

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

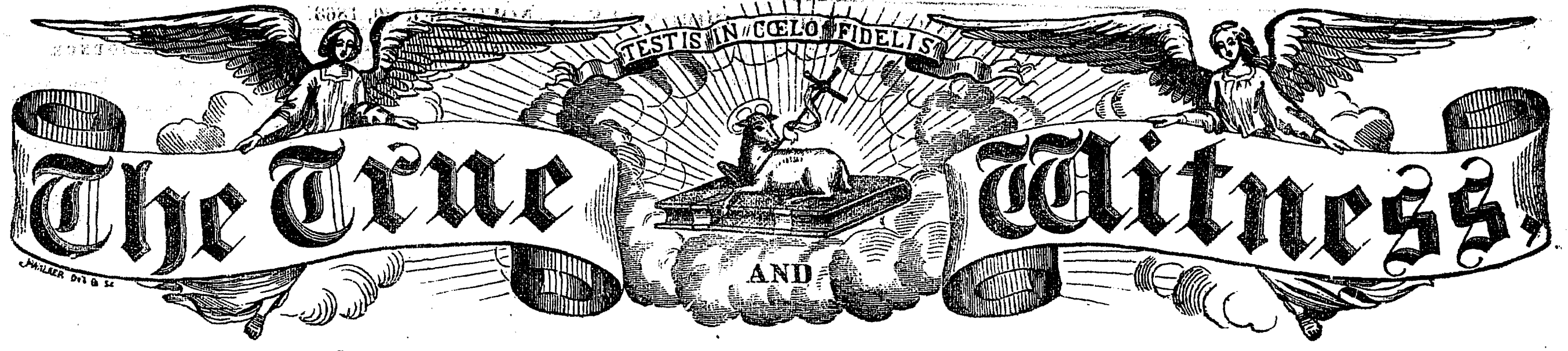
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XIV. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1863. No. 15.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY;
OR,
THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.
(From "The Lamp.")
CHAPTER II.

The golden sunbeams fell slanting across the trees, and danced in the rippling waters and round the old stone cross. The breeze played gently with the ivy tendrils and the moss, making the sweetest music in the green hedges-trees. By the side of the cross, with one arm thrown lightly round it, as though for support, stood a young girl; she was evidently thinking deeply; the rustle of the trees and the grass, and the sound of footsteps, did not arouse her. Her eyes were fixed upon the little brook. What did she see in its clear running water? Were those bright diamonds, in their rapid flashes, but an emblem of the life of man, the brighter, the swifter; or was she reading the sermon in the stream and its banks?

You would not see such a face as hers out of old Ireland, and that look of meditation and repose suited it well, although it was originally intended for sunshine and smiles. The eyes were of a dark blue, that one would almost call violet; and the hair, black as night; the face, fair as a lily, save where the rose asserted its rights, but yet not so fair, as sweet, and modest; the pure, open brow, the calm, earnest eyes, and the sweet lips, all told the same tale. Her light mane's dress was simple, and without ornament, and she had removed her bonnet, the better to enjoy the cool air. So she stood when Louis parted the bushes of the thicket, and saw her. He rested for a moment to watch her, to note with an artist's eye the picture; the golden sunlight gleaming through the green leaves and on the water, the old grey cross, and the beautiful, thoughtful girl who stood beneath it. Then he was by her side, and her reverie was broken.

"Kathleen, I have kept you waiting, I fear," said Father Paul, detained me; tell me just what you were thinking of, standing there, looking like a statue of Minerva, or, wiser still, were you preparing a lecture for the town?"

"No, indeed, Louis; I know lectures are of no avail; I was thinking what I should say to you for the last time, and for the best."

"And you have prepared a sermon, Kattie?"

"No, not at all. I trust to my angel guardian to inspire me with the words that will be the best for you."

"I will tell you, Kathleen, give me what every one else refuses me, a few words of encouragement and hope; even Father Paul denies me these; he prays for me, but he has no hope."

"Why, Louis, one must be as ardent as yourself to have your views. Father Paul is old; he has seen the end of all that dazzles you now; he knows just how much everything is worth, and estimates everything at its proper value."

"What a little philosopher you are, Kathleen."

"No, indeed, Louis, I am no philosopher. But I have not your imagination, and (with the best garments of a smile) I do not desire it, or, perhaps, I too should be wishing to set off to conquer; as it is I am satisfied to remain at home."

"God has made men for action, and women for patience and waiting, Kathleen. I will fulfil my destiny, and you shall do the same."

"Louis, it does not seem to me exactly right for you to speak of fulfilling a destiny; to do God's will would do better. Who has told you your destiny?"

"My own heart ever since I was a child. See, Kathleen, when I have read the lives of David and Benaiah; of the great soldier-king Alexander and Caesar; my whole soul has burned to imitate them. The noise of battle, the glitter of arms, the prong of war, the excitement of great cities, and the reveille of college, in the midst of all, I have heard the same voice calling me from the grave of my fathers, and the ruin of my house, even from this old stone cross and this little brook. Oh, Kathleen, if you had not faith in me and in my work, I would ask no more."

"I have faith in your will and energy, Louis, but I do not see any possibility of success, nor do I understand how your joining the English army to assist in the American war is to do all you wish."

"I join the English army because there is a way open for promotion; with the English, merit and courage will make their way, and they know how to reward a brave soldier when they see one. Now I am poor; I have but little I can call my own, but God willing, I shall win fame and rank, station and gold. Then I will come home, rebuild this old mansion, establish my house and name, as it once stood foremost amongst Ireland's lords and princes; gather round me the descendants of those who loved and served my fathers, restore the Church to its former glory; help my neighbors, and assist my friends, and transform my blooming wild flower into a stately rose."

A faint smile played over Kathleen's face, but she only said as Father Paul had done before, "Dreams, dreams."

"I say no; truth's knowledge is power—will is might; if I fall I die in a glorious cause. I prefer to die as a Christian warrior should, than to lead an inglorious life and useless life here. I will strive as only they strive who seek that which I seek, not my own glory or fame, but to give honor to the dead, and to give honor to my ancestors; to do what each one of them would have done, to restore fallen greatness, to win again that which has been lost; to prove myself worthy of the race I spring from. Do you not sympathize with me, Kathleen?"

"Who should refuse it that saw the eloquent play of the beautiful features, the light and fire of the dark glowing eye, the animated action, and the ardor and fervor of that brave, bright, sanguine spirit? Not Kathleen, for the cloud passed from her sweet face, and gave place to a light reflected from his own. There was silence for a moment, and then she said timidly, "But, Louis, is there no other way for you to do all this except by going abroad and joining an army you can scarcely love?"

"No, it is the only way I see. I might work at a desk or books for centuries, and yet never gain sufficient to redeem one acre of my ancestral home. In the army I can make rapid progress; many a man has made a fortune there in one day. I will leave nothing undone that man can do."

"But it is a great risk, greater than any other. You may lose your life; you may lose all but life, without having gained the least of your wishes; what then?"

"At least I shall have followed the voice of my heart, and have done what I could."

"Is the voice of your heart the one you ought always to follow?"

"No, my little philosopher, not in every case, but in this one, yes."

"But would it not be better for you to remain at home, and work steadily and quietly?"

"I could not, Kathleen. I tell you I am born for action. I could not endure the life of a farmer, a student, or a merchant. I must have action, scope, and, above all, liberty. You talk like all women, Kattie; they lose sight of the end through fear of the means."

"Or do they see the end too clearly, and so overlook the means? but as you are determined, Louis, I will say no more."

The arm clasped closer still the old stone cross, and the fair face bent lower over the moss and ivy. A perfect type of man the worker, and woman the helper, they looked; he with his tall, manly figure, eloquent face and eager action, the ardent hope that spoke in every word; he longing for the strife, thirst for the combat, weariness of inaction; she with drooping head, patient, sweet endurance; clasping the cross—seeking first to influence, and then to comfort.

"And remember it is all for you, Kathleen—my own Mayvennee. If I had not you to rely upon, and to work for, I should not be what you have made me."

"I know, Louis, I sympathize with all my heart in your design."

"You do, Kathleen? Then I am content. You are the only friend I have in the world, save Father Paul, and what you are to me you know quite well. You have been my comfort for many years, and are my greatest earthly blessing ever."

"How long do you think it will be, Louis, before you return?"

"I cannot tell; most probably two or three years. But I shall write very often, and tell you all my adventures. And you, Kathleen, must keep a brave heart, and a bright eye, for my sake. Send me as many lectures as you possibly can; never make yourself miserable by sitting and thinking of the dangers of war; have faith and confidence in God, and trust in me. I know I am leaving you here almost friendless, but it is partly for your sake. I go, and a true-hearted Irish girl never failed in courage yet."

"I will have both faith and confidence, Louis; but there was something in the still lighter clasp of the grey-sword, that told from whence it would spring."

"You make me braver, Kathleen, when you speak so. I have readed so much of you, 'Good-bye.' If you had wept and sighed, I should have been so unhappy. You will make a worthy princess for my little court."

The quivering of the lips, the trembling of the small hands, alone told how great was the effort to restrain her tears. And through it all the golden sunlight played; the green trees waved in the wind, and the little brook sang melodiously, as though a human heart in the agony of suffering were a thing unknown.

"I must go now, Louis; say good-bye to me here. I shall not see you again."

He saw how great an effort she was making to speak calmly, and scarcely wished to prolong a scene so painful.

"I have one little present to make you," she continued. "I will not let you burden yourself with promises; only make this one; take this crucifix, wear it always; never let it leave you for one minute; and promise me on it that you will be faithful to God, our dear Lady, and our holy religion; that, no matter how great or how violent your dangers and temptations, you will in each case have recourse to the hearts of Jesus and Mary; and that, if by God's will, anything should happen to you, you will, if possible, send me this cross, that I may know it."

A change came over his face, and the light faded from his eyes. He took the cross reverently, and placed the ribbon round his neck, then gave the promise, word for word, as she had said.

She stood before him, pale and silent, and when he had finished, said: "Good-bye, dear Louis; God bless you. Do not speak again; let those be your last words, and you will the better remember them."

Another minute, and he was gone; darkness and silence fell around her. She had said farewell to the only friend she had, except the kind old priest, and only God knew when she should see him again. There are some moments in life when our sorrow is too deep for tears—it would almost seem for prayers, if the very action of enduring that grief patiently and quietly for God's sake were not a prayer. Closer still she clasped the stone cross, until her head bent down upon it; and then the recollection that there she had perhaps for the last time on earth seen him and heard him speak, flashed across her, and it was followed by such a burst of tears as only the lonely and friendless can know. But then she was kneeling by a crucifix, and when she raised her head and regarded it, how small all her troubles and sorrows seemed—how little to suffer for that dear Lord who had endured so much for her; how trifling her loneliness after one thought of His great loving heart, broken by the unkindness and desertion of men; how small the pain of her separation after thinking of Him, deserted by friends, and betrayed by one of His own disciples! Oh, dear reader, have you a sorrow or a trial, take it to the feet of the cross, and it will less its sting.

CHAPTER III.

Far back in the annals of old Ireland, you will find the history of the Redmonds. They have counted kings and princes amongst their ancestors. The bravery and chivalry of their men was only equalled by the beauty and virtue of their women. There never was a Redmond who denied his faith, deserted his king, or dishonored his house. Loyal and true, brave and honorable, they ever ranked amongst the first of those who once formed Ireland's lords.

Times were changed. Little by little the large estates were lost—some taken by violence, others confiscated. The noble race of men once so numerous and flourishing were reduced to obscurity; many lost their lives in war, others passed their existence in exile; and so, when the time of our story opens, the sole descendant and representative of this once princely line was Louis, the sole remnant of its ancient possessions, Redmond's Cross.

Arthur Redmond, the father of Louis, was possessed of a small fortune, which he had received from his wife, an Irish lady of no great wealth, but of great virtue and talent. She lived but to see her little son and bless him;—then God took her home. The father educated his son himself; and that education consisted in recounting the deeds and glories of his ancestors.

It was no dress, for the boy had a strong and glowing imagination, an ardent love for all that was brave and chivalrous. Before he could reach the lowest step of Redmond's Cross, he used to say: "Never mind, father; I will be a great general, like our Patrick Redmond, and then I shall build our house again."

Mr. Redmond was himself of a melancholy, morose temperament—he could dream of great deeds, but could not execute them. The one pleasure of his life was sitting in the old court, listening to the rippling of the waters and the rustle of the hedges, and building high hopes on the little Louis. He thought what he had not been able to do, his son might be able to accomplish, and so realize his visions.

He looked sometimes on the bright sparkling face, and his heart beat with hope when he heard the ring of his childish laughter, and the spirited energy of his words. It was a strange training for a child, and one can hardly wonder at its results. Before the boy could talk plainly, he listened little tales of the great Patrick Redmond. Many a night his father sang him to sleep with legends as wild as their music. His ancestors

and their former glory was his one subject of conversation with the child, who, young as he was, delighted in it, and would run to his father whenever he saw him, and say, "Papa, another story, please."

Mr. Redmond had no friends in the city of C—, and he would not make any acquaintances. Many would gladly have sought him, but he shunned all approach, and lived near the great city a life as secluded as that of a hermit on the mountain. The only person he ever conversed with was Father Paul, between whom and himself there existed a friendship sincere and devoted. The good father remonstrated in vain on the singular training the boy received, and prophesied that it would spoil his future. But Mr. Redmond was deaf to all. He saw nothing improbable in the idea that his child should fulfil the end for which he had destined him; that he should win a name to command respect, and gold to redeem, as far as he could, the property that had once belonged to the family; that he should rebuild the home of his ancestors where it had stood before, and found again the family so long forgotten. Many, many hours father and child passed in these dreams.

Louis was a beautiful boy. His face was bright and animated, his eyes dark and eloquent; his talents were extraordinary, his imagination ardent and vivid. He was the kind of boy of which the best and noblest men are made.

Father Paul regretted greatly to see him educated so strangely. After much effort, he persuaded Mr. Redmond to allow Louis to take lessons from him, and was himself surprised at the rapid progress he made. But the Latin language, which he acquired with great facility, was but another aid to his dreams. It opened to him a world of literature that fostered the ideas his father had so carefully instilled. The exploits of Caesar occupied him. There was no more dreaming in the old court, no more listening to the little brook. All day, when not with Father Paul, he was directing mimic armies, erecting small fortresses, and busing up miniature cities. It became soon a passion with him, that science of warfare; and he studied it as one who loved it well. He saw in it the means to realize all his father's hopes.

But Father Paul insisted that he should go to college for two years at least, and reluctantly enough Mr. Redmond consented. The time had not expired when Louis was summoned home to his father's death-bed, and arrived only in time to receive a last blessing from the lips that had almost ceased to breathe. Oh! the boy's wild grief and despair when he stood by the grave of all he loved on earth, and felt himself without a friend. His sorrow was as intense that it destroyed his health and broke his spirit. Father Paul took him home (for at Mr. Redmond's death his house passed into other hands) nursed him, and soothed him with the greatest love and tenderness. No mother could have been more gentle in her devotion, no father kinder in his love. For two years Louis remained with the good priest. He finished the studies so sadly interrupted, but the one idea of his life was still paramount; it seemed to him no longer an inclination, but a duty; his father's dying eyes had asked from him a promise to fulfil his wishes, and he had given it. His studies had been somewhat interrupted, but had not destroyed his love for the army, and it became now the subject of his hourly meditation. On the morning of his twentieth birthday, he received most unexpectedly a letter from a merchant in Bristol, a second cousin of his mother's, inviting him to reside with him, and offering him an excellent situation in his counting-house. This began a long struggle between Father Paul and Louis. The good priest wished him to accept it; he tried to show him that this sort of life was better than all his dreams and castles in the air. Louis disliked the idea; he detested the thought even of being imprisoned in a counting-house; he who spent the greater part of his life in the woods and fields, free as the air; he who had been nurtured with the most romantic and chivalrous ideas; he so full of ardor and love of a warrior's life; could he submit to that? No; a thousand times no! But the kind priest, who was his only friend, entreated and prayed. Gratitude urged him strongly, and against his own inclination, Louis consented and promised to try.

