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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## EDWARD LYNN.

(From the Catholic Telegraph.)  
CHAPTER III.—Continued.

'I wish, Edward,' said his mother, 'from the bottom of my heart, that you had never entered the army; but who would have imagined any thing so ruinous to your eternal salvation would have been the result?'

'I have faith to believe that the grace of God would sometime have found me out, wherever I might be; but I am thankful that I have so soon been brought to a sense of my duty, which has probably been hastened by becoming an inmate of that military hospital.'

'I am daily more and more astonished,' said Mr. Lynn, who had been sitting moody and silent for several minutes, 'that a child of mine, with the blood of his Puritan ancestors coursing thro' his veins, with the clear, cool judgment for which they were noted, which I supposed, at least, my children to possess, could sink so low in degradation as to be made the tool of the bell-deserving?'

'Father,' said Captain Lynn, with his hand upon the door, while a crimson flush mounted to his forehead, and burned on either cheek, 'can you not allow me to be my own judge in these matters? Perhaps you remember our conversation upon the morning of my departure for the army; you told me to falter not in whatever I might consider duty—you did not say in what you might consider duty, or that I should ask your consent before I laid my plans. I have wondered why I am not as able to govern myself in religious, as well as in civil and military matters? There was sorrow in his heart that he should be the first disturber of the peace of the hitherto happy circle; his feelings were also deeply wounded, but he spoke calmly as possible, and strove to keep all passion under perfect control.'

'I am aware, Sir, that my authority does not reach cases of conscience; but you are aware that by your present disgraceful course you very much displease the rest of the family,' again said Mr. Lynn.

'I most sincerely wish it were not so—but whose loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.'

## CHAPTER IV.—FRIDAY.

The grounds of 'Lynn Grove' were exulting in summer bloom and foliage, and the birds awakened young Lynn with their early songs before the rest of the family were astir. He arose, and after his morning devotions, into which he entered with a new fervor, he wandered out, feasting his eyes upon the book of nature, in which he read: 'God in everything. Nature proclaims the boundless love of God.' He seated himself upon a rustic garden-chair, beneath the interwoven branches of trees and vines, through which he caught a glimpse of the purest blue of sky, while the dew-drop, reposed upon the rose, like a tear on beauty's cheek, and gleamed in the violet's purple cup, and the bell of the stately lily, and every blade of grass at his feet seemed a silver thread. He gazed out on the broad Ohio's waters, just stirred by the fresh morning breezes, which dallied with the chestnut locks upon the manly brow, just as years ago the cool winds played upon the brown curls his mother loved. His mind was no longer in that confused state which seemed sometimes to force it upon the terrible brink of insanity. He saw his purposes clearly defined before him, and a path marked out for his faltering feet by an Omnipotent hand. He had prayed, earnestly pleaded with the All-wise One to show him his duty and to aid him in its fulfillment; and though the conversation of the previous evening had left sorrow in his heart, there was no faltering of his soul, no want of faith in Him who was leading him into unknown ways. The sun arose and penetrated his leafy retreat; and still he lingered, until the tinkle of the breakfast bell summoned him to fragrant coffee, and the delicious strawberries freshly gathered by his sister, who was, like himself, an early riser. The doors and windows were thrown open, and a delightful odor of pinks and roses filled the breakfast-room, where the family were awaiting him.

'Here is a surprise for you, Edward,' said his mother. 'We have been looking for you to welcome your old friend.' There was no shadow upon his mother's brow, and he was glad to perceive that they did not allow the previous evening's exciting conversation to dampen the ardor of their greetings. He warmly welcomed his old schoolmate, Mr. Walters, who was passing through the place and gave them an early call; and, after a few pleasant remarks, they seated themselves at table. 'I suppose it is unnecessary to help you to a slice of ham, as it is one of your fast days, I believe.'

'What, Ed! you've not turned Catholic!' exclaimed Walters, in astonishment.

'Not,' said Captain Lynn, 'that is, I have not attached myself to the Church; but I expect to do so very soon.'

