is not a dye, but is certain in its results, promotes its growth, and is a beautiful Hair Dressing. Price 50 cents and \$1. Sold by all dealers. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity makes it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold every where, at 50 cents per bottle. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

EARNES, HENRY & Co., Montreal, Agents for the Canadas. DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

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