CHAPTER IV.

Life in the old white house was most tedious now; there was no cheerful ring of the postman's horn, no glad voice calling over the hedge gates, no merry sound of light footsteps along the gravel walk, but Kathleen was free to go and come, and did not sit to muse on the dangers she could not avert. She played more than ever; never was so present minded the child; to her late beloved Mother, she was as before, who did not see the pale, beautiful face before her altar; she looked more, she went more than ever among the rocks and graves. Many a poor old woman and the only gleam of sunshine to Kathleen, who would read to her, with the dearest of voices, the passion of Jesus and love of Mary; she would pray by her when her own trembling lips could not form the words. Many a little child, dying of lingering illness, looked for her as she passed, and for the sunlight hour after hour was soothed with a little head drooping over her breast, weary and faint; many a young man has seen closely, whose last looks were fixed on her with an unutterable love and gratitude.— If by any chance they had known and loved Louis, who had ever been generous and kind. Many were the prayers offered by those good, warm hearts, for his welfare and his happiness; and God answered them, though not as they expected.

The day after came; it was not very long, but cheerful. It was written on a slip of paper, while the others were embarking; and there was a description of the scene of the waves who were obliged to despair to their husbands, and begging to go with them, or to die of little children, who were crying and clinging to the father they would have more to see.

"My heart is strong and young," but it aches with sorrow, and I thank Heaven you are not here. He was well and happy, and so full of hope.

There, for many long weeks, there was silence, not one prayer, and not one word; but now, as the great silence, and her voice less steady and clear. Did Bridget dread her coming in the morning? she no longer asked if there was a letter, but looked at the table where they were always placed, with such a heart-ache in her eyes. "Never mind, honey, it'll come to-morrow, maybe; she's got a long journey, and there's no time for waiting."

Father Paul grew anxious, too. Another week passed, and suspense grew into pain, but no news came. Even the mounting of the wind round the house seemed to Kathleen to sound like the roaring of the waves, but faith and courage were rewarded at last; and one morning Bridget entered her young mistress's room, with a face that needed no words:

"It's from him himself, darlint; I know the writing well, and God send you good news indeed!"

Kathleen sprang up, but before she touched the seal, she knelt and thanked God; with a

had been the queen of the old court-yard, and be the King; she had crowned him sometimes when he returned victorious from some magnificent exploit. Their childish affection had increased with their years.

Mrs. Dunroven was much attached to Louis, and was consequently delighted when he asked her permission to think of Kathleen, as he timidly expressed it, though, as she often said to Father Paul, she wished he had not those ideas of being a soldier, it was so very sad. Soon after the death of Mr. Redmond, Kathleen lost her aunt, and a very lonely life she led in the old white house, with only her nurse, Bridget. But she was Father Paul's right hand; she was by every sick bed and in every poor house; she was the sunshine and the blessing of the neighborhood, and only an earnest prayer followed her beautiful figure and sweet thoughtful face. When Kathleen heard Louis was to go to Bristol, in spite of the separation, she rejoiced. It seemed to her sensible and reasonable, and more in accordance with her ideas of prudence than going off to the wars to seek a fortune. So Kathleen and Father Paul rejoiced, and saw him depart with a light heart. For a month or two his letters were dull, but not desponding; then by degrees the old love of liberty and longing for a soldier's life appeared; then his scruples about his promise to his father, his dislike to the desk, his thirst to be up and doing, grew stronger, and stranger; nature could not always be silenced; and at last, weary of a life so foreign to his every thought and desire, Louis gave up the situation. The little son, his father and left was expended in the purchase of a commission and outfit and Louis joined the English army.— When on the point of leaving home for the American war, Father Paul and Kathleen remonstrated and entreated in vain; the bright, brave young spirit saw no danger, needed no forbidding. You have heard his arguments, dear reader; he left home as you know. Will you follow him to that far future so wisely foretold from mortal eyes?

CHAPTER V.

Life in the old white house was most tedious now; there was no cheerful ring of the postman's horn, no glad voice calling over the hedge gates, no merry sound of light footsteps along the gravel walk, but Kathleen was free to go and come, and did not sit to muse on the dangers she could not avert. She played more than ever; never was so present minded the child; to her late beloved Mother, she was as before, who did not see the pale, beautiful face before her altar; she looked more, she went more than ever among the rocks and graves. Many a poor old woman and the only gleam of sunshine to Kathleen, who would read to her, with the dearest of voices, the passion of Jesus and love of Mary; she would pray by her when her own trembling lips could not form the words. Many a little child, dying of lingering illness, looked for her as she passed, and for the sunlight hour after hour was soothed with a little head drooping over her breast, weary and faint; many a young man has seen closely, whose last looks were fixed on her with an unutterable love and gratitude.— If by any chance they had known and loved Louis, who had ever been generous and kind. Many were the prayers offered by those good, warm hearts, for his welfare and his happiness; and God answered them, though not as they expected.

The day after came; it was not very long, but cheerful. It was written on a slip of paper, while the others were embarking; and there was a description of the scene of the waves who were obliged to despair to their husbands, and begging to go with them, or to die of little children, who were crying and clinging to the father they would have more to see.

"My heart is strong and young," but it aches with sorrow, and I thank Heaven you are not here. He was well and happy, and so full of hope.

There, for many long weeks, there was silence, not one prayer, and not one word; but now, as the great silence, and her voice less steady and clear. Did Bridget dread her coming in the morning? she no longer asked if there was a letter, but looked at the table where they were always placed, with such a heart-ache in her eyes. "Never mind, honey, it'll come to-morrow, maybe; she's got a long journey, and there's no time for waiting."

Father Paul grew anxious, too. Another week passed, and suspense grew into pain, but no news came. Even the mounting of the wind round the house seemed to Kathleen to sound like the roaring of the waves, but faith and courage were rewarded at last; and one morning Bridget entered her young mistress's room, with a face that needed no words:

"It's from him himself, darlint; I know the writing well, and God send you good news indeed!"

Kathleen sprang up, but before she touched the seal, she knelt and thanked God; with a

and she was much attached to Louis, and was consequently delighted when he asked her permission to think of Kathleen, as he timidly expressed it, though, as she often said to Father Paul, she wished he had not those ideas of being a soldier, it was so very sad. Soon after the death of Mr. Redmond, Kathleen lost her aunt, and a very lonely life she led in the old white house, with only her nurse, Bridget. But she was Father Paul's right hand; she was by every sick bed and in every poor house; she was the sunshine and the blessing of the neighborhood, and only an earnest prayer followed her beautiful figure and sweet thoughtful face. When Kathleen heard Louis was to go to Bristol, in spite of the separation, she rejoiced. It seemed to her sensible and reasonable, and more in accordance with her ideas of prudence than going off to the wars to seek a fortune. So Kathleen and Father Paul rejoiced, and saw him depart with a light heart. For a month or two his letters were dull, but not desponding; then by degrees the old love of liberty and longing for a soldier's life appeared; then his scruples about his promise to his father, his dislike to the desk, his thirst to be up and doing, grew stronger, and stranger; nature could not always be silenced; and at last, weary of a life so foreign to his every thought and desire, Louis gave up the situation. The little son, his father and left was expended in the purchase of a commission and outfit and Louis joined the English army.— When on the point of leaving home for the American war, Father Paul and Kathleen remonstrated and entreated in vain; the bright, brave young spirit saw no danger, needed no forbidding. You have heard his arguments, dear reader; he left home as you know. Will you follow him to that far future so wisely foretold from mortal eyes?

CHAPTER VI.

Life in the old white house was most tedious now; there was no cheerful ring of the postman's horn, no glad voice calling over the hedge gates, no merry sound of light footsteps along the gravel walk, but Kathleen was free to go and come, and did not sit to muse on the dangers she could not avert. She played more than ever; never was so present minded the child; to her late beloved Mother, she was as before, who did not see the pale, beautiful face before her altar; she looked more, she went more than ever among the rocks and graves. Many a poor old woman and the only gleam of sunshine to Kathleen, who would read to her, with the dearest of voices, the passion of Jesus and love of Mary; she would pray by her when her own trembling lips could not form the words. Many a little child, dying of lingering illness, looked for her as she passed, and for the sunlight hour after hour was soothed with a little head drooping over her breast, weary and faint; many a young man has seen closely, whose last looks were fixed on her with an unutterable love and gratitude.— If by any chance they had known and loved Louis, who had ever been generous and kind. Many were the prayers offered by those good, warm hearts, for his welfare and his happiness; and God answered them, though not as they expected.

The day after came; it was not very long, but cheerful. It was written on a slip of paper, while the others were embarking; and there was a description of the scene of the waves who were obliged to despair to their husbands, and begging to go with them, or to die of little children, who were crying and clinging to the father they would have more to see.

"My heart is strong and young," but it aches with sorrow, and I thank Heaven you are not here. He was well and happy, and so full of hope.

There, for many long weeks, there was silence, not one prayer, and not one word; but now, as the great silence, and her voice less steady and clear. Did Bridget dread her coming in the morning? she no longer asked if there was a letter, but looked at the table where they were always placed, with such a heart-ache in her eyes. "Never mind, honey, it'll come to-morrow, maybe; she's got a long journey, and there's no time for waiting."

Father Paul grew anxious, too. Another week passed, and suspense grew into pain, but no news came. Even the mounting of the wind round the house seemed to Kathleen to sound like the roaring of the waves, but faith and courage were rewarded at last; and one morning Bridget entered her young mistress's room, with a face that needed no words:

"It's from him himself, darlint; I know the writing well, and God send you good news indeed!"

Kathleen sprang up, but before she touched the seal, she knelt and thanked God; with a

CHAPTER VII.

Life in the old white house was most tedious now; there was no cheerful ring of the postman's horn, no glad voice calling over the hedge gates, no merry sound of light footsteps along the gravel walk, but Kathleen was free to go and come, and did not sit to muse on the dangers she could not avert. She played more than ever; never was so present minded the child; to her late beloved Mother, she was as before, who did not see the pale, beautiful face before her altar; she looked more, she went more than ever among the rocks and graves. Many a poor old woman and the only gleam of sunshine to Kathleen, who would read to her, with the dearest of voices, the passion of Jesus and love of Mary; she would pray by her when her own trembling lips could not form the words. Many a little child, dying of lingering illness, looked for her as she passed, and for the sunlight hour after hour was soothed with a little head drooping over her breast, weary and faint; many a young man has seen closely, whose last looks were fixed on her with an unutterable love and gratitude.— If by any chance they had known and loved Louis, who had ever been generous and kind. Many were the prayers offered by those good, warm hearts, for his welfare and his happiness; and God answered them, though not as they expected.

The day after came; it was not very long, but cheerful. It was written on a slip of paper, while the others were embarking; and there was a description of the scene of the waves who were obliged to despair to their husbands, and begging to go with them, or to die of little children, who were crying and clinging to the father they would have more to see.

"My heart is strong and young," but it aches with sorrow, and I thank Heaven you are not here. He was well and happy, and so full of hope.

There, for many long weeks, there was silence, not one prayer, and not one word; but now, as the great silence, and her voice less steady and clear. Did Bridget dread her coming in the morning? she no longer asked if there was a letter, but looked at the table where they were always placed, with such a heart-ache in her eyes. "Never mind, honey, it'll come to-morrow, maybe; she's got a long journey, and there's no time for waiting."

Father Paul grew anxious, too. Another week passed, and suspense grew into pain, but no news came. Even the mounting of the wind round the house seemed to Kathleen to sound like the roaring of the waves, but faith and courage were rewarded at last; and one morning Bridget entered her young mistress's room, with a face that needed no words:

"It's from him himself, darlint; I know the writing well, and God send you good news indeed!"

Kathleen sprang up, but before she touched the seal, she knelt and thanked God; with a

CHAPTER VIII.

Life in the old white house was most tedious now; there was no cheerful ring of the postman's horn, no glad voice calling over the hedge gates, no merry sound of light footsteps along the gravel walk, but Kathleen was free to go and come, and did not sit to muse on the dangers she could not avert. She played more than ever; never was so present minded the child; to her late beloved Mother, she was as before, who did not see the pale, beautiful face before her altar; she looked more, she went more than ever among the rocks and graves. Many a poor old woman and the only gleam of sunshine to Kathleen, who would read to her, with the dearest of voices, the passion of Jesus and love of Mary; she would pray by her when her own trembling lips could not form the words. Many a little child, dying of lingering illness, looked for her as she passed, and for the sunlight hour after hour was soothed with a little head drooping over her breast, weary and faint; many a young man has seen closely, whose last looks were fixed on her with an unutterable love and gratitude.— If by any chance they had known and loved Louis, who had ever been generous and kind. Many were the prayers offered by those good, warm hearts, for his welfare and his happiness; and God answered them, though not as they expected.

The day after came; it was not very long, but cheerful. It was written on a slip of paper, while the others were embarking; and there was a description of the scene of the waves who were obliged to despair to their husbands, and begging to go with them, or to die of little children, who were crying and clinging to the father they would have more to see.

"My heart is strong and young," but it aches with sorrow, and I thank Heaven you are not here. He was well and happy, and so full of hope.

There, for many long weeks, there was silence, not one prayer, and not one word; but now, as the great silence, and her voice less steady and clear. Did Bridget dread her coming in the morning? she no longer asked if there was a letter, but looked at the table where they were always placed, with such a heart-ache in her eyes. "Never mind, honey, it'll come to-morrow, maybe; she's got a long journey, and there's no time for waiting."

Father Paul grew anxious, too. Another week passed, and suspense grew into pain, but no news came. Even the mounting of the wind round the house seemed to Kathleen to sound like the roaring of the waves, but faith and courage were rewarded at last; and one morning Bridget entered her young mistress's room, with a face that needed no words:

"It's from him himself, darlint; I know the writing well, and God send you good news indeed!"

Kathleen sprang up, but before she touched the seal, she knelt and thanked God; with a

heart overflowing with gratitude and love. All was well; they had landed in America, and now she must expect to hear from him more frequently...

You will live to see, Kathleen, all my plans succeed, and all my dreams, as you call them, realized. I cannot fail, for my heart is in the work...

There was a letter, too, for Father Paul, not less cheerful, and Kathleen turned to her duties again with a light heart. She received them regularly now; some were written by the bivouac fire, others in the tent; sometimes a hurried note, written while firing was going on...

Walk in, in reverence, I will send the young mistress to ye. God help her; I see what it is. Father Paul would have faced a party of Orangemen armed with more courage than he met that pale, trembling girl.

many long days ran through the house. She sank on her knees, and buried her face in her hands. What passed in those moments between her soul and God, none will ever know...

There was a Requiem Mass sung in the chapel, and many a wreath of flowers hung upon Redmond's Cross; but Kathleen never visited it again. Time did not blunt the edge of her sorrow...

(To be continued.)

THE IRISH CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

WHAT IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED—WHY IT SHOULD BE ESTABLISHED.

On the 22d ult., the annual distribution of prizes, honors, medals, &c., to the students of the Catholic University, took place in the chapel of the institution, Stephen's-green, Dublin.

My Lords and Gentlemen—During the last session there were 350 students attending lectures in the University. There were also 333 matriculated students in various schools and colleges throughout Ireland...

And here I am met by another consideration. What is the position which Ireland ought to take—what is the position which, at a period more or less distant she is likely to take among the nations?

land, forsooth, were a Protestant nation; again, theoretically, not practically, was this certain degree of equality proclaimed; no power on earth could adequately repair in one day the injustice of centuries.

And here I am met by another consideration. What is the position which Ireland ought to take—what is the position which, at a period more or less distant she is likely to take among the nations?

is it not time to teach the rising generation how to become prized without betraying, distinguished without bringing shame on their fathers? And how is this to be done but by that education based on religion and true religious love of country which a Catholic University alone can give to Catholics?

we ought to surrender our rights, and the rights of those who come after us, to the keeping of enemies? Surely not. It only proves that we have lived, and that we live in a corrupt atmosphere...

is it not time to teach the rising generation how to become prized without betraying, distinguished without bringing shame on their fathers? And how is this to be done but by that education based on religion and true religious love of country which a Catholic University alone can give to Catholics?

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The recent deaths of the Rev. Messrs. Timmo, P.P. Duleek; and Walter Lynch, P.P. Frankford, King's County, is chronicled with regret by the Catholic press.

A poor man named Charley Legget, the other day, while wandering on Ballymadder Strand, Bannow, in search of "wintees" thrown up by the tide...

The Dublin Evening Post has had news of the harvest in the county of Kilkenny. It says:—"In many parts of the county Kilkenny, at least one-sixth of the entire crop of barley and oats now is yet out in the fields, either uncut, in stacks, or lying in swaths on the wet ground."

A most singular phenomenon recently occurred at Rockmills near Fermoy. A croftie had some time since attracted much attention, and at the time of its disappearance there also vanished the life of a valuable mare belonging to a farmer belonging to a farmer named Daniel Hannan.

In the greater number of the parishes of Ireland there is a comparatively spacious and well-built church, in very fair order; there is a clergyman with an income which is generally a competence, and often a good deal more.

The Irish and the Negro.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a letter to the Star, asserts that the negro owes his degradation to the Irish settlers, that no Yankees, but only the Irish, despise the negro or oppress him.

To resume. The office and work of the Catholic University of Ireland are, then, to retrieve the past, to restore social and educational equality by raising Catholics to the position from which they have been long excluded, to prepare Ireland for the future to store for her.

In the present state of politics and of political parties in Ireland, there is not much inducement for Irish politicians to come before the public with their suggestions. And accordingly we hear of no public meetings, or banquets, or speeches, or pamphlets from influential Irishmen.

A CONFESSION.—Ireland is suffering a rapid decline. That is the sad fact forced upon us by startling evidence of which our readers will find a careful summary by A Magistrate of Cork, in another column. It has already been pressed on the unwilling ears of English statesmen, and it is only when three years in succession exhibit the same downward course that we can venture to accept it. This country, it must be confessed, is exceptional as to Irish wretchedness and distress, and will not believe, except on testimony of several years and on the evidence of figures,—not always true. But it is impossible not to admit the present fact as far as it goes. As the figures are all given in the letter to which we refer, we will not repeat them here. But the year 1861 was one of general decline in the cultivation and produce of the country; the year 1862 showed a further decline; and this year the cultivation has declined further still, even from the diminished amount of last year. Nor are we to suppose that Ireland will have all the benefit of the good harvest. Its harvest is late, and has been overtaken by the rains, which came at last, not too soon for us, but much too soon for the unenviable backward husbandry of Ireland. There has been a serious decrease in the acres under both cereal and green crops, a trifling increase in those laid out for meadow grass and clover, and a considerable, but, unfortunately, local increase in the cultivation of flax. There has been a large decrease in the number of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, estimated at a loss of a million and a quarter in the comparison with last year. In the general opinion of mankind the chief wealth of a country is its men, and here the decline is still more serious. During the first seven months of this year 80,000 persons, chiefly young men and women, have left Ireland, most of them for ever. They have gone off with money in their pockets, with good clothes on their backs, with strong limbs and stout hearts. They have left behind the ailing, the weak, and the aged. In not a few cases they have left wives and children, who will for many years be a burden to the community. The emigration is already nearly twice as much as last year, and threatens to increase rather than abate. Ocean steamers now convey the people at five or six pounds a head, and land them within the fortnight at New York. That is the only real use that will ever be made of the Gaiway line. Then it is calculated that most of these emigrants take with them money, and a few articles of property, the value of which may be put at ten pounds a head—that is, probably a million sterling for the emigration of this year alone. There are the figures before us, and they are as irrefragable as figures can be. Travellers tell the same story. They count ruined houses by thousands; they see deserted villages; they see the roads and drains falling out of order; and when they read in 'A Magistrate's' letter the statistics of the subject, they will pronounce that it is no more than they expected.—*Lantern Times.*

IRISH AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.
 To the Editor of the *London Times*—

Sir,—I beg leave to call your attention to the official agricultural and emigration statistics of Ireland for 1862, just published, in which there is startling evidence of the rapid decline of the country.

Under the cereal crops we find the number of acres in 1862 to be 2,408,762, against 2,503,481 in 1861, showing a decrease of 144,719 acres, or 5.7 acres in every 100.

Under potatoes and other green crops we find 1,477,777 acres this year, against 1,497,135 in 1862, showing a decrease of 19,358 acres. It is true that in flax we have an increase of 63,922 acres, owing to the increased demand caused by the short supply of cotton; and in meadow and clover there is an increase of 7,724 acres. The general summary stands thus:

| | | |
|-------------------------------|---------|---------|
| Decrease in cereal crops | 144,719 | 164,077 |
| Decrease in green crops | 19,358 | 19,358 |
| Increase in meadow and clover | 7,724 | 7,724 |
| Increase in flax | 63,922 | 63,922 |

Total decrease in land under crops in 1862, 22,431. But it may be supposed that there is, against this falling off in the quantity of land under crops, an increase in the number of live stock in Ireland this year. Unfortunately, the reverse is the case, as the following summary proves:—

| | |
|---------------|-----------|
| No. of Horses | 1,711,505 |
| Cattle | 2,504,100 |
| Sheep | 3,692,342 |
| Pigs | 1,711,505 |
| Total | 8,619,452 |
| In 1861 | 8,719,333 |
| Decrease | 99,881 |

According to the rates assumed by the Census Commissioners of 241s.—viz., for horses, 28 each; cattle, 20 10s.; sheep, 22s.; and pigs, 25 each—we find in the value of live stock in 1862 a decrease of £3,056,932 as against 1861, and a decrease of £1,227,611 as against 1862.

The emigration statistics are no less unfavorable. The number of persons who emigrated from Ireland during the first seven months of this year are 80,500, against 45,800 in the first seven months of 1862, showing an increase of 34,700. The tide of emigration principally flows from this port. Last week five ocean steamers sailed from Queenstown, with 1,500 emigrants. The class emigrating—and I see them every day—are fine, healthy, strong, and comfortably dressed young men and women. It appears that the entire number of emigrants from Ireland since the first of May, 1861, when their enumeration commenced, amounts to 1,378,233. We may safely estimate that they took with them £10 each, which would amount to £13,000,000 sterling, or £1,000,000 a year for the thirteen years. A far more important consideration, as it is a much greater loss to the country than the money they took with them, is the accumulated labor, the excess of production above consumption, that would have accrued here during the last thirteen years if those emigrants could have found industrial occupation at home.—But the argument must not stop short here, for they and their children have not only emigrated, but will continue to emigrate, the land of their adoption by that productive labor which is best to the country for ever. There is certainly something very wrong in a country where such a state of things exists. Some blame the relation of landlord and tenant. This may be the cause in part, but only in part. I am myself a landlord, with a continued tenantry, holding by 21 years' leases at a moderate rent, and paying punctually. I speak from experience. The land question is far from being all the cause of the evil, and it is a mistake to suppose so; and this mistaken idea leads people off from investigating further. Some, again, blame the Celtic character, but we have the laborious and saving habits of many of the rice in America to set against that opinion. As regards the land, too much is expected from it. Even though all the landlords were the best and most considerate, and the management of their estates perfect, the land of Ireland would be far from capable of affording adequate employment to even our present diminished population. Even within the last four or five years agricultural employment is greatly lessened, by the extinction of small farmers, depending on tillage. This class, always struggling, has been ruined by the three successive bad harvests before the present. Large farms with considerable tracts of pasture can alone pay. We have no manufactures, except in the north of Ireland, as you are aware. There is an almost total absence of employment for boys and young women. In this city there are thousands of young women who would be glad, indeed, to work for half-a-crown a week, but there is no work for them. We have no out-door relief. Our unemployed poor, as a rule, will not enter the workhouses, hence their sufferings are extreme. I can speak from actual observa-

tion, as I am an active member of a charitable society for the relief of the deserving and industrious poor, and as such I have visited the poor in all parts of this city once a week for the last 17 years.—Without adequate employment for the population, at a fair rate of wages, no country can prosper. My object in thus bringing this subject under your notice is that its discussion in the columns of the *Times* may lead to a beneficial result. While other countries are flourishing, Ireland certainly is declining—so rapidly declining in wealth and population that it is equally the duty and the interest of the Government to investigate the cause and devise a remedy. This is not merely an Irish but an Imperial question. If Ireland were prosperous, as other countries, Great Britain would have a nursery for her army and navy, a market for her manufactures, a happy and industrial population, adding largely to her material wealth; were now, without exaggeration, we may say the mass of the people are steeped in poverty and idleness, and one hundred thousand of the youth are annually flying from the home of their fathers, to bestow their industry and energy on another land.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
 A MAGISTRATE.

Cork Oct. 15.
 A magisterial investigation, held at Yougal, on Thursday last, into the charge of sending a threatening letter to the Hon. W. Moore Smyth, of Ballinacorney House, and posting a threatening notice on the door of a tenant of Mr. Smyth. The charge was preferred against a young man named Sweeney, whose family occupied a farm on the Ballinacorney estate for upwards of a century, but had been dispossessed. The investigation was held with closed doors, and, as the prisoner's counsel described it was "extraordinary, unprecedented, and unconstitutional." £1,000 bail was offered for the prisoner, but it was refused, until the sanction of the 'Castle' would be received.

This New Peerage.—The *Evening Mail* understands that Sir William Somerville is to be raised to the Irish peerage, to fill the vacancy which is now available. The title the right honorable baronet is said to have chosen is Colville, but as there are two peerages already distinguished by that title, another has now been thought of, viz. that of Devlin, a choice which is scarcely more free from difficulty than the former. The difficulty in this case would be of Irish not Scotch origin, inasmuch as the Barony of Devlin has been used as the courtesy title of the Marquess of Westmeath, and, we believe, actually in abeyance among the representatives of the fourth Earl of Westmeath. That nobleman having been outlawed in 1691, the abeyance of the Barony of Devlin lies between the families of French, of French Park, Birmingham, and Costello, descendants of his eldest daughter, Lady Mary; and the Talbots, of Malshide, descendants of her sister, Lady Catherine Nugent.

The Exodus.—The past week has witnessed, probably, the climax of the emigration from this country, through Queenstown. No less than five ocean steamers left this port between Monday morning and Saturday evening, for the United States and Canada; conveying about 1,500 souls, and these almost exclusively belonging to the working classes. The inducements to emigrate still continue the same—discontent, uncertainty of a return upon labour, and low wages at home, contrasted with cheap land, high priced labor, and a propitious climate abroad. The first and last mentioned are the chief attractions to the farmers of this country, and they are frequent ly known to surrender their farms to the landlord at a premium, when they hold them under lease, or sell their interest in them at a sacrifice, in order that while a little capital is still left, and before it may be exhausted by another bad season, they may take it with them across the Atlantic, and there invest it to advantage. The young men, who now constitute about a moiety of the emigrants, propose devoting themselves to manual labour, which is now so highly remunerated in the states. Females are more numerous than ever, and children muster pretty strong at each embarkation, in most cases accompanying their parents. Indeed, the re-union of Irish families (that have been for years separated by the ocean) in the United States appears to be taking place most extensively, while there are as many adventurous agriculturists flocking to North America, as though it were some El Dorado, but recently become known to these countries. The counties in Ireland which contribute the largest quotas to the stream are still Tipperary, Limerick, Clare and Kerry. The emigration from Cork has almost ceased, and the number going from Kerry has somewhat decreased during the past few weeks, but the exodus from the other counties we have named still continues unabated.—*Cork Herald.*

The Birra Bir.—Not long ago a sheriff's bailiff in the County of Sligo (says an Irish paper) arrested a man for debt, and directed his steps towards the County jail. On the way they shortened the road by conversation, and occasionally "a blast of the pipe," entering a house now and then to obtain a 'coal.' One of the cabins they entered for this purpose happened to be a sbpbeen house, and after a glass or two the prisoner proposed that as the pot was good and the road was long they might as well have a bottle of the stuff to see their courage up and the land laid securing the cork, the bailiff deposited it in his capacious coat pocket. Passing through the village of Skreen, they entered the revenue police barracks to 'light the pipe,' and while engaged in this soothing operation, the attention of one of the revenue men was caught by a very significant nod from the prisoner, which was read to be an intimation that contraband goods were at hand. Directing his attention to the pockets of the legal functionary, he perceived a suspicious protuberance, and demanded to see what it was. To this the bailiff demurred, alleging that it was a sample of turf he was taking to Sligo; but the revenue man's sense of smell was too keen, he hunted up the game, pulled out the cork, and pronounced it good mountain dew. To pass over such a breach of the law on the part of a member of the executive was not to be thought of; the bailiff's attendance was accordingly requested before a neighbouring magistrate the invitation being enforced by the aid of a pair of handcuffs. It was in vain to say nay, the revenue man was inexorable, and the unfortunate bailiff declared himself willing to go if the prisoner would accompany him. To this, however, the revenue officer objected, as he had no charge against him and the debtor, with a peculiar application of his thumb to the tip of his nose, and having wished the bailiff "the top of the morning," made his exit, rejoicing exceedingly, and left for parts unknown.

Dublin, Oct. 24.—A tremendous excitement has been produced among the Evangelical clergy here by the announcement that Canon Stanley has been offered the mitre of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. The fact that he is an Englishman is one objection, but this is merged in the dreadful charge of heterodoxy. He is believed to be the author of an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which, it is said, he defended the authors of *Essays and Reviews*. He is accused of being a rank neologist, who does not go to the length of Colenso only because he wants the moral courage to avow his convictions. He has written a letter to the Bishop of London recommending the abolition of clerical subscriptions. When referring in his works to the errors of other writers, he studiously avoids expressing what his own opinions are on the disputed points. From this his Dublin censurers infer that he is decidedly unsound in his faith. There is a long indictment against him copied in some of the Protestant journals from the *Church and State Gazette*; and the *Daily Express* is flooded with letters from the clergy containing sweeping censures, and earnestly protesting against his appointment. But no language of his own has been quoted against him. Hitherto the evidence is all secondhand. They admit his learning, his eloquence, the fascination of his style, the excel-

lence of his character; but they deprecate his appointment, the more vehemently on account of these dangerous snares, which would render the attractions of heresy irresistible. Come what will, the clergy have resolved not to allow Lord Palmerston to taint the fountain of orthodoxy which has flowed so purely from Trinity College, Dublin. In vain they are reminded that Canon Stanley is the Chaplain of the Queen and of the Prince of Wales and of the Bishop of London, and that he is the Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. So much the worse, they would say, for the Queen, the Prince, and the young clergy of London. They protest that they will not have Canon Stanley to rule over them, even if their resistance involved the separation of the Church from the State. Any other Canon would be accepted, even an English one. They will give the Premier half a dozen to choose from.—Canon McNeile, *dignissimus*; Canon Boyd, of Paddington; Canon Miller, of Birmingham. "Any one, English or Irish, rather than the neologist Canon Stanley." There is not, perhaps, a bishop in Ireland who hoped to step up to the vacant throne; there is not a dignitary who hoped to wear that bishop's mitre; there is not a clergyman who expected to get that dignitary's place; there is not a friend in the respective circles of those numerous expectant parties who would not be likely to swell the cry of neology and heresy against the new Archbishop of Dublin if Canon Stanley should accept the post, and submit to have his character in the ecclesiastical pillory for several years to come.—*Times Correspondent.*

The magistrates of the Clonbur Petty Sessions have shown their condemnation of the recent insult to the Lord Lieutenant by refusing to renew the license to King, proprietor of the Maam Hotel.

GREAT BRITAIN.
A clergyman delivering a kind of funeral sermon upon Lord Lyndhurst, remarked that, "great as he was, he bowed before the greatness of the Supreme Being"—which was certainly very condescending.
The Princess of Wales.—We are enabled to state upon the best authority that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales will probably be confined in or about the last week in March next. The health of the Princess is all that can be desired under the circumstances; and the action has reason to rejoice at the prospect of the perpetuation, in a direct line, of the sovereignty of Her good and Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.—*Observer.*

OUR IRONCLADS.—The Channel fleet will shortly make a further, and perhaps, a more practical trial of the sea-going qualities of the different ships composing Rear-Admiral Dacres's command, by taking a trip to the Tagus. The fleet will probably be absent from England about six or eight weeks. The officers belonging to the various vessels express themselves as being generally satisfied with their performances. It appears that the same cannot be said of the result of the cruise of the French iron-clad fleet, rolling, pitching and straining having been the order of the day with our neighbours, but they were no doubt out in very bad weather. Perhaps the trip on which they have again just started from Brest will be more propitious. Things may now probably have settled down in their places.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

DREAMING IN CHURCH.—At Ballisod, Spa, one Sunday afternoon, fatigued with his long drive, a waggoner, with his son John, drove his team into a barn, and determined to pass the Sabbath in enjoyment of a season of worship with the people of the village. When the time for worship arrived, John was sent to watch the team, while the waggoner went in with the crowd. The preacher had hardly announced his subject before the old man fell sound asleep. He sat against the partition in the centre of the body slip. Just over against him, separated by a very low partition, sat a fleshy lady, who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, but unable to control them any longer, she burst out with a loud scream, and shouted at the top of her voice, arousing the old man, who, but half awake, threw his arms around her waist, and cried very soothingly: "Whoa, Nancy! Whoa, Nancy! Here, John, calling to his son, 'cut the belly band and loosen the breathing quick, or she'll tear everything to pieces!'"

THE STEAM RAMS.—The *Daily Courier* says:—Much excitement was occasioned in Liverpool, yesterday, by a telegram from Plymouth, which stated that Messrs. Laird's steam rams intended to force their way out of the Mersey, and that several members of war had been hastily despatched in Liverpool, to prevent the contemplated movement. This statement was at first discredited, but inquiry shows that Government has been taking most extraordinary precautions against any attempted departure of the rams. On Tuesday afternoon H.M.S. Heron arrived in the Mersey, and took up her position in front of Laird's dock, in which the least forward ram, the *Mouassar*, is lying. The Heron did not anchor, but passed cable to the Woadside ferry buoy. This rambled she slipped at a moment's notice, in this position she now lies, her bows backed and steam up. Marines were then landed and sent on board the *Mouassar*. Laird's workmen were ordered off the rambles. No one is allowed to go on board, and the workmen's tools were sent ashore. About the same time an additional force of marines were sent on board the other ram, the *Teussant*, and all the workmen, with their tools and appliances, were ordered ashore in her case also. No persons are admitted on board. The gunboat *Gosbank* continues to be moored ahead of the ram. It is understood that the iron-plated frigate *Prince Consort* is on her way to Liverpool; it is difficult to ascertain whether this is correct or not. The authorities are very reserved. H.M.S. *Majestic* being already in the Mersey, these hostile preparations created much consternation, and it is believed that Messrs. Laird deemed the seizure altogether illegal. The other vessel, seized by Government, the *Alexandria*, still lies in Torquay Docks, Liverpool, under embargo. The case will come before the Court of Exchequer early in the approaching term.

The "City Article" in the *London Times* asks "what becomes of all the gold?"
 The recent singular absorption of gold continues to attract attention, but no new light has been thrown upon it. Several correspondents have endeavored to suggest explanations, none of which, however, reach the real question. One points out that India has probably, as usual, constituted a main cause of the depletion; another remarks that, as much of our cotton comes now from Egypt and other places where specie, if it once penetrates, may be a long time in coming back, a considerable quantity may have accumulated in those regions; and another thinks there is nothing peculiar to be accounted for, because the Bank usually experiences a demand for sovereigns in the period between April and October. Some hint that as Messrs. Rothschild, who carry on large refining transactions, frequently hold a large stock of gold in deposit, the main quantity may, after all, lie hidden in their cellars; while others consider the late speculation in new banks and other joint-stock undertakings affords an ample solution of the whole difficulty. To persons of experience most of these ideas will appear at once irrelevant or inconclusive. A drain to India, Egypt, or other distant places, would, of course, be a natural explanation if it were not known that no such drain has existed in any unusual degree. The matter at issue is simply this. The importations of specie from abroad for several months past have been extraordinary in magnitude, and far beyond the recorded exports, and yet the amount held by the Bank has experienced a diminution. Where has the surplus of imports over exports been absorbed? The only obvious view that arises is that it has reached our

shores, and has not since been shipped from them, it must still be in the country. If it be in the country the greater portion thus in circulation must be in coin, since neither country banks nor country traders are in the habit of carrying on their transactions during the past two or three years has experienced a demand for coin at about the same season explains nothing, because in no recent year has there been the same anomaly of a drain in the face of large imports and comparatively small exports to be accounted for; and so much of the specie business of the world is now carried on in sovereigns, which are becoming a universal medium, that it would be rash to draw an inference from the isolated experience of the Bank of England. It is certain that the Bank since April have disbursed more than 3,000,000 sovereigns for home use apart from those taken for exportation, and although the drain of sovereigns in the past two years may have been large, the possibility is that the main part may then have been for exportation. Exact statistics on the point would be interesting and useful; but even if they were to show that the Bank have not issued to the public this summer more than the normal quantity, they would still leave the question in darkness as to where the heavy importations peculiar to this year have been carried, and would fail to contradict the definite export statements, which would seem to indicate that they have not been sent abroad. Again, the idea that the late speculations in joint-stock banks, foreign securities, &c., afford a clue is equally delusive. As regards foreign joint-stock banks, and foreign enterprises generally, there have been no heavy commitments for many months. The heaviest were provided for in the spring, and it is to be repeated that, even if this were not the case, the inquiry as to remittances abroad has nothing to do with the difficulty under discussion, because all these remittances are, as it is supposed, included in the shipments which have been accounted for. As to home joint-stock banks, the very function of these establishments is to economize the use of coin, while as regards speculation in other undertakings the movements in connection with them consist merely of the transfer of sums by means of checks from one holder to another, leaving the specie in the country wholly untouched. In relation to the possibility of Messrs. Rothschild holding a considerable accumulation, it is not at all unlikely that some of the heavy arrivals from abroad of the past week or two may be in the hands of that firm, with a view to meet any requirements either from the Government of Russia or Brazil or from the Bank of France; but this would be only a very partial explanation of the existing position of the market. On the whole, therefore, the more the question is considered the more probable does it seem that the amount of specie in circulation in the country, owing partly to the quantity employed in the unprecedented autumn pleasure traffic, but still more to the great activity and prosperity of trade throughout the entire United Kingdom, is largely beyond its nominal total. Should this be the case there will be reason to look for its gradual return, and to expect the Bank accounts to present better features in the winter and spring, a result the probability of which is increased by the fact that we are rich in most kinds of imported goods—the stocks in the bonded warehouses being large—especially in those of which the American markets are becoming exhausted. Meanwhile, however, there is the danger of a rather less revival of foreign undertakings, although Russia and Greece have shut themselves from the field, which, unless it be counteracted by the warning furnished by the present unexpected pressure, may not only prevent a revival, but be attended by serious embarrassments.

A PIG IN A CRYSTAL GLOBE.—The wide distended skirts of the ladies' dresses of the present day have been the cause of many amusing scenes. An incident of the latter class, which happened the other day in Montross, is one of the most laughable we have ever heard of.—A young lady, dressed in full fashionable attire, including an ample ermine-extended dress, was in a friend's yard, looking at the cows, perhaps; and during the time she was there a fine small pointer was roaming at will in the yard. The pig, impelled, no doubt, by curiosity, commenced to make a close inspection of the young lady, while she was inspecting some other animal, and, having ventured rather near, was caught and caged within the compass of the ermine. No liking so small a sty, wide though the skirts were, the pig soon made known to the owner of the ermine the unpleasant fact that he was within, by making desperate efforts to get out. The young lady was in a sad plight at the commotion within her dress, which was not lessened by hearing the growling which indicated the want of a tenant; she had got hot, but notwithstanding the shock to her nerves, she made various endeavors to get the pig out. His swine-ship, however, had got his snout fixed in the network of the ermine, and his ejection was found to be no easy matter. A 'lord of the creation,' who was attracted to the spot by the noise of the struggle, was amused by the absurdity of the scene, that the noble creature fairly proffered him from rendering assistance. The struggle did not last much longer, however; for the pig, assisted by the resisting strength of the young lady, made good his exit by carrying away one half of his cage on his snout. The lady retreated in great haste, as the pig, in a state which can be better imagined than described.—*Montross Standard.*

The *London Times* publishes the following letter from Sir Francis H. Head:—

MONTROSS AND DEMOCRACY.
 (To the Editor of the *Times*)

Sir,—In the leading article of your journal of this day, in which you support our Government for their denunciation of the Iron-clads in the Mersey, I have read with great pleasure and admiration the following remarks:—

"She (the *Alabama*) was the produce of trickery and evasion. We cannot say how, where, or by what instruments her equipment was furnished; but we can say that she did not leave our ports in the character or fashion of an honest vessel. As the Attorney-General put it, it was an escape, and such escapes are exactly the things which we ought to prevent."

Now, Sir, as I administered the Government of Upper Canada in 1837, will you allow me to contrast the honest course which our Government is at this moment pursuing, and which you are so powerfully supporting, with that which the Government and people of the United States practised towards Great Britain, when a very small portion of her territory was disturbed by an insurrection, the insignificance of which, as compared with the successful session for nearly two years of eight millions of inhabitants of the Confederate States, may fully be demonstrated by the following figures and facts?—

On the 4th of December, 1837, Mr. McKenzie, at the head of 520 noisy followers, some armed with sticks, many with pikes, and the rest with rifles, suddenly appeared before Toronto. At that moment the population of Upper Canada was 450,000; the Home district, 60,000; the City of Toronto, 100,000.

On the 7th of December, with great difficulty, he escaped in disguise to the United States; and so completely was his insane project defeated by the loyalty of the people, unassisted by troops, that on the following day, I not only issued a proclamation to stop the volunteers who, from all directions, were flocking towards Toronto, but I placed the militia of seven counties at the disposition of Sir John Colborne in Lower Canada.

On the 13th of December I reported these facts to William L. Marcy, Governor of the State of New York in a letter, in which I stated,—

"It is fit I should apprise your Excellency that there is not at this moment, to my knowledge, within the whole extent of Upper Canada a single body of

men assembled with arms, or otherwise, in opposition to the Government.
 Simultaneously with this statement I despatched to Mr. Marcy Mr. Bethune, requesting his Excellency, in conformity with the statute existing between the Canadian Provinces and the State of New York, to deliver to the authorities of Upper Canada William Lyon McKenzie, to be tried for the murder of Colonel Moodie, for arson, and for the robbery, with his own hands, of Her Majesty's mail, in full proof of which the requisite documents were enclosed.
 To my letter and request I received the following reply:—
 "To His Excellency Sir Francis H. Head, Lieutenant-Governor, &c.
 'State of New York, Executive Department.
 Albany, Dec. 23, 1837.

"Sir,—I have received from D. Bethune, Esq., the official application, with the documents accompanying it, made by your Excellency on me, as Governor of the State of New York, for the arrest and delivery of William Lyon McKenzie, as a fugitive from justice from the province of Upper Canada.
 The documents show, as clearly as they can do, that McKenzie committed the crimes imputed to him that previous thereto he had violated, and was in arms against Her Majesty's Government of Upper Canada. His crime is, therefore, treason; and, if a fugitive in this State, he must be considered as a fugitive, to avoid the punishment for this offence, rather for those imputed to him in the documents accompanying your Excellency's application. These latter offences must be considered as the incidents of the alleged treason.
 I have the honour to be, &c.,
 W. L. MARCY.

It will be observed that, in the above reply, Governor Marcy obtained from noticing the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, in obedience to which I had, on his application to me, faithfully surrendered to the authorities of his State fugitives from the United States, simply on the legal evidence of their guilt. He also obtained from noticing the fact to which Mr. Bethune drew his special attention—namely, the robbery by Mr. McKenzie of his own State arsenals.

On the 29th of December, 1837, Governor Marcy, after having allowed the American Generals Van Buren and Sutherland with impunity to seize 24 pieces of his artillery, and to issue 'proclamations' in the United States offering £500 for my apprehension, with 100 acres of land in Canada and \$100 to whoever would join what they were pleased to call 'the patriot army,' permitted the steamer *Caroline*, in broad daylight, in the presence of the United States Marshal, and in the immediate vicinity of a regiment of Militia of the State of New York, to be cut out of the ice by a thousand men. He allowed his own collector of customs to give her a license, under which, and issued from Log's by a bond publicly given by 17 American merchants, she sailed, amidst the acclamations of the people, to act as a passage boat to convey Government artillery and American citizens to take possession of Navy Island in Canada.

After reporting to Her Majesty's Minister at Washington the foregoing facts, I imperfectly expressed to him my feelings as follows:—

"I need not remark to your Excellency how unfair and unjust it is that a rebellion, which within this province was so insignificant that it was instantly crushed by the civil inhabitants of the colony, should be revived and rendered formidable by the direct and active management of the American people; and that during the existence not of peace, but of the most friendly relations between Great Britain and the Government of the United States, the population of this province should be threatened with devastation and plunder and all the miseries of war by the unjustifiable interest of American citizens.

As their conduct in the bygone period to which I have referred has long ago been forgiven and forgotten by England, surely the Government and people of the United States will do well to consider it as what they can now entertain feelings hostile to the British people for having, without intervention, merely expressed their opinion as to the probable results of a Transatlantic civil war, which, if permitted, they would have endeavored to prevent, and which, without permission, they all deeply and sincerely lament.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
 F. H. HEAD.

The Rector of Liverpool on the Rev. Mr. Becher,—Rector Campbell has sent the following letter to the secretary of the Emancipation Society:—

"Childwall, October 10, 1863. Sir,—In reply to your letter requesting me to inform you, in regard to the Mr. H. W. Becher will deliver a lecture in the Palladium Hall on the American war and emancipation, I beg to inform you that I decline to invite my congregation to attend a lecture on that species of emancipation which had brought, in my opinion, justly calls 'hollow protest' designed to produce a slave insurrection. I return you the platform ticket you have sent me, not intending to attend a lecture; being of opinion that persons professing themselves to be the ministers of a merciful God, the Author of peace and love of concord, might be better employed than in advocating a hateful war accompanied by atrocities which, as Lord Brougham says again, 'Christian times have seen nothing to equal and at which the whole world stands almost almost incredulous.'—Your obedient servant,
 AUG. GAMBALL, Rector of Liverpool.
 Liverpool, Oct. 17, 1863.

On the express requisition of the Admiralty (the War Department has ordered the manufacture of 50 muzzle-loading guns to be at once commenced in the Royal Arsenal.

Another gunboat has been placed on guard opposite Messrs. Laird's work, and an iron-plated ship, the *Prince Consort*, has been despatched from Plymouth on similar service. The workmen engaged in completing the *El Tonsant* have been ordered by the customs officials to suspend work, and the ram is now exclusively in possession of Government officials.

The *Times* and the *Daily News* comment upon Mr. Laird's speech at Birkenhead. The latter says that Mr. Laird has no reason to complain of the course the country has taken in seizing the rams, as he has been merely a party to the transaction. The *Times* dwells upon the loss of a man's contract between the cost of works to private yards as compared with the public dockyard, and also upon his strictures with respect to the inferior quality of the iron which has been made upon artillery. On the latter point, the *Times* makes out the best case for Laird, but admits it to have been a failure. With respect to the extravagance and dishonesty in our dockyards, the leading journal fully endorses the complaints of the member for Birkenhead, and asks who will show us any good?

Mr. Lindsay, the shipowner and M.P., and Mr. George Sanders, agent for the Confederate Government in England, have written to deny the statements made in alleged intercepted Confederate correspondence quoted by 'Historians' in the *Times* to prove that the Birkenhead rams were built for the South. Mr. Lindsay says that so far as he is concerned the correspondence is utterly false. He never supplied any ships to the Confederate Government, and never had any interest in any blockade runners. Mr. Sanders says that six ships ordered by the Confederate Government to be built in England were not ships of war, but swift ships of the mail class, intended to run the blockade and which might be legitimately constructed.

The *Daily News* shows that difficulties have arisen respecting the cession of the Ionian Islands to the Ionian Parliament has refused to comply with certain conditions required by England and Austria. Before consenting to the cession, it demands the demolition of the fortifications.

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY. J. GILLIES, G. R. OLIERK, Editor.

To all country subscribers, or subscribers receiving their papers through the post, or calling for them at the office, if paid in advance, Two Dollars; if not so paid, then Two Dollars and a-half.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20

NEWS OF THE WEEK

As before the outbreak of the last war with Russia, so it is now. Confused, unintelligible diplomatic Notes keep passing and repassing between the several European Courts, but the issue is generally anticipated, will be war.

A revolution seems imminent in Prussia. The elections have all gone strongly in favor of the Liberal party; the King gives no sign of any intention on his part to waive any of his pretensions, and the upshot must be collision between the people and their rulers.

On the 17th of this month it was expected that the Italian Parliament would assemble. A stormy session was anticipated, and great efforts will be made to induce the French Emperor to withdraw his troops from Rome, and to abandon the Sovereign Pontiff to the tender mercies of Victor Emmanuel, and his mercenaries.

THE KIDNAPPING CASE.—In the extracts from our city contemporaries by us given in another column, our readers will find the details of a bold and successful carrying off to the U. States, of a British subject. The agents were a Yankee spy named Jones, a man named Hawkins, and Mr. Giddings the American Consul.

what with the free quarters, for troops upon the peasantry, unlimited pillage, and unbridled license, the foreign mercenaries of Piedmont have effectually disgusted the population of Southern Italy with the idea of Unity.

The domestic news is of little interest. The British Government keeps strict watch and ward over the suspected steam rams in the Mersey; but as yet no evidence that these vessels were designed for the service of the Navy of the Confederate States has been laid before the public.

In New Zealand there is again waging another of those "little wars," against which a great man once warned his fellow-countrymen. With the Japanese too, we are in a state of hostility, and, as yet, have certainly no cause for congratulating ourselves on our military superiority.

From the seat of war on the Potomac there is nothing of any importance. General Meade is, as he always is, just about going to do something which will very much dismay the Confederates, and proportionately enliven the Northerners.

THE KIDNAPPING CASE.—In the extracts from our city contemporaries by us given in another column, our readers will find the details of a bold and successful carrying off to the U. States, of a British subject.

There are two features in this transaction which to us appear most mysterious. The apathy of the man kidnapped, and the complicity of the American Consul. That any man, not a born idiot, should allow himself to be arrested in the midst of our city, in broad daylight, and with thousands around him, to whom he might have appealed, and not in vain, for assistance or counsel; that he should allow himself, without resistance or murmur, to be carried off to a foreign country—would be incredible, had not all these things actually occurred in the case of this poor creature Redpath.

cial's culpability, in the production of the letter or warrant which the Consul gave to the actual abductors of Redpath; and which document according to the depositions of the latter, contained an order for his arrest and abduction to New York.

There are only too many and too good reasons for believing that this affair of Redpath is only one of many similar outrages upon British subjects in Canada, perpetrated with the connivance, and assistance of Yankee officials, and through the agency of Jones and his accomplices. It is time certainly that our Government should arouse itself from its apathy; that it should display some zeal for the vindication of our outraged national honor, and the personal liberties of its subjects.

Since writing the above, we learn that Mr. Giddings was on Sunday night, and in the expectation that he was about to "sneak away," arrested at the suit of Mr. Redpath, and held to bail in \$25,000 to appear on Saturday, the 28th inst., before the Superior Court for Lower Canada, to answer to the action for damages instituted against him by his victim Redpath.

YANKEE INSTITUTIONS.—Mr. H. Ward Beecher may be a very eloquent man, but he is certainly not overburdened with modesty. In his address lately delivered at Exeter Hall he had the impudence, to use the mildest term, to vaunt the part which the Northern States were destined to perform in the great work of Christian civilization.

The religious minded among our people feel that in the territory committed to us, we hold a high and solemn national trust; that God gave it to us not merely for territorial aggrandizement, but that there we might plant the seeds of Christian civilization, and build up institutions which should afford a spectacle of the working of the Church of Christ, which would make all good men glad.

In one of the townships in the country, a little north of Bucyrus, dwelt a well to do widower, about fifty, with an only son of twenty two or three. Mr. (we withhold names for obvious reasons) had been a widower for many years, and became weary of the monotony of living; he accordingly determined to marry again. The determination once formed, the next thing was to find the woman necessary, which in this country is not at all difficult.

circumstances annoyed them both immensely. The old gentleman thought, very naturally, that the young man was there for the young lady, and the young gentleman, as naturally supposed the old one was there for the widow.

As the matter progressed, the meeting of the father and the son at that place became frequent, and the more often it occurred, the more intolerable it became. Finally Mr. ——— determined to speak to his son on the subject.

"Charles," said he, "I have determined, after much consideration to marry, and thought it but right and proper to make you acquainted with the determination."

Very soon after the marriage was consummated, they all discovered that they had made a grand mistake. The son found that the widow was altogether too motherly for the wife of a young man of twenty-three, and the old gentleman found that a young lady of twenty was too volatile for a sober-minded man of fifty.

The four came home as they went, together, the son taking the daughter under his special charge, and the father doing the agreeable to the widow. Long before they had arrived at Bucyrus, they had arranged matters on an entirely different basis—the father and widow made up a match, and the son and daughter ditto.

It is a pity that Mr. Beecher did not cite the above, in illustration of "the working of the Church of Christ" to the Northern States. His audience at Exeter Hall would have been somewhat startled.

We read in the London Times:—"In 1851 Sir James Hudson was sent to the Court of Turin, and the object of his mission was communicated to him by Lord Palmerston in these memorable words, 'You have been so successful in liberating black bodies, that I send you now to liberate white minds.'"

An ambassador in the last century was popularly defined as a "man sent to Foreign Courts there to tell lies for the good of his country;" in the present century, and under the Liberal regime, an ambassador is one sent to Foreign parts to excite to revolution, and to preach the Holy Protestant Faith according to Whiggery.

Into the morality of such instructions we will not pause to enquire; neither is it necessary for us to speculate what would be the feelings of a Great Britain towards an ambassador from Spain, charged by his Government with a secret mission towards Ireland, similar in purport to that which Lord Palmerston assigned to Sir James Hudson.

Sir James Hudson was sent to Italy by a British Liberal Government, avowedly, to "liberate white minds;" or translating this hackneyed Exeter Hall formula into plain English, to intrigue against Popery, and to undermine the influence of Catholicity over the minds of the Italian peoples.

And so all the Court of Turin, and all the Jacobins and revolutionists of Italy went forth to hear him, and were initiated by him into Protestantism, renouncing their religion. For it must be confessed that Sir James Hudson discharged his mission well, and that the latter has brought forth fruit abundantly, and to the satisfaction of Lord Palmerston, and of him who has been well called "the first Whig."

But leaving out of sight what has been done in the political order, let us see to what extent he has succeeded in the religious order; how far he has accomplished the Palmerstonian task of "liberating white minds" from the trammels of superstition. For this purpose the appearance of the following document, "The New Liberal Catechism," or "Confession of Faith of Evangelised Italy," is singularly opportune.

Question. In whom do you make the sign of the cross? Answer. In the name of the Father of his country, and the Son of the Magnanimous, and of the Spirit of Liberty. Amen. (It may be remarked that by the "Magnanimous" is meant the late King Carlo Alberto, and by his son, as well as the 'Father' and the 'Spirit,' of course, the present sovereign, Victor Emmanuel.)

Q. Who created you a soldier? A. Victor Emmanuel. Q. Why did he do so? A. That I should honor, love and serve Italy. Q. Who is Victor Emmanuel? A. A brave spirit, blessed by heaven and earth. Q. How many Victors are there? A. There is but one Victor. Q. How many persons are there in Victor? A. There are in Victor Emmanuel three really distinct persons.

An evangelical creed has also been compiled in keeping with the teachings of the above Catechism, of which we annex a literal translation:—"I believe in Victor Emmanuel, and the Italian people, in the late Minister Cavour with his colossus talents, who was inspired by a holy thought, and conceived a virgin idea, suffered the attack of the Left, fought in the Parliamentary arena, was Minister of Finance, which he raised from death, succeeded to the Presidency, to the right hand of the King, whence he undertook to vindicate Italy from the wrong she had received."

When we add to this that the Lord's Prayer has in like manner be brought into harmony with the revolutionary creed of "an evangelised Italy," and commences with the invocation, "Our Father, Victor Emmanuel who art in Italy," and that obscene caricatures or travesties of Our Lord's life, agony, and death upon the cross, are favorite recreations with the "evangelised," we shall have said enough to show how well and faithfully Sir James Hudson has accomplished the mission confided to him by Lord Palmerston, of "liberating the white minds" of Italy, and emancipating them from the superstitions of Popery and the yoke of priestly rule. The "Italian Mission" is, in short, the most successful of all Protestant Missions.

"Alas also for the Union! Our good and grand old Union is gone forever. A new Union is before us—the Union of the conqueror and the subjugated which is a bitter Union. But the National integrity against the world forever."

Such are the terms in which the above-named journal at last admits the fact, patent to all but fools from the very first outbreak of the war between North and South, that the old Union is gone, and can never—no matter what the issue of the contest—be restored. In such terms does it avow the ruling principle or idea of the North, "But the national integrity against the world forever." In other words "let us sacrifice all else—our Constitution, our political and personal liberties—let us erect a stupendous despotism of the Jacobinical pattern out of the debris of our old free political edifice; let us in fact slavery in its most odious form upon our selves, and transmit it as a legacy to our descendants—but let us maintain our territory!"

Long ago, at the first outbreak of the war, we indicated the two issues which presented themselves to the men of the North, and we were roundly rated by the Yankee press for so doing. We said then that two, and only two issues presented themselves to the Northerners in taking up arms to subdue the South; that they must elect, either to save their Constitution by the sacrifice of a portion of territory, or to sacrifice their Constitution to save their territory. They decided in favor of the latter alternative; they took for their motto "national integrity against the world;" and we now see the result of their choice. The Constitution is gone for ever, and it is as impossible to restore it, or even any semblance thereof, as it would be to restore the ancien regime in France; but the integrity of territory for which the Northerners have made this sacrifice is to all appearance as far beyond their reach as it was the day the fight began.

As the Boston Pilot moralises, so also moralises a journal of a very different stamp, the N. Y. World. The latter in a recent number thus sums up the actual results of the war to the Northerners:—"We are in the midst of such a carnival of blood as the world has not seen in a score of centuries. All

the habits of the nation have in three years time been changed; new ideas, new emotions, new interests...

St. Mary's College.—We understand that the students of this College, under the direction of the Reverend Fathers of the Society of Jesus...

Rumors have been in circulation during the past week, affirming the existence of a plot amongst the many refugees from Yankee tyranny...

Notwithstanding our aversion to the ripping up of old sores, the Montreal Witness forces us to allude again to a subject which we hoped was at rest for ever.

Referring to this unpleasant subject in its issue of the 17th inst., the Witness says:—

"A number of years ago, when it was proposed to get up a St. Patrick's Hospital, the True Witness was filled, week after week, with the coarsest abuse of the managers of the Montreal General Hospital, and the most persistent misrepresentations of their management."

The allegations of the above extract from the Witness are false. It is not true that the Directors of the Hospital complained of either "showed that every thing was done with perfect fairness;" or that the complaints against the treatment which Catholic priests were exposed to when visiting the sick in that Hospital, were unfounded, or exaggerated.

Against the present management of the Hospital, it is not our object to say one word, or to make any insinuations.

New Monetary Theory.—THE NATURE OF MONEY DEFINED. By Thomas Gahrath, Port Hope, C.W.

This is the title of a little pamphlet on currency and money. The work may be, for aught we know to the contrary, a very able work; but as it treats of a subject (money) with which our personal acquaintance is very limited indeed, we do not feel ourselves competent to pronounce any opinion whatever thereon.

RECEPTION AT THE CONGREGATIONAL NUNNERY.—On the morning of Thursday of last week there was a grand reception at the Congregational Nunnery of this City, according to the imposing rites of the Catholic Church.

Profession.—Sisters St. Therese, Ste. Clarisse, Ste. Wisceslas, Ste. Euphrasie, Ste. Marie Therese, Ste. Antoine.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR,—As a proof that your surmises in last week's issue as to the embarrassed exchequer of the French Canadian Missionary Society, were not without some foundation, I may mention the fact that the quiet citizens of Cornwall had an opportunity on Sunday last of hearing a recital thereof from the lips of a Rev. James T. Ryan, who announced himself beforehand as general agent of the Society; and who, judging from his Irish Catholic patronymic, is very probably some unfortunate renegade, who is too lazy to work out an honest livelihood, and hopes to gain his object more easily by stretching forth calumnies against the Church of his forefathers.

Hoping that the noble example of the Protestants of Cornwall in this instance may be imitated by their co-religionists generally throughout Upper Canada, I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

Chambers.

GOLD MIKE AT HATLEY.—Retrospective stories are in circulation that the quantity of gold obtained at Hunter's Diggings at Hatley, within the last few weeks. We have been assured that the workmen were averaging from twenty to thirty dollars per day.

RECEPTION AT THE CONGREGATIONAL NUNNERY.—On the morning of Thursday of last week there was a grand reception at the Congregational Nunnery of this City, according to the imposing rites of the Catholic Church.

THE KIDNAPING CASE.—Considerable excitement has been occasioned in town by the publication in our last of the facts in relation to the kidnaping of W. J. Louis Redpath. It appears that the prime mover in this business was one Jones, who has been living in Montreal for some time by his wife, and who was the informer on whose testimony several parties were prosecuted here some time ago, for "sounding 'immoral jewellery.'" Jones procured a ready tool for his purposes in the person of an old soldier named Hawkins, who is not of very sound mind, a condition by no means improved by his intemperate habits.

THE EMIGRATION RETURNS.—The official migration returns show the number of emigrants arrived to date this year at Quebec, to have been 1,358 cabin, on 17,521 steerage.

A CANADIAN DEFELTER EDWARDS.—On Thursday last, a man named Joseph Moore, was brought before the Mayor of St. Catharines, charged with having obtained goods under false pretences, thus acting that he had represented himself to be the representative of Messrs. Scott & Co., Montreal, as being in good circumstances, and so obtained goods to a considerable amount, after which he transferred himself to the other side.

DISSENTIONS.—A placard has just been issued by the military authorities, warning persons against inducing, or assisting in any way, soldiers to desert, offering \$50 reward, in addition to \$50 to be given by the Corporation for information against any person offending in this way, either in Montreal or Kingston, the Civil Authorities in the latter city also offering a reward of \$50 for this service in each case of tampering with soldiers.

COPPER IN ASCOT.—The Sherbrooke Gazette says: On our way to Belvidere, we paid a short visit to the copper mine owned by J. Short, Esq., in Ascot, being the lot on which he resides. Mr. Short has uncovered the rock, and blasted in four or five places on his farm, and in each valuable specimens of copper have been discovered.

RESULTS FOR THE U. S. ARMY.—It seems that parties from the other side of the line have for two years been in the habit of coming into Canada, and through offers of large wages, have induced many Canadians to go into the States, to chop wood or work on railroads, and then through some means or other they have been entrapped into enlisting into the Northern Army.

MORE TROOPS.—The last number of the United Service Gazette contains a singular statement to the effect that the 45th Regiment, now in camp at the Curragh, and the 58th Regiment in garrison at Dublin, are under orders to embark for Canada.

AN ELECTIVE JUDICIAL.—Perhaps the greatest of the evils arising out of pure democracy is that occasioned by the elective judiciary. It is quite possible that our own method of appointing judges has at times helped on the taking politician at the expense of the learned lawyer.

THE ABSCONDED INQUIRY.—Last night Officer Bidwell reopened the inquest on the body of the infant which was found in the garden of Mr. Hugh Miller. There was no further evidence adduced, except that of the surgeon, who, in making a post mortem examination, found that the skull of the little one was broken behind one of its ears.

ANOTHER ESCAPE OF PRISONERS FROM SWEETSBURG JAIL.—Barnes the Turkey Arrested.—On Friday last there was another escape of prisoners from Sweetburg Jail. This time the fortunate gentlemen who were liberated on 'leg bail' were Loox & Bliss.

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.

FOR GENERAL FAMILY USE, there is no Sewing Machine made to equal Wanzler's Combination.

WANZLER'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, (The "Combination") has been awarded the First Prize at the Exhibition.

WANZLER'S SEWING MACHINES have taken First Prizes at the various Provincial Exhibitions.

WANZLER'S MANUFACTURING MACHINE (Singer's principle) has been awarded the First Prize at the present Exhibition.

IT IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED that Wanzler's Combination Sewing Machine, combining the best qualities of the Wheeler & Wilson and Singer, is the best in the world for general family use, and Dressmaking purposes.

ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS are combined in Wanzler's Family Sewing Machine. For Sale at MORSON'S.

WANZLER'S SEWING MACHINES can be had only from the Agents, JAMES MORISON & CO. 288 Notre Dame Street.

DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT. Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Directories and Postage Stamp for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal, Jun. 17, 1863.

A SCANDALOUS ABUSE.—Since the cold weather set in, we have often observed articles of volunteer clothing, of the last Government issue, worn by laborers and others, while pursuing their ordinary avocations.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, Nov. 17, 1863.

Flour—Pollards, \$3.00 to \$2.20; Middlings, \$2.00 to \$2.85; Fine, \$3.10 to \$3.25; Super, No. 2, \$3.75 to \$3.85; Superior No. 1, \$4.20 to \$4.40; Fancy, \$4.40 Extra, \$4.65 to \$4.80; Superior Extra, \$4.90 to \$5.00 Bag Flour, \$2.22 to \$2.25.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES. MONTREAL CATTLE MARKET.—Nov. 17. First Quality Cattle, \$5.00 to \$5.50; Second and third, \$4.00 to \$4.50.

Flour, country, per bush, \$4.00 to \$4.50; Oats, do, do, \$1.00 to \$1.20; Indian Meal, do, do, \$1.00 to \$1.20; Beans, Canadian, per bush, \$1.00 to \$1.20; Honey, per lb, \$0.10 to \$0.12; Potatoes, per bush, \$1.00 to \$1.20; Eggs, fresh, per dozen, \$0.10 to \$0.12; Butter, fresh, per lb, \$0.10 to \$0.12; Do salt, do, \$0.08 to \$0.10; Pork, for seed, per bush, \$1.00 to \$1.20; Beef, do, \$1.00 to \$1.20; Mutton, do, \$1.00 to \$1.20; Chickens, do, \$1.00 to \$1.20; Turkeys, per couple, \$2.00 to \$3.00; Ducks, do, \$1.00 to \$1.20; Poultry, do, \$1.00 to \$1.20; Lard, do, \$0.10 to \$0.12; Maple Sugar, \$0.08 to \$0.10; Malt Syrup, per gallon, \$0.10 to \$0.12.

TORONTO MARKETS.—Nov. 16. Fall wheat 78c to \$1.00 per bushel; Spring wheat 75c to 78c per bushel; Barley, 85c to 88c per bushel; Peas, 55c to 58c per bushel. Globe.

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

THE ABOVE INSTITUTION, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and sound education in the fullest sense of the word.

Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half yearly in Advance). Use of Library during day, 50c. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July, July 21st, 1863.

FOR GENERAL FAMILY USE, there is no Sewing Machine made to equal Wanzler's Combination. JAMES MORISON & CO.

WANZLER'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, (The "Combination") has been awarded the First Prize at the Exhibition. JAMES MORISON & CO.

WANZLER'S SEWING MACHINES have taken First Prizes at the various Provincial Exhibitions. JAMES MORISON & CO.

WANZLER'S MANUFACTURING MACHINE (Singer's principle) has been awarded the First Prize at the present Exhibition. JAMES MORISON & CO.

ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS are combined in Wanzler's Family Sewing Machine. For Sale at MORSON'S. JAMES MORISON & CO.

WANZLER'S SEWING MACHINES can be had only from the Agents, JAMES MORISON & CO. 288 Notre Dame Street.

DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT. Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Directories and Postage Stamp for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal, Jun. 17, 1863.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

La France behoves itself able to state that Austria and Prussia have agreed to decline the arbitration of England in the conflict with Denmark, regarding it as having a purely German character.

The Times' Paris correspondent says:— Whether the Archduke has misgivings about the state of affairs or not, it is rumoured that his Imperial Highness hesitates accepting the crown offered him by the assembly of Notables, chosen by the French Minister at Mexico. The ratification of that offer by means of universal suffrage the French General will of course take care to have properly executed; so that on this score there will be no difficulty.

A Paris correspondent of a London journal writes, however, that there would be violent opposition to this annexation scheme:— M. Gueroit, deputy for Paris, takes notice in Opinion Nationale of the rumored intention to annex Mexico to France, and opposes the project most vehemently.

A correspondent of a provincial journal gives the following account of Marie Antoinette's shoe now preserved in the Museum of Sovereigns at the Louvre. On the 16th of October, 1793, when Sanson descended from the scaffold after executing the unfortunate queen, he saw one of the soldiers on duty endeavoring to arrest two boys who had concealed themselves under the guillotine during the execution.

PARIS, Oct. 27.—The rumour that Marshal Niel would be sent on a mission to St. Petersburg is unfounded. PARIS, Oct. 26.—La France of this evening notices with regret England and Austria's want of decision with regard to Poland.

The officers of the Emperor's dragoons gave a dinner a day or two ago, in the Salle Louis XIII. of the Palace of Versailles, to the officers of the Carabiniers and Lancers in garrison in that place.

Perhaps the day is not distant when the Emperor will call upon us to measure our swords with the oppressors of a people so full of sympathy towards France.

This expectation of a war with Russia—for it can only be Russia that is meant—was greatly applauded. The presence of two Marshals and of other officers high in command makes the incident still more remarkable.

ITALY.

Turin, Oct. 31.—The review of the Italian naval

squadron, consisting of 24 vessels, will take place at Naples on the 10th of November. The King will leave Turin for Naples on the 1th inst.

The Diplomatic Body have been invited to accompany the King to witness the review. Baron Mnyendorff of the Russian Charge d'Affaires and General Willisen, the Prussian Ambassador, have officially protested against the words of the Holy Father in the circular of the Vicar General against the procession, public prayers and against the Jubilee for Poland.

Baron Mnyendorff of the Russian Charge d'Affaires and General Willisen, the Prussian Ambassador, have officially protested against the words of the Holy Father in the circular of the Vicar General against the procession, public prayers and against the Jubilee for Poland.

Yesterday, the Holy Father, went to Santa Maria del Popolo. A large concourse of the people, arrayed on both sides of the street, saluted him with enthusiastic cheers.

The importance of the step of the Holy Father becomes more visible every day, and impression it produced in Rome and Italy is indescribable. The words of the Pope will pass all over the world and will shape many a mind.

A Polish family which had an audience at the Vatican, heard these words pronounced by the Holy Father:—I was accused that I did not desire to do anything for Poland.

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—Messina, Oct. 27.—The King of the Greeks arrived here this morning, and was received by the civil and military authorities.

SWITZERLAND.

STATE OF PROTESTANTISM IN GENÈVA.—Here is from the Guandim the report given by an earnest Protestant upon the present state and prospects of Geneva's Protestantism.

"If it be difficult to get at the precise truth as regards the political position of Geneva, it is still more so as regards its religious standing. Which party gains ground, Protestants or Roman Catholics?—This is the question ever uppermost, but never answered quite satisfactorily.

PRUSSIA.

None who has observed the course of events in the Prussian Kingdom will be surprised at the result of the Elections which took place throughout the country on Monday last.

of a weak faction. But it is not merely the proportion of the two sides of the House that the new elections are likely to affect.

But it would be untrue to say that His Majesty is ignorant of what is passing in his dominions. Perhaps events present themselves to him distorted by the vapour of flattery and misrepresentation in which he lives, but they are not shut out.

DENMARK.

EXTRAORDINARY DECLARATION OF THE KING.—According to the Aftonbladet of Stockholm, the King of Denmark has just delivered the following speech:—I have every confidence in the victory and justice of our cause.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE, Oct. 23.—The following is a re-translation of the official German text of Earl Russell's second Note to Sir Alexander Malet:— "Sir,—You will be good enough to represent to the President of the Federal Diet that Her Majesty's Government have reason to believe that the answer which Denmark will give the Diet will show her willingness to modify the patent of the 30th March in the sense of the resolution of the Federal Diet of March, 1850.

You will represent to the President of the Federal Diet that Federal execution, even supposing it to remain strictly limited to Holstein, could not take place without increasing already existing difficulties. It is very likely that the Danish Government would make reprisals by instituting a blockade very injurious to German commerce.

"Her Majesty's Government fully recognises the claims of the Diet in Holstein and Lauenburg, but is of opinion that if the demands of the Diet were limited to the German duchies they might be satisfied without Federal execution, and without exposure to the dangers attendant upon such an extreme measure.

POLAND.

The Kurpa, a race of Polish peasants who inhabit the forests of Ostrosenka, near Warsaw, and who, from want of arms and ammunition, as well as from the proximity of the enemy's forces, have hitherto kept quiet, have just risen in an outburst of desperation.

AUSTRIAN QUESTION.—The French, English, and Austrian Governments either have despatched, or are about to despatch, another note to St. Petersburg. The three official documents are harsher in their tenor than their predecessors, but they have not the form of an ultimatum.

RUSSIA.

On the other hand, the Russians, after the arrival of the new troops, will have at least 150,000 men in the kingdom of Poland alone; some say 180,000, but at 150,000 the number is certainly not over-estimated.—Times' Cor.

On the other hand, the Russians, after the arrival of the new troops, will have at least 150,000 men in the kingdom of Poland alone; some say 180,000, but at 150,000 the number is certainly not over-estimated.—Times' Cor.

RUSSIA.

A letter from Constantinople, addressed by a traveller, named Milnikoff, to the Progress of Lyons, contains the following information respecting the proceedings of Russia in the Black Sea:—

I have just arrived from Kerch, which I left on the 3rd Oct., and busten to give you some particulars of what is now passing in that part of Russia. The Government is constructing defensive works on all the more important points of the coast of the Crimea, in preparation for a war with the Western Powers, should such a misfortune take place.

GREECE.

CESSATION OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS.—A letter from Corfu in the Nord dated the 12th of October narrates the proceedings in the Ionian Parliament, after the speech with which the Lord High Commissioner opened the session.

"The Ionian Assembly, elected on the invitation of the protecting Powers, and convened in view of pronouncing on the subject of the restoration of the Ionian people, manifesting faithfully their ardent desire and constant will, and conforming itself to the declarations and votes passed on several preceding occasions by the free Ionian Assemblies:—

"Decrees.— "That the islands of Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante, Saint Maurice, Ithaca, Cerigo, and Paxos, as well as their dependencies, shall be united to the Kingdom of Greece, so as to form an integral part of it in perpetuity, forming a single indivisible State under the constitutional sceptre of His Majesty the King of the Hellenes, Geo. I. and his successors.

Address of the Ionian Assembly in reply to the Speech of the Lord High Commissioner.

"The Ionian people, invited by Her gracious Majesty the Queen protectrix to pronounce formally on the subject of this national restoration, have elected the representatives to whom they have confided the accomplishment of their will.

"The Assembly is convinced that the arrangements referred to in the speech of your Excellency, and which will be taken by the European Powers, will fully answer the just and ardent hopes which have been conceived by the Ionian people since their recent Convention concerning Greece and the Seven Islands.

"In the midst of the unspeakable joy which fills all hearts the Assembly ought to express the gratitude of the Ionian people to the august Sovereign of Great Britain for the decision which she has deigned to take, and for the benevolent disposition of her Majesty towards the Greek nation.

"The Kurpa, a race of Polish peasants who inhabit the forests of Ostrosenka, near Warsaw, and who, from want of arms and ammunition, as well as from the proximity of the enemy's forces, have hitherto kept quiet, have just risen in an outburst of desperation.

In receiving address, the Lord High Commissioner replied to the Assembly as follows:—

"I will hasten to communicate to the Secretary of State of Her Majesty, to the Sovereign protectrix, the desire which the Ionian people expresses in your address to see the cessation of the protectorate exercised over this state by Her Majesty, my august Sovereign, in order that the Ionian Islands may form in future part of the kingdom of Greece.

The Daily News shows that difficulties have arisen respecting the cession of the Ionian Islands, as the Ionian Parliament has refused to comply with certain conditions required by England and Austria, who, before consenting to the cession, demanded the demolition of the fortifications.

UNITED STATES.

DEATH OF FATHER ROONEY.—Rev. Father Rooney, of the Cathedral, died at the residence of the Bishop in Albany, on Friday, the 30th ult. He was seventy years of age. Father Rooney, has been attached to the Cathedral ever since its opening, acting, we believe, as Secretary to the Bishop.

There is such a scarcity of preachers in West Virginia that the Legislature of that State has been called on to provide somebody to perform the marriage ties.

A DUTIFUL SON.—A youth of sixty years has been arrested in Rhode Island for whipping his mother. He said the old lady's morals were bad!

THE SPIRIT OF REYFANISM IN KANSAS.—Jennison, the Kansas murderer and horse-thief, has recently been commissioned by President Lincoln to raise a regiment of Kansas cavalry. What he proposes to do with them may be judged by the following extract from a speech he made in Paola a short time since:—Do you suppose I will march into Missouri and ask them to take the oath? No, not by a d-d sight!

Buffalo, Nov. 12.—The following was received today: Washington, 11th, midnight.—To the Mayor of Buffalo: The British Minister, Lord Lyons, has not only officially notified the Government that, from telegraphic information received from the Governor General of Canada, there is reason to believe a plot is on foot by persons who have found an asylum in Canada to invade the United States, and destroy the city of Buffalo; that they propose to take possession of some steamboats on Lake Erie; to surprise Jackson's Island, and set free the prisoners of war confined there, and proceed with them to Buffalo.

Address of the Ionian Assembly in reply to the Speech of the Lord High Commissioner.

"The Ionian people, invited by Her gracious Majesty the Queen protectrix to pronounce formally on the subject of this national restoration, have elected the representatives to whom they have confided the accomplishment of their will.

In his Thanksgiving Proclamation, Mr. Lincoln says: "The laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere except in the theatre of war."

White men were forced from families entirely dependent on them for support; they are driven in crowds and guarded by Federal soldiers at the point of the bayonet; and from the termini of railroads they are haggard upon the bare back until they beg for mercy and gasp and faint under the still rigidly applied lash.

A YANKEE ECLOGUE.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE DEAR, OR, ALEXANDER AND ALEXANDER.

"Fervent pastor Lincoln, stretched in prayer,
President Abe, Cease Alexander loved,
"Mankind's Delight" nor were his hopes deceived,
Both sovereign potentates, both Deities were,
Each with a great rebellion to subdue,
Alike prepared to slay and to reply,
The precious pair thus bragged alternately.

"Ye Imperial sons of Nicholas the Great
We air in the same fix, I calculate,
With your Poles, with Southern Rebels too,
Who spur my rule and my revenge due!

"Vengeance is mine, old man! see me
Behold you hearth laid waste, and ruined wall,
You gibbets, where the struggling patriot hangs,
Why my brave myrmidons enjoy his fall!

"I'll show you a considerable amount
Of devastated hearth and ravaged home,
Nor less about the gallows could I say,
Were hanging not a game both sides would play!

"Wrath on revolted Poland's sons I wreak,
And catchers too! beneath my hand they break,
See how from blazing halls the maiden flies,
And faithful Cossacks grasp the screaming prey!

"In Tennessee, I guess, we've matched our
scenes,
And may compare with Warsaw New Orleans,
The Victoria may bear a purplish hue,
As deep a stain has darkened the Union!

"When my glad eye the telegram
Of women whipped, and soldiers shooting dead,
I praise De Zipp to supplication dead,
And glorify severe Mouratied!

"I, when with their dearest Susha's side,
(We too, know how the auncy had to try),
Rejoice in Butler, shame who made them free,
Extol the gallant Turchin and McNeill!

"Let mercy grace a feeble monarch's throne,
Zanoyar's house my cannon battered down,
Captives, unchanged, I spare that they may
Tortured in Siberia's earthly hell!

"We no Siberia of my own as yet,
But send gainstagers to Fort Lafayette,
And what I reckon you'll approve of, Sir,
Bade Gilmore upon Charleston hurl Green Fire!

"On night, with legions armed, I take my
stand,
All Europe's outcry shall not stay my hand,
Nor from my clutch shall force the victim freed,
Whilst I've one rouble or one life to spend!

"Bonds so this child in bloody sympathy,
Come to my arms, and let us be allies!
Well squelch Jon Bull, and scuttle Britain's allies!
But let us go and honour up meanwhyle!

"LOYALTY."—An Irishman was bold enough to cheer for Tithe in Kookuk a few days ago. Of course such things could not be allowed in that "loyal" city, so he was surrounded by a crowd of "loyal" men, marched off to the hospital, and given in charge of the soldiers. Such is abolition "loyalty."

TO THE DEBILITATED AND THE DECREPIT.—For general debility and exhaustion of the powers of nature, whether occasioned by sickness, fast living, constitutional decay, old age, or any other physical or mental cause, the one thing needful and indispensable is HOSSETTERS CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. When the fire of life seems to be absolutely dying out in the system, and the mind, sympathizing with the body, is reduced almost to a state of imbecility, this mighty restorative seems, as it were, the life-giver out of the Slough of Despond, and recruit and re-invigorate both the frame and the intellect. An old farmer, in the Valley of the Monongahela, writes thus to Dr. Hostetter: "I can compare the operation of your Bitters upon me to nothing but the effect of a rain after a dry spell in the fall of the year. The rain falling on the meadows starts the second crop of grass, and your wholesome medicine seems to have started a second crop of life and spirits in me." And this is truly the effect of this grateful and powerful preparation. Ladies of weak constitution, or whose strength has been impaired by sickness or age, find it a most efficacious and delightful tonic, and it is administered with success in marasmus or wasting of the flesh, to young children. In fact, it is a much safer and surer cordial for the nursery than any thing advertised specially for that purpose.

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

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—It is a pleasant thing to afford a new and refined enjoyment to one's countrywomen. Lanman & Kemp have certainly accomplished that object in introducing Murray & Lanman's Florida Water, for twenty years a favorite toilet article throughout Spanish America, to the notice of the ladies of this country. Nor are the ladies alone indebted to that enterprising firm; for if the article imparts to the complexion the exhilarating and refreshing fragrance, and to the complexion a softer bloom, it is equally efficacious in taking the sting out of the operation of shaving and relieving the breath from the fumes of tobacco. For all these purposes, however, it is necessary to have Murray & Lanman's Florida Water, and none other.

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

READ THIS!

Still another of our well-known and highly respectable neighbors has come forward, under a sense of duty, and made the following statement:

Messrs. Devins & Bolton, Druggists, next the Court-house, Montreal:

Dear Sirs.—When I began using BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA, I had been for some months suffering with rheumatism, and had completely lost the use of my legs; being unable to walk during that month of the time. The first bottle of Bristol's Sarsaparilla gave me great relief, and before I had finished seven bottles I was entirely free from pain, and able to walk as well as I ever could. You will render a favor on many by making these facts public, which I shall be glad to confirm.

Very respectfully, yours,
THOMAS QUELLAN.

TEACHERS WANTED.

WANTED, for the Parish of St. Sophie, County of Terrebonne, THREE TEACHERS, for Elementary Schools. Apply to J. G. J. Miron, Secretary-Treasurer.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital, TWO MILLIONS Sterling, AND LARGE RESERVE FUNDS.

FIRE DEPARTMENT. THIS COMPANY continues to INSURE Buildings and all other descriptions of Property against loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates charged by any good English Company.

LIFE DEPARTMENT. The following advantages, amongst numerous others, are offered by this Company to parties intending to insure their lives:— Perfect security for the fulfilment of its engagements to Policy-holders.

Large Bonus declared 1865, amounting to 22 per cent per annum on the sum assured, being on ages from twenty to forty, 80 per cent on the premium.

Next division of profits in 1865. Stamps and policies not charged for. All Medical Fees paid by the Company.

Medical Referee—W. B. Scott, M.D.
H. L. ROUTH, Agent.

Montreal, May 28, 1863.

LUMBER.

JORDAN & BENARD, LUMBER MERCHANTS.

Corner of Craig and St. Denis Streets, and Corner of Sanguinet and Craig Streets.

ON THE WHARF, IN REAR OF BONSECOURS CHURCH, MONTREAL.

THE undersigned offer for sale a very large assortment of PINE DEALS—3 in—1st, 2nd, 3rd quality, and CULLS good and common.

11-in PLANK—1st, 2nd, 3rd quality. 1-in and 2-in BOARDS—various qualities. SCANTLING, (all sizes), clear and common. FURRING, &c., &c.—all of which will be disposed of at moderate prices.

—AND— 45,000 FEET OF CEDAR. JORDAN & BENARD, 35 St. Denis Street, Montreal.



The peculiar taint or infection which we call SCROFULA lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces or is produced by an embittered, vitiated state of the blood, wherein that fluid becomes incompetent to sustain the vital forces in their vigorous action, and leaves the system to fall into disorder and decay. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered digestion from unwholesome food, impure air, stilted and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children into the third and fourth generation; indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." The diseases which it originates take various names, according to the organs it attacks. In the lungs, Scrofula produces tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and become ulcerous sores; in the stomach and bowels, derangements which produce indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaints; on the skin, eruptive and cutaneous affections. These all having the same origin, require the same remedy, viz. purification and invigoration of the blood. Purify the blood, and these dangerous distempers leave you. With feeble, foul, or corrupted blood, you cannot have health; with that "life of the flesh" healthy, you cannot have scrofulous disease.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is compounded from the most effectual antidotes that medical science has discovered for this afflicting distemper, and for the cure of the disorders it entails. That it is far superior to any other remedy yet devised, is known by all who have given it a trial. That it does combine virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of complaints, is indisputably proven by the great multitude of publicly known and remarkable cures it has made of the following diseases: King's Evil or Glandular Swellings, Tumors, Eruptions, Pimples, Blisters and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Syphilis and Syphilitic Infections, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weakness, and, indeed, the whole series of complaints that arise from impurity of the blood. Minute reports of individual cases may be found in AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC, which is furnished to the druggists for gratuitous distribution, wherein may be learned the directions for its use, and some of the remarkable cures which it has made when all other remedies had failed to afford relief. Those cases are purposely taken from all sections of the country, in order that every reader may have access to some one who can speak to him of its benefits from personal experience. Scrofula depresses the vital energies, and thus leaves its victims far more subject to disease and its fatal results than are healthy constitutions. Hence it tends to shorten, and does greatly shorten, the average duration of human life. The vast importance of these considerations has led us to spend years in perfecting a remedy which is adequate to its cure. This we now offer to the public under the name of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, although it is composed of ingredients, some of which exceed the best of Sarsaparilla in alterative power. By its aid you may protect yourself from the suffering and danger of these disorders. Purge out the foul corruptments that rot and fetter in the blood; purge out the causes of disease, and vigorous health will follow. By its peculiar virtues this remedy stimulates the vital functions, and thus expels the distempers which lurk within the system or burst out on any part of it.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Solely sold by all druggists everywhere.

Lymans, Ware & Co., Montreal.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Lymans, Ware & Co., Montreal.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Lymans, Ware & Co., Montreal.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Lymans, Ware & Co., Montreal.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Lymans, Ware & Co., Montreal.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Lymans, Ware & Co., Montreal.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Lymans, Ware & Co., Montreal.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Lymans, Ware & Co., Montreal.

NOTICE.

THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE appointed by the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, to aid, protect, and give information to IRISH IMMIGRANTS, will MEET for that purpose at the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, TOURNAI BUILDINGS, PLACE D'ARMES, on every TUESDAY EVENING, at HALF-PAST SEVEN o'clock.

Parties in the city or country who can give employment to these immigrants are respectfully requested to send their address to the said HALL, or ST. PATRICK'S HOUSE.

J. H. DUGGAN, Asst. Sec. Secretary. Montreal, 19th May, 1863.

NOTICE. CANVASSERS are now actively engaged soliciting Orders for

MAGEE'S HISTORY OF IRELAND. Parties wishing to procure the above, who may not have been called upon, can have it by leaving their orders at No. 81, McGill Street, Montreal.

Wm. PALMER, General Agent, Quebec. Montreal, July 1, 1863.

J. M'DONALD & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 316 ST. PAUL STREET,

CONTINUE TO SELL PRODUCE and Manufactures at the Lowest Rates of Commission.

A CARD. A VERY handsomely executed LITHOGRAPH PORTRAIT OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL, and a STRIKING LIKENESS, is now for sale at MESSRS. ROLLAND, CHAPELAIN, & PAYETTE, as also at the PROVIDENCE CONVENT, and at the SISTERS OF MERCY.

C. W. WILLIAMS & CO'S UNEQUALLED DOUBLE THREAD

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, Prices ranging upwards from Twenty-Five Dollars

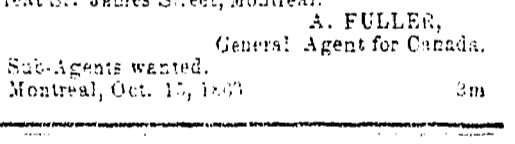


BETTER MACHINES for Dress-making and family use have never been made. They are simple, durable, reliable and warranted, and kept in repair one year without charge.

General Agent for Canada, A. FULLER, Montreal, Oct. 15, 1863.

BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA

IN LARGE QUART BOTTLES. THE GREAT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND THE ONLY GENUINE AND ORIGINAL PREPARATION FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS AND CONFIRMED CASES OF SCROFULA OR KING'S EVIL, OLD SORES, BOILS, TUMORS, ABSCESSSES, ULCERS, AND EVERY KIND OF SCROFULOUS AND SCABIOUS ERUPTIONS.



It is also a sure and reliable remedy for SALT RHEUM, RING WORM, TETTER, SCALD HEAD, SCURVY, White Swellings and Neuralgic Affections, Nervous and General Debility of the system, Loss of Appetite, Lassitude, Dizziness and all Affections of the Liver, Fever and Ague, Bilious Fevers, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague and Jaundice.

LANMAN & KEMP, Nos. 69, 71, and 73, Water Street, New York, U.S.

Bristol's Sarsaparilla is for sale by all Druggists.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

M. BERGIN, MERCHANT TAILOR, AND MASTER TAILOR

TO THE Prince of Wales' Regiment of Volunteers, 83 No. 78, McGill Street, (opposite Dr. Bowman's)

JUST PUBLISHED, IN PARCEL FORM, THE DOCTRINE OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION SUSTAINED.

An answer to the Rev. Dr. Burns' Strictures on Dr. Cahill's Lecture on Transubstantiation. BY ARCHDEACON O'KEEFFE, ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.

FOR SALE at Messrs. D. & J. SADIERS, and at THIS OFFICE. Price 7 1/2d. August 25, 1863.

STEAM HEATING PRIVATE RESIDENCES, THOMAS M'KENNA, PLUMBER, GAS & STEAM FITTER.

Is now prepared to execute Orders for his New and Economical System of Heating their Houses by Steam, to call and see his system in working order at his Premises, Nos. 36 and 38 St. Henry Street.

"GOLDS" or any other system fitted up, if required. PLUMBING and GASFITTING done by good workmen. THOMAS M'KENNA, 36 and 38 St. Henry Street, Montreal.

TEACHER WANTED. A SCHOOLMASTER, acquainted with both French and English, and holding a Second Class Certificate, at least, is Wanted at Goderich, C.W.

TEACHER WANTED. WANTED, for the Municipality of St. Sylvester—South, (District of Quebec,) a SCHOOL MISTRESS, with Diploma, for an Elementary School in the English language.

SITUATION WANTED. A YOUNG LADY, well qualified to fill the position of GOVERNESS to young children, and to teach all the English branches of education, (Music included) wishes to obtain a Situation in a respectable family.

AN EVENING SCHOOL WILL be opened at the ST. PATRICK'S COMMERCIAL MODEL SCHOOL, WELLINGTON STREET, near the Wellington Bridge, on the 14th of September.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL, No 2 ST. CONSTANT STREET. THE duties of this SCHOOL will be RESUMED on MONDAY, the 24th instant, at NINE o'clock A.M.

MRS. SADIERS' NEW STORY, OLD AND NEW; TASTE VERSUS FASHION. BY MRS. J. SADIERS, Author of "The Confederate Chieftains," "New Lights," "Easy Onward," "Elton Preston," "Wily Burke," &c., &c.

A NEW VOLUME OF SERMONS FOR 1864, BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. SERMONS by the PAULIST FATHERS, for 1864, 160 pp., 12s.

A POPULAR LIFE OF ST. PATRICK. By an Irish Priest. 12mo cloth 1/6, cloth gilt 1/6. This, it is believed, will supply a great want—a correct and readable life of St. Patrick.

FATHER SHEEHY: A Tale of Tipperary Ninety Years Ago. By Mrs. J. Sadler. 18mo, cloth 28 cents; cloth, gilt, 50 cents; paper, 21 cents.

NEW INDIAN SKETCHES. By Father De Smet. 12mo, cloth, 50 cents.

Mrs. P. LaFrance

Mrs. P. LaFrance

Mrs. P. LaFrance

Mrs. P. LaFrance

Mrs. P. LaFrance

Mrs. P. LaFrance

Mrs. P. LaFrance

Mrs. P. LaFrance

Mrs. P. LaFrance

Mrs. P. LaFrance

SADIERS & CO'S NEW BOOKS.

JUST READY, THE METHOD OF MEDITATION. By the Very Rev. John Rothson, General of the Society of Jesus. 18mo, cloth, 38 cents.

SONGS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, with Aids to Memory, set to Music. Words by Rev. Dr. Cummings. Music by Signor Speranza and Mr. John M. Lorez, jun. 18mo, half-bound, 38 cents; cloth 50 cents.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED LARGE PRINT PRAYER BOOK. DAILY PRAYERS: A MANUAL OF CATHOLIC DEVOTION.

For years and years we have been asked for large print Prayer Books, and for one reason or another we delayed getting up one until the present time. We desired to make it, when made, the most complete and the most elegant Prayer Book published either in Europe or America, and we think we have succeeded.

The Features which distinguish it from all other Prayer Books are as follows: I. It contains the principal public and private Devotions used by Catholics, in very large type.

II. The Short Prayers at Mass are illustrated with thirty-seven new plates, designed and engraved expressly for this book.

III. It contains the Epistles, Gospels, and Collects for all the Sundays and Festivals of the Year, together with the Offices of Holy Week, in three sizes larger than they can be found in any other Prayer Book.

IV. The book is illustrated throughout with initials and vignettes, printed on fine paper, from electrotype plates, making it altogether the handsomest Prayer Book published.

Some of the prices are: Sheep, \$2 75; Bound, plain, 1 00; Embossed, gilt, 1 50; Cloth, full gilt, 1 75; English morocco, 2 00; Morocco extra, 2 50; Morocco, clasp, 3 00; Morocco, extra, bevelled, 3 50; Morocco, extra, bevelled, clasp, 4 00; Morocco, extra, paneled, 4 50.

THE MASS BOOK: Containing the Office for Holy Mass, with the Epistles and Gospels for all the Sundays and Holydays, the Offices for Holy Week, Vespers and Benediction.

Presenting the Mass Book to the Catholic public, it is well to enumerate some of its advantages: I. It contains the proper Masses for all the Sundays and Festivals of the Year, answering all the purposes of a Missal.

II. It contains the principal Offices for Holy Week, which will save the purchase of a special book for that service.

III. It contains the Vespers for Sundays and Holydays, which is not to be found in any Missal published.

IV. The type is three sizes larger than any Missal published, and the price is less than one-half.

It is purposely printed on thin paper, so that it can be conveniently carried in the pocket.

Prices: Sheep, \$3 00; Bound, plain, 1 50; Embossed, gilt, 2 00; Cloth, full gilt, 2 25; Imitation, full gilt, 2 75; Morocco, clasp, 3 00.

FINE EDITION OF THE MASS BOOK, Printed on super extra paper, with fine steel engravings.

Embossed, gilt edges, \$1 00; Full gilt, 1 25; Morocco extra, Morocco edges, 1 50; Morocco, gilt edges, 2 00; Morocco, clasp, 2 50; Morocco, bevelled, 2 50; Morocco, clasp, 3 00.

The Cheap Edition of this is the best edition of the "Epistles and Gospels" for Schools published.

Mrs. P. LaFrance

Mrs. P. LaFrance

Mrs. P. LaFrance

Mrs. P. LaFrance

Mrs. P. LaFrance

RHEUMATISM CURED!

Read the following letter received by Mr. H. E. Gray, Druggist, St. Lawrence Main Street, Montreal:—

118 DOMINIQUE STREET, MONTREAL, July 18, 1863.

MR. HENRY R. GRAY: Sir,—I have suffered severely from Rheumatism for a length of time, and have been under the treatment of different medical men without any benefit.

Having heard of Bristol's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it. After using six bottles I experienced great relief; and after using six bottles more I found myself perfectly cured. The Rheumatism from which I suffered principally affected my back.

I am yours, respectfully,
MRS. P. LAFRANCE

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. Agents in various cities including Albany, Alexandria, Alton, and others.

HAVE YOU GOT A COUGH? This is a medicinal advertisement for cough relief, mentioning 'COUGH SYRUP' and 'COUGH CURE'.

L. DEVANY AUCTIONEER. Advertisement for an auctioneer based in Hamilton, Canada West, listing services for real estate and goods.

WANTED. A Baker to work in Brockville, O.W. He must be capable of taking charge of a Bake Shop...

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, MONTREAL. No. 19 COTE STREET, No. 19. THE RE-OPENING of the Classes will take place on TUESDAY, FIRST SEPTEMBER next.

The Montreal Gazette. BOOK AND JOB STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, 36 Great St. James Street. SUPPLIES EVERY DESCRIPTION PRINTING. NEATNESS, ECONOMY AND DISPATCH.

BOOK PRINTING! Having the different sizes of the new SCOTCH CUT and the style of TYPE, procured expressly for the various kinds of BOOK PRINTING...

FANCY PRINTING! Particular attention is paid to COLOURED and ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. The highest style of work, which it was at one time necessary to order from England or the United States...

CARDS. Of all sizes and styles, can be supplied at all prices, from 25 per thousand to 25 for each copy. Particular attention given to VISITING CARDS.

BILL HEADS! SHOW-BILLS! BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS. Jobs ordered by Mail promptly executed and dispatched by Parcel Post.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. CHANGE OF TRAINS. ON and AFTER MONDAY, the 12th of OCT., TRAINS will leave: BAYVIEW STREET STATION as follows: EASTERN TRAINS.

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT. No. 43, St. Bonaventure Street. Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence of moderate charges.

O. J. DEVLIN, NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE: 32 Little St. James Street. MONTREAL.

B. DEVLIN, ADVOCATE. Has Removed his Office to No. 32, Little St. James Street.

THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L., ADVOCATE. Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St.

J. P. KELLY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE. No. 6, Little St. James Street. Montreal, June '2.

CLARKE & DRISCOLL, ADVOCATES, &c., Office—No. 125 Notre Dame Street, (Opposite the Court House.) MONTREAL.

H. J. CLARKE. N. DRISCOLL. HUDON & CURRAN, ADVOCATES. No. 40 Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

BENJAMIN CLEMENT, CARPENTER & JOINER, 54 St. Antoine Street. Jobbing punctually attended to.

MATT. JANNARD, NEW CANADIAN COFFIN STORE. AT No. 9, ST. LAMBERT HILL, Continuation of St. Lawrence Street, near Craig St., MONTREAL.

THE PERFUME OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE! FRESH FROM LIVING FLOWERS. MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

THIS rare Perfume is prepared from tropical flowers of surpassing fragrance, without any admixture of coarse essential oils, which form the staple of many 'Rosewater' and 'Extracts for the Toilet'.

WHAT ARE ITS ANTECEDENTS? For twenty years it has maintained its ascendancy over all other perfumes, throughout the West Indies, Cuba and South America, and we earnestly recommend it to the inhabitants of this country...

HEADACHE AND FAINTNESS. Are certain to be removed by freely bathing the temples with it. As an odor for the handkerchief, it is as delicious as the Otto of Roses.

COUNTERFEITS. Beware of imitations! Look for the name of MURRAY & LANMAN on the bottle, wrapper, and connected label.

WENT TROY BELL FOUNDRY. [Established in 1826.] THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Planations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner...

Improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a circular. Address: R. A. & G. R. WENERLY, West Troy, N. Y.

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



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. READ AND REFLECT. Believing that FACTS, IMPORTANT to the HEALTH and COMFORT of the PUBLIC, and which can be VERIFIED at ANY MOMENT by addressing the parties who vouch for them, ought not to be hid under a bushel, the undersigned publish below a few communications of recent date to which they invite the attention of the people...

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. Brooklyn, N.Y., May 22, 1863. Messrs. Hostetter & Smith: Gentlemen—I have used your Bitters during the last six weeks, and feel it due to you and to the public to express my hearty approval of their effect upon me. I never wrote a 'puh' for any one, and I abhor everything that savors of quackery. But your Bitters are entirely removed from the level of the mere nostrums of the day, being patent alike to all, and exactly what they profess to be. They are not advertised to cure everything, but they are recommended to assist nature in the alleviation and ultimate healing of many of the most common infirmities of the body, and this they will accomplish, I had been unwell for two months, as is usual with me during the spring. I was bilious, and suffering from indigestion and a general compulsion to keep at work in the discharge of my professional duties, was very weak, of a yellow complexion, no appetite, and much of the time confined to my bed.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED Stomach Bitters. Prospect Cottage, Georgetown, D.C., April 2, 1863. Messrs. Hostetter & Smith: Gentlemen—It gives me the pleasure to add my testimonial to those of others in favor of your excellent preparation. Several years of residence on the banks of a Southern river, and of close application to literary work, had so thoroughly exhausted my nervous system and undermined my health, that I had become a martyr to dyspepsia and nervous headache, recurring at short intervals, and defying all known remedies in the Materia Medica.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. I remain, gentlemen, respectfully yours, E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Messrs. Hostetter & Smith: Near Alexandria, Va., May 33, 1863. Dear Sirs—Will you do me the favor to forward by express one half-dozen Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, with bill, for which I will remit you on receipt of same, as I am unable to procure your medicine here, and if I had a quantity it could be sold readily, as it is known to be the best preparation in use for diseases having their origin with a diseased stomach. I have used and sold hundreds of preparations, but your Bitters are superior to anything of the kind I am cognizant with. Indeed, no soldier should be without it, should he be ever so robust and healthy, for it is not only a restorative, but a preventative for almost all diseases a soldier is subject to. I have been afflicted with chronic indigestion and no medicine has afforded me the relief you have; and I trust you will lose no time in sending the Bitters ordered.

Yours, very respectfully, SAMUEL BYRES, Hospit. Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S., and Sold by all Druggists everywhere. Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamy, J. A. Hart, A. G. Davidson, Picault & Son, and E. R. Gray.

M. KEARNEY & BROTHERS, Practical Plumbers, Gasfitters, TIN-SMITHS, ZINC, GALVANIZED & SHEET IRON WORKERS HAVE REMOVED TO LITTLE WILLIAM STREET, (One Door from Notre Dame Street, Opposite the Recollet Church)

WHERE they have much pleasure in offering their sincere thanks to their friends and the public for the very liberal patronage they have received since they have commenced business. They hope by strict attention and moderate charges, to merit a continuance of the same.

THE SISTERS of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, at LONGUEUIL, will RESUME the duties of their BOARDING SCHOOL on the SEVENTH of SEPTEMBER. August 27.

THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully inform the CLERGY of Canada, that having spent nine years in the leading Houses in London and Paris, where LAMPS and CHURCH ORNAMENTS are Manufactured, and having Manufactured those things in Montreal for the last five years, I am now prepared to execute any orders for LAMPS and every description of BRASS and TIN WORK on the shortest notice, and in a superior style.

COAL OIL DEPOT. E CHANTELOUP, 121 Craig Street, Montreal. N.B.—Gilding and Silvering done in a superior manner. Old Chandeliers and Lamps repaired and made equal to new. July 31, 1863.

IN THE PRESS, AND WILL APPEAR IN JANUARY, 1864; 1812: THE WAR AND ITS MORAL, A CANADIAN CHRONICLE. BY WILLIAM F. COFFIN, ESQUIRE, Late Sheriff of the District of Montreal; Licent. Col., Staff, Active Force, Canada. ONE VOLUME OCTAVO—PRICE, \$1. JOHN LOVELL, Publisher. Montreal, Sept., 1863.

RICHELIEU COMPANY'S DAILY Royal Mail Line of Steamers RUNNING BETWEEN MONTREAL & QUEBEC, AND THE Regular Line of Steamers BETWEEN Montreal and the Ports of Three Rivers, Sorel, Berthier, Chambly, Terrebonne, La-Assempion and other Intermediate Ports.

FROM MONDAY, the FOURTH instant, and until further notice, the RICHELIEU COMPANY'S STEAMERS will LEAVE their respective Wharves as follows: STEAMER EUROPA, Capt. P. E. CORRA, Will leave the Quebec Steamboat Basin for Quebec every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 5 o'clock P.M., stopping, going and returning, at the Ports of Sorel, Three Rivers and Batavia. Parties desirous of taking Passage on board the Ocean Steamers from Quebec may depend upon having a regular connection by taking their Passage on board the Steamer EUROPA, as a Tender will come alongside to convey Passengers without any extra charge.

STEAMER COLUMBA, Capt. J. B. LABRETT, Will leave for Quebec every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6 o'clock P.M., stopping, going and returning, at the Ports of Sorel, Three Rivers and Batavia. STEAMER NAPOLEON, Capt. Jos. DUVAL, Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Three Rivers every Tuesday and Friday, at 3 o'clock P.M., stopping, going and returning, at Sorel, Maskinonge, Riviere du Loup (en haut), Yamachiche and Port St. Francois, and leaving Three Rivers for Montreal every Sunday and Wednesday at 3 o'clock P.M.

STEAMER VICTORIA, Capt. Ous. DUBOIS, Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf at Sorel every Tuesday and Friday, at 3 o'clock P.M., stopping, going and returning, at St. Sulpice, Lavaltrie, Lanonia, and Berthier; returning, leaves Sorel every Monday and Thursday at 5 o'clock.

STEAMER LETOILE, Capt. P. E. MALHOTR, Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Terrebonne on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays, at 3 P.M.; Saturday at 4 o'clock P.M.; stopping, going and returning, at Bout de l'Isle, Riviere des Prairies, Lachenaie, leaving Terrebonne every Monday and Thursday at 7 o'clock A.M.; on Tuesdays at 6 o'clock A.M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock A.M. STEAMER LETOILE, Capt. P. E. MALHOTR, Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Terrebonne on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays, at 3 P.M.; Saturday at 4 o'clock P.M.; stopping, going and returning, at Bout de l'Isle, Riviere des Prairies, Lachenaie, leaving Terrebonne every Monday and Thursday at 7 o'clock A.M.; on Tuesdays at 6 o'clock A.M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock A.M. For further information, apply at the Richelieu Company's Office, No. 29 Commissioners Street. J. B. LAMERS, General Manager. Richelieu Company's Office, Montreal, May 7, 1863.