'When will wonders cease?' said his friend, 'I have scarcely ceased wondering at my uncle's family. Mr. Lynn, you remember uncle Leigh at —, where Ed and I spent one vacation.—Well, they've all turned Catholic, from grey-headed old uncle down to four-year old Willie, his grand-daughter—had her baptized, too. But you, Ed, the most incorrigible opponent of Popery in our class. Why, don't you remember how we used to tease that poor lame fellow Humphrey—'Humpy' we called him—until he quit saying his prayers, and promised to eat meat on Friday, like the rest of us?'

'Yes, I remember it to my shame; I wish I could find him out. I would like to make amends for our ill-treatment.'

'I am surprised at the change in your uncle's views,' said Mrs. Lynn, as her husband was silent. 'I thought they were good Christians—Protestants I mean—and very much attached, it seemed to me, to their own way of thinking.—Mr. Leigh and I had several arguments; Mrs. Leigh was, I thought, more inclined to believe with our denomination, but he was quite prejudiced against all but his own.'

'Yes, so he was; but he's a staunch Catholic now. I think they were as much astonished as one at the change. I think it would be hard to find a more conscientious family, Mrs. Lynn.—For my part, Ed, I don't see how you intend to keep up with the observances of the Church—fasts, feasts, &c.—which are innumerable.—When I'm at uncle's I have to do as the rest; and he would fairly convince me, I believe, if I were not too careless about it, that the Catholic is the Church. For my part, I think there's good and bad in every Church, and I stand about as good a chance of getting to heaven as most of them.'

'Much better chance than many, no doubt,' said Mr. Lynn. 'That's not a good footing, however. As Christ instituted the Church for the salvation of mankind, we have no reason to believe, if we wilfully neglect it, we shall be saved out of it.'

'Which Church, then, sir?' asked Walters.

'Well, I do not deny to others the privilege I hold myself; there are a number of Churches disagreeing, it is true, in matters of discipline, but agreeing—I speak of orthodox Protestants—in the more essential points. I've no doubt a man could live a Christian in any one of them; but he should seek to find that nearest to his interpretation of the Word of God.'

'We do not agree at all, I perceive, Mr. Lynn,' said Mr. Walters. 'If there was a Church instituted—you see I am a little skeptical—it was never meant to be divided and subdivided after the manner of the Protestants.—Why, sir, I have been told by half a dozen persons, belonging to different denominations, that particular doctrines of each, disbelieved by all the rest, were essential to man's salvation. How, then, can I believe Protestants do not differ in the essential points? No, sir, I never expect to attach myself to any sect. With my present belief it would be a very foolish and hypocritical act; but the Catholic Church would be my choice—if any—if for no other reason than its unity, without which I cannot think any Church was instituted by Christ.'

'I am sorry to find you are so skeptical, my young friend,' said Mr. Lynn.

'I have not been until lately,' said Walters, 'but the fact is, I see (with all respect to yourself, my friends) too many hypocrites—too much of the 'get-all-you-can and keep-all-you-get' spirit. In short, the House of God is turned into a 'house of merchandise,' or, more properly, 'a den of thieves.' There was a pause, which was becoming rather awkward, for none seemed willing to risk an answer to the strong language of Mr. Walters, when Carrie changed the subject by saying:

'As for abstaining from meat on Friday, Ed, I should think it would become such a common practice that it would not be regarded as a virtue at all.'

'Of course,' said Mr. Lynn, 'it is mere form. Half of them don't know why they do it.'

'There you are mistaken, father,' said Captain Lynn, who had been eating his breakfast in silence, during the discussion between his friend and Mr. Lynn. Every good Catholic remembers his reasons for abstaining from flesh upon this day. It is surely the least we can do in commemoration of the day upon which the body of our Lord was crucified, to be more abstemious in our diet, and give ourselves up more to prayer. But every Friday is by no means a fast day.'

'You may be right there, Ed; no doubt I would be no enthusiastic if I had the same faith. But, if I may ask, what do you intend to do now? Study for the priesthood?'

'I had not thought of it,' was the answer, while a smile went around. 'However, if I should conclude that to be my true vocation I should not hesitate to do so.'

'You'd have to give up Anna then,' said his mother; 'I believe they don't allow their clergy the privilege of marriage.'

'Anna,' said Walters, looking inquiringly into the face of his friend, 'Have you already selected your future wife, and never told me? I consider you a very selfish fellow,' but something in the face of the Captain forbid any further remark. They arose from table, and young Lynn sauntered off with his friend over the grounds, which were tastefully laid out and planted with a fine variety of fruit and shade trees, shrubs and flowers, which elicited the warmest expressions of admiration from Mr. Walters, who was an ardent lover of the beautiful, and had once intended making himself an artist, but concluding that the road to distinction in that business, was too long and difficult, he had changed his mind, and was now a lawyer of much promise, residing in a Southern city. They talked over their college days, and their plans for the future, Walters being very enthusiastic in speaking of the path which he had marked out, in which he expected to acquire fame—wealth he had already. He again spoke of the lady whose name had been mentioned at the breakfast table. Edward said but little, and his friends remarked: 'I see, Ed, you are not inclined to talk upon this subject, at least to me. Let me tell you, however, that she is a gem worth winning, and you know 'faute heart never won,' &c. It suddenly occurred to me who she might be when I heard her first name this morning, but you looked so solemn that I didn't dare to ask. I've spent a good deal of time lately at her father's, and, would you believe me, she treated me at first as if afraid to come in too close contact with such a sin polluted heathen. You see, I thought her very snooty, and she thought me a perfect bore, do doubt, to say the very least; but when she discovered that I had no intentions of trying to captivate her, or any such idea, she became very sociable, and treated me a little more like a civilized biped. Her father—ah—ah!—liked me quite well, invited me to his house in, and out of company hours, smiled so blandly and talked so smoothly, till one day we got into an argument upon the subject of religion, when, whereas if he had suddenly been transformed into a polar bear, he couldn't have turned a colder shoulder to me.'

Edward made but little answer to this, and changed the subject. They were soon joined in the summer-house by Carrie, and Kate White, a young lady (though scarcely yet honoring herself with that name) to whom the reader should long ago have been introduced. She was lively and interesting, fresh and rosy, and possessed a store of good sense and useful knowledge far surpassing most girls of her years. Being his youngest, she was a favorite with her father, who wished her to enjoy her girlhood with none of the restraints imposed upon the votaries of fashion and frivolity, so that she could gallop over the hills, sitting proudly upon her black poney, or even on one of her father's spirited animals, or could sit down and converse with ease and accuracy on subjects usually considered beyond the reach of girls of her age; could ramble through the glens and climb the hills, wade the brooks if they happened to be in her way, or sing and play with grace or skill seldom surpassed by those of riper years. Carrie Lynn was five years her senior, but Kate was so sensible and well informed that her society was preferable to that of most of the young ladies of the town.

Dr. White had an extensive library to which his daughter had free access; she had a large portion of it, as well as many works among his medical books—for her father believed his daughter capable of learning whatever a boy of the same age could. As a number of books by Catholic authors had lately been placed upon the shelves, Kate had become much interested in the study which then engaged her father's attention. She had now brought to Carrie a very fascinating tale which she had just finished, which had been a present from her father, given to her for translating, to his entire satisfaction, a poem from Schiller.

'Well, Kate,' said Captain Lynn, after introducing his friend Walters, 'have you completed that dreadful German story I saw you at work the other day?'

'Yes,' was the answer, 'and I have been well paid for my trouble; though it was a dreadful piece of work. Pa gave me five of Hendrick Conscience's books; I have read three. O! they are wonderful stories.'

'Why, Kate,' exclaimed Carrie, 'how did you get through them so soon; you spend so much time among your flowers, and then you have music and drawing; I don't see how you get time to read at all.'

'Well,' said Kate, blushing, 'I read one thro' last night.'

And so she did. At two o'clock, when her father came in from visiting a patient, he saw a light in her room, and hastened to the door with

the cry of fire ready upon his lips, when it was opened by a ghostly-looking form in a long white wrapper, and with her black curls drawn straight around her head, with one of Conscience's stories in her hand. She was more terrified than her father when she found that the 'wee sma' hours ayant the wall' were already upon her; and beat a hasty retreat, promising never again to break the parental rule, which required the lights to be extinguished at ten o'clock, on all ordinary occasions.

'What do you say to a ride, Kate?' asked Captain Lynn. 'As my friend has concluded to stay till to-morrow, I would like to show him some of our splendid scenery.' And so it was decided, without a dissenting voice, that after an early tea, taken at Dr. White's, the party should go on horseback two or three miles into the country. Edward had already made an engagement to spend some time that day with the doctor, and as the time before the great event of his life was now so limited, he did not wish to postpone the conversation.

The evening came on, and seated in Mrs. White's elegant parlor listening to the sweet strains of music from piano and harp, accompanied by Kate's voice, sometimes mingled with that of an older sister, or Carrie Lynn's soft alto, Mr. Walters pleasantly passed the afternoon. He was himself a splendid singer, but prepared to listen and only twice gave them the benefit of his rich bass. He found Mrs. White to be a very agreeable woman, and, although debarred the society of Edward—who was in Dr. White's office, deeply engaged in conversation—he was really sorry that the hours were so short.

There was no sorrow depicted on the face of Captain Lynn, and yet he was very thoughtful. 'Doctor,' said he, 'I have now but one cause regret—that I am the first to bring dissension into my father's family.'

'It is necessarily so, I know,' replied the doctor, 'but we will hope it will not long be the case. Prayer, my dear Edward, will prove the most efficient aid to a change in their sentiments. I feel that I am on the right road myself, and not far from the fold, I hope; but there is, no doubt, many a trial and temptation in store for me yet, before I shall be fitted to enter into the true fold. However, I would willingly enter if I could, with you—with the little insight I have of this holy religion—risking the rest, with a firm trust that I should be saved in it; but I wait for my wife, who will renounce her old faith with me. I am now reading,' continued the doctor, 'a very valuable work, which you would like; 'Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their effects on the civilization of Europe.'—The tea-bell interrupted them, and they, too, were very sorry the afternoon had been so short.

## CHAPTER V.—THE RIDE.

After tea, the horses were brought to the gate. Mr. Walters rode a noble-blooded animal from Lynn Grove, and accompanied Carrie, who being but a moderately good rider, had requested Kate's black pony. And Kate—who rode well—mounted, without waiting for assistance, her father's spirited 'Selim,' and Captain Lynn rode his favorite 'Pashaw.' Some one has said that, however lovely a woman may be, she is far more fascinating, seated upon a noble horse.—Edward wished to provide escorts, and have the company of Kate's elder sisters; but they pleaded an engagement, as neither of them had any taste for the exercise. Ellen much preferred her drawing, and Mary her embroidery, to any of the out door amusements in which their sister took delight.

'Now, Kate,' said her father, as he patted 'Selim's' proudly arched neck, 'remember he has been kept in the stable lately; you must be on your guard. Ed, don't let her ride too fast, which she will do, if you are not always on the watch.'

'Never fear; 'Selim' knows his rider,' she answered; and waving her hand defiantly, with the reins lying loosely in her fingers, she dashed off before the rest of the party were securely seated.

'Just look!' exclaimed her mother, who stood at the gate, 'I shall never be able to tame that wild creature.'

'Her wild spirits will sink soon enough,' said doctor. 'I would rather see this exuberance of gaiety now, while she is young.' He gazed proudly upon her as she galloped away, now closely followed by Captain Lynn; her black curls streaming back from beneath her little velvet hat, her dark habit fitting to perfection her slight form. Edward had always admired Kate, but he now thought her superbly beautiful. Yet she was not a beauty; she was

'Of excellent discourse, pretty and witty, and yet gentle.'

'Well read in poetry, and other books, cunning in music and the mathematics.'

The other equestrians followed more leisurely, enjoying the beauty of the evening, and engaged in an animated discussion of the beauties of the scenery along *la belle riviere*, compared to that of the Hudson, where Walters had lately spent several months, and where Carrie had two years before spent a summer. They paused upon an eminence about a mile from the village. It commanded a view of the country for several miles in every direction, and Mr. Walters exclaimed:

'Beautiful! grand!'

He beheld, for the first time, the picturesque beauty of Ohio's hills and valleys, and his artist eye drank in the splendor of the scene. In the West the sun was setting in clouds of crimson and gold, his slanting rays falling upon the smooth waters in which lay mirrored his departing glory, and the varied scenery along its margin.

'There is not a finer view for many miles,' said Carrie, enthusiastically. 'We frequently have visits from artists of distinction, who consider this one of the most beautiful prospects in the country. Our unpretending village is not very prepossessing upon a close inspection; but as distance lends enchantment to the view, it becomes a 'thing of beauty' nestled down among the hills. But where can Kate and brother have gone?' she suddenly exclaimed.

'I imagine Miss White has led him a Galpin race,' said her companion; 'she seemed to start with that intention. However, we had better proceed, for I cannot see them, and I fear some accident has happened.'

'Taking a last look of the blue waves, just as the sun sank behind the hills, they rode rapidly on, but without catching a glimpse of their companions. As they came in sight of a little rude cabin by the road side, Carrie observed,

'Just yonder lives a little protege of Kate White. I would not be surprised if they had stopped, as the child's father has been ill several months, and Ed has, in the absence of Dr. White, occasionally called to see him. And so it proved, for they soon saw the horses impatiently pawing at the gate, and they halted.—They had waited but a moment, when Kate came out, with tears in her eyes.'

'Do come in, Carrie, and Mr. Walters, too. Poor old Mr. Nolan is dying.'

'I think I will not go in, unless I can be of some assistance,' said Carrie, 'and no doubt the house is full.'

'No,' said Kate, 'there are but few. Mr. Walters might be of assistance, perhaps, but I don't know. I never saw anybody die.' And Kate's terrified looks told that she spoke the truth. Carrie suffered Mr. Walters to assist her to dismount, for he was ever ready to render assistance to the suffering, and thought he might be needed in the cabin, from whence came cries of mourning. It was a small room, scantily furnished, but very neat. In one corner was a bed, clean, but showing unmistakable signs of poverty. Lying upon it was a man in the last stage of consumption, in whose hands was a crucifix upon which his eyes rested with a look of peace and resignation; at the foot of the bed sat his wife, sobbing piteously and holding a child of three or four years, while a bright looking little girl of eleven stood weeping by her father's side. Edward Lynn was kneeling by the plain table, upon which burned several candles, intently reading portions of those beautiful prayers so strengthening to the faith of the departing soul. 'O Jesus, my divine Saviour,' he read, while the dying man seemed to listen with his very soul engaged in prayer, 'be thou a Jesus to me, and save me. O! my God, hiding myself with an humble confidence in thy wounds, I give up my soul into thy divine hands. Oh, receive it into the bosom of thy mercy. Amen.' One gentleman present was recognized as a Catholic priest, and they were now about to behold that most impressive of ceremonies, the sacraments of holy communion and extreme unction, which bestow the most salutary graces, fortifying the soul to pass through the last agony with resignation, and even joy. The priest went through the ceremonies with much solemnity, while Captain Lynn read the appropriate prayers, and as one or two of their neighbors had now entered, he was not alone in his supplications. Even the little girl, who knelt with her hands clasping one of her father's, united her little voice (as well as her sobs would permit) with his. There was a look of rapture upon the face of the dying man as Edward prayed, 'Nothing more, oh good Jesus, nothing more shall separate me from thee. Now I am united to thee, in thee will I die, and in thee I hope to live forever.' This was the first time any of the party had ever witnessed these impressive ceremonies, or heard any of the prayers for the dying, and they were deeply affected. Edward's voice had in it a tone of solemnity they had never before heard, and as he concluded he was almost overpowered by his emotion. Mr. Walters, indifferent as he had seemed to matters of religion, was deeply moved; he would have left



the house, but seemed impelled by some strange influence to remain. Kate, with clasped hands, knelt by the side of Captain Lynn, and sobbed aloud. Carrie had better control over her feelings, but sat awe-stricken by the solemn scene.

Mary, said the dying man, 'don't cry so; God is good, he will take care of you and the little ones. I am happy; I long to go to my Jesus, to live with him forever, and a smile of ineffable joy lit up this wasted features. He had spoken with much difficulty, and they were his last words; his breath came feebly, and his pulse told them that his time on earth would in a few brief moments be spent, and they all believed he would, when the last breath should leave the tabernacle of clay, be ushered into a better world.

'Oh! if I could die like that,' thought Walters. He had believed that no one could meet death without shrinking, however stoical he might be in life. It was the king of terrors to him; but here he saw the grim messenger approach, graciously welcomed by this pious sufferer. Night had noiselessly come on while yet they lingered; and just as they rose to leave, a shriek from the wife told them that all was over. Kate clung nervously to her companion; but as he left her side to speak a few words with some of the men who had come in to render assistance in the sad hour, she went to the side of the weeping woman and tried to comfort her. It was the first time she had ever spoken such words, and she was frightened at herself; but she succeeded in gaining her attention, and as she left her, Kate whispered: 'Think of it, Mary, and I'll come to-morrow, if you could give her up so soon. I will take her immediately.' And she knew by the fervent 'thank God' that the grief-stricken mother's heart was a little less heavy.

'My friends,' said the priest, an aged man, whose quiet dignity and Christian deportment won the respect of all, 'you have been here, no doubt, by the hand of Providence, to see how happily the good can die. You have witnessed practices of our holy Church, of which I may venture to say you have known nothing, unless as they are misrepresented by many. You have read in the sacred word: 'Is any man sick among you, let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he be in sins they shall be forgiven him. This is the promise of St. James (I am aware it is not word for word as you have been in the habit of reading it), and is every day fulfilled; often by the perfect recovery of the sufferer, and always—as you have just now seen—giving peace to the soul, fortifying it, as nothing else can do, for its struggle with its last adversary. My friends, continued the aged pastor, 'my dear young friends, there are many other practices of which you know as little, but which are fully as efficacious to salvation. I hope this lesson, and he pointed to the bed, 'will be lost on none of you, but that you will reflect seriously, and search for the truth, and I pray God you may each find it.' Mr. Walters grasped his hand as he bid him good night, saying: 'I shall never forget this scene; it shall not be lost on me.'

Captain Lynn lingered a moment to speak with the reverend clergyman, whom he greatly loved and who was in a short time to admit him into the Church, and then proceeded to their horses. The ride home was in silence. Each one was meditating, though with somewhat different feelings, upon the scene just left, and felt no inclination to talk.

'Ed,' said Kate, as he lifted her from the saddle, 'I shall be a Catholic.'

'I hope you will, Kate,' said he, 'but do nothing in haste: study, and perfectly satisfy yourself of the truth first.'

'Years of study could not make me more determined,' she said, as she extended her hand, which he warmly clasped, and then bidding her good night, as her father came out for her, he hurried home.

'I fear Mr. Walters,' said Carrie, as that gentleman assisted her from her pony, 'that Edward is too much influenced by these imposing ceremonies. Did you not notice how very excited he was to-night?'

'How could any one appear calm or unmoved on a scene like that, Miss Carrie,' replied Walters, 'but I do not think he is, as you fear, influenced by the ceremonies of the faith. I think he had never seen any of its ceremonies when he was convinced of its truth. It would not be hard to make a Catholic of me I fear; but I've no doubt I should be more influenced by the pomp and ceremony than your brother ever will be.'

'I am almost sorry we went in,' said Carrie, 'I am so nervous I shall not be able to sleep at all to-night.'

'I feel for you,' he said, 'but my dear friend, I am not sorry we went. It will do me good.—You need no such lessons, who are too pure to think of sin, and too sure of heaven to ever doubt God's goodness.' He spoke with warmth, and something in his tone and look more than his words, sent the blood mantling to her cheek, and in silence she took his arm to walk up the avenue just as a servant came around to attend to the horses.

Early the next morning Walters left Lynn Grove, with many promises to come again; for he had spent a pleasant day, and already felt that he had found an attraction there, which no other place offered; but the brief acquaintance of a day could not warrant him in speaking what he felt; so he went away, only hoping at a future time, not far distant, to be able to renew the acquaintance with Miss Lynn, and perhaps awaken emotions in her heart, which were fast filling his own.

Never had the earth looked so lovely, never the birds sung so sweetly, the flowers bloomed so fairly; on the river rolled onward in such silent majesty; thought Captain Lynn, as on the morning which was to witness his public renunciation of Protestantism, and his entrance into the fold of

the great and good Shepherd. The ceremony was to take place at High Mass. During the services, the sky became obscured by clouds, the low rumbling of distant thunder was occasionally heard, the wