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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XVII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1867.

No. 40.

ELLEN AHERN;

OR,

THE POOR COUSIN.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

'Christ be merciful to her!' (Nora) said the old man, lifting his trembling hands towards heaven, and give her eternal rest. That was a royal funeral pyre for old Nora and her boys, a suitsh!

It was some time before Ellen Ahern had courage to look again, and when she did, she saw that a crowd of people had gathered around the scene of the conflagration, and she could distinctly see Lord Hugh Maguire and Fahey, rushing to and fro, to direct the efforts of those who were engaged in removing a pile of lumber out of reach of the flames.

'It is well to let the dead rest,' said Sir Eadhna, after an interval of silence. 'I suppose old Nora, with the cunning of craziness on the alert ever since the remains of her sons were moved along with her miserable dwelling, watched her opportunity to do this. But I am afraid, Alleen a suitsh, this will fall heavily on the innocent. Fahey knows, and so does his lordship over there, by this time, that a poor lunatic, irresponsible to God or man for her acts; whose smouldering reason was scourged by a cruel act to a desperate deed, and whose life has already paid a dreadful penalty, is the perpetrator of this incendiaryism, but what will that avail? Nothing. It will only be a plausible excuse for fresh outrages; but see, acushla machree! how the fire tinges with glory the old towers of the O'Donnell, and covers with splendor the old arches and tombs of Catha guira!

'And look, cousin Eadhna, how the stream goes shining and dashing along like a torrent of fire, as if exulting that its sacred waters were not to be applied to the vile uses of a factory. It were almost worth the worry one has had in seeing that building go up, to have so magnificent an illumination—only poor old Nora! But for her, I think I could clap my hands and rejoice, for how dare this recreant Maguire desecrate a sacred place to gratify his unholy avarice? But see—there is now only a heap of smouldering ruins—the last rafter has fallen, and now you must come away, and go quietly back to your bed,' said Ellen Ahern, as she put her arm about the old man and led him back to the room.

Lord Hugh Maguire was enraged by an event which not only involved loss of time, but a great waste of money. The cause of the fire was apparent to all, and it was clear to the dullest perception, that if the bones of old Nora's sons had been left quiet, where they had been resting almost the third of a century, his property would not have been consumed. This consideration mingled self reproach with his disappointment and sense of loss, and excited within him a frantic degree of rage which he made no effort to control. He swore and raved like a madman; threatened the obsequious Fahey with his horse-whip; and was in the act of inflicting a severe blow with its loaded handle on an old man, who was trying in vain to lift a heavy piece of machinery which he had ordered him to remove.—His arm was upraised, and the whip's handle was about descending on the white, bowed head, when he felt his arm suddenly seized in an iron grasp, and held as in a vice. Infuriate, he writhed around, and met the calm, commanding countenance of Don Enrique Giron.

'By what right do you dare?' he stormed. 'By the right of humanity,' Lord Hugh Maguire, and a natural repugnance for the class to which we both belong to be disgraced by a foul and cowardly act.'

'You shall answer to me for it, at another time. Meanwhile, I desire to know by what authority you presume to address me in so arrogant a way?' said Lord Hugh with concentrated rage.

'The authority which all sane minds hold over those that are not sane. You are either not sane, my Lord, or you have a nature worthy of Caligula. I prefer thinking that the ungovernable excitement you are in, has rendered you for the instant irresponsible,' said Don Enrique, in that quiet tone of command which seemed habitual to him.

'Your insolence, Spaniard, is only equalled by your audacity!' exclaimed Lord Hugh, now absolutely white with passion. 'You shall learn to-morrow what it is to insult a gentleman!'

'To-morrow, my Lord, all that is the gentleman in you will thank me for having saved you the disgrace of inflicting a deadly blow on the white head of a defenceless old man—but let us waste no more words. I undertake to save your machinery with the aid of these noble fellows around me—do you go and direct your men in their movement yonder,' replied Don Enrique, pointing to a crowd of men who were vociferating and giving contrary orders to those under them, which very naturally resulted in nothing being accomplished.

'I would rather lose all than place myself under an obligation to an adventurer like yourself!' vociferated Lord Hugh, with a great oath.

'Do not consider it an obligation. I am doing it for the sake of my own manhood, and some old-fashioned notions I have learned from religious precepts, therefore leave me to my will, and consider yourself free to act as you please to-morrow,' replied Don Enrique, with a bow, which puzzled his lordship to decide was one of mockery or courtesy; but he had no time to retort, as at that instant a loud outcry from the group of men to which Don Enrique had directed him, and a crash, called him with all speed to the spot, where, as if to add to his misfortunes, he found that a ponderous piece of lumber had fallen on his Factor, crushing his feet, which had been caught under it when it fell from the pile.

'I wish it had fallen on his thick head,' exclaimed Lord Hugh, fairly maddened by this new disaster, while he gave vent to a volley of profane oaths, which we must leave to the imagination, being unwilling to defile our pen with a repetition of them.

While he was thus engaged, Don Enrique ordered some of them to construct a litter, while he knelt beside the wounded man, who was groaning piteously, and poured a small quantity of brandy at intervals into his mouth, which prevented his sinking under the pain he suffered.—When the litter was ready, he assisted in lifting the helpless Factor on it, and was as much concerned to see him comfortable as if he had been a life long friend, instead of a perfect stranger; and when everything was ready, he directed the men to convey him to the public-house—the Maguire Arms it was called—and sent one of their number immediately up to request Sir Eadhna Ahern to come down, to examine and dress his wounded limbs.

The fire had by this time subsided, after having consumed everything within its reach, leaving only a heap of charred wood and smouldering embers, from which at times a pale light quivered fitfully, as if the fire demon, like a child who had spent its strength at play, had fallen asleep, and was laughing in its dreams; and when the gray dawn arose, the scene was deserted except by one or two men, who remained to search for the body of old Nora; but their search was in vain, not a vestige or fragment of her humanity was left.

Two days afterwards, warrants for new evictions were sent down to Fahey, to be put into execution. Lord Hugh was sullen and morose, and Lady Fermanagh high and disagreeable in her manner, especially towards Ellen Ahern, whose timid civilities she invariably repulsed with an air and gesture of insufferable haughtiness.—Amidst all this, Felice went buzzing to and fro, endeavoring to impress on the minds of every living being who would listen to her jargon of French and bad English, that she thought 'Prelaudé' was fit only for savages to live in;—and that she expected to be murdered, or burnt up, or carried on by ghosts or robbers, every day that she staid. Sir Eadhna Ahern remained at Father McMahon's, that he might more conveniently attend his patient, whose wounds exhibited some symptoms of inflammation, and required constant watchfulness. It was understood that Lord Hugh's loss was considerable, tidings which Father McMahon hoped would result in the end to the advantage of his flock, as should his lordship be pressed for money, he would be more inclined to accede to his proposition about the lands; but he kept his own counsel, not knowing how the affair would terminate. If sorrow and distress had seemed to have taken up their grim abode amongst these distressed people before, none seemed to be spared now; where only a few had suffered from the tyranny and injustice that had been dealt out to them so liberally, many now fell under the same systematic cruelty. There was weeping on every hearthstone, for homes despoiled—for kindred driven out into the wide earth to abide its charities—and for the wreck of many a humble household, where human hearts, living and warm, had throbbed and loved; had prayed and suffered; had wept and endured! Fahey declared that his lordship did not feel safe with such a set of incendiaries about him, and wished to get rid of them, one and all. There was no help for them, all resistance would have been useless and unavailing; and the utmost that their entreaties and tears could gain, was a few days respite ere they went forth, they knew not whither. While things were in this state, Don Enrique presented himself at the hall door, and, having written something with his pencil on a card, handed it to Felice, who had opened the door for him, and directed her to place it in Lady Fermanagh's own hands.—Charmed at the idea of a visitor of any kind to break the tedium monotony, which was insupportable to the vivacious Frenchwoman; and especially, as from the sentence on the card, which was written in a language which she could not understand, she suspected something of

an intrigue, she tripped along with it into Lady Fermanagh's room, and gave it to her with an air as if she was assured she was doing some thing that would prove extremely agreeable.

'What is this, Felice—here is no name—who left this card?'

'A gentilhomme, vis a vot you call him on bees back, miladi. Vous plait-il de les dis gentilhomme?'

'Why did you admit him—but what is this?' said Lady Fermanagh, turning the card over, and reading the inscription which was Spanish.—'Fiel Pero Desdichado.' 'Merciful God!' she muttered, while her lips trembled and grew white. 'Can it be that my suspicions are correct?'

'Will miladi see the gentilhomme?' asked Felice, pretending not to notice.

'I must see him—there is no help for it—' as, added her ladyship, suddenly remembering herself, 'he comes on business. Give me my crimson cashmere shawl, Felice, and my vial of drops. Where is this person?'

'In ze salon, miladi,' replied Felice, as she arranged the magnificent crimson shawl around Lady Fermanagh's shoulders, and handed her the vial containing her drops.

The interview between herself and Don Enrique—for it was he—was long. No mortal ear heard what passed between them; no human being suspected that they had ever met before; or, that he held within himself a dark secret, which gave him almost absolute power over her. Ellen Ahern was passing through the hall when they came out of the drawing-room, and distinctly heard Don Enrique say, in his clear, low tones, 'Remember, I demand a strict compliance. To fail would be perilous to both,' and she saw Lady Fermanagh, usually so cold and proud, bow her head with an appearance of abject submission. It had all occurred in less time than it takes to read it; a mere glimpse had sufficed; and, frightened at what she had seen and heard, she tried to fit past them without being seen, but in vain—Don Enrique held out his hand, and came towards her with the same frank, manly smile that he usually wore but Ellen saw there was a deeper glow on his cheeks, and a more fiery light glittering in his eyes than she had ever seen there before. She was bewildered by the mysterious words she had overheard, and still more by Lady Fermanagh's abject demeanor, and, for the first time, her heart shrunk away from Don Enrique; so, merely touching his hand with the tips of her fingers, she bowed without speaking, and hurried up to her apartment. The next day, much to her astonishment, Lady Fermanagh sent her a message, desiring to see her. It was the first time she had exhibited the slightest evidence of kindly feeling, or disposition to cultivate a friendly intercourse, and her true, warm and unsuspecting heart received it cordially. She made some little change in her apparel; smoothed down her rebellious curls, and hastened to obey the summons.

Lady Fermanagh received her with an effort to be courteous, and even kindly; hoped she had suffered no inconvenience from the night of the fire; spoke of Lord Hugh's losses, and how the sudden interruption of his plans had irritated him; in short, she exhibited all those fascinations of manner, which none had at greater command than she, to win the confidence of Ellen Ahern, and do away with any suspicion that she might entertain in relation to her interview of the previous day with Don Enrique, whom she knew she had seen, and feared she had heard.

'I fear Miss Ahern,' she added, 'that there is much suffering down in the hamlet. I have not given myself any trouble heretofore, concerning the poor on this estate, because I expected so soon to leave the country—but I must make amends, for really I had no idea of the destitution amongst them, until I heard it from one who has witnessed it. I must speak to my son about them.'

Surprised beyond measure, Ellen Ahern's heart bounded with joy; she thought her prayers were about being answered, and her reply was full of warm gushing feeling, and an eloquent delineation—pointed in the graphic terms of unvarnished truth—of the privations, difficulties and sufferings of the poor at Fermanagh. But could she have seen under the mask of that calm, proud face; could she have read the heart which throbbed in strong revolt against all that those false lips had uttered, she would have fled aflight from her presence, wondering how such deception could exist; as it was, she relied on appearances, and, in her simple credulity, almost shed tears when Lady Fermanagh, laying a five pound note in her hand, said; 'be my almoner, Miss Ahern; you know who stands in need of aid. Distribute this as you think best for me.'

'I shall take great pleasure in complying with your wishes,' said Ellen earnestly, 'but I shall let them know, that they have found a friend where they most hoped to.'

'I will do more for them if they will only remain peaceable: tell them so if you please. I have been expecting my son all day to see me,' said her ladyship, 'have you met him, Miss Ahern?'

'I have not,' replied Ellen, the smile on her countenance giving place to the shadow; and asking Lady Fermanagh to excuse her, she hastily retreated, lest he should come while she was there, and flying to her room, put on her walking habiliments to go down to Father McMahon's, for the purpose of imparting to him and Sir Eadhna, the new and pleasant turn affairs had taken. Soon after she had left Lady Fermanagh, Lord Hugh came in.

'I understand,' he said abruptly, while he tossed his cap on a chair, 'you had a visitor this morning.'

'Miss Ahern has just gone away,' she said evasively.

'Miss Ahern! Humph! But what brought Miss Ahern here? Have you been quarrelling with her?'

'No. I was simply tired with the ceaseless chattering of Felice, and had no books but such as I had read threadbare, and wanted somebody to talk to,' she replied with assumed carelessness.

'Well, I'm glad to hear it,' he said after a moody silence; 'but was not that humpbacked Don here to-day—the Spaniard I mean?'

'Yes.'

'Who and what did he want?'

Her ladyship was silent, but it was evident that strong and bitter emotions were struggling at her heart, for a shade of unspeakable anguish wrung her proud handsome features—but it was only for an instant; her habitual self command came to her aid, and she was about making him some reply, when he broke out with:—

'I say, mother, did he seek me. If he did, the meddlesome scoundrel, I am ready to chastise him!'

'Chastise him! Come nearer, boy; let me whisper something in your ear, which sooner or later you must know,' said Lady Fermanagh, while the pallor of death settled on her face, and her hand sought to press down the tumultuous throbbing of her heart. 'Chastise that man—you do not know what you say!' And, leaning towards him until her face was close to his, she told him something in a low undertone, which made him start as if stung by an adder, and exclaim: 'I do not believe it; it is a cunning imposture.'

'So I pretended to believe—so I hoped it was—but in vain. It is true; and I tell you that nothing but a different course from the one you are pursuing, will save you from disgrace and beggary,' said her ladyship sternly. 'We are like birds taken in a snare, and must be wary.'

'L'Abbe McMon send me compliments to milord,' said Felice, who came in at this juncture with Father McMahon's card.

'Begone, and tell your Abbe to go to the devil!' exclaimed the excited man.

'Stay, Felice. Say that his lordship will be there in a few moments. Are you mad, boy?' said her ladyship after the Frenchwoman went out. 'I tell you, it would have been better had you perished in the flames at Cathaguira, the other night, than to exasperate that terrible man!'

'But this is the old snivelling priest. I declare, mother, I believe you are insane.'

'Hugh, my son, I entreat you, forbear!' cried Lady Fermanagh in tones of anguish. 'I have perilled my honor and soul for you, and I demand of you forbearance. I tell you, that by the power of the dreadful secret in his possession, that man holds me answerable for the treatment of every hind on this estate, from the old beggar who subsists on our bounty, down to the ragged urchins who play in the mud with their pigs. So then—feign a kindly interest in their disgusting affairs—soothe them with promises, which cost nothing. Everything depends on you.'

'I'll put an end to this. A bullet will be a sure quietus to a babbling tongue,' muttered Lord Hugh, as he went down to the drawing-room, where Father McMahon awaited him.—The venerable man was arrayed in his best cassock, which was rusty, and his finest linen band, which was worn thin. His small-clothes were fastened at the knees with small silver buckles, and his shoes were polished to the highest degree of which leather is capable. His white hair was combed back from his face, and it was evident that he had taken more than ordinary care with his toilet for the occasion. Besides him on the floor stood the antique, worn eaten chest containing the handwork of Benvenuto Cellini, which two men who were waiting outside, had brought up from St. Fiubar's.

'To what cause am I indebted for the honor of this visit?' said Lord Hugh, after having exchanged salutations with Father McMahon.—'And what have we here?' he asked, nodding towards the chest. The good old priest, who trusted for the success of his plan to the immor-

tal fame of Cellini, and, forgetful that every man was not a virtuoso, had never once allowed himself to think really that his proposal could be unconditionally rejected; felt now like a beggar, and was as awkward and embarrassed before the haughty young nobleman, as if he had come to ask a personal benefit; and opened his business in so confused a way—now branching off in an eloquent panegyric on Cellini—all so interspersed with Latin, technical phrases, and an estimate of the relative value of metals, that his lordship stared and felt quite bewildered—being altogether ignorant of Art—and began to think that he was deranged. But when the faithful old shepherd began to mix up with his rhapsody, vivid sketches of the need and pitiable sufferings of his flock, his tongue was loosened: he forgot all about Cellini, and the heartlessness of the man in whose presence he stood, and he pleaded for them—argued, entreated, he wept—until Lord Hugh Maguire, stung, rebuked and enraged, rudely interrupted him, and in abrupt terms informed him, that it was a subject on which he allowed no dictation whatever; nor would he listen to another word—these tenants were a set of lazy, mischievous vagabonds, who deserved neither sympathy nor assistance.

'Well, well, my Lord, let that pass,' said Father McMahon, recalled to himself, and endeavoring to be very patient, 'I did not come hither to argue the point with you, but to offer you, for a fair price, the chef d'œuvre of Benvenuto Cellini.' And Father McMahon stooped, and unlocked the lid of the chest, revealed his treasure. 'Buy these, my Lord, to enrich your collection of rare articles. I prize them more than anything on earth—they are my all—and they are priceless.'

'Really, most venerable Pater Noster, I am too poor to indulge in such luxuries. My coffers are almost empty—I must leave such rare possessions as these to churchmen,' replied his lordship with mocking gravity.

'I do not desire money,' said Father McMahon, eagerly; 'though they are worth their weight in gold. I will exchange them willingly for that tract of waste land beyond Cathaguira.'

'And for what purpose do you wish to become a landlord, most Rev. Fisher of men?'

'That is nothing to the purpose, my Lord. Will you or will you not exchange with me the barren acres I speak of for this chef d'œuvre of Cellini's? Why any one of these pieces would fetch a thousand pounds in England,' said the enthusiastic old man.

'Take them, then, where you will find a purchaser. I have no taste for such things, and if I had, I would not barter away my lands to be colonized by beggars. Ah! Pater Noster, you thought yourself cunning, but you see I am as clever as you are. So take them away!'

'Take heed, my Lord; these beggars of whom you speak so scornfully, and whom you have burdened with a weight of misery, will one day or other judge you, for cernit omnia Deus vindex. There's a great day approaching, when Divine shall be hurled—stripped of his purple and fine linen—from the high places and luxurious feasts, to the depths of hell; while Lazarus, who has laid mourning and covered with sores at his gate, with no friends but the dogs that licked them, and no food but the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table will be taken up into the Kingdom of God and throned in an everlasting inheritance, from whence he shall not be permitted to come to administer a drop of water to him who, having once refused him mercy, now prays to him for help. Consider, my Lord that by an inexorable decree, you must on the last day account for your stewardship, and I—aye, even I—shall have to witness against you, for you have beaten the king's servants—you have cast them out—you have ground their faces and stripped them instead of clothing them. Look ye to it for, as for me, I snuff the dust of your house from off my feet.'

'As I am not a believer in such fables, most excellent Pater Noster, your threats fail to terrify me. Good day,' said Lord Hugh, in a cold sarcastic tone, and walked away, leaving Father McMahon alone with his treasures. With a deep sigh the aged priest locked the chest, and having called in the two men from the terrace, directed them to take it back to St. Fiubar's, he following close after them as if to guard the precious burden.

CHAPTER IX.—THE HIDDEN SNARE.

'Thanks be to the Man above, it's safe back!' said Father McMahon's housekeeper, as she shoved the chest containing the antique silver service, back into the closet from whence it had been taken that morning, and turning the lock with a sharp click that denoted satisfaction; 'and I think your Reverence is more lucky than wise, bedad, in getting off so easy.'

'Woman alive! will you never learn to hold your tongue?' said Father McMahon, who, crest-fallen at the result of his fruitless expedition, had thrown himself into his great chair, where he sought, under the mystery of silence, to bring into subjection the roused elements of his nature, but which efforts Bridget's talkativeness rendered unavailing.

'It's no thanks at all I expects from your Reverence, that I've served so faithful for forty year and upwards, but it's no reason I shouldn't feel a natural interest in you, that's no more capable of taking care of yourself than a baccarr (solt, innocent person); and would a come to want long ago, but for my scrupu, and mindin', and usag economy that's worn threadbare?' said Bridget, with an air of injured innocence; and don't it all for them that don't care a pig's whistle for the same.'

'There—there—that will do. It's all true except the last. I do care, my excellent woman, and value your faithful services, and will not have you interfering in what don't concern you. Do what you please with my linen, my

WESTMINSTER.

A PASTORAL LETTER TO THE FAITHFUL OF THE DIOCESE OF WESTMINSTER, BY HENRY EDWARD, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

HENRY EDWARD, by the Grace of God and the Favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Westminster, to the Faithful of the said Diocese.

Dear Children in Jesus Christ.—On this Feast of St. Patrick I speak to you with a mixed feeling of joy and sorrow. The Festival of your great Apostle and Father brings vividly before us the grace which through him has descended upon you, and upon your children, and likewise his glory, which, through your faith, is always increasing, both on earth and in Heaven.

Excepting the Apostles of our Divine Master, there is, perhaps, no saint whose spiritual children are so faithful and so fervent, so numerous, or so widely spread. They are in Ireland, England, and Scotland, in Canada, throughout the United States, on the shores of both their seas, in the West Indies, in India, in Australia, in the Islands of the Pacific. It is a wonderful fact in the Providence of God that when the English tongue began to contradict the Catholic Church, the children of St. Patrick took it as if their own, and spread the Catholic faith wheresoever the English speech is heard; not only throughout the empire of Britain, but wheresoever the Anglo-Saxon race and language have extended. North America and Australia are evidently marked out for a great future. Empires will one day rise out of them, and in their destinies the children of St. Patrick must bear a large proportion.

Saint Patrick has left on record his confidence that the people whom God had given him, in the ends of the earth, would never be lost to his inheritance; and that confidence has been signally justified. The children of St. Patrick have continued faithful to their Saint and Father with a fidelity not surpassed by any nation of the Christian world. This day bears witness throughout the world that you are steadfast to the faith he taught you, and to the laws which he delivered to you. You love him as the great and powerful intercessor who is ever praying for you before the Throne of God, and as the Spiritual Father through whom you have passed from death to life. It is he that made you heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. You owe to him a great debt of gratitude; and I know that you faithfully fulfil towards him the obligations he has laid upon you.

He has taught you to believe the Holy Catholic Faith, to hold fast by the Catholic Unity, and to adhere, even at the cost of life, to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. By his example and his words he has taught you the duty of mortification, of detachment from the world, and of peacefulness. This is the inheritance of the children of St. Patrick, and these are the fruits he will look to find in return for all his toil. And I bear witness that in steadfast adherence to the Catholic faith and to the Catholic Church, and in close filial union with your pastors, you show yourselves to be the true children of St. Patrick, throughout this great city and in all the world.—This then is the cause of my joy.

But I have also a cause of sorrow. It is because the country we love so well is at this moment in affliction. You have a right to know my thoughts at such a time as this, and I have a duty to warn and to guide you. God forbid that I should be silent when I ought to speak, or that I should, in mistaken prudence, keep back from you what you ought to know. I do so the more freely, because ever since I was of age to know the history of Ireland, all the sympathy of my heart has been with its faithful, noble, and martyred people. If my prayers or my efforts can avail anything, they shall never cease for Ireland. The centuries of conflict of race against race, embittered sevenfold by conflict of religion against religion, have left upon Ireland an accumulation of evils and sufferings which generations alone can remove. But removed they must and will be, if only the gradual and onward movement of England and Ireland to perfect unity and equality be not hindered by violence.

The past is past, and cannot be recalled. Spain was once divided into many peoples and dynasties; it has been united and united into one kingdom.—France was once many states and monarchies; it is now one indivisible race and people. England was once seven kingdoms; for a thousand years it has been a monarchy. England, Scotland, and Ireland were once three kingdoms; they are now one indivisible realm. What God has consolidated by ages of time no human hand can dissolve.

The onward march of Divine Providence has accomplished this fusion of races, in their higher and mightier unity. There is no returning upon the past. The wheat in the ear cannot go back into the stalk, nor the stalk into the blade. As the world moves onward, the Providence of God calls into existence new social orders, and out of them arise right, justice, and sovereignty. For this reason the Apostle says—'Let every soul be subject to higher powers: for there is no power but from God: and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation.'—(Rom. xiii. 1, 2).

In these words St. Paul is speaking of the heathen Empire of Rome: of a civil Power always active in persecuting the Church. He declares the government of the Empire to be from God, and to have a claim upon the conscience of Christians to obey it. If so, the Empire of Great Britain has the same rights, and the same obligation on our conscience, and on our obedience. To rise against it, is to resist the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves not only the penalties of man, but the judgment of God. We have long ago warned those who praised, flattered, abetted, justified, glorified the revolutions of the Continent, and above all the revolution in Italy, to take heed lest their own principles should recoil upon themselves. They have recoiled upon us now. The same anti-social, anti-Christian principles, which have been conspiring in the dark against the Government of the Sovereign Pontiff, have now conspired against the English monarchy. We have always condemned these principles everywhere, and equally, as intrinsically sinful. The temporal power of the Pope, on the lowest ground, rests on the same providential ordinance as the British Empire. The British Empire, on its highest base, rests upon the same foundation. We have consistently defended both upon the same laws and principles; and we likewise condemn all conspiracy, and all excitement to sedition from neighbouring States, whether in Italy or Ireland, as anti-social and anti-Christian.

I am the more watchful to warn you, dear children in Jesus Christ, because at this moment the principles of rebellion have been openly and systematically published among you. The first number of a paper has been sent to me, addressed especially to my flock in London, and intended as a means of uniting others in a common cause throughout England. It is my duty to declare to you the nature of that paper, and my judgment upon it. Whatever be the good intentions or patriotic virtues of its authors, I am bound not to suffer errors to enter among you without warning.

In the first number then, published on March 16th, I find the following words:—'As long as prelates and Priests, when from the pulpit or the altar they preach to their flocks, confine themselves to spiritual topics, to subjects purely religious, so long should not a layman criticise their sermons, exhortations, or discourses; but if the bishop or the priest discourses ethics, then we have the right to criticise the subject under consideration.—And for the good reason that with very few amendments made by the Church, the Morals or Ethics of Cicero or Aristotle—Pagans—are those now in use. Their principles a learned layman can apply to the analysis of any theme, just as well as the most exalted ecclesiastical dignity.'

That is to say, bishops, and priests are to be listened to when they preach the doctrines of faith, but not when they preach the doctrines of morals their authority is confined to the faith alone. But the Church is infallible both in faith and morals; and bishops and priests are bound to preach the infallible truths and laws both of faith and morals under and by the authority of the Church. Now 'ethics' or morals; and the first laws of politics are a part of morals. It was as a teacher of political morality that St. Paul enjoined obedience to the powers that are, and condemned rebellion as a sin. This proposition is therefore at least erroneous; but if it be intended to deny to your pastors the office to teach and guide you in these first principles of political morality, it denies the office of the Church as the teacher of morals; it is therefore heretical: and for either or both these reasons it is scandalous.

It was in this way that the leaders of the rebellion in 1848 against the authority of the Holy Father began their insidious course. One of the foremost in assurance addressed to the Sovereign Pontiff the supercilious warning to 'withdraw from the tubal-tent affairs of the world to the serene sphere of dogma, and there to pray, bless and pardon'; that is to be silent, and to deliver over the Christian world to revolution. But politics are a part of morals, because they are the morals of society. St. Paul was teaching both morals and politics when he said, 'There is no power but from God' (Rom. xiii. 1), and St. Peter when he said, 'Ye are subject therefore, to every human creature for God's sake: whether it be the king as supreme, or to governors as sent by him for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of the good. For so is the will of God, that by doing well you may silence the ignorance of foolish men: as free, and not as making liberty a cloak of malice, but as the servants of God'—(1 St. Peter, ii. 13 16).

Again, in the same paper I read as follows:—'Now we have closely read the canons, bulls, decretals, and rescripts of Popes, respecting 'Secret and Oath-bound Societies,' and we have not been able to discover 'any' sentence in any of them—nor even of Pío Nono—which could be interpreted as bearing upon Fenianism, which we have been discussing on its abstract merits. Fenianism is consequently not opposed to, much less is it for the overthrow of, Catholicity.' This affirms—1. That Fenianism is not condemned by name, and is therefore not condemned at all. 2. That the condemnation of the Church applies to 'oath bound societies,' and that it therefore does not apply to Fenianism. 3. That Fenianism is not opposed to Catholicity and is therefore not condemned.

These three propositions are all alike erroneous and false. 1. First it is not necessary that a secret society should be condemned by name. All seditious societies are condemned by definition, by description, and by identity with those which are condemned by name. In the Allocution of Sept. 14th, 1865, the Holy Father, after renewing the condemnations of Clement XII., Benedict XIV., Pius VII., Leo XII., declares that the last named Pontiff condemned all the clandestine societies which had been especially named, and 'all others whatsoever, by whatsoever name they might be called, which conspire against the Church and civil power, and prohibited them to all the faithful under the severest pain of excommunication.'

2. Secondly, oaths are accidents. This is asserted in the Encyclical of 1864, by which it is declared that 'all clandestine societies, whether any oath of secrecy be exacted in them or not, together with their followers and abettors are condemned.' This condemnation falls upon all societies or conspiracies, open or secret, against the Church or the Civil Power. In order to perfect certainty upon this point, the Archbishop of Dublin, in 1864, consulted the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, which on June 7th, 1864, answered in these words: 'The Secret Societies, of which there is question in the Pontifical Constitutions, are understood to be all such as purpose to themselves anything against the Church or the Civil Government, whether they require an oath of secrecy or not.'

3. Lastly, all such conspiracies, whether directed against the Church and Civil Power, or against the Church alone, or against the State alone, are by the same Allocution condemned. The words of the Holy Father are these: 'We confirm the before-cited Constitutions of our predecessors; and by our apostolic authority we reprobate and condemn the sect of Freemasons, and other societies of the same kind which, though in appearance different, day by day are forming themselves, and labouring openly or secretly against the Church or legitimate authorities.' The Church hereby declares, by the voice of its head, that all conspiracy, whether against the Church or the State severally, is sin. Against the Church it cannot be without heresy, schism, or apostasy; against the State it is rebellion; and apostasy and rebellion are each and severally mortal sin against God. The same is declared in the Encyclicals of 1845 and 1849, in the Allocution of 1847, and the Apostolic Letters of 1860; and, finally in the Encyclical of 1864, which condemns the proposition, 'that it is lawful to withdraw obedience, and to rebel against legitimate sovereigns.'

Let no man then deceive you. Trust to no guides or teachers who contradict the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Their words make anarchy, His words make law.—They are not the interpreters of canons, bulls, decretals, and rescripts; but the Sovereign Pontiff is. They are not the expositors of the Pontifical Law.—He is both Expositor and Legislator. You have it therefore, dear children in Jesus Christ, not from my lips but from his, that all conspiracy, open or secret, with or without oaths, against the Church or the Civil Power is mortal sin. Lay this to heart, and make it known to all who may be in danger of being misled. Dissuade, exhort, and beseech with all loyalty, earnestness and patience, that no man may be carried through natural but misguided emotions into a sinful path.

My heart bleeds for the Catholic people of Ireland. I know its history, its sufferings its wounds; the sting which has been planted in its conscience, its faith, its highest, noblest instincts. I know that in the past the wound has gone to the quick; that the iron has entered in its soul. I know, therefore, the present danger of its souls. Much that is good in them rises up in behalf of their homes and of their faith. It is their higher, purer, most human, and deepest instincts which are worked upon; and the past has ripened them to take the influence of evil counsels coming from abroad. Letters from Ireland tell me that many who have become entangled in this sinful rising have done so in full belief that it was a holy cause. They were men who loved their faith, who went, before meeting the hour of danger, to make their peace with God: unconscious of doing wrong, misled, confided in mind by the consciousness of all that Ireland has suffered, and over persuaded by evil voices and the false principles I have here exposed. Even in this there is a pledge of better things. If the Irish people ever lose the Catholic instinct of obedience to the powers ordained of God, what shall restrain them from giving way to the temptations to insubordination which the history of Ireland unappetizingly ministers, and to the influences of American sedition which are profusely at work? I have said this before, and I say it now again, to open the eyes, if opened they can be, of those who think to pacify and to tranquillise Ireland, or even to calm and govern it, while they put public dishonor and legal contempt upon the faith and the Church of Ireland. They who would undermine the faith of Ireland by mixed education and by mercenary conversion, are the worst enemies of the peace of Ireland, and of the union of the two kingdoms. In the measure in which they succeed, in that measure they weaken over the Irish people the mightiest power of obedience, faith in the Church of God. At this moment much that is noble, generous, pure, unselfish, manly, humane, and even religious in the heart of Irishmen, is alienated by the wrongs of the past, and wounded by much that survives both in the letter

and in the spirit. And this alienation is the invitation to foreign sedition, and the predisposition to all manner of moral and social disease. It would be an ill day for a kingdom if the highest and noblest instincts of its people, if the manhood and the faith of its sons, be estranged from its allegiance, and ruy wild in sedition. While I am compelled by duty to publish the authoritative condemnations of the Church upon all such as break the Christian law by rebellion, I grieve for those who are misled by an affection which England counts one of its chief virtues, the love of our country. But the words of our Divine Lord are clear; 'All who take the sword shall perish with the sword.'—(St. Matthew xxvii. 52). There is a higher and mightier power, and weapons against which the world cannot stand. It was not by force that the Christians won the empire of the world. It was not by the sword that St. Patrick subdued Ireland. It was not by arms that your great leader and counsellor, forty years ago, to whom, more than to any one man, you owe your Irish emancipation, vindicated for you the freedom we now enjoy: it was his rule that no political changes were worth one drop of blood. The only violence you can use without breaking God's law is the violence of faith—that is, of justice, reason, patience. This is the invincible power of the Kingdom of God.

Wheresoever the violence of this world enters it destroys those that use it. The revolution in France sacrificed Ireland in 1798. Bloodshed, misery, executions, widowhood, social hatred, and thirty years more of penal law were the consequence. The revolutions of 1848 all but sacrificed it again. For nearly twenty years, peace and a better order has been coming, slowly but surely. God avert that America should sacrifice Ireland for the third time, Press on as in the last twenty years, and Ireland will be like the Provinces of the Rhine, or like Belgium, fertile and peaceful, with their thousand towns and villages, their ten thousand industries and busy ploughs, mountains covered with cattle, and fields rich with harvest. Listen to the gospel of sedition, and the land we love so well may be like the Southern States of America, wrecked and desolate; or, far worse, like Russian Poland, bleeding and crushed in freedom and in faith. Why should Ireland be always between the upper and nether millstone, between England and France, England and revolution, England and America, broken and ground to powder. Work together with the wise and peaceful providence of God, and all is before us. There is a tide in time as in the waters of the sea. All things are moving onwards, and no human hand can turn the current back. Two things are certain: the one that these three kingdoms are indissoluble; the other that they must all be equal. Scotland has been lifted to the prosperity of England: Ireland must be lifted to equality with both. Every badge of oppression and of persecution must be effaced from the statute book, from the face of society, from the heart of the people. The Church and faith of the Irish people must be the Church and faith of Ireland. The Catholic Church in all the amplitude and dignity of public recognition, right, and law, must be acknowledged by man as it is constituted and honored by God. It was a senseless illusion to ignore the breadth of Ireland beyond the pale. It is a more senseless fiction to ignore the Catholic Church which alone is recognised by Ireland and by the world. It is hard to kick against the goad. It is harder to contend against the providence of God. Catholic Ireland always was, and always will be. Thwart or violate its faith, and it can never be at rest. Honor and cherish its dearest treasure, and it will be peaceful, loyal, and content. When the faith of a people has free expansion, society prospers. And so it springs from the furrow; labor builds homes, villages, towns, with all the acts of life and gradations of social order so fine and closely knit that the Commonwealth is one, with one action, heart, and will. Commonwealth is a common welfare; and such Ireland will be if the god of this world do not enter in to mar the work of peace; if our rulers be wise and just, and if you, children of St. Patrick, keep his word and are true to his example; steadfast in the faith, submissive to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, united to your pastors self-controlling, peaceful, and makers of peace. Then you may confide in the promise of God to His chosen people: 'If you return and be quiet, you shall be saved: in silence and in hope shall your strength be.'—(Isaiah xxx. 15.) And again: 'Be still and see that I am God.'—(Psalm xiv. 11.) And may the God of peace abundantly bless you, and your people in every place, above all in the land so dear to our hearts, and fill it with every benediction of His Grace through Jesus Christ.

HENRY EDWARD, Archbishop of Westminster, Feast of St. Patrick, 1867.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN.—Dr. Moriarty of Kerry, has written a letter to his clergy to remove misconceptions relating to his recent pamphlet. He had been blamed for passing too lightly over the land question, but he excuses himself on the ground of its difficulty, and the doubtful issue of legislation so far as the small farmers are concerned. Of this he gives an apt illustration. He says—

'We have heard much of compensation for tenants' improvements. A law sanctioning the principle would be to learn what would be manifestly just, and therefore desirable. But we have yet its practical value without fixity of rent and of tenure. We have heard much of the want and necessity of capital for the Irish farmer. In the Bill introduced by Lord Naas, whatever may be the value of its other provisions, there is one conceived in a most generous spirit, and sure to be very acceptable—that which enables the tenant to borrow money on advantageous terms from the Government, expanding it, and charging it on the land. Now, it occurs to us that such facility of procuring capital would enable the large landholder so to pay for hired labour and machinery that the small holder, whose only capital is the strength of his arm and the labour of his children, would be at once beaten out of the field, and that the class which, we presume, the Irish clergy are most anxious to protect would be extirpated or reduced to the condition of day labourers. If we are not mistaken, the possession of capital by the farming class tends to consolidation of farms. The want of it necessitates subdivision of farms, and therefore a more numerous peasantry-poor, perhaps, but not reduced to the condition of mere serfdom. Which does the Irish priest prefer?

To the questions most naturally raised by the members of the Established Church against his proposal for its disendowment, the Bishop answers, 'Let them remember the story of the Sibley books.' He demands the destruction of the Establishment for the sake of the Catholic tenantry remarking that the unsatisfactory relations of landlord and tenant in this country spring in a great measure from Protestant ascendancy, and that its destruction is a first and necessary condition for the improvement of the country.

'Why are not leases given? It is not a matter of speculation, but of fact. They are withheld in order to concentrate political power in the landlord, and to nullify the electoral franchise. And this is done for the further purpose of maintaining an ascendancy of which the centre and support is the Established Church, and of which the circumference embraces the whole social system.'—Times Cor.

The gentry of Ireland is a body alien to the people of Ireland in a great degree, and though it sounds like a paradox, least alien when absent. The position of the Irish gentry during the last twenty years has been an unfortunate one. They have had to effect a clearance of three millions of population at the cost of unpeppable, unimagined suffering. They are now trying hard to keep the millions who remain in a position antagonistic to every prospect of progressive civilization and prosperity. The Irish

people have one absorbing pursuit, the cultivation of land; the rule of the Irish gentry for the last forty years has been to reduce this people to the condition of tenants at will; and an Irish tenant at will is a person who has no security for his industry, and no legal power of acquiring property. He is in many respects worse off than the Russian serf used to be; and no change according to law can make him what the Russian serf now is, a proprietor of his farm. This position, it is only just to say, is almost forced upon the gentry, who feel that without nearly absolute power over the people, their political position as an aristocracy would sink to nothing. They are still the garrison of a Government, which has not known how to identify itself with the affections and interests of the great mass of its subjects; which is still foreign after an occupation of seven hundred years, and after having tried every form of force, and every sort of stratagem, to achieve a complete conquest. The Irish gentry are, besides, in this detestable position, that they are the machinery through which the State extracts from the soil the means of maintaining a Church, the like of which, as a religious institution, never existed in Christendom or out of Christendom—the Church of the wealthy minority maintained as the first charge on the labour of the pauper majority—a Church of insolently aggressive proselytism—a perennial source of strife and scandal whose whole history is written in blood and gall.

A system of education is enforced in Ireland which would not be tolerated in any other part of the empire—a system which ignores the nationality and excludes the religion of the country—in which the schoolmaster is afraid to read one of Moore's ballads for fear he should be thought to be teaching sedition, and the crucifix kept hid in a box in a corner of the school. After it has maintained three different Church establishments, the State proceeds to tax the Irish nation for purposes of State, and it taxes the country, that for every million of population it loses, an additional million of money is levied from those who remain. While the population of Ireland has within twenty years—the twenty years between 1841 and 1861—fallen from over eight millions to less than six millions, the taxation of Ireland has risen from four millions to six millions and three quarters.

That wealth 'accumulates while men decay' would appear from these figures; there are only two great integers denoting increased wealth in Ireland—the increase in the amount of taxation, and the increase in the number of cattle. General trade has less credit, landed property less value. The imports of the country from foreign countries were less by two millions in 1865 than in 1860. Within the last twenty years the amount of the agricultural produce of Ireland has fallen away by some seven millions of quarters of cereal crops, and from two to three millions of tons of green crops. The circulation of the Irish banks of issue is steadily contracting, and the savings banks hold a million less money than they did twenty years ago.

Such is an outline of the conditions of British Government in Ireland—such the state and some of the general results of the system by which that nation is oppressed. Whence arises, unheeded—except when danger of civil war actually menaces the country, to be forgotten as soon as the danger, passes, or seems to pass—

'A music centred in a doleful song, Steaming up a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong, Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong, Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil, Sow the seed and reap the furrow with enduring toil— Till they perish and they suffer.'—Dublin Review.

The Irish National Association has issued an address to the people of Ireland calling for support in the efforts which are being made, under the auspices of the Association, for the amendment of the land laws and the disendowment of the Established Church.

The Special Commission.—The Special Commission for trying the Fenian prisoners confined in Dublin was opened on Monday. The Lord Chief Justice delivered a long address to the county grand jury, in which he defined the nature of the crime of treason, and expatiated on the evil deeds of those who took up arms in the South and created terror and alarm in the minds of the peaceable inhabitants. The address, so far as we can observe, was an impartial one, and gave no cause to any one for much fault-finding. On Tuesday bills charging certain parties with high treason were sent to the grand jury, and in every case, we believe, the grand jury found true bills against the prisoners; and on the application of the Attorney-General the trials were postponed to the 24th instant. This is the repetition of an old Irish story. Oppression and injustice towards Ireland from the English government; discontent; rebellion; arrests; special commissions; trials; convictions; and hanging and transportation. It was so in '36 and '48, and here we have it once more in '67. How long are we to be going on in this unfortunate manner? Is the Irish historian to have nothing to record but revolts and reprisals? Are the Irish people to have nothing to speak of in connection with their country but deeds of this description? We have frequently warned the Fenians that they were pursuing an unwise and ridiculous course. But all advice was thrown away upon them. They are, however, nothing new in the country, because there has been at all times a war party in Ireland. They laugh at speeches, resolutions, and parliamentary agitation. Even in the days of O'Connell, and when he proclaimed that the amelioration of the wrongs of Ireland was not worth 'one drop of blood,' they shouted to him at the monster meetings, 'when will you want us?' These men have no faith in anything but the sword, and all the preaching and teaching that can be directed to them, pass them by like the idle wind. Flying columns, dungeons, special commissions appear to have no terrors for them. What, then, should a wise government do, to conciliate them? We say 'conciliate,' because it appears they cannot be conquered. Let us look to the example of Canada. Just thirty years ago there was a rebellion there. Fapineau and his confederates were the war party, and they raised the standard of revolt against British authority. They did in fact, what the Fenians have done in the South of Ireland. What followed? England, which seldom acts wisely outside her own shores, treated the war party in Canada with prudence. She took the rebels to her councils, and said—'There is Canada for you, and rule it as you please.' This course acted like magic. Canada was given up to the Canadians, and her people have been loyal ever since. Why not try a similar remedy in Ireland? It would convert the most rabid amongst the war party into loyal and peaceable citizens. And would it not be far better for England to have perpetual peace and loyalty in Ireland, than a revolt every eight or ten years, with a suspension of the constitution, and special commissions? At present she is scandalized before Europe, and now she cannot lecture any nation or advise any rulers to treat their subjects with more indulgence, as she is the only power, save the Grand Turk, against which a rebellion has been attempted. Let the Special Commissions by all means run their course, but does not experience tell us that these things never eradicate discontent? Something more is wanted. The restoration of the constitution of '52 would produce profound peace in the land. It would give Ireland to the Irish, as Canada was given to the Canadians. It would quiet discontent; extinguish filiochy; bring Fenianism to an end, and enable the Irish race to devote their time to the improvement of their country.—Dundalk Democrat.

General Godfrey Massey, who is reported to have turned Queen's evidence in Ireland, is the assumed name of Lieutenant-Colonel O'Connell, of the 88th N. Y. V. He is the person whom the 'aspie detectives' took for John Morrissey.

harder and house, but my poor charities, and my poor efforts in behalf of those over whom God has appointed me, let alone,' said Father MacMahon, with a deprecating gesture of his right hand.

'I don't desire it, your Reverence. I only say what I think for your good, not supposing you'd mind it all,' said Bridget, with a very meek look, as she put her hand into her pocket, and fished up a handful of pennies and a few small silver coins, which she laid on the table, in a pile before him, saying—'Tim Brannan, and Joe Brady, and Mike Doolin's wife was here today, and says they wanted to pay up long ago, but couldn't, and hopes your Reverence won't be angry at the delay, being how the child you baptized is near nine months old, and the other two that you married are beginning to turn gray.'

'How much did Winny Doolin leave?'  
'Two shillings and sixpence.'  
'And the others?'  
'Joe Brady—let me see—he left three shillings and sixpence, and Tim Brannan—he left the most—he puts down five shillings, nothing like a man.'

'Very well. Now, go directly and get your cloak and hood, and take back every penny to the poor creatures who brought it, and tell them from me, to buy food and fuel with it; and remember, now, that you are to take no more money in my name. I can wait until better times.'

'But, your Reverence, consider—you can't live on air—'

'Do as I bid you, forthwith!' said Father MacMahon, comforting himself with a pinch of snuff.

'God save and bless us,' muttered Bridget as she left the room; 'I never saw anybody so bent on going to ruin in my life; and if people can't be saints without such foolishness, I'll be satisfied with something less. I wonder if he expects to be fed by ravens, like the old hermit I heard tell of?'

Just then she bounced against some rough shaggy thing in the dark passage, which uttered a fierce growl as she almost fell headlong over it: then came in contact with another body, as she stumbled forward, and would have shrieked outright, but that a low, merry, musical laugh, betrayed Ellen, as much as the growl betrayed Thela. 'I beg a thousand pardons for coming against you, Bridget, I thought there was a little more daylight here than this; but excuse Thela and I, we shall be more cautious next time.—Where is Father MacMahon?'

'In his room, Miss Abern, and as cross as two sticks. His Reverence is a holy man, honey, but he can't see the length of his nose—but it's as much as my life is worth to stop now—there is the door—go in.'

'Come in, my dear child, and sit down,' said Father MacMahon, holding out his hand.

'I've been looking around everywhere for you to-day, *mon pere*, and here you are at last, with as disconsolate a face as if you had buried your last friend,' said Ellen, in so blithe a tone, that the good old man looked up astonished, and wondered what it meant: 'where in the world have you been?'

'On a fruitless errand, my child. I have been up to Fermanagh, and offered Lord Hugh Maguire twice the worth of those waste lands beyond Cathgairna, only to find that neither love nor money can buy them.'

'How? Who told you so?'

'His lordship gave me a positive denial, and informed me that he would sell them on no condition whatever,' said Father MacMahon despondingly.

'I am sorry to hear it. I own I did not expect this. I thought gold would tempt him even against his inclinations.'

'No. He suspected my purpose, no doubt, and such is his determination to root out the old Catholic tenantry, that I verily believe he would refuse twice the value of those lands, if offered to him in hard gold, rather than dispose of it for their benefit. No—no—Divine Providence will, I hope, open some other way of relief.—Sometimes I think of America.'

'Do you?' exclaimed Ellen Abern earnestly. 'My thoughts have been travelling thither incessantly for days past, but without any special aim. I can think of nothing else when I am alone.'

'I wish I could provide means for the most destitute of our people to emigrate,' said Father MacMahon, casting his eyes towards the closet which contained his treasure. 'I have been thinking of it, Aileen, my child, and with God's aid, it may yet be done.'

'That is a noble plan. I like it. Why should they remain here? What is there to keep them? I am half tempted to go with them,' she exclaimed: 'for, like them, I have been made to feel like a stranger in the spot where I was born.'

'My dear child, I am afraid that after all, you are a goose. What would you do in that distant and strange land, friendless and alone?'

'Do? why, what should I do, but work and make friends?' she replied with a light-hearted laugh.

'And pray inform me what sort of labor these fingers are fitted to perform. Could these hands hew timber—break stones—or, even perform the more feminine task of washing, ironing and cooking, *a lanra voght*,' (my poor child) said Father MacMahon, touching the rosy tips of her slender fingers.

'Sir!' she said, with an air of mock dignity, 'even Thela is ready to smile at your want of discrimination. Have I not brains as well as hands? And what is there, pray, to hinder me from making use of gifts with which my Creator has endowed me? Say, Reverend sir, could I not, think you, train some little Americans in the way they should go—learn their young ideas how to shoot—in short, could I not become a governess?'

'Ellen! Abern, my dear child, I cannot spare you yet. Doubtless you could do all that you have been dreaming of; but I will have nothing of the kind thought of, except as a *dermier resort*.'

(To be Continued.)

It is expected that an increased quantity of flax will be sown this year, the crop having proved so remunerative last year.—Tyrone Herald.

A young man, named John Cooke, an assistant in a national school, at Oailan, County Kilkenny, has been arrested under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act.

The Cork Examiner says that Peter Crowley, who was fatally wounded in the course of the affray at Mitchelstown, made a desperate fight. The bullet which killed him must have been fired when his back was turned. But he received another bullet, which, but for the interposition of a small religious medal, which he wore suspended from his neck, would probably have caused instant death.

JOHN MITCHELL AND THE FENIANS.—The Irish papers copy a letter from a Richmond (Virginia) newspaper, in which Mr. John Mitchell of 1843 celebrity, denies that he has assumed the leadership of the Fenians on either side of the Atlantic. He disapproves of the conduct of those Fenian leaders who, upon the faith of insurance in the Irish in America. His countrymen in America are, he says, too impatient. He greatly respects and admires their patriotic eagerness for the destruction of English dominion in their native country, but it is useless to hope for any result as long as England is at peace both with France and the United States.

The correspondent of the Cork Herald says:—"One of the chief members of the conspiracy, Mr. Massey, has turned approver, and will be one of the witnesses who will tighten the rope around the necks of his unhappy accomplices. As might be expected from the high position he held as a Fenian, he must know the names of the principal members of the confederacy, as well as their plans, and his evidence discloses some alarming facts. It is said he has named men of high social positions as being implicated in the conspiracy, and has put the crown in possession of important facts relative to the share which some persons have had in encouraging and assisting their movements. He says the Fenian Brotherhood forms a part of a more extensive revolutionary organization extending not only over Ireland and America, but over the entire of Europe, the object being to unite the various nationalities in a common object, and to secure their co-operation in carrying out their designs. Being asked to name the leaders of the organization he expressed an unwillingness to do so, but he disclosed several other facts, which, if true, would appear to show that Fenianism has received encouragement, if not material aid from several quarters on the continent of Europe. His disclosures, will be of course given in extenso when examined before the petty jury, on the resumption of business by the present commission.

DR. KEOGH'S CASE.—It appears that Dr. Keogh of Carrigrohilly, had been brought before the magistrates at Kilsrush Petty Sessions, on Monday, for investigation, but he was acquitted of the charge. The complaint was for having administered medical relief, or rather aid, to Fenell, the Fenian, who had been concerned in the attack on the Killakee Oasguard-station, where Wilmot, one of the coastguards, had been nearly killed, and Fenell, one of the five Fenians who composed the attacking party, had been severely wounded by Wilmot, in desperate resistance offered by him. On the charge mentioned Dr. Keogh was arrested twice. The first time he was once discharged, but subsequently was arrested and brought before some magistrates at Kilsrush, where, in the absence of his friends, being at a distance from his home, one of the magistrates present (Mr. B. Cox) became his security for £100 to appear at petty sessions. It now turns out, to the dissatisfaction of those who had a hand in his arrest, if it were illegal, that Dr. Keogh never visited Fenell, and that he had never been sent for that purpose. But the fact is probably this: that when Dr. Keogh had been known to be absent visiting a neighbouring house to see a female patient, Fenell's friends had brought him to the house, and on the doctor leaving after the discharge of his professional duty, they requested him to look at a poor man who was very ill. By this device they thought to procure the services of Dr. Keogh, but in vain, as that gentleman did no more than merely syringe the blood that flowed from the wounds of Fenell. More than this he did not do, if he even did so much; and hence it is the parties who had a hand in Dr. Keogh's arrest will find themselves probably the subject of Parliamentary discussion, if not inquiry.—Tipperary Independent.

THE FRAY AT KILLOONSHY WOOD.—The surmise hazarded concerning one of the prisoners captured by the flying column on Sunday morning has proved mistaken. We understand his name is really Edmund Kelly, and he is not an American, as his appearance—the result, probably, of long residence in America—seemed to suggest. He was born of respectable parents in the neighbourhood of Kinsale, about 28 years ago, and went with them to America when a child, receiving there a superior education, in which military science formed an element. Residing chiefly in Canada, he was apprenticed to the trade of a compositor, but came to Ireland about eight or nine years ago, and having completed his apprenticeship, has since worked on and off at his trade. He is short and slight in person and of quiet, gentlemanly manners. During several months of the past year he worked at printing offices in this city, and it is stated, he was contemplating returning to his friends in America when the affair with the flying column took place leading to his arrest. Kelly asserts that his party did not fire a shot until they had been fired upon repeatedly by the military—that, in fact, when they were unarmed, and had to run for their weapons to a part of the wood where they were concealed, before they could reply to the first fire of the military, and that they did so then in self-defence. The deceased Peter Crowley is said to have come to Cork on the previous Thursday disguised as a carrier.—Cork Examiner.

The farmers all around Bray and Wicklow are reported as busily at work in the fields making up for lost time. Every effort is being made to put the seeds in the ground while the fine weather continues, and it is surprising how much has been done during the last few days. The soft showers and increase of temperature are encouraging the growth of grass, and the cattle, supported with great difficulty throughout the winter, will soon obtain enough of provender from the fields.

The Mayo Constitution says:—"Within the past week the emigration of 1867 has set in, and, we regret to say, with more appearance of increased extent than we have observed for years past. The number of emigrants daily leaving our country particularly from the seaboard—is truly wonderful, and their departure is not marked by that boisterous leaving-taking and heart-felt sorrow which heretofore took place, but apparently with a hopeful feeling that they were only separating for a short period. We have learned, on inquiry, that the great proportion of those now emigrating do so on prepaid tickets, being sent for by their friends in America, who seem as anxious to bring over their relations in Ireland as the Irish are to quit their native land.

At Talaght. It will be recollected that a few days ago Kirwan was arrested in a house in Bishop street, when it was discovered that he was suffering from the effects of a gun-shot wound in the shoulder which threatened to be very serious. The authorities considered it necessary to remove the prisoner to the Meath Hospital, and placed him in the special custody of two police constables, who sat by his bedside night and day alternately. On Tuesday night, however, the constable in charge being obliged to absent himself from the room where the prisoner lay for a few minutes, Kirwan seized the opportunity, and, although in an extremely weak and debilitated state, succeeded in effecting his escape from the hospital through a window. On the constable returning and finding the 'bird had flown,' he communicated the fact to the officers, who proceeded to institute a search in the neighbourhood, but no traces could be found of the fugitive. The extraordinary character of the escape and the suddenness with which it was conceived, have created no small amount of interest.

The Irish Protestant bishops have unanimously signed the following reply to an address from a committee of laymen on the subject of ritualistic innovations:—"Gentlemen,—We beg to acknowledge the memorial from the Committee of lay members of the Established Church which you have placed in our hands. We desire to say, in reply, that we feel that it is the right and duty of the laity of our Church to take a lively interest in the mal tenance of the sound doctrine and the pure worship which were restored to it at the Reformation, and that the exertions of the Bishops in defence of these inestimable blessings, if they are at any time endangered, would mainly depend for success, under God, upon the cordial co-operation of their lay as well as their clerical brethren. Should such a crisis arise, we humbly trust that we shall not be found wanting in an earnest determination, so far as in us lies, to preserve to the Church her precious inheritance. But we hope that there is no present reason to think that it is in danger. On the contrary, we feel that we have great reason to be thankful that our branch of the Church has been so graciously preserved from those excesses in ritual which have given such offence and alarm in England, and from the errors in doctrine with which they have been connected. And we are happy to be able to say, each for his own diocese, that within our knowledge no cases of excessive ritual exist in this part of the United Church. We trust this happy state of things will, by God's blessing long remain. But, if it should be otherwise we can assure you that we are fully prepared to use all the authority and influence that we possess to discourage and resist all changes in the manner of performing Divine service which are contrary to the spirit of our Reformed Church: here all when, under cover of such changes, it is sought to give a sanction to doctrines which our Church has expressly repudiated and condemned.

A movement has commenced in Tipperary which is the most hopeful sign that has occurred yet as to the disposition of the peasantry who have been duped by the American adventurers. At Dunderrum, in that county, on Saturday, about 20 persons appeared when called on in the court-house, and signed the following declaration:—"We, the undersigned, come forward voluntarily, and throw ourselves on the leniency of Government, having been unfortunately induced by the representations of the designing adventurers to enter the Fenian movement, which we long since wished to withdraw from, but from terror we were obliged to appear with the insurgents on the 5th of March, 1867."

Recently, Sub-Inspector McCarthy, of Banaha, and a party of police, proceeded to search the house of a man named Butler, of Thomastown, where they supposed one of the Ballyhurst Fenians was concealed. In a bedchamber with boarded flooring, they discovered a trap door under a bed, which was situated at the end of the room. On raising the door, which had hinges attached on the interior, thereby making it less suspicious from the outside, an excavation, six feet in length, by sixteen inches in breadth, and a foot and a half in depth, was revealed to their view. It presented the appearance of some person having lain there but a short time previous to their coming, from the fresh impression left on the earth.

Some of her Majesty's troops are, willingly or unwillingly, doing good service as detectives, in bringing disaffected persons to justice. A man named Timothy Wright was yesterday brought up at the head police-office, charged with attempting to seduce a soldier named George Henry Russell from his allegiance. Russell, who is a private of the 85th Regiment, had met the prisoner and some other men in a public-house on Sunday evening. Wright and the others began to talk about the Fenians in America, and the prisoner said he had just come from Philadelphia, where he had seen 'the boys' parading.—He added that there were 28,000 of 'the boys' well armed and ready to march upon Canada. Addressing himself to Russell, he asked him to return on Monday night, and he would swear him in as a Fenian. The latter promised to do so. In the interval he informed his commanding officer of the circumstances, and was directed by him to keep the appointment. Another soldier was sent with him, and about five minutes after they entered the public-house they were joined by Wright, to whom they gave two glasses of porter. Two detectives entered shortly after, and took Wright into custody. The prisoner, who denied having ever seen the soldier before Monday night, was remanded.

GENERAL MASSEY.—The Standard of the 15th ult., says that 'General' Massey, the Fenian leader, who faintly awoke when he was arrested at Limerick, has turned Queen's evidence, and it is said that his testimony has assisted materially in establishing true bills against the prisoners charged with high treason at Dublin. His evidence in open court is looked forward to with the greatest interest as affording a complete expose of the Fenian scheme and intentions.

A SUSPECTED FENIAN.—Londonderry Saturday Night. At the Police-court here to day (before the Mayor, Edward Reid, Esq.) a very stalwart individual, who said his name was Michael Joyce, was charged under somewhat suspicious circumstances. It appeared that the prisoner had secured a passage in one of the outward-bound Canadian steamers plying from this port, and yesterday he went on board the tender, with the other passengers to be conveyed to the steamer at Moville. He seemed anxious, after some time, to come ashore; but, as the tender was soon to start from the quay, Mr. Groves, shipping agent, intercepted him, and he then assented to that gentleman. He was at once taken into custody for this offence, and on being searched, by the constabulary, a Roman Catholic prayerbook was found on his person. On one of the leaves were written the names 'Burke' and 'Joyce.' These circumstances aroused the attention of the authorities, and a minute inspection led to the belief that the prisoner is no other than a Fenian named Burke, for whose arrest a reward has been offered, and whose appearance is described in the Gazette. Joyce, as he calls himself, gives a very confused account as to how he came to this part of the country. He says he had been in Victoria for the last ten years, and returned to Ireland nearly two months ago. He passed through a portion of England, and then settled in Wexford, where he states he lodged with a person named Stephen Tobin, a publican. He claims to be a native of Kilkenny. His answers to the questions put to him were considered far from satisfactory. He was remanded.—Express.

IRISH INFAMOUS.—Patrick Moriarty, who was arrested for being engaged in the attack on Mr. Leader's house, and who rendered his services to the crown as an informer, has been himself identified since as the man who assaulted Mr. Leader with a poker. His professed evidence has been consequently refuted, his depositions rendered null, and himself committed for trial. McCarthy, another informer,

has also broken down most ignominiously. Some suspicions that the hope of reward might have overpowered his reverence for truth seems to have arisen in the mind of the magistrate, who had him confronted with two men who had been in prison some months previous to the 'rising.' McCarthy scanned the men's features closely, and then positively asserted that they were among the party who attacked Ballyknockane police-station. The resident magistrate, it is reported, became rather crestfallen, so did the other officials who were with him, while McCarthy, at once seeing the position of affairs, desired to see the men again; but the resident magistrate would not listen to the request, and thus matters stand at present.

GREAT BRITAIN. SCOTTISH CATHOLICS.

To the Editor of the Glasgow Herald.

Sir,—Will you grant me a space in the Herald to correct a historical blunder attributed to the Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, in his sermon on St. Patrick, in the Catholic Church of Anderson on the 17th inst? His Lordship is reported, in a Glasgow paper, to have said, "When they (the Irish) landed in Scotland, in the beginning of the present century, they found no true Church." That assertion is so much at variance with facts, that it is almost incredible that a bishop in Scotland could have given utterance to it. By the true Church we are sure that he means a Church composed of Catholic bishops, priests, and laity. Now, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the Irish began to land in Scotland, there were Scotch Catholic congregations and Scotch bishops, and consequently there was in Scotland at that time the Catholic Church. For brevity's sake I will only mention the names of the Scotch bishops then in this country, as their existence proves, that necessarily, that of lay Catholics and priests over whom they ruled. Let any one consult the recently published first volume of Dr. Gordon's 'Scotch Chronicon,' and he will find that, at the period in question, there lived Bishops George Hay, John Geddes, and John Chisholm. The first of these is well-known by his literary works wherever the English language is spoken. His 'Treatise on Miracles,' in refutation of David Home, is a masterpiece, and has been translated in Continental languages. History mentions the names of his predecessors. Thus we find that Bishop Thomas Nicholson was consecrated in 1655. James Gordon in 1706. John Wallace in 1720. The fact is that the Reformation never destroyed the Catholic Church in Scotland. In spite of the persecutions to which they were subjected for conscience sake, many of that communion adhered to their faith in every part of the kingdom, as well in the higher as in the lower ranks of society. The most powerful family in Scotland—a family that was able to wage war against the Sovereign—I mean that of the Duke of Gordon, remained Catholic till the last two dukes. The earls of Traquair were always faithful to that creed. There is not a single name in Scotland where Scotch Catholics are not to be found, but chiefly in Dumfriesshire, Aberdeenshire, Banffshire, Mearns, Argylshire, Invernessshire and Kinrosshire, and that without any intermixture of the Irish element. In some districts of Scotland the great majority of the inhabitants are Scotch Catholics. Glasgow, so celebrated for the massacre of its tribe, was then all Catholic; Glen garty, so celebrated as a nursery of warriors, is chiefly Catholic; Glenlivet, so well known for its whiskey, is mostly Catholic. In conclusion, were all the Irish in Scotland to quit it to-morrow, they would no more carry away with them the true Church than that they introduced it here; but they would leave behind them a Catholic Church composed of Scotch bishops, Scotch priests, and Scotch laity.—I am, &c.,

A SCOTCH CATHOLIC.

THE ROMISH CHURCH IN FLINTSHIRE To the Editor of Berrow's Worcester Journal.

Dear Sir,—We regret the necessity we are under of submitting to you the enclosed appeal. A few years ago, had any one intimated to us the possibility of Popery ever obtaining a footing in the Principality, we should have been inclined to smile at the idea (for so thoroughly grounded in the Reformed Faith our people seemed to be), but now, with sorrow we say it, many of our people are actually under Popish instruction, and some already perverted.

You would both greatly oblige us, and certainly render invaluable assistance to the cause of truth, by giving publicity, through your able journal, to this our appeal.

We are, dear sir, your obedient servants, DAVID JONES, rector of Brynford, EDWARD EVANS JONES, horseshod Parsonage. [The appeal referred to, and which is too lengthy for insertion, states that in connection with the Church of Pantasa, in Flintshire, are a large monastery of Capuchin monks, a convent of the Sisters of Charity of Our Lady of Mercy, a free school, and an orphanage; and the writers complain that by means of gratuitous education, &c., Protestant children are being converted to the faith of Rome.—Weekly Register.

In the Birmingham Journal of Monday last, we read that Murphy has certainly made one convert, a fellow countryman of his own, and, like him, a man of the lowest order. Unfortunately, however, for the cause of rampant Protestantism, no sooner had his pious catechumen of the new faith appeared on the platform, than he was claimed by the police as an individual who had been 'wanted' for some time, on account of something more than a slight suspicion of robbery, which he effected a few weeks ago at Wolverhampton, and was walked off with handcuffs to goal. Such are the men, such the cause, with which the person who calls himself 'Colonel' Brockman and several clergymen of the English Church are mixed up. Converts like this felon who was captured at Walsall, when on the platform he was calling for 'three groans for the Pope,' we can afford to lose, but why should the lecturers take such trouble to win them over? In any of the back slums of our large towns they must be found by the hundred, and for very few shillings would join any one who asked them to do so. 16.

HOMES OF COMMONS, April 9.—Mr. Sargeant Armstrong moved to bring in a bill affecting mixed marriages in Ireland. He stated that by an old Act of Parliament all marriages celebrated in a Catholic Chapel in Ireland between a Protestant and a Catholic were illegal. He did not propose to repeal that act, as its provisions were connected with the general subject of the marriage law, but the object of his bill was to provide that where a married man abandoning his wife resorted to a Catholic priest, professed himself to be a Catholic, and married a Catholic woman, he might be indicted for bigamy without taking advantage of the Act of Parliament which declared the second marriage null and void. Leave was given to bring in the bill.

The Daily News considers that, according to the maxims of ordinary Parliamentary experience, the Ministerial Reform bill ought now to be safe. But the Bill satisfies no one, and since one-half of its friends support it because it is so radical, the other half because it is so conservative, it cannot be regarded out of danger so long as it is subject to discussion.

The London Times has some degree of confidence that the dangers which have beset the bill are past, and congratulates the country upon the prospect of having a question settled which has been a ministerial difficulty for 15 years. It does not pretend that the Government bill is perfect. Some of its provisions it holds to be objectionable, that which draw or considerable modification of them, will be necessary; but, by discussion in committee, its defects may be supplied, and its errors amended.

A PROTESTANT PROPHECY.—For some time past Murphy, the howling Irish anti-Papist lecturer, has been stirring up riot and ill-will among the population of the midland counties, by his denunciations of a faith held by a large number of our fellow-countrymen. At Wolverhampton some few weeks ago, to such a pitch had this itinerant demagogue wrought the feelings of the inhabitants that the authorities were unable to preserve the peace with the civil force at their command, and had to call in the aid of the military. Nevertheless many serious riots occurred; the parish was put to enormous expense; and ill-feeling engendered among classes, which cannot fail to be productive for a lengthened time of serious consequences. And all this for the benefit of a man who, evidently designed for manual labour, finds he can obtain a better means of subsistence by trading upon the credulity of dupes to whom the cry of 'No Popery' is fraught with a charm beyond anything else; and by poisoning the minds of youth with disgusting obscenity raked up with much evident exertion from the oblivion of past ages. Were a person to come forward and announce a lecture on anatomy, and its many kindred subjects, merely with the design of selling the quack obscenity which the walls of our towns and villages advertise, the police would very properly soon dispose of the itinerant and his stock in trade, and the proceeding would, doubtless, be endorsed by the voice of the public; yet we question if these contain anything near so disgusting as may be found in the pages of 'The Confessional Unmasked,' by the sale of which the man Murphy is making an easy fortune. After travelling through the country for nearly two years disseminating his obscene trash, some few weeks since the Wolverhampton magistrates—all praise to them for so doing—condemned 'The Confessional Unmasked,' as unfit for publication. We should have thought to every right-thinking man and woman would have felt grateful for the proceeding which prevented the minds of their sons and daughters being poisoned with the seed of evil thoughts which could hardly have arisen without the aid of such a publication. But to the shame, and we say emphatically, the disgrace of those who took part in it, a meeting of so-called Protestants was held at Wolverhampton on Monday last, at which they protested against the decision of the magistrates, and passed resolutions condemning the course taken by them. Depraved humanity has many subtleties, and we are seriously afraid that those who look upon 'The Confessional Unmasked' as a book fit for the reading of their sons and daughters, or themselves, would gloat with pleasure over the vilest quack obscenity of the day, were it accompanied with a spice of religious sagging. It is almost a surprise that the publishers of these latter works have not taken a hint from the Protestant religious world, and hired 'religious lecturers' to denounce their publication, selling them to their audiences as a substitution of their 'arguments' in condemnation of them. As a proof that even Murphy was 'hard up' for arguments, nothing can be stronger than the fact that he had to rake up a book which belongs to a by-gone era and which might never have been heard of had not this quasi-religious demagogue got it translated from Latin into English, a language in which we believe it never before appeared. We well remember the scenes of disorder and riot which the advent of Murphy and his industrious satellite Colonel Brockman, caused in this town, where the members of the Roman Catholic Church are so few. How much more so, then, must be the irritation felt in such places as Wolverhampton and the surrounding district, where Irishmen form so great a portion of the population. We seriously ask the question: Is Murphy doing any good? There can be but one answer, and that is in the negative. Why, then, should he be allowed to wander about the country, sowing the seeds of evil, which are fraught with results almost to dire to contemplate, and entailing upon towns an enormous expense to enable him to insult the inhabitants generally? We quite agree with freedom of discussion, and should be very sorry to see it curtailed of any of its proportions; but when this freedom degenerates into licentiousness, it is high time that by legislative enactments the peace of the people should be preserved, and such men as Murphy forced to get a more honest living either by the spade and mattock, as dock laborers, or any of those useful employments for which they are so peculiarly fitted both bodily and intellectually. Murphy has been lecturing at Walsall during the past week, with the same results as at Wolverhampton. The magistrates have found it necessary to swear in about 200 special constables, including about 100 ill-qualified volunteers, and to employ the services of about 100 of the county constabulary and a troop of the 8th Hussars. To counteract the evil effect of Murphy's declamation and gratuitous insult upon the minds of the people, an admirable address recently delivered by Bishop Uthred, in the two Roman Catholic chapels of the town, has been printed, and extensively circulated. It authoritatively rebukes the members of the Roman Catholic Church to stay away, even from the vicinity of the hall, and exhorts them to good and peaceable behavior. The local Roman Catholic priests, Fathers Levi, Dunne, and McGahere, also issued a temperate and Christian-like appeal of similar purport containing an invitation to the members of their flock to attend special services, which were held at the Roman Catholic chapel each night of the week. 'Papal intolerance' is a favorite cry with lecturers of the Murphy stamp; but we think that the 'Protestants' who encourage them are taught a lesson by those whom it is their pleasure (and trade perhaps) to revile. At all events, the Roman Catholics of Walsall have shown their desire to follow peace with all men, even under circumstances when wrath and indignation would be, to say the least, ex-usable.—We hope the example set by them will be followed by their brethren of the Roman Church in every place where Murphy may seek to annoy them.—There can be no better way of dealing with such men than to treat them with contempt. They, like a certain fraternity of light-fingered gentry, can only successfully carry out their objects by agitation, and the more riot they create the more zeal will they find it to transfer to their own pockets the silver and gold of better and honest men.—Cheltenham Times and Musical Record (Protestant).

The knowledge of Catholicism has never been brought home to the hearts of our working classes. Our empty whiskeys they call a class religion, pride, and self-indulgence, and the dislike of being schooled, keep the artisans in our large cities from the doors of the Established Church. Since the days of Whitfield and of Wesley, the dissenting chapel has lost its hold over the hearts of the working men.—The largest proportion of the middle classes will, long after the silent apoplexy of the intellect and of the sinews of the country, crowd with a decorous observance round the pulpit of the preacher, and listen still with reverence to the words of Sacred Writ; but such a state of things from its very nature, cannot last, especially in these days, when knowledge is spreading, though it is true wisdom lingers. And after the collapse of Protestantism what next? There seems to be no prospect in the dark look out; one does not like to contemplate the possibility of blank unbelief taking up its abode in the English mind, yet the question of such a possibility can no longer be blinked. Intellectual scepticism is already leaving its mark on the national mind, its harsh tones are grating on the ear, its daring speculations court publicity in a manner which contrasts strangely with the religious decorum which prevailed English literature twenty years ago. Indeed it has now come to this that we confess to a misgiving that we are, after all, no better than our neighbors, that neither the English Constitution nor the English religion is proof against the advance of French Democracy, or of German Infidelity.—Westminster Gazette.

The London and Royal Western yacht clubs have opened all their matches to all American yachts.

FREE CHURCH PRESBYTERY OF EDINBURGH.—A meeting of the Edinburgh Free Church Presbytery was held yesterday—Mr. Brown, St. Paul's Moderator.

Mr. Pirie read a report by the Committee on intemperance, and the best means for its suppression. The report stated that all the inquiries made by the Committee went to confirm them in their opinion that drunkenness was rapidly on the increase—that it was the prevailing sin of the day, and was intimately connected with the poverty, crime, and immorality which abounded to so large an extent in our community. [So much for the Forbes Mackenzie Act.] Edinburgh Courier, March 27.

THE LONDON MAY-MEETINGS.—On these occasions 'lay Scripture-readers' are generally brought over from Ireland to tell their experiences, in their own simple style, of the way in which the gospel of soap is spreading amongst the Irish Papists. I know not what cruel fate it is which has ordained that these men should be indescribably coarse, ugly, and repulsive in features. But such they invariably are.—Perhaps were they clad in their accustomed frocks and corduroys, the clowns would pass muster. But on these occasions they are clad in broad cloth and white chokers, and the results would be very laughable if they were not absolutely disgusting.—A couple of years ago, I was 'professionally' present at a breakfast of one of these Irish missionary societies in St. James's Hall. A very intelligent gentleman, a clergyman of the Church of England, sat beside me. Opposite me were two 'Scripture-readers,' whom, by their peculiar brogue and type of face, I recognised as natives of the most Orange part of the county Londonderry. They were both clad in fresh shining broadcloth that had still the hot smell of the tailor's goose upon it; and two uglier, more vulgar, and more forbidding cloths I never beheld. The clergyman, who had no notion who or what I was, entered into conversation with them; and the rascals immediately brimmed over with their confidences. Seeing the effect their conversation was producing on this well-bred gentleman, I (cautiously, I confess) proceeded to draw them out; and their rascaldness, the bigotry, the malignity, and manifest falsehood of the couple of white-chokered backwoods so overcame the poor gentlemanly English parson, that he turned a weary appealing look on me, drank off his coffee, rose with a look of profound disgust, and removed to the other end of the room.

Society Taking Holiday.—In what pot-house, singing saloon, or other moral centre of rational amusement, these two exemplary Irish Suppers spent that night I cannot tell. But I desire to call your attention to the curious coincidence, that these pious meetings in London are never held except when what is called 'the season' has opened. Now 'the season' means the return of all sorts of gaiety, and the promoters and engines of gaiety to London. The singing and dancing saloons are at the height of their glory. The Greenacre Gardens are thrown open to the first youth and demi-monde of the metropolis.—The opera flourish, and the ballet is brilliant. On these occasions I have seen pious people, who sternly denounce carnal amusements in their conventicles at home, enjoying themselves mightily. In the year '51, I was charmed to see a well-known Belfast Presbyterian minister (fresh from denouncing the Belfast Theatre) sitting in a box at her Majesty's Opera House, and evidently greatly relishing the pinettes of Madame Cerito, whose drapery struck even me (young as I was) as unnecessarily scanty. On another occasion, in the charming month of May, I whilst showing a country friend the various sights of London, was marvellously perplexed on beholding a couple of dignitaries of the Belfast Corporation (whose united ages exceeded a hundred) whirling round the central platform in dizzy mazes of the waltz with two fair damsels whose years put together would certainly not much exceed forty. Such are the charms (so suggestive of primal innocence) of the sweet months of April and May in Christian London.—Cor. of Dublin Irishman.

Mr. Gladstone is much censured by the members of the Liberal party and the friends of the Liberal cause for what they term his mismanagement of the Reform movement.

UNITED STATES.

TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF THE CHURCH.—We copy the following from the Newburyport (Mass.) Herald:—"Last year a quarter of a million foreigners were added to our population by immigration, and more are expected this year. This would be a consolation to those who pride themselves in the American race, as we sometimes call it, though we have not been here long enough to be thoroughly acclimated, if they could see that these new comers were to be absorbed in our population, but it is a fact pretty well established now that the foreigners are absorbing us, or taking the place of the old American families.—Even in Massachusetts the births of foreign parents are now equalling those of natives, and at the rate things have been going on in the last twenty years, before the expiration of this century the majority of the people must be foreigners or their immediate descendants, and it is not so clear that a majority of church members will be, as a consequence be Catholics. The cause of the change is very clear; it is the Catholic Church outside is murder, and a child dying in the womb is unavowed, because unbaptized; and those foreigners who are not Catholics have no objection to children. On the other side, among Protestant Christians fanaticism is not regarded as a crime, and those who make no profession of Christian faith live for themselves and not for posterity.—Where such theories obtain humanity will suffer for its violation of the natural laws in the everlasting course of God."

The Rev. Father Hewitt (Papist) recently delivered an able and elaborate discourse in the Papist Church, New York, on the 'true Destination of the Irish People.' It was an honorable and glowing tribute to the steadfastness of the Irish people to their faith. He proved that they were, as a race, the oldest in Europe; that even when they were Pagans, they were the most devout Pagans ever read of; that they received the faith without ever spilling one drop of blood; that the martyrdom of the Irish was left for a later date, to be enacted by men who called themselves by the name of Christians! In speaking of St. Patrick, he said he was sorry to say some were ashamed of the name of Patrick, the noblest and greatest name ever given man—it was, as its very name implied, noble—Patrickus 'a noble of Rome,' and yet it was now looked upon by ignorant men as a title of obloquy. No Irishman should be ashamed of the name of Patrick.

The present indications are that the trial of Jeff. Davis will not take place in Richmond next Monday, but that further postponement is to be made. The advisability of admitting Davis to bail is now being considered. Several prominent persons have been lately inquiring regarding the case of J. P. Davis, with a view to obtain his trial or release. It is asserted, on the highest authority, that the government offered to release Davis on his own parole, but he positively declined to accept freedom unless unconditionally.

CONOVER THE PERJURER.—Justice has at last been done to Sanford Conover alias Charles Dunham.—He was on Thursday sentenced by Judge Fisher, of the Criminal Court of Washington to ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary at Albany for perjury. It will be recollected that he required before a military commission which tried Harill, Mudd, and Mrs. Surratt, that Jefferson Davis, Clement O. Clay, Jacob Thompson, and others were coerced in the plot to assassinate President Lincoln. Conover went into great minuteness of detail, and had so arranged his bogus testimony as to mislead many. His confessions, however, not receiving any portion of the reward which Conover expected to get for his disclosure, and his sentence to-day for perjury.

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY  
At No. 696, Craig Street, by  
J. GILLIES.  
G. E. OLERK, Editor.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:  
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be Three Dollars.

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Single copy 3d.

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

The figures after each Subscriber's Address  
every week shows the date to which he has paid  
up. Thus "JOHN JONES, August '63," shows that  
he has paid up to August '63, and owes his Sub-  
scription from that date.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 10.

ECOLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.  
MAY—1867.

Friday, 10—St. Antonio, B. C.  
Saturday, 11—St. Mark, Ev.  
Sunday, 12—Third after Easter. Patronage of St.  
Joseph.  
Monday, 13—St. Anselm, B. D.  
Tuesday, 14—St. Fidele de S. M.  
Wednesday, 15—St. Pius V. P. C.  
Thursday, 16—St. Ubalde, B. C.

APRIL DIVIDEND OF THE ROMAN  
LOAN.

Office of the Roman Loan, at the Banking  
House of Duncan, Sherman & Co.,  
11 Nassau street, corner of Pine, N. Y.  
March 19, 1867.

The coupon of interest of this loan due on the 1st  
of April, 1867, will be paid as follows:—  
New York, at the banking house of Duncan,  
Sherman & Co.  
Philadelphia, at the banking house of Drexel &  
Co.  
Baltimore, at the banking house of L. J. Torrey  
& Co.  
New Orleans, at the Southern Bank.  
St. Louis, at the banking house of Tesson, Son  
& Co.

Louisville, at the banking house of Tucker & Co.  
Cincinnati, at the banking house of Gilmore, Dun-  
lap & Co. and Hemann Garaghty & Co.  
Boston, by Patrick Donahoe.  
Providence, R. I., by George A. Leete, Esq.  
MONTREAL, Canada, Bank of Montreal.  
QUEBEC, Canada, Branch of the Bank of Montreal  
Hayana, Cuba, J. C. Burnham & Co.  
Lima, Peru, Alsop & Co.

ROBERT MURPHY, Agent.  
AGENT FOR CANADA:  
ALFRED LAROCQUE, Montreal.  
The interest on the Bonds of this loan will  
hereafter be paid \$2 50 and 62 cents.  
ALFRED LAROCQUE.  
Montreal, 16th April, 1867.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Though a Conference, in order to settle  
peaceably, if possible, the Luxembourg question,  
and to mediate betwixt France and Prussia, is  
actually taking place in London, the men of  
money who make up what are called the "finan-  
cial circles," and whose means of information on  
political subjects are generally pretty good, do  
not appear to be very sanguine as to the results.  
The Conference was to meet with no settled  
plan of its own to put in place of the pretensions  
of the contending parties. M. Moustier, the  
French Secretary of Foreign Affairs, stated  
confidently, however, in the *Corps Legislatif*  
that a basis had been discovered on which nego-  
tiations might be safely constructed.

The Derby Ministry met with a defeat in the  
House of Commons on the evening of the 2nd  
inst., and accepted the amendments carried by  
their opponents. There was to be another mon-  
ster meeting in Hyde Park on the evening of  
the 6th inst., and in anticipation of riots, special  
constables were being sworn in.

The Commission in Dublin for the trial of the  
Fenian insurgents has sentenced two of the  
prisoners to death. We doubt if this severe  
sentence, though in harmony with the legislation  
of all civilized communities, will be carried out.  
The Queen is believed to entertain strong per-  
sonal feelings against the infliction of capital  
punishment upon any political offenders; and  
though in the North of Ireland, cruel and savage  
bigots may dream of renewing the atrocities of  
'98, the people of England, generally, repudiate  
the bloodthirsty sentiments of the Orange fan-  
tics, and are in favor of mild measures. Bes-  
ides, we must bear in mind that, though the  
avowed principles of Fenianism are worthy of all  
condemnation, since they are at bottom the prin-  
ciples of Continental Communists, and of the  
Revolution, the men in Ireland who have em-  
braced these principles, and fought for them, are  
in many respects entitled to our pity, though not  
to our sympathy. They have shown themselves  
rash, and devoid of all prudence; but during the  
short rising they did not approve themselves  
cruel or bloodthirsty, they were not guilty of  
any wanton act of outrage on person or property.  
Looking upon them as mistaken, misguided men,  
and as political offenders, we must admit that, in  
so far as they have conducted themselves in Ire-  
land, their conduct has been that of brave men,  
who believed that they were fighting in a good  
cause, and who did not disgrace that cause by  
any cold-blooded effusion of blood. They fought,  
and they must stand the consequences of their

rashness, of their obstinate resistance to the  
warnings and command of their Church; but in  
their favor, and as an argument for mercy to-  
wards them, it may be pleaded that, as they ab-  
stained from all wanton violence, so it would be  
inexpedient to hang them, even though it be  
necessary that the Government should show to  
the world its determination to assert its authority  
and to protect the persons and the property of  
its peaceful and loyal subjects. The Govern-  
ment will have no difficulty in obtaining convic-  
tion, for in all the Irish papers it is asserted that  
the Fenians are offering themselves in crowds as  
Crown witnesses, or informers, against their  
comrades. Many perhaps have from the first  
been spies, who obtained admittance into the  
Fenian ranks with a determination to sell the  
secrets of the Society to the authorities at the  
first favorable opportunity.

By latest telegrams we learn that the dreaded  
Reform meeting in Hyde Park passed over  
without any violence. Prussia, though accepting  
the Peace Conference, complains that France is  
still making military preparations.

In the United States a motion has been made  
to bring up Jeff. Davis on a writ of *Habeas  
Corpus*. The Washington authorities will  
either have to release the man whom they have  
so long illegally detained a prisoner, or to bring  
him to trial. If they adopt the latter course,  
they can scarce expect a favorable result since  
their tool, the scoundrel Conover, has been con-  
victed of perjury, and can hardly again be made  
available to swear away, at the bidding of North-  
ern Liberals, the lives of innocent men.

The members of the Canadian Ministry may  
soon be expected back in this country. Then  
will come the tug of war.

DIocese of HAMILTON.—The Right Rev.  
Dr. Farrell, Bishop of Hamilton, accompanied  
by his Secretary—the Rev. Mr. Heenan—is  
now on his way to the Holy City, to take part  
in the celebration of the eighteen hundredth anni-  
versary of the martyrdom of St. Peter, first  
Bishop of Rome. Before his departure His  
Lordship was waited on by a deputation from his  
diocessans, and was presented with a purse of  
\$400 from the congregation of St. Mary's  
Church; the Rev. Mr. Heenan was likewise pre-  
sented with a purse of \$150 from the ladies of  
the same congregation. During the absence of  
the Bishop the affairs of the Diocese of Hamilton  
will be managed by the Very Reverend Vicar  
General Gordon. We publish the Address and  
reply in another column.

The Bishop of Ottawa is about to proceed to  
Rome.

CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP OF RIMOUSKI.  
—On Wednesday, the first of May, the Right  
Rev. Mgr. Langevin was consecrated as first  
Bishop of this newly erected diocese, in the Ca-  
thedral of Quebec.

The Prelates officiating were—His Lordship of  
Tloa, Administrator of the Arch-Diocese of  
Quebec, assisted by Mgr. Horan, Bishop of  
Kingston, and Mgr. Lafèche, Bishop of Three  
Rivers. All the ecclesiastical dignitaries of Que-  
bec were in attendance, and the church was  
very densely crowded. Besides the above men-  
tioned Prelates, there were present as represent-  
ing the Episcopate of the Ecclesiastical Province  
of Quebec, their Lordships the Bishops of Toron-  
to, Ottawa, and St. Hyacinthe; the Sermon, ap-  
propriate to the occasion, was delivered by the  
last named Prelate, and was greatly admired for  
its eloquence and the spirit of true devotion  
with which it was inspired.

The religious services of the day being com-  
pleted, the Bishops and Clergy present at the  
Consecration assisted at a banquet laid out in  
the Seminary of Quebec; after which addresses  
to the newly consecrated Bishop were presented  
from the Pupils of the *Petit Seminaire* of Que-  
bec, from the *Institut Canadien*, and from the  
Society of Colonisation; to all of these His Lord-  
ship the Bishop of Rimouski returned appropriate  
replies.

The Rev. M. Edmund Langevin, Secretary  
of the Arch-diocese of Quebec, has been ap-  
pointed Vicar General. The Rev. M. Lange-  
vin, V. G., will accompany Mgr. Langevin to  
the Diocese of Rimouski.

We learn with regret, from the Quebec cor-  
respondent of the *Minerve*, that Mgr. Lynch,  
Bishop of Toronto, was attacked with indisposi-  
tion at Quebec. The Reverend Prelate had  
overworked himself, especially during Lent, by  
his incessant labors in the Pulpit, and the Con-  
fessional, and his self-imposed fatigues in the ad-  
ministration of his large and important diocese.

ST. JOSEPH.—On Sunday evening next, at  
4 P.M., will take place the blessing of the bell  
for the Chapel attached to the St. Joseph's  
Asylum in Cemetery Street, under the charge of  
the Grey Nuns.

Subscribers changing their residences are re-  
quested to send notice to this office, in order that  
their papers may be properly delivered.

CONCERT.—We would remind our Montreal  
friends of the Concert to come off this (Thurs-  
day) evening, in the Mechanics' Hall, Great St.  
James Street, and of which the particulars will  
be found in the advertisement on our fifth page.  
It will be remembered too that the proceeds will  
be for the benefit of the St. Ann's Band, which  
has so many claims upon the Irish public.

WHAT THE PROTESTANT BISHOPS TAKE  
FROM IRELAND.—The London *Times* pub-  
lishes a statement of the assets left by each of  
the undermentioned Government Bishops of the  
Church as by Law Established in Ireland, since  
1822. This sum, the *Times* adds, does not in-  
clude any real property the deceased may have  
purchased with the proceeds of his ecclesiastical  
income; neither does it include any settlements  
that he may have made on any members of his  
family—and Protestant Bishops generally have  
very large families, sons, daughters, and nephews,  
for whom they, as a rule, provide very hand-  
somerly; neither does it include any stock that  
the Reverend Father in God may have possessed  
—but which, says the *Times* significantly, 'he  
may have transferred to avoid legacy duty, or  
possibly to avoid the fame of having died too  
rich for the Bishop of a poor Church.'—*Times*.

Well! after all these formidable deductions,  
here is the statement of the assets of these Pro-  
testant Apostolic men:—

Name.	See.	Assets.
Broderick.....	Casheh.....	£80,000
Trench.....	Tuam.....	73,846
Alexander.....	Meath.....	73,000
J. G. Beresford.....	Armagh.....	70,000
Tottenham Loftus.....	Glogher.....	60,000
Lawrence.....	Casheh.....	55,000
Bisset.....	Raphoe.....	46,000
Mages.....	Dublin.....	45,000
Griffin.....	Limerick.....	45,000
Whalley.....	Dublin.....	40,000
Leslie.....	Kilmore.....	40,000
Batson.....	Kiltaloe.....	40,000
Beresford.....	Kilmore.....	36,000
Knox.....	Derry.....	27,692
Plunket.....	Tuam.....	26,331
Stewart.....	Armagh.....	25,000
Singer.....	Meath.....	25,000
O'Beirne.....	Meath.....	20,000
Kyle.....	Cork.....	20,000
Stofford.....	Meath.....	14,000

In all, upwards of £860,000, or very nearly  
Four Million, Two Hundred Thousand dollars!  
It would, we suppose, be considered impertinent  
on the part of the Irish Catholics, that is to say  
of the overwhelming majority of the people of  
Ireland—were they to ask for the sight of the  
other side of the account—that which shows the  
amount of services rendered to them, the Irish  
people, in return for so many millions of dollars  
abstracted from their pockets!

Any how, it would seem as if the Irish Cat-  
holics might well complain of the Protestant  
Establishment, which fattens upon the generous  
endowments of their fathers to the Catholic  
Church, for Catholic purposes—as of something  
more than a "sentimental grievance." It seems  
to us to be a solid substantial thing enough—a  
financial grievance in fact, capable of being set  
down in dollars and cents, as above. Moreover,  
it must be remembered that the above given  
array of figures, financially formidable though it  
be, contains but a small, a very small fraction  
indeed, of the financial grievances. It does not  
show, for instance, the large sums extorted out  
of the pockets of the Catholic people of Ireland,  
but spent upon their own creature comforts, or  
their sumptuous establishments, on their wives  
and children, during their several lifetimes by  
our Irish Protestant Bishops; it shows us only  
the assets left at death, by twenty only of the  
said well paid gentlemen; and it says nothing  
about the enormous sums spent, and accumulated  
for the benefit of their heirs, by all the other  
dignitaries of the Protestant Establishment—by  
its Deans and Parsons whose name is Legion;  
and who, like locusts have long devoured the  
substance of the people of Ireland, and have  
grown rich upon the spoils of the Catholic  
Church.

And it must also be remembered that, of the  
Millions of dollars of assets left by the Protes-  
tant Bishops, as the proceeds of their several  
accumulations and boardings during their tenure  
of office, the whole amount at their death be-  
came secularised; and was diverted from one of  
the legitimate purposes of ecclesiastical property  
—to wit, the defraying the expences of Christian  
worship, the sustenance of Colleges, Seminaries,  
Educational and Charitable institutions—to pur-  
poses altogether alien to the intentions of the  
original donors of the Church property of Ire-  
land. But not only would it be impossible for a  
Catholic Bishop to accumulate such sums, but in  
the case of the latter, his property—he having no  
family to maintain—would at his death for the  
most part revert to the Church from whence it  
came, and go to the founding and endowment of  
the many necessary institutions of which, in Ireland  
especially, the Church stands in need. It would  
have gone to build and endow Catholic Universi-  
ties for Ireland, or for some other analogous pur-  
poses, of which the people of Ireland would have  
reaped the benefit. As it is, these savings of  
the Bishops, or rather these abstractions from  
the revenues of the Church, have been devoted  
to the exclusive benefit of little Beresfords, and  
little Plunketts, and other members, male and  
female, of the deceased Bishops' families. This  
again constitutes, not a mere "sentimental," but

a very solid financial "grievance" to the Ca-  
tholic people of Ireland, for whose exclusive use  
and behoof the ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland  
were originally designed.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN THE LEVANT.—  
Our Protestant friends do not seem to have been  
very lucky with their missions lately, though  
these have been conducted with a great outlay  
of cash, and many a loud flourish of trumpets.—  
One in particular, a Yankee mission, at the head  
of which was a certain Reverend Mr. Adams,  
and which combined a plan of colonisation, with  
another for the evangelisation of the Jews,  
Turks and Eastern Christians, has eventuated  
as our Yankee friends would say, in a most  
ludicrously deplorable catastrophe. The Orientals  
would not be converted for any price; the  
party that accompanied the reverend missionary  
have been pretty nigh ruined; and the evangeli-  
cal man himself has taken to drink, and other  
weaknesses unbecoming a minister of the Holy  
Protecting Faith. The Vice-Consul at Jaffa  
gives the following particulars, in which he lays  
the chief blame on the Rev. Mr. Adams:—

As to Adams, it is most trying that this drunken,  
blasphemous, heartless impostor should be allowed to  
call himself a minister of the Gospel. This man has  
led more than 150 of his fellow creatures to misery  
and death, in having deluded them to leave their  
homes, and to risk their families' lives and happiness,  
and he has cheated them, some out of all, some  
out of most of their property. He and his wife,  
who is still more depraved, never attempt to  
alleviate the misery they have caused.

The dissatisfied party, consisting of about 52 per-  
sons, are now preparing to return to the United  
States; but to accomplish this they must wait till  
all their accounts are settled with Adams, and they  
have received the title deeds for and bought. Some of  
the people are without the means of defraying the  
expences of their journey home.

From September 24th to October 30th, Adams  
ordered 201 bottles of brandy, besides several barrels  
of wine and English pale ale, thereby spending about  
\$150 in gold, and he was seen so often intoxicated  
by the natives that they called him the drunken  
Messiah.

A more favorable view of these Yankee mis-  
sions in the East is attempted by a Rev. Mr.  
Bliss, writing in the *Congregationalist*. The  
Montreal *Witness*, not likely to depreciate the  
result of these missions, and taking the text of  
the Rev. Mr. Bliss as his authority, thus sums  
up their result.

"Islamism as an element of the Turkish Govern-  
ment is losing its power, and as a religious system is  
also fast hastening to decay. Many things indicate  
that it may be speedily extinguished. The corrupt  
organizations of Oriental Christianity are also losing  
their hold upon the people. A movement has arisen  
among the Americans for a reformation of their na-  
tional church, and discussions among the Greeks and  
Bulgarians forebode new strife and new divisions.  
Even the Jews are divided among themselves."

"What is the source of these movements?"  
asks the *Witness*; and he tells us that the  
Rev. Mr. Bliss boastfully attributes them—the  
"strife," and the "divisions,"—and that decay  
of all belief in the old religion which is fast going  
on amongst the Moslem population of the Turk-  
ish Empire—to the influence of Protestant mis-  
sions; to the "evangelical truth" which for  
years has been spreading in Turkey, and making  
aggressions not only on Islamism, but on the an-  
cient Christian organizations throughout the  
East. We are quite prepared to admit the  
reason assigned; for whatever may be our opin-  
ion of the efficacy of Protestantism to build up,  
it cannot be denied that it is very powerful to  
pull down and destroy; and that, wherever it  
goes, it may always be traced by the "strife"  
and the "divisions" which it brings with it, and  
which it leaves behind it.

The reader will not fail to be struck with the  
resemblance betwixt, or rather the perfect iden-  
tity of, Protestant Missions in the Ottoman Em-  
pire, and Protestant Missions in Italy. Always  
"strife" and "divisions;" and the one thing  
that they accomplish is to shake the faith of  
those to whom they are addressed, without giv-  
ing them anything positive in lieu thereof. In  
Italy their promoters boast of having caused the  
decay of Popery; in Turkey, of having accelera-  
ted the decay of Islamism; but neither in Italy  
nor in Turkey, do their warmest advocates pre-  
tend that they have given either to the Papist, or  
to the Moslem a new faith, or an improved code  
of morals.

The Toronto *Globe*, intent above all things on  
breaking up the present Ministry, and in getting  
a chance of office for Mr. George Brown, and  
the greedy half-starved pack of place-beggars  
who follow his lead, and yelp at his bidding—in-  
sists that it is the immediate duty of the Liberal  
members of the Coalition to tender their resig-  
nations:—  
"The true, consistent, patriotic course for the Li-  
beral members of the Coalition to pursue, would still  
manifestly be to come out from the alliance—and to  
come out at the earliest possible moment. The Coali-  
tion of 1864 was not accepted by the Reform party as  
in itself either a public or a party advantage; on the  
contrary, it was recognized, and publicly declared by  
all the leaders of the Reform party to be, in itself,  
an evil—a demoralizing resort, that circumstances un-  
fortunately compelled them to accept as the only  
means of carrying a great constitutional reform. The  
Coalition was most reluctantly accepted by the Re-  
form party, with the full knowledge of all the evils  
that might possibly result from it. It was only ac-  
cepted on the distinct understanding and determina-  
tion that the specific measure of constitutional re-  
form should be the one sole basis of the compact—  
that both parties should meanwhile retain their pecu-  
liar political principles and separate identity—that  
the work of the Coalition should be completed within  
a specific period of time—and that the moment the  
new Constitution was secured, the Coalition would  
end and parties revert to their natural position."  
*Globe 2nd instant.*

A STINKING COURT-HOUSE.—Our Palace of  
Justice is little better than Typhus Fever gener-  
ator, menacing Judge, Jurors, and Witnesses  
with death from its pestiferous atmosphere. One  
of the jurors on a late trial for murder had to  
withdraw ill, and shortly after died, poisoned in  
fact. We copy from our city papers:—

DEATH OF A JUROR.—It may be remembered that  
on the trial of Wilson for murder a juror became so  
unwell that the attendance of two medical gentlemen  
had to be immediately summoned to his relief. In  
their opinion, the juror's life was in danger if com-  
pelled to sit in Court until the termination of that  
trial. He was consequently permitted by the Court  
to retire; and another juror was empanelled. With  
reference to the incident before the adjournment of  
the Court to-day.

Mr. Devlin, addressing his Honor, said: I wish to  
draw the attention of the Court to a matter of the  
utmost importance, and one which not only affects  
your Honor and the professional gentlemen compelled  
to be present, but the unfortunate jurors themselves.  
A poor man, named Thomas Barnett, was engaged on  
a jury in a late case. He is now dead. There is not  
the slightest doubt but that he contracted the illness  
which has resulted in his death in this Court. I  
have therefore to appeal to your Honor to confer with  
your brother Judges so as to make arrangements  
with Government that this room may be made at  
least tolerably bearable for those who are necessitated  
to attend here. I suppose there is not in Canada  
such another room so badly ventilated and so wretchedly  
arranged. It is, therefore, a shame that the  
highest criminal tribunal in the land should not be  
better regulated for the administration of its duties.  
For my own part I may mention that if I had the  
honor to occupy a place on the bench, I would refuse  
to hold my Court here.

His Honor said it was useless to apply to the Gov-  
ernment. They seemed to take no interest in matters  
of this kind coming from the Courts. The professional  
men themselves—particularly those in Parliament—  
were the parties to blame for much of the incon-  
veniences they now experience. However, if they  
draw up a formal application and present it to the  
Court, it would be forwarded to the Legislature with  
the recommendation of his brother Judges.

Mr. Devlin: We will do so. The atmosphere here,  
even now, is unbearable, and renders it unsafe to  
remain in the room for any considerable length of  
time.

APPEAL TO GARIBALDI.—The *Presse* of the  
5th, publishes over the signature Mowbray  
Hamilton, an appeal to Garibaldi for aid to Ire-  
land. The subjoined is the text of this docu-  
ment, which itself bears date of 14th March:—

General—You constantly present yourself to us as  
the champion of the oppressed and the supporter of  
republican government—the only form of govern-  
ment which is not an insult to reason.

The Irish, so long trodden under foot, and to-day  
your political coreligionists, await with anxiety a  
word of sympathy from your lips—a protest against  
the oligarchy, the most detestable, the most tyran-  
nous, the most rapacious of all, the English  
oligarchy.

Your countrymen have never suffered from Austria  
what we, Irish, have suffered from England. The  
fertility of our soil, our blood, have served to nourish  
the luxury of England, and to defend it against its  
enemies; and, for sole recompense, we have had  
famine and forced emigration.

Herewith I send you the appeal of the Irish republi-  
cans, to all those who, like you, General, abhor  
tyranny and injustice. Will you respond to it?—  
Will you go for us what you have done for the  
Greeks? If so, pray God to aid you and all that  
you hold dear!—Devotedly yours,  
MOWBRAY HAMILTON.

To this appeal we know not what reply either  
Garibaldi, or his friends will make. If they re-  
fuse its prayer, they stand self-convicted of in-  
consistency and hypocrisy; if they reply favor-  
ably to it, they will alienate the sympathies of  
their English Liberal, and psalm-singing friends;  
who, though well pleased to stir up insurrection  
abroad, care not to swallow a dose of the same  
medicine that they are in the habit of prescribing  
for the Sovereign Pontiff, and all Catholic  
princes.

COMMON SCHOOLS OF UPPER CANADA.—  
In the Hamilton correspondence of the Toronto  
*Globe* we find the following very significant pas-  
sage:—  
The number of vicious youths of from 14 to 21  
years of age, who keep our police authorities on the  
alert to look after them, would in all probability be  
somewhat alarming to people generally, if the truth  
were known.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE—May  
1867. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.  
We publish a list of the contents:—The Pic-  
tured Rocks of Lake Superior, Illustrated; Las  
Days; The Impending Check-Mate, with an  
illustration; The Dodge Club, or Italy in 1859;  
Sugar-Making; Personal Recollections of the  
War; Josephine; Ristori; The Pond; Dis-  
raeli, with a portrait; Crete; Antipodes; The  
Virginians in Texas; At Bay; The Jim-Jims;  
Good Manners; New Aspect of the American  
Mind; Editor's Easy Chair; Monthly Record  
of Current Events; Editor's Drawer.

LES RECOLLETS EN CANADA; par M. S.  
Lesage.  
We have to thank the above-named gentle-  
man for this pamphlet, containing a memoir of  
the Brothers and Fathers of this Order, and of  
the Church, now being pulled down, which, un-  
der the name of the Recollet Church, has long  
been one of our oldest, and most venerated ec-  
clesiastical monuments.  
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If "B." will, over  
his own name, but in strict confidence, favor us  
with the details which he would like to see pub-  
lished, we shall have much pleasure in reproduc-  
ing them in the TRUE WITNESS.  
THE ICS-BANDS AT QUEBEC.—This bridge, which  
resisted the attempt to blow it up with gunpowder,  
gave way at ten o'clock on Tuesday, 30th ult., night,  
and navigation may now be fairly said to have  
commenced. The only accident known by the  
breaking up of the ice bridge was the carrying away  
of the steamer 'Article,' as well as the Grand Trunk  
pontoon and shed.

We regret that the limited space at our command in a weekly paper compels us to content ourselves with the following brief analysis of the magnificent discourse delivered by Monseigneur Larocque on the occasion of the Consecration of His Lordship the Bishop of Rimouski. We copy from the *Daily News* :—

Taking for his text, the words of the Apostle, *Posuit vos episcopos regere Ecclesiam Dei Spiritus Sanctus*, he commenced by observing—  
How grand the spectacle to-day which is represented in this church! The pomp of the ceremony, the majesty of the hymns, the deep and thrilling solemnity of the sacred tones which roll like the prayers of unseen spirits, along the pillar'd aisles of this sainted edifice, form altogether a magnificent ensemble of religious harmony—but all this magnificence disappears, and is thrust away into the background, before the idea which is evoked as I look upon this numerous congregation; all united, in such deep faith, and intense devotion, at this imposing ceremony which is so august; for what can surpass in solemnity and magnificence the consecration of a Bishop? The devotion of our people, said the preacher, was unsurpassed in the world. Ah! well, said he, do I remember, with what heartfelt emotions, the Pope's Nuncio, when he pressed here some years gone by, spoke on witnessing the piety and devotion manifested in our churches. Casting his keen and piercing eyes down the aisles of one of our churches during the divine celebration, the Italian dignitary, involuntarily exclaimed—What faith! What devotion! What a magnificent spectacle! And well might he exclaim what faith; for where is it surpassed? Not in the wide world.

My Dear brethren, excuse this digression, but I am always tempted to dwell with pride, upon the culture of our church, but to come to our subject, said His Lordship:—The Christian people are the Dominion of God, and to Govern these God had to choose from amongst their numbers, guardians. And the Almighty in his marvellous wisdom did not select and bring down Angels from heaven to fulfil the duties of his Apostles; no, my Dear Brethren, he chose the poor and humble fishermen of Galilee; and to them he said, "As my Father sent me so do I send you." Go forth and baptize all the nations of the earth, for I am with you to the end of time, he who believes in your baptizing will be saved, but he who refuses to believe in your power, is condemned, and that they might have fortitude in their labors he filled them with the spirit of the Holy Ghost.

The Bishops, said the preacher, descend in a direct line in an unbroken succession from the Apostles, to whom He said "Go ye and preach to all the nations," and conformably to the instructions given them by God in relations to the organization of his church or His Kingdom, they felt that they were chosen by the Holy Ghost to fulfil a special mission,—they felt themselves a royal priesthood elected and chosen by God to govern His Church. In the powers which I attribute to the Bishops, am I indulging in self glorification, because I myself am one—I feel that the answer to such an idea is felt in the towering humility of your faith. That mandate, said he, which was read aloud upon the altar just now by the notary of the consecrating Bishop, and which came from the Holy Pontiff, the vice-gent of Christ on earth,—and read aloud that none might doubt that the elected was called to his position, shows the divine power, which operates through the consecrated priest. He receives the Holy Ghost, so that by this ordination and consecration, he may be enabled to continue the Priesthood of God; and the sainted cream is poured upon his head and spread upon his hands so that he may consecrate, and continue the same forever. But why all this greatness which Jesus Christ delights to heap upon the head of one, who is no more than a fellow creature instinct with the same life and subject like all flesh and blood, to the common infirmities of man? Is it that he or they may become exalted in their own eyes? Oh, no. That apothorism which is found in the Holy Book, and which is in almost every mouth, 'that whoever humbleth himself shall be exalted,' applies perhaps more to the Bishops than to any one else. He is only great because he is one of the Holy Priesthood, one of the links, in the chain which unbroken reaches up to the Apostles.

Do you wish proofs for the progress which religion can make under the guardianship of a church organized under the Spiritual Head.—Look around you for a moment, and throw your vision across the line 45, and see there within fifty years what a number of churches have arisen. Count the number that existed in that half century back,—and calculate the number to-day of those magnificent temples, whose spreading shadows intercept each other in the hamlets towns and cities of the neighboring Republic. Institutions of education and charity innumerable too have arisen everywhere in that country; to-day the priest is to be met with there, and what, my dear brethren are the means which our Lord took to bring about such amazing results in such an incredibly short space of time; the means were the establishment of Bishops throughout the country. Need I recount here to my hearers or tell you of the herculean labors of the Hughes, the Fenwicks, the Spaldings, and of those who met at Baltimore. Need I speak with fervor of them to elicit your praise and admiration of their labors. No, no, their magnificent achievements are known to you all, and the results effected by them are deeper, grander eloquence than the tongue could utter in describing them. Everywhere the Episcopacy has always been and always will be to the end of time the bulwark of the church. Whatever may have been the fate of particular churches, the Church of Jesus Christ is indestructible.

But coming nearer home, my dear brethren, said the preacher, and throwing a retrospective glance over the past history of the Canadian Church, what does that vision reveal to the eye, what facts on its pages speak clearly and intelligibly to the understanding and challenge acquiescence. How slow and certain in the beginning were the progresses of our faith in this country prior to the establishment of Mgr. Laval, the first Bishop

of Quebec. But from thence, when for the first time a Bishop trod the soil of Canada, scarcely forty years elapsed before the glorious rituals of our faith and church spread all over the country, and became permanently established. And what are the results to-day, analyse the evidence as you will, the living incontrovertible fact, is there; we have the best ordered church discipline of any church on the continent of America.

And, standing here as I do, my face towards that tablet which records the name of Bishop du Plessis, I cannot refrain from affirming that to his gigantic mind is due much of the success which has attended our church and discipline. It was he who multiplied bishops and bishoprics in this country, and it was in following out his ideas that enables us to-day to boast, that we have twenty-two bishops regularly placed over the area of country which was at one time under the direction of Mgr. du Plessis himself. The preacher, then turning towards the altar, continued, If the Episcopacy is a great honor and a great dignity; there are great trials connected with it, but, said he, with much feeling to the newly consecrated bishop, console yourself: He who this day has consecrated you, has given you the power to resist the trials which may beset your path.

We publish below the Address presented by the Catholics of Hamilton, to their Bishop on his departure for Rome, together with His Lordship's reply:—

TO HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. JOHN FARRELL, D.D., BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

My Lord,—The Catholics of the City of Hamilton having learned that His Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth, has invited your Lordship, as one of the Bishops and Princes of the Catholic Church, to assist at the ceremonies of that great Religious Festival, the Eighteen Hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, have deputed us in their name to congratulate your Lordship on the happiness of again meeting that venerable Pontiff, the Successor of St. Peter and Vicar of Christ, and on being once more favored with the opportunity of kneeling on the tombs of those glorious Apostles and martyrs, where, we feel assured, you will offer up your prayers for your devoted congregation in this city, as well as for all those happily committed to your Episcopal and paternal care. But, while for these reasons we give expression to our emotions of joy and feelings of satisfaction, we cannot but confess that they are mixed with a certain degree of anxiety, amounting almost to sadness, at the thought of your Lordship's too long absence from among us, especially when we consider the fatigues and dangers of the voyage, which you so readily and cheerfully undertake in order to comply with the request of the Head of our Holy Church.

On your journey, and during your absence, you will have the consolation of knowing and feeling that you carry with you the hearts of your flock, and that day and night their prayers will ascend to the Throne of Mercy for the health and safe return of your Lordship and your Secretary, the Rev. E. J. Heenan, who, we are happy to learn, will accompany you in your journey to and from the centre of Catholic unity. During your absence, you will be continually cherished in our thoughts and memory, and we feel assured that your Lordship, in your thoughts and prayers, will often be in the midst of your devoted flock in Hamilton, where your absence will make a void not readily filled by another. But it is a great source of consolation and happiness to us to know that your Lordship, has, in the mean time, left us under the guidance and direction of the Venerable Vicar General, who is so beloved by us all.

Let us now, my Lord, bid you a dutiful and affectionate farewell, we trust for but a short time: and permit us to ask your Episcopal benediction for ourselves and those in whose names we have the honor to address you.

On behalf of the congregation,  
K. FITZPATRICK,  
Chairman.

Hamilton, April 28, 1867.

HIS LORDSHIP'S REPLY.

Gentlemen,—I thank you most heartily for the sentiments of devotion to the Holy See, to ourselves and to our clergy, of which you have given on this occasion a new proof, and above all to praise God, our Divine Master, for the spirit of Faith with which He inspires you and the Catholics of this Congregation.

We need not assure you that your deep attachment is fully reciprocated by us, and that nothing but the call of duty could have induced us to separate ourselves from you for such a length of time. We are consoled, however by the reflection that in going to the Holy City we shall there, on the tombs of the Holy Apostles, in the company of so many Holy Bishops, and through the successor of the Prince of the Apostles, receive many graces and blessings both for ourselves and our dear children entrusted to our Pastoral solicitude. We shall bear you all in continued remembrance in the various sanctuaries which we may be able to visit, and especially when kneeling at the feet of the glorious and saintly successor of St. Peter, and in return we recommend ourselves earnestly to your prayers during our absence, which shall be as short as possible. As to our solicitude for you, and the rest of my Diocese, our anxiety is greatly diminished by the fact that we leave the affairs thereof under the able and judicious care of our venerable Vicar General, the Very Rev. E. Gordon, whom we have appointed in case of our death, the Administrator of the Diocese, until the Holy See shall be pleased to name our successor.

Again, gentlemen, we have heartily to thank you and the rest of our Diocese for the very liberal and generous donation which you and they have been pleased to offer, to enable us to defray the expenses necessary attending our going to the Holy City.

† JOHN, Bp. of Hamilton.

OTTAWA, May 1.—It is supposed that Mr. Bangs whose death was noticed a few days ago on the Snake Rapids by drowning, was murdered by the man who accompanied him. Mr. Bangs' relatives have taken measures for the apprehension of the supposed murderer.

Dr. COLENSO.—After long protracted, and very angry litigation the Civil Courts of Natal have pronounced final judgment in favor of this Anglican Bishop, leaving him in possession of the Cathedral. The Archbishop of Canterbury writes to say that it is useless to continue the struggle, and that there can be no appeal from the decree, which virtually establishes Dr. Colenso as a Right Reverend Father in God of the Anglican Church. To be a Bishop of that denomination, it is not even necessary to pretend to be a Christian; and though this decision may in one sense offend the evangelicals, yet it must be a great consolation to them to reflect that Bishop Colenso is no Ritualiser, and will afford no encouragement to Romanisers, or Romish practices in his diocese. The man is an out and out Protestant, and a sure bulwark of the Protestant Faith.

DIVORCE IN THE NORTHERN STATES.—The annexed, showing the result of divorce law amongst the Yankees, is from a Chicago paper. The Mormons should certainly in return for the interest for their morality displayed by the Yankees, try and do something for the moral reformation of the latter:—  
One of our leading city clergymen, in his pulpit this morning, in commenting upon this alarming matrimonial demoralization, related a case that came under his own observation. During the past week a lady, hitherto regarded as highly respectable, came to him and wished to consult him, as her pastor, in relation to getting a divorce from her husband. The clergyman, greatly astonished, asked for what cause she sought a divorce. She replied that her husband when she married him, was quite wealthy, but had lately become so reduced in circumstances as to be unable to supply her with the luxuries to which she had been accustomed, and this was the whole ground for seeking a divorce. The clergyman dismissed her with a sharp admonition.

Another lady a few days since, went to a lawyer and sought his advice as to the quickest way of getting a divorce from her husband. When asked for at cause, she replied that her husband was so cross she could not tolerate him. She acknowledged that he never showed any signs of violence towards her, and that he supplied her with every necessity.

Another quite well known lady some time since sought by letter the protection of a well known banker, because her husband was unable to gratify her fashionable tastes.  
But the strangest case transpired last week. The wife of a well known lake captain sought a divorce upon the ground of uncongeniality. An investigation developed the fact that the lady had never been married to the gay captain, and that he had another and lawful wife living. Of course the lady got the divorce without difficulty, but failed to get what she most sought—alimony.—Chicago Paper.

MORMONISM.—Speaking of this much vilified Protestant sect, the *Montreal Daily News* says that "it may surprise its readers to know that between five and six thousand able-bodied men are recruited in England annually for Mormonism;" and, "that Great Britain furnishes more dupes than any other country." It does not surprise us in the least; on the contrary, it is just what we should have expected from a community amongst whom the "right of private judgment" is an article of faith, and which takes such men as Spurgeon for its religious teachers.

Nor is Mormonism the only section of the Protestant or non-Catholic world that draws its recruits from the land of the "open bible."—Every error, every form of heresy, or *diablerie* finds there either an appropriate home, or thousands ready to give themselves up to its delusions. Swedenborgism, which is but what the Yankees term Spiritism, finds England its best recruiting ground, or at all events little, if at all inferior to the United States of this Continent as a recruiting ground. "It is sad to think"—as is truly remarked by the *Weekly Register*—"that England gives more followers to Swedenborg than any other country, if we except perhaps America." It may be "sad to think," but it is very natural that it should be so.

GODERICH SALT WELL.—The *Goderich Signal* says, the brine never falls in strength below 90 deg, and the daily production of the very finest quality of salt averages in one well from fifty to sixty barrels. Other wells are being sunk, as the prospect of success is most flattering. The Saginaw Salt Springs, across the Lake from Goderich, are among the richest and most productive in America, and salt may yet be produced in Canada, in sufficient quantities to supply the whole Province.

The colored population of Toronto intend presenting a protest to the City Council against the practice of placarding the walls and fences of the city with caricatures of their race by travelling negro minstrels. As their vote is important, it is thought their remonstrance will not be disregarded.

THE MADOC GOLD FIELDS.—The excitement at Madoc still continues, as further discoveries of gold are made. There have been no developments, however, that at all approach the richness of the 'Richardson Mine,' and it is probable that the mine will be extensively worked as soon as the weather permits. In fact, any other discoveries that have been made, except in that mine, are not worthy of notice, and have claimed no attention. It is the opinion of eminent geologists that the other gold discoveries made, will not lead to any tangible or extensive results. Hundreds of fortune-seekers daily visit the gold regions, and as many leave again disgusted with the prospects. We would strongly advise young men from this section who have a notion of going thither, to wait a short time before doing so, in order that the richness of the 'diggins' may be thoroughly tested.

WHAT.—The wheat crop looks unusually promising throughout Bothwell and Kent. From personal observation and information received, we can safely assert that the yield will be unprecedented. Taking into consideration favorable prospects of the onset harvest, we shall expect no advance in breadstuffs. Farmers in the south of these counties are preparing to plant a large breadth of corn and beans. Good seed oats are difficult to be obtained, and readily command 50c per bushel for sowing. An unusual breadth of Spring Wheat is being sown, principally of the Mediterranean variety. Barley and Oats are now being put in, and should the weather continue favorable, we can safely prophesy an early seeding and a bountiful harvest.—*Chatham Banner*.

LOSING GROUND.—The St. Catharines *Journal*, a Reform paper, says our big friend of the *Globe* must change his tactics, or he will be snuffed out. He worked for a few years to educate the people of Confederation, and so soon as this measure has received the Royal assent, he asks them to turn round and kick out of office the men who were instrumental in obtaining colonial union. This course is disgusting the people of St. Catharines, fully 100 of whom have ceased to read the *Globe*. We regret this, for no paper has evinced greater energy than the *Globe*, and can be more useful. Politics will ruin it yet if great care is not taken.

PRISONERS FOR THE PENITENTIARY.—Convicts keep pouring into this institution from both east and west. Six were lodged their yesterday from various places in Western Canada, one of them being the noted Trick, sentenced for seven years for a railway robbery. Two others were being brought up on Tuesday, and when near Cornwall, one of them, a forger, escaped while the cars were lying over at a way station. The other was said by a Brockville paper to have also escaped and he been recaptured, which was not the case, as he was found standing on the platform, and had made no attempt to get away. It is quite likely that these men were in a charge of a constable, but they seem to have had an unusual degree of liberty allowed to them for persons in their position.—*WVig.*

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, May 3, 1867  
Flour—Pollards, \$4.60 to \$5.00; Middlings, \$6.50 to \$7.75; Fine, \$8.00 to \$8.25; Super., No. 2 \$8.50 to \$8.65; Superfine \$8.50 to \$8.65; Fancy \$9.25 to \$9.50; Extra, \$9.50 to \$9.75; Superior Extra \$10 to \$10.25; Bag Flour, \$4.30 to \$4.40 per 100 lbs.  
Oatmeal per brl. of 200 lbs.—No round lots reported as changing hands.  
Wheat per bush. of 60 lbs.—No sales reported on the spot or for delivery.  
Peas per 60 lbs.—90c.  
Oats per bush. of 32 lbs.—No sales on the spot or for delivery.  
Barley per 48 lbs.—Prices nominal,—worth about 60c to 65c.  
Rye per 56 lbs.—Latest sales for forward delivery at \$1.  
Corn per 56 lbs.—Latest sales ex-store at \$1.02 to \$1.05.  
Ashes per 100 lbs.—First Pots \$5.70 to \$5.80 Seconds \$5.40 to \$5.45; Thirds, \$4.30 to 4.40.—First Peat, \$8.24 to \$8.00.  
Pork per brl. of 200 lbs.—Mess, \$19.75 to \$20;—Prime Mess, \$15.50; Prime, \$13.50 to \$14.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

May 3, 1867  
Flour, country, per quintal, . . . . 23 0 to 00 0  
Oatmeal, do . . . . 14 0 to 14 6  
Indian Meal, do . . . . 11 3 to 11 6  
Wheat, per min., . . . . 0 0 to 0 0  
Barley, do, (new) . . . . 0 0 to 0 0  
Peas, do, . . . . 5 6 to 6 0  
Oats, do, . . . . 2 9 to 2 10  
Butter, fresh, per lb. . . . 1 3 to 1 8  
Do, salt do . . . . 0 7 to 0 9  
Beans, small white, per min . . . . 0 0 to 0 0  
Potatoes per bag . . . . 9 0 to 7 0  
Onions, per minot, . . . . 0 0 to 0 0  
Lard, per lb . . . . 8 0 to 9 0  
Beef, per lb . . . . 6 0 to 10 10  
Pork, do . . . . 5 0 to 6 0  
Mutton do . . . . 5 0 to 7 0  
Lamb, per do . . . . 0 0 to 0 0  
Eggs, fresh, per dozen . . . . 9 0 to 10 20  
Hax, per 100 bundles, . . . . \$7.00 to \$9.00  
Straw . . . . \$3.50 to \$5.50  
Beef, per 100 lbs, . . . . \$7.50 to \$9.00  
Pork, fresh, do . . . . \$8.00 to \$9.00

THE VERY LATEST NEWS OF IMPORTANCE

WISHED TO GET THE MOST

GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY!

The Subscriber continues to Manufacture for the Wholesale and Retail Trade every style of

PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE

AT HIS NEW STAND,

Nos. 7, 9 & 11 SAINT JOSEPH STREET,

Where his increased facilities have enabled him to offer inducements to wholesale and Retail Customers not to be obtained elsewhere. His commodious Ware-Rooms will at all times be stocked with every conceivable variety of Furniture, embracing qualities to suit every purchaser. His Stock now is one of the largest in the Province, and consists in part of the following sets of fine Parlour, Dining Room and Chamber Sets in Mahogany, Walnut, Oak, Chestnut, &c., richly ornamented; and Gained Sets, with marble and Wood Tops. Parlour Sets, ranging in price from \$90 to \$300, carved in armour, fruit, flowers and shell patterns. Very substantial and graceful in design Dining-room suits, from \$75 and upwards, according to design and finish.  
Chamber Sets from \$20 to \$300, some of which are entirely new patterns, with a full stock of every article of Furniture in general use, with 12,000 to 15,000 Gane and Wood Seat Chairs, of 6 different patterns, constantly on hand for the Wholesale Trade, and many Wood Seat Chairs, from 30 cents to \$100; Gane Seats from \$1 to \$7.

To enumerate my Stock and prices would require such space in City papers, that the small profits at which I have marked my Goods this Spring would not afford to pay; but by following up any old motto of quick sales and light profits, I hope to avail for the future, as I have in the past, the evil of allowing either Stock or Bills payable to accumulate, which would make a periodical sales and sacrifices necessary, although many pay much higher prices for Furniture at auction than they can buy the same styles and vastly better Goods than are generally sold at auction from me or others in the Trade who do a straight forward, legitimate business, and put on only such profits as will enable them to give an honest article for an honest price, and to pay one hundred cents to the dollar, with a strictly close application to business.

Such a course at least I have found it necessary to adopt and follow, and am 'appy to acknowledge the benefits of such a course by an increase of at least fifty per cent to my business yearly, but especially since my removal to my new premises, where I am to be found constantly during business hours to meet the wants of my Customers, and am rewarded by their acknowledgments of the advantages of purchasing their Furniture at least 10 per cent lower at Nos. 7, 9 and 11 St. Joseph Street, sign of the great Eastern Rooking Chair, Wholesale and Retail Chair and Furniture Warehouse.

All goods warranted to be as represented: if not, they can be returned and money refunded.

Terms:—Under \$100, strictly Cash; \$100 to \$500, 3 to 4 months, \$500 to \$1000, 4 to 6 months, by furnishing satisfactory endorsed notes if required.  
OWEN MCGARVEY,  
PROPRIETOR  
47  
May 8.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF PETER O'REILLY, who left Montreal 3 years ago. Supposed to be in the vicinity of London O.W., in the employment of a Mr. John Ooole, horse dealer.

Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his widowed mother,  
MRS. O'REILLY,  
No. 4, Smith Street Montreal, O.E.  
U. C. papers please copy.

A GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, (LAST OF THE SEASON),

GIVEN BY THE

ST. ANN'S BAND,

WILL TAKE PLACE IN

MECHANICS' HALL,

ON

THURSDAY EVENING, 9th instant, 1867,

PROGRAMME.

- PART I.  
1. Grand March Introducing "Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls"—St. Ann's Band.  
2. Song and Ochorus—Members of the Band.  
3. Clarinet Solo, on Irish Airs—Mr. Thorbahn.  
4. Song, 'Write Me a Song of My Father'—Mr. H. Hamall.  
5. National Airs—Fife and Drum Band.  
6. Song, 'Come Back to Erin,' by Claribel—Miss M. J. Wilson.  
7. Violin Solo, 5eme, Air Varie, par C. Danila—Mastro: J. Wilson—Pupil of Mr. Jules Hone.  
8. Song, 'The Irish Juniating Car'—Master M. Nolan.  
9. 'Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms'—St. Ann's Band.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. MR. O'FARRELL.

PART II.  
1. Grand March, arranged by Baricelli—St. Ann's Band.  
2. Duet, 'Rouin Ruff and Gaffer Green'—Masters Wilson and Wright.  
3. Clarinet and Cornet Duo, 'Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded'—Mr. Thorbahn, and Master John Wilson.  
4. Song, 'Dublin Bay'—Mr. H. Hamall.  
5. A Medley of Airs—Fife and Drum Band.  
6. Song, 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' words by Mrs. Crawford—Miss M. J. Wilson.  
7. Comic Song, 'Johnny Saada'—Master Jas. Wilson.  
8. Harvest Bell Waltz—St. Ann's Band.

Mr. Torrington will preside at the Piano; and the Band will be under the able direction of Mr. Thorbahn.

Doors open at Seven o'clock; Concert to commence at eight.

Tickets—Twenty-five cts.

ACADEMIC HALL,

BLEURY STREET.

THE ENGLISH ACADEMY OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE will give its ANNUAL DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION on

TUESDAY, the 28th of MAY, 1867.

The Programme will be published next week. Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.

A BAZAAR

UNDER the patronage of several Ladies, for the benefit of the

CHURCH OF THE GESU, will be Opened in the commencement of the month of JUNE, in the Hall under the same Church. Donations for this object will be gratefully received.

WANTED, BY the School Commissioners of St. Sylvester South, a FEMALE TEACHER, having an Elementary Diploma, and capable to Teach both languages.—Salary, \$120. Testimonials required. Apply, pre-paid, to

PATRICK OULLINAN, Sec.-Treasurer.  
May 9, 1867.

WANTED, BY a young Lady, provided with a Diploma from the Normal School, capable of teaching both languages, a Situation as TEACHER.

Address, (if by letter post paid) to Sec-Treasurer of Schools, Craigs Road, St. Sylvester. St. Sylvester, April 5, 1867.

ST. PATRICK'S HALL.

THE subscribers of the St. Patrick's Hall are hereby notified that a Sixth Instalment of ten per Cent on the Capital Stock subscribed, will become due and payable on WEDNESDAY, 8th May, at the office of the Corporation.

For the convenience of Stockholders, the undersigned will be in attendance at the Rooms of the St. Patrick's Society, Bonaventure Building, on Wednesday, the 8th proximo, from 2 to 4, and from 7 to 9 P.M., and the 8th to the 15th May from 2 to 4 P.M., to receive instalments.  
By order of the Board.  
R. McSHANE, Secretary.

NOTICE. MR. JAMES FENNELL has been appointed Secretary to the St. Patrick's Hall Association. On and after MONDAY he will be prepared to receive instalments and grant Receipts at his office, No. 19 Place d'Armes.

By order, R. McSHANE, Secretary.

THE NEW MONTH OF MARY;

OR, REFLECTIONS FOR EACH DAY OF THE MONTH on the different titles applied to the Holy Mother of God in the Litany of Loretto. Principally designed for the Month of May. By the Very Rev. P. R. KENNEDY. Price 50 cents.

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COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS

KINGSTON O.W., Under the Immediate Supervision of the Rt. Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

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

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The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July. July 21st 1861.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

PARIS, April 8.—I scarcely remember any period since the President's election in 1848, though many important events have occurred since then, when more uneasiness, disquiet, and enervating discouragement prevailed among all classes of society than at this moment, and all this aggravated by the persistent silence of the Government on the questions which agitate the public mind.

The public are not completely reassured by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. They have a horror of war, though I fear the Emperor is under a different impression, and not quite dissipated. They believe that the annexation of Luxemburg to France would not be worth even a successful war, but they do not even conceal from themselves that the question between the Berlin and Paris Cabinets is no longer one of the mere acquisition of territory, but one which is very difficult to be settled amicably; and that matters have now reached a point on which it is difficult for either Government to yield. They have but little confidence in diplomacy. All that a congress or a conference of the parties to the Treaty of 1839 can decide is that Luxemburg is no longer a part of the German Confederation, and that the King of Holland is the Sovereign of the Duchy. This everybody knows, and Prussia does not deny it. But Prussia will tell France that Luxemburg is German, and that the profound and unalterable respect which the Emperor of the French has always professed for nationalities makes it impossible for him to absorb that duchy. The question would then be to ascertain what the nationality of the Luxemburgers really is,—whether German, Walloon, or French. If the French can appeal to the queens the duchy has given to France, the Germans can point out to the five emperors it has given to Germany, Poland, and Hungary. If the Powers content themselves with an inquiry of this kind, and abide by the result, matters might go on for twenty or thirty years without people coming to blows. But it is to be feared that before many witnesses were heard the real difficulty would be manifest. The successive possessors of Luxemburg, Spaniards, Austrians, French, and Dutch, have made of the fortress, to use the words of Carnot:—“The strongest place in Europe after Gibraltar, the only point to attack France on the side of the Moselle.” Germany, in fact, believes that the fortress of Luxemburg is indispensable to her, and the Emperor Napoleon is convinced that France must hold it if she cares about the security of her frontier. There is certainly one way of settling the matter if the parties brought a little good will to it. France might renounce her pretensions to the duchy and leave the Luxembourgers to the independence which they are said to desire; and Prussia might evacuate the fortress in consideration of its being razed to the ground, so as to remove all cause of offence or apprehension to either parties.—Times Cor.

PARIS, April 30.—The *Moniteur* of to-day officially announces that orders have been issued to stop the recent military preparations throughout France.

The *Gazette de France* has declared that in the event of a contest, Italy would join France against Prussia, the recent split in the Italian Ministry having been caused by the desire of Bismarck to form an alliance with the latter power. His successor, Rattazzi, is committed to the support of the French Emperor.

FRANCE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.—I spoke of Girardin's famous article criticizing Rother's boast that the condition of France had been steadily improved by and under the present regime—how he was condemned to fine for publishing the same. Having been served with a bill of fine and costs, amounting to 6,000 francs, he took occasion to publish on Monday another article, headed “What it Costs to Tell the Truth.” The point of this second article is the showing the truth of the first by putting in odious comparison Minister Rother's boasts with the warning censures of Thiers, uttered in the great debate, and these two with events that have occurred since that debate last month, and the situation they make now for France. The Government response was twofold. A new notice of prosecution, a new fine, if not imprisonment, is the foregone conclusion. It having cost Girardin 6,000 francs to tell the truth a month ago, it will now cost him 6,000 more francs for telling that. The other answer was the prohibition without legal process, of the sale of *La Liberté*. Here is a curious commentary on Napoleon's promise in his letter of 19th January, “to attribute the appreciation of offences of the press exclusively to the correctional tribunals, and thus suppress the discretionary power of the Government.” Another liberal journal was at the same time placed under the same interdiction. The immediate consequence of the prohibition, while injuring Girardin in his pecuniary interests has not (unless vengeance is agreeable) been of any profit to the Government, as will appear by the following:—The issue of the paper before the interdiction was 29,600 copies, on Tuesday, 27,000 copies, on Wednesday, 30,350 copies. The public is inconvenienced, Girardin's profits are diminished by the large commission he has to allow shop-keepers, the influence of the paper is augmented, public confidence in the word of the Emperor is not shaken. But it is not that it encourages the spirit of the Imperial word, it encourages doubt of his firmness of purpose. He must have intended, when he wrote the January letter, to keep his promise.

The *Univers* reappeared April 15, after an interval of seven years, under the editorial charge of M. Louis Veuillot. The first article begins thus: “The *Univers* was suppressed in Jan. 1860, without any crime being imputed to it, by a purely political measure, which is in conformity with the present legislation on the press.”

THE ARMAMENT OF FRENCH TROOPS.—*La Patrie* says:—“Several journals have announced that, in consequence of the insufficiency of new muskets our infantry regiments have been supplied with small bronze cannon intended to discharge grape-shot. The statements are incorrect. There has, indeed, been an idea of a small piece of artillery which could be drawn and worked by two men, but this weapon is still in the experimental stage, and no decision respecting its adoption has yet been taken. The manufacture of the new needle gun is proceeding very actively. Nearly 60,000 of these arms will shortly be delivered, and in the month of June all the troops at the camp of Chalons will be supplied with them.”

One of the doubtful grounds for hope of peace to which some parties cling is the imperfect state of the French armaments. According to these parties, the French Government have not at this time 10,000 breech-loaders, and even up to 200,000, while Prussia is improving her needle gun and issuing the new patterns which take the old cartridge. At the same time, it is asserted that the contracts for the French sword bayonets have to a great extent been entered into with parties in Prussia, and that they would consequently, in the event of war, be stopped. It is assumed moreover, and probably with truth, that the French troops would refuse to face the Prussian breech-loaders unless they were armed in a similar manner. “France,” it is contended, “will not strike any blow till she is ready, and she will not be ready with breech-loaders till 1869.”

The Paris students are signing an address to the German brothers.—The horizon is sombre and menacing rumors of war are heard on both sides of the Rhine. The nations disquieted anxiously regard what the future is preparing for them. And yet, is not the time of national hatreds past? Far be from us the ideas of another age! Peoples are great not by their territory, but by their institutions. It is not the extension of their frontiers, but that of their li-

berties, which both France and Germany should desire. No man with a heart in him has ever feared war; but every honest man should detest it. Let us hate it for the misery it causes, and the despotism it gives birth to. Does it not behave the students to proclaim these great truths? Do we not march together in that fertile path, German brothers? Let it be by you and with you that peace with its splendors, shall henceforth lead nations to prosperity, grandeur, and liberty!

“Evangelical pressure,” says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, “has been put upon the English exhibitors in Paris in order to induce them to cover up their wares on Sundays. The great majority have declined to accede to the request, saying that, unless the Roman Catholic, Jewish, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Russian, Buddhist, Brahmin, Lutheran, and Calvinistic exhibitors do likewise, any such profession of over-righteousness on the part of England would only expose our country to ridicule, and might seriously embarrass the Imperial Commissioners. Already a good deal of bad blood has been created by the ill-timed activity of English dispensers of tracts, who are vigorously cultivating the opportunity afforded by this congress of all nations to Protestantise the world by the dissemination of these feeble and offensive broadsides.”

JAMES STEPHENS.—A Paris correspondent of one of our Western journals furnishes the following piece of gossip about the ex-C. O. I. M.:—

James Stephens is living at No. 20 Rome street, at Montmartre, where he seems to be quite comfortable, having his wife and brother-in-law with him, which does not prevent him from complaining of his poverty. A few days ago one of his countrymen, who had not a penny, came to solicit his aid. “I have not a dollar, my lad,” replied he, “but come with me, perhaps I may procure some help for you.” On the road they met a passer by whom Stephens declared to be an acquaintance of his, and leaving his helpless companion, he chatted for an instant with his “friend.” “Here,” said Stephens, returning to the Irishman, “here are five francs; this gentleman has lent me ten; it is all I have; let us spare.” This said, Stephens left his companion. The latter a short time after was near a carriage stand, and to his surprise saw Stephens engage one and get in. Our Irishman considered it odd that a man who had but five francs should engage a carriage at fifty sous an hour. He seated himself patiently near the carriage stand, and waited till either the carriage or Stephens should return. At the end of three hours the carriage returned. Stephens had paid for the three hours. Another fact, still more serious, is that Stephens visits the English embassy in secret. What does he do there?

BELGIUM.

BRUSSELS, April 30.—The Belgian Government is augmenting its military establishments, and is preparing to raise a new army.

SPAIN.

As regards Spain, the following curious intelligence is communicated by a Paris correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, ordinarily well-informed. A strange rumour has been lately spread which I should not touch upon unless it had been confirmed by a person likely to know. The Envoy of Queen Isabella at Berlin, recently offered the assistance of his sovereign in a war against France. The proposal is believed to have been made by order of the Queen, and without the cognizance of the Spanish Ministers. Napoleon III.—and this part of my story I can vouch for—no sooner heard of it than he summoned the Spanish Ambassador to his presence, and inquired after the truth. M. Mon had to avow his ignorance. The Emperor then had an interview with M. Olzog, the fugitive Progressist chief, who admitted the possibility of such a step having been taken by the Queen. The Spanish gentleman to whom I am indebted for the news, himself asked Marshal O'Donnell what he thought of the matter. The Marshal replied “I do not know what the Queen may have done, but I know that the Emperor believes it.”

It appears the Prize Court at Cadix declared the capture of the Queen Victoria to have been illegal.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—Considerable difficulty has been experienced in the formation of a new Italian Ministry. General Manes, to whom Victor Emmanuel at first entrusted the task, declined the labour on the plea, possibly well-founded, that his affliction for the recent death of his son incapacitated him for so arduous a position as that of Italian Premier in the present disorganized state of the nation and its finances. In this difficulty Rattazzi was sent for. He had been pressed by Ricasoli to take office in the late Cabinet, but refused, with a view probably to the contingency that has occurred. Rattazzi, who has been Minister already in his own country, Piedmont, did not choose to take office under the Florentine, and preferred to bide his own time. That has come; he is Prime Minister; but what course will he take to save off the impending shipwreck? The finances of the State are in the worst possible condition. The annual excess of expenditure over income is £2,000,000. The power of borrowing is exhausted, for the credit of the country is already pledged for much more than it can ever redeem. To lay on more taxes would be the signal for a universal rebellion, besides being an absurdity, for the taxes now imposed by law cannot be collected. And a reduction of the naval, military, and civil expenditure is out of the question, at least to such an extent as would afford any appreciable relief to the overstrained Treasury. What, then, is to be done to keep the vessel of State from stranding on a rocky lee shore? There is, no doubt, the property of the Church, worth some \$80,000,000, it is said, and Rattazzi is no novice at sacrilegious confiscation. His idea is, it seems, to confiscate the whole of the ecclesiastical property without remorse as was done in France by the Revolutionists of 1793, and make the clergy stipendiaries of the State. It is hard to say what wickedness is too great for his conscience and audacity.—*Weekly Register*.

Signor Sella delivered a speech at Moss-Santa-Maria, on the 8th inst., upon the condition of Italian finance. He stated that the total deficit for the Budget of 1867 was calculated at 500,000,000 lire. This was provisionally covered by Treasury Bonds and the loan contracted by the National Bank, based upon the forced currency of the notes of that establishment. The landed property of the clergy, he said, would only produce 40,000,000 lire annually. The annual deficit under the present administrative organization of the country amounted to 250,000,000 lire. It was, therefore, indispensably necessary to effect radical economies and reform the system of taxation.

The London *Times* takes a gloomy view of the financial prospects of the Italian Kingdom, the friends of justice may rejoice at the prospects of the impending vengeance: Sella, who now declined office under both Ricasoli and Rattazzi, still continues to hold the same ominous language, and, as we believe, correctly estimates the yearly deficit, not at about 8,000,000, as it appeared in Sialoja's Budget of last February, but, as we stated on good authority, at 12,000,000. The only remedy on which Sella places his reliance,—an increase of taxation,—has become impossible, both because the King's word was pledged against any such course in his late speech, and because the Italian people find their present burdens already intolerable. Independent of all possible foreign complications, an army is required in Italy as a guarantee of public security. Without it Sicily would not be safe for six months to come. The host of public functionaries is a crying evil, doubtless; but placements are not as easily suppressed as places; a Civil Service is not as easily disbanded as an Army. All the retrenching genius in the world could not for several years effect a saving of four out of the twelve millions of the Italian deficit. The most sanguine of Italian Ministers, Sialoja, never expressed any hope of balancing accounts in less than thirteen years, nor

did any means occur to him of saving the country from the enormous accumulation of its yearly deficit save in the application of the property of the Church to the necessities of the State. This conversion of ecclesiastical property is the vital problem of the day. Rattazzi has expressed his dissent from Ricasoli's views about a Free Church in a Free State. His policy on most subjects is ruled by French precedents, and his scheme will consist in a wholesale confiscation and a salaried clergy. The experience of the results of his own law of 1855 in Piedmont ought, however, to have enlightened him as to the burden the myriads of dispossessed priests and monks must entail upon the State.

There is every reason to fear that the present Session will be irreparably lost, and one more year added to the many during which the Constitution in Italy has been a dead letter, during which the Parliament, without attending to its own duty, has prevented the King's Government from performing its own. To whatever statesman King-Victor Emmanuel may intrust the task of forming a new Administration, anything like free and orderly Government will be surrounded by grave difficulties. The hopes that by the annexation of Venice the cycle of revolution would be closed in Italy will be found to rest on a rather slender foundation. The Pope is still in Rome, and the party of Action make that a plausible ground for agitation. The peace that Ricasoli hoped to establish between the clergy and the people has been found impracticable, and we may have to prepare for war “to the bitter end.”

THE ANGLICAN CONTINENTAL SOCIETY.—From a well reasoned and forcible letter to the *Church Review* by the Rev. E. W. Urquhart, we take the following just and righteous judgment of the above-named anti-Catholic and wicked organization:—

In the present state of ecclesiastical affairs, especially in Italy—which seems to be the principal field of their operations—their success can have no other result than to promote the universal disorder and overthrow of all Church and all religion whatever. They are welcome as the natural allies of the Republicans, to whom the overthrow of the Church is the foremost and avowed object. Far be it from me to accuse them of sharing in the anti-Christian views of that faction, but that they are playing into its hands is self-evident. Their publications are sold at their depots of the blasphemous treatises of the Republicans. For years one of their most prominent agents—the only one whose name I saw in the late report in the *Guardian*—has been a follower of Garibaldi, whose open atheism can be no longer a matter of question. And this is only natural; for the Papal Supremacy and the teaching of the priests, which form the most prominent objects of attack to the Anglo Continental Society, are the special objects of the detestation of the Republicans. Dr Pusey—by whose judgment on a question of this kind we might well content to be guided—had doubtless this in view, when, about a year ago, he used words which came with double significance from one so loving and gentle, in reference to this movement in Italy:—“Not only I, but large-hearted Roman Catholic lay men, who would rejoice in a reform of anything amiss, fear that the movement will issue in latitudinarianism, and heresy, and countless harm to souls.” For myself, I shall be thankful that they should be deterred from looking to us.

To put the question on the broadest light, let us judge it according to the golden rule of Christian charity. How would our bishops and other supporters of the society like it if an association was formed on corresponding principles in France or Italy? The most rigid Anglican can hardly maintain that the English Church in the present crisis is on a satisfactory footing. Few High Churchmen, in the widest sense of the word, can deny that (what ever be the shortcomings of foreign Churches) we have lost much through the neglect or apathy of the last three centuries which they retain intact, and that the present teaching of the ultra-Protestants and Rationalists within the Church of England is at the very least as atrocious an evil as Ultramontaniam abroad.

MY BOSOM FRIEND; OR, YANKEE FAIRIES AT WORK.

I had been reading to my little ones the legends of the Northern lands, in which, to tell the truth, I had taken as deep an interest as the open-mouthed young folks themselves.

When the children had gone to bed, I lamented that the belief in fairies had died out. “Alas!” said I, “that they have vanished!” “Well, I no ken that,” replied my Scottish friend McHaggis; “I am thinkin' there are as many gings and faeries in the world as ever there war. Gang yer gate to Waltham, as ye were a talkin' o', and ye dinna see a lot o' faeries there, and if it is on a gung that carries ye there, ye ken say ‘im wrang.’”

“A gung carry me?” “Aye, m' lad,” said the Scot; “what auld gings that ye see read o' can be mated wi' an engine?” “And so, one day,” I placed myself behind the great gins of the nineteenth century—a locomotive engine—and went to the pretty rural town of Waltham, Mass., in the United States, a town famous ‘not for a day, but for all time,’ for here a pair of great steam gins turn the wheels that again turn the wheels that mark the time for a continent. It takes a score of men to hold these gins—each with a hundred iron arms and a thousand steel fingers; and his four acres is built within and without and overhead with brick and iron and glass, and is called “The American Watch Factory of Waltham;” and it was thereabout that auld ggis said I should find the faeries.

But the faeries of our day—that is, the Waltham faeries—are not like those we read of. They don't play a fine prank, for their step is measured by the sun; and they have nothing to do with wings, but to mark the steady motion of those of old Father Time himself.

But to drop metaphor, and come down to the practical as well as the poetical part of this fairy tale of industry and order, let us walk through some of the long galleries of this fairy palace, and for guide and mentor we will take one of the managers.

“But first,” said we to our guide, “will you please inform us how this great establishment originated?” He told me that the manufacture of watches by machinery is a distinctively American undertaking. For several generations a vast number of watches have been made in England, Switzerland, and France; but the component pieces have been made and finished by hand in different factories, and even in different provinces, with no direct relation to each other. Here in Waltham, on the contrary, a watch is created in all its wonderful harmony and exquisite beauty from the original and crude materials—the brass, the steel, the enamel, the gold, the unwrought jewels—under one roof and one supervision, by a mechanism that never tires and never varies.

The task of competing with Europe in the manufacture of watches seemed at first sight to be hopeless. Europe had the market, the reputation, two centuries' experience, and the cheapest human labor. To make matters worse, there was free trade in watches. A petty tariff of only seven and a half per cent. was all the ‘protection’—nominal or real—that existed fifteen years ago to foster native enterprise and genius. Ingenious men conceived the idea of manufacturing every part of the watch, and of performing every process of manipulation, by a succession of machines, each of which should execute one function only, and then pass its work over to another piece of mechanism. The only duty left to man in this daring conception was to superintend the work of the iron slaves whom he had created, to carry their products from one to another, and to put the watch together after all its parts had been completed. The scheme was an ideal one; there were no such machines in existence; but the plan was

seconded by capital, and, in 1853, the experiment was tried. At that time, although the chief parts of a watch were made by machines, there were still a large number of the pieces turned out by hand, and various important processes entrusted to manual skill, which are now done wholly by mechanism. The company of machines was quickly increased to a regiment, the regiment to a brigade, and now the brigade has become an army.

I asked how many watches were imported annually. “Formerly about four million dollars' worth yearly,” the manager said, “and it took about four millions more to make them go. At the present time, the English watch trade with the United States has nearly ceased, and the Swiss has greatly fallen off.”

“How many watches,” I asked, “are manufactured at Waltham now?” “We turn out, said he, at the rate of 250 a day, or 80,000 a year, of all varieties from good to best.”

I asked as to the number of hands employed. “We average,” he replied, “700. We pay good wages, and require intelligent operatives. The situations are soon filled. You will see how we keep the factory; we intend that every room shall be as clean, comfortable, and pleasant as a parlor, and that is one reason why we always secure first-class help.”

There is hardly any work in the factory. Iron muscles do everything of that sort. All that the operatives are needed for, after the machines are made, is to watch and guide them.

THE FAIRIES' HOME.

We now requested that he would show us something of the factory.

“With pleasure,” he replied. To begin at the beginning, here is the engine room, where four boilers of 30 horse-power drive the two huge gins that in turn drive a little army of iron faeries all day long to their several tasks. No cunning work of a screw-maker or a pivot-polisher is so made that it can stop and waste its time in playing while these early old gins in their dens are busy.”

Dens! Why, is this neat room, which has its wall adorned with pictures and many pretty devices, and which, under its window that looks out on a green lawn, has several dozens of thrifty conservatory plants growing in pots—is this the Engine House? Sure enough, this is the place. There, sultry and silent, but beautifully lit the grim power which drives half the factory faeries at work! Let us go up stairs. This long, clean room, filled with lathes and machinery, not neither odorous nor noisy, although the hum of mechanical and human industry never ceases in it—this is the basis of the whole factory: the machine shop. It is 165 feet long, and thirty feet deep; mechanics are kept at work in it, only in making and repairing the machines and tools which are without exception, of the best and costliest character. Like all the rooms, this is light and pleasant. But in the next room—to use the words of the excellent Richard Swivel—there was a staggerer. It was a little side room. It had a floor clean as any wall, entirely unadorned with smoke, neat stalls and shelving for the assortment of steel and iron, and I peeped myself to see whether I was asleep or awake—nice white curtains hanging at the windows. It was the blacksmith's shop. There were the forges, and the trip hammer, and the anvils, but there were no such curiosities. I felt that civilization was no longer a problem. The anvil and the Atheneum are wailing. We passed into another room.

FAIRY WORKMANSHIP.

“Look!” said my guide, “what do you suppose these are?”

He held up a little vial, such as homoeopathic globules are kept in, which was filled with what seemed to be grains of coarse-sand of the color of blue tempered steel.

I placed one of those grains under a microscope and it proved to be a perfect screw.

“Now,” said he, “you may note that it takes 300,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and that they are worth from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a pound.”

Again, they showed me a microscopic bit of steel, the points of which, under a glass, appeared to be exquisitely polished.

I took up a couple of screws and the balance-staff by wailing my finger, and put them carefully into a piece of paper.

“Not that I wish to make you think that you are taking valuable property,” said the manager, “but how much do you suppose that stuff is worth?” The foreman made the calculation.

“They are worth \$20,000 a pound,” he said, “or about 25 cents a piece. The screws are worth a dollar and a quarter a hundred. It takes fifty two of them to weigh a grain!”

“Well,” said S., “that doesn't seem much, for such workmanship. How do you make watches so cheap?” “The use of machinery to its utmost limit, and the division of labor as far as possible accounts for all,” rejoined the manager. “Every machine in the factory does one thing only, and it can do nothing else. But it does that one thing incessantly, with incredible rapidity and with unvarying accuracy. Thus, all our watches of one style are precisely alike in all their parts. It is imperative that the watch should be entirely made in a single factory and under one superintendence. Now foreign watches—the cheaper sort—can have only a relative similarity. They are made in parts everywhere, and get together in Geneva and Paris and London. There are not a score of Parisian watches made in Paris any year—the pieces are made in the rural districts or in Switzerland, and they are sent to Paris to be fitted together. Many of the English watches are made in the same way—ready manufactured on the continent and put up in London. There is no great watch factory anywhere, excepting ours, where all the processes are conducted and the movements adjusted under the same roof. We produce a greater number of watches than any other establishment in the world.”

“Are you quite sure?” I asked, “that this is the largest factory in the world?”

“There is no question of it,” the manager replied, “and what is more, I am told we made more watches in Waltham last year than were made in all England.”

FAIRY WORKSHOPS.

This is the press room. It is filled with presses, punches, dies, and rolling and slitting machines. Here long thin ribbons of steel are passed under a die, which descends with a regular motion, and cuts out a balance wheel at every down.

In the next room the blanks—as the rough pieces are called—are prepared for advancement. The barrel blank is a wheel three-fourths of an inch across, and 3 1/16ths of an inch thick. It is put on a lathe. Round and round it spins with great velocity, rubbing its rough edges against a series of immovable sharp tools which polish off its coarseness; make it thin and smooth; turn out a chamber for the main spring; drill a hole in the centre to receive the barrel arbor, and turn a flange on the outer edge in which the teeth are cut. All this is done in a twinkling—faster than you or could describe it in short hand.—This machine sets itself.

The barrel is now taken to the dentist's to have its teeth cut. It is placed in position. Quickly a little chisel spins on a cylinder, cut, out, cutting as it swings round the circle; and presently its six teeth are finished, all exactly uniform and equidistant. This cutter is a sapphire ground down to the proper size and form by diamond dust and oil, and then fastened into a little wheel or disk. No other material could stand the wear and tear of eating all day long into this hard brass and steel.

Here in another room, a little machine is splitting out screws, so small that you cannot see their threads.

What you see at first glance is a thin tread of steel, finer than the most delicate of pine, slowly pushing its way through a little hole in a machine, and being grasped by a tiny tool which runs round it, as if embracing it; and then, presto! changes out

comes a knife and cuts off its head. All this is done so quickly that you have to wait and watch the operation, after you know what it is all about, before you can see the process I have described. The bits thus beheaded with a hug look exactly like little grains of powder. But they are screws. You notice that when you take a microscope and examine them. They are complete—almost. Not quite yet. The operative picks them up, one by one, with a dainty tool and places them in rows, one in every hole, in a flat piece of steel. This little plate, as soon as it is filled, is placed under another machine, and it would do any Irishman's soul good to see it work. It beats Dennybrook Fair all hollow. I had never a more convincing proof of the superiority of the mechanical over the manual labour. For while a good hearty man with a stout bit of shillelagh may break half a dozen heads in a day,—with fair luck,—this machine, without as much as saying “By your leave,” comes out of its hole, and runs along each row, quietly splitting the head of each one of them exactly in the centre. And now the screw is made.

Just this way is the Jewel-room, with rubias and sapphires neatly arranged in glass vials, and in another apartment the acclimating process is conducted. There is something like a large safe built into the wall, which is full of little drawers. Pull out the one on the right side and put in your hand, and you feel that the air is hot. On the left, the air is icy.—Watches are first put in the tropical and then in the arctic zones, until they become citizens of the world. Then, to accustom them to the ups and downs of practical life, they are put away in other drawers and tested in different positions. One stands on its head for a day, when it is suddenly reversed; but no sooner does it become accustomed to that than it is laid flat on its back.

I examined the watch-case rooms. Every case is composed of more than thirty parts. In the lower rooms the bars are melted; and,—to be brief,—after a great variety of processes up stairs and down, they are rapidly turned out, the models of beauty and elegance that we take to our homes and our bosoms. The different parts are soldered together under little tin French like roofs, which extend along the benches and prevent the room from being begrimed with smoke. Workmen, after trying two parts together with wires, fuse them by suddenly lighting up a tube, almost exactly like a snake, which just splits out a stream of fire, and plays on the detached parts until they are welded—now and for ever, once and inseparable.

I saw a hundred curious processes that I have no room to describe, and what I have written must be taken only as an outline sketch, not at all colored, of a wonderful picture of genius, applied to the development of mechanical skill. I saw the delicate steel nerve and brass muscle into which, by and by, the breath of life is to be breathed, until it beats true time in the passionless ruby heart of the perfect watch,—every tiny bone and ivory joint is fashioned by these muscles made visible,—polished, welded, and perfectly adjusted as by no human hand! They were merely passed, in pretty trays, by skilled hands to infinitely more skilled mechanism,—going as it were from nursery to school, from school to college, and from college to humanity; until after a hundred private tests, and public examinations not a few, they are finally put together, a diploma or guarantee that they will do their duty is given to each of them; and then they are sent to mark their perfect measures of the passing hours.

Who shall say that the American Watch Co. of Waltham, Mass., U. S. A., is not one of the fairy wonders of the century?—*Doson, Mass., Advertiser*.

UNITED STATES.

CHILD MURDER IN NEW YORK.—*Horrible Revelations*—The New York Board of Health has knowledge of more than thirty houses in that city wherein the sole business is the procuring of abortions. Four deaths of infants having been reported in one house, in a single day, Registrar Harris ordered an investigation, and the inspector found the mansion full of young and middle-aged women from all parts of the country, all either far advanced in pregnancy or suffering from operations which had but recently performed. Here are the rules of the house, as posted in every lodging room:—

1. Ladies entering this institution for confinement are not allowed below the parlor stairs.

2. No visitors, male or female, allowed in the rooms.

3. Each occupant is expected to keep her room in order, excepting when disabled by sickness; such notice to be sent to the Madame.

4. All persons leaving children at this institution can have no farther claim upon them, and must never trouble Madame for said children as to their whereabouts.

The Board of Health is seeking power to break up such establishments, which it does not now possess. It said that the abortionists, being unable to obtain burial permits for the infants which they slaughter, now burn the remains in furnaces.

THE FENIANS.—A large number of officers and men who took part in the recent Fenian rising in Ireland have returned to this country. Among the number are Colonel Thomas J. Kelley, Chief of War Department, and Captain Powell, Secretary of the Navy, who are now in this State on special business connected with the organization.—*Boston Herald*.

In view of the large number of divorces in Vermont, a newspaper in that state suggests a tax of \$1,000 upon every petition for separation as a sinking fund for the State debt.

Our neighbours are still undecided as to the name by which the new Russian acquisition will be distinguished. The *Tribune* of Monday, says: We venture to suggest, at once in recognition of the most valuable inhabitants of this western Greenland, and as a compliment to the great nation which does us the honor to pocket our money, that Gov. Seward's hard bargain be known as Walrusia.—*Montreal Daily News*.

The Buffalo *Express*, among its local items in its issue of Friday last, says: The sale of a bonded Fenian arms, which was advertised to take place at No. 29 Main street yesterday at ten o'clock, has been postponed until Monday next. The reason given for the postponement is that no bidders appeared to purchase, and those having the affair in charge did not wish to make a total sacrifice of the arms.

A man in Boston having “experienced” the sort of “religion” most in vogue there, smashes his marble copy of the *Venus di Medici*, burns his pictures and his large, but secular library, like a fine old Puritan gentleman, one of the real old kind.

There never has been divorce granted in South Galulias.

WORKS OF NATURE.—In a state of health the intestinal canal may be compared to a river whose waters flow over the adjoining land, through the channels nature or art has made, and improve their qualities; so long as it runs on smoothly the channels are kept pure and healthy; if the course of the river is stopped, then the water in the canals is no longer pure, but soon becomes stagnant. There is but one law of circulation in nature. When there is a superabundance of humoral fluid in the intestinal tubes, and coarseness takes place, it flows back into the blood vessels, and infiltrates itself into the circulation. To establish the free course of the river, we must remove the obstructions which stop its free course, and those of it tributary streams. With the body, follow the same natural principle—remove the obstructions from the bowels with BRANDRETH'S PILLS, which never injure, but are always effectual for the perfect cleansing of the system from fullness or disease. Remember never suffer a drop of blood to be taken from you: Evacuate the humors as often and as long as they are deranged, or as long as you are sick. See that BRANDRETH'S PILLS is in white letters in the Government stamp. Sold by all Druggists.

AMERICAN EDITORS — An editor, and a Western one, expresses the hope that his subscribers will excuse the scarcity of original matter in a certain number of his paper...

WEAK STOMACH, OPRESSION AFTER EATING, &c. — Indigestion takes innumerable shapes. Sometimes the stomach becomes so sensitive that it rejects even the simplest food...

They are put up in glass vials, and will keep in any climate. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood, BRISTOL'S SARPAPARILLA should be used in connection with the Pills.

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, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.



A CARD FROM THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY OF WALTHAM, MASS.

THIS Company beg leave to inform the citizens of the new Dominion of Canada that they have made arrangements to introduce their celebrated Watches to their notice.

They commenced operations in 1850, and their factory now covers four acres of ground, and has cost more than a million dollars, and employs over 700 operatives.

The difference between their manufacture and the European, is briefly this: European Watches are made almost entirely by hand. In them, all those mysterious and infinitesimal organs which when put together create the watch, are the result of slow and toilsome manual processes...

HOW AMERICAN WATCHES ARE MADE. The American Waltham Watch is made by no such uncertain process—and by no such incompetent workmen. All their operations, from the reception of the raw materials—the brass the steel, the silver, the gold and the precious stones, to the completion of the Watch, are carried on under one roof...

ARE FULLY WARRANTED by a special certificate given to the purchaser of every watch by the seller, and this warranty is good at all times against the Company or its agents.

ROBBINS & APPLETON, 182 Broadway, New York, ROBBINS, APPLETON & Co., 158 Washington St., Boston, General Agents.

ROBERT WILKES, Toronto and Montreal, Agents for Canada.

BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, And all disorders of the Throat and Lungs, are relieved by using 'Brown's Bronchial Troches.'

O. H. GARDNER, Principal of Rutgers's Female Institute, N.Y. 'Almost instant relief in the distressing labor of breathing peculiar to asthma.'

WHO IS MRS. WINSLOW? As this question is frequently asked, we will simply say that she is a lady who, for upwards of thirty years, has untiringly devoted her time and talents as a Female Physician and nurse, principally among children.

As this question is frequently asked, we will simply say that she is a lady who, for upwards of thirty years, has untiringly devoted her time and talents as a Female Physician and nurse, principally among children.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. — All the finest perfumes are obtained from tropical flowers, and of these essences of the Aromatic Flora of the Tropics, this is one of the most permanent, pure and delicious.

MARVELLOUS! Toronto, C. W., July 8, 1864. Gentlemen,—I send you a certificate of the great benefits I have derived from using BRISTOL'S SARPAPARILLA.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE. MAY, 1867.

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Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

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WANTED. A MALE TEACHER, with a diploma, to teach an Elementary School. Apply St. Columban, County Two Mountains, Canada East. WILLIAM HART, Sect. Treas.

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, WILLIAMSTOWN (NEAR LANCASTER) C.W.

THE system of education will embrace the English and French languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, and every kind of useful and ornamental Needle Work.

Boar t ion in the English and French languages, \$5.00 Music, 3.00 Drawing and Painting, 1.50 Bed and Bedding, 0.50 Washing, 1.00 Bed and bedding, washing, may be provided for by the parents.

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.

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 roofs 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.

"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 Lincture relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar. CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad St., Philada."

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 luxurious beauty. It is sold everywhere.

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, flushed face, she had a soft, ruby complexion, of almost marble smoothness, and instead of 22, she really appeared but 17. She told them plainly she used Hagan'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.

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.

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.

CLAREMONT, Fayette Co. Iowa. Mr. BIGGOS, DEAR SIR, Mrs. Grinnell brought home with her one bottle of your 'Velpain's Hair Restorative,' on her return from New York. I have tried the compound on my hair which had become prematurely gray, and from the effect it produced I judge it possesses merits equal to its claim.

REV. JOEL GAINNELL, Sold by all Druggists everywhere. BARNES, HENRY & Co., Agents. Montreal, C.E.

REV. EDWARD K. FULLER. Those using the Pain Killer should strictly observe the following directions:—At the commencement of the disease take a teaspoonful of Pain Killer in sugar and water, and then bathe freely across the stomach and bowels, with the Pain Killer clear.

REV. CHARLES HARDING, Sholapore, India. This certifies that I have used Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer, with great success, in cases of cholera infantum common bowel complaint, bronchitis, coughs, colds, &c., and would cheerfully recommend it as a valuable family medicine.

REV. JAS. O. BOOMER. Messrs. Perry Davis & Son:—Dear Sirs,—Having witnessed the beneficial effects of your Pain Killer in several cases of Dysentery and Cholera Morbus within a few weeks past, and deeming it an act of benevolence to the suffering, I would most cheerfully recommend its use to such as may be suffering from the aforementioned or similar diseases, as a safe and effectual remedy.

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GRAY'S WILD FLOWERS OF ERIN. The large demand for this delicate, lasting and refreshing Perfume proves that it has already become a favorite with the public. No lady of beauty or fashion should be without a bottle on her toilet table.

HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing and Family Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street. (Established 1859.)

GLASGOW DRUG HALL, 396 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

DR. HAMLIN'S Remedies for the cure of Cholera, with full directions for use, complete, price 75 cents. Order from the country attended to on receipt.

J. A. HARTE, GLASGOW DRUG HALL, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE MART.—\$4,000 WORTH OF Cheap Winces, 10d, 1s, 1s 3d and 1s 6d. Best Winces, 1s 9d, 2s, and 2s 6d.

MERCHANT TAILORING at the MART.—Gentlemen about ordering Suits will save fully 20 per cent. at the MART, 31 St. Lawrence Main Street.

GENTLEMEN'S FALL SUITS OF HEAVY TWEED, well made to order for \$11. Ready-made Pants \$2 50 to \$3 00; Vests \$1 50 and \$2 00; large stock Boys' Clothing, ready made, very cheap at the Mart, 31 St. Lawrence Main Street.

POLICE, VOLUNTEER, RAILWAY and Public Institute on Uniforms, contracted for at the Mart, J. A. RAFTER'S, 31 St. Lawrence Main Street. First class Cutters of experience and ability engaged.

WANTED.—Parties requiring Fashionable Fall and Winter Suits of Tweed, ALL wool, can have the same made to order for \$11 by calling at the Mart, 31 St. Lawrence Main Street (J. A. RAFTER.)

SEE THE RUSH TO RAFTER'S LARGE SALE, Gentlemen can have fashionable Pants for \$34; Stylish Vests at \$2. 200 Finesse Shirts from 6s 3d.

RAFTER'S STORE in the MAIN STREET is the 10th on the right from Craig Street. Dec. 1865.

CHOLERA. A CERTAIN CURE FOR THIS DISEASE MAY BE FOUND IN THE USE OF DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

MANHATTAN, Kansas, April 17, 1866. Gentlemen:—I want to say a little more about the Pain Killer. I consider it a very valuable medicine, and always keep it on hand.

I regret to say to say that the Cholera has prevailed here of late to a fearful extent. For the last three weeks, from ten to fifty or sixty fatal cases each day have been reported.

This certifies that I have used Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer, with great success, in cases of cholera infantum common bowel complaint, bronchitis, coughs, colds, &c., and would cheerfully recommend it as a valuable family medicine.

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CONVENT OF VILLA-ANNA, LACHINE, (NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA EAST).

This Institution contains in its plan of education every thing required to form Young Girls to virtue, and the sciences becoming their condition.

There is a particular Course in English for Pupils who wish to study only this language. Particular attention is paid to the health.

THE Superior Course comprises: Philosophy, Botanic, Zoology, Mineralogy, Practical Chemistry, Astronomy, &c., &c.

UNIFORM. In Summer, Light Blue Dress with Cape. One plain White Dress, with Cape. In Winter, Dark Blue Dress, with Cape. July, 5, 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.

Every pupil capable of studying, and furnished with good moral recommendations, is received in the institution without distinction of religion; strict conformity to the rules and discipline of the house being required of all.

All matters are studied in English as well as in French, in order that the pupil may become proficient in both languages.

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 .... 6 do. Washing ..... 6 do. Music and Piano ..... 20 do. Drawing ..... 6 do.

N.B.—The College costume consists in a Blue Frock Coat, with white collar, and a Blue Sash. Terrebonne, situated on, and commanding a beautiful view of the river of Jesus, 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. A. M. D. G. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, MONTREAL. PROSPECTUS.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Opened on the 20th of September, 1848, it was incorporated by an Act of Provincial Parliament in 1852, after adding a course of Law to its teaching department.

The course of instruction, of which Religion forms the leading object, is divided into two sections, the Classical and the Commercial Courses.

The former embraces the Greek, Latin, French and English languages, and terminates with Philosophy. In the latter, French and English are the only languages taught; a special attention is given to Book-keeping and whatever else may fit a youth for Commercial pursuits.

Besides, the Students of either section learn, each one according to his talent and degree, History and Geography, Arithmetic or higher branches of Mathematics, Literature and Natural Sciences.

Music and other Fine Arts are taught only on a special demand of parents; they form extra charges. There are, moreover, Elementary and Preparatory Classes for younger students.

TERMS. For Day Scholars ..... \$ 3.00 per month. For Half-Boarders ..... 7.00 " For Boarders ..... 15.00 " Books and Stationary, Washing, Bed, and Bedding as well as the Physician's Fees, form extra charges. G. & J. MOORE, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF HATS, CAPS, AND FURS CATHEDRAL BLOCK, NO. 269 AND 376 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Cash paid for Raw Furs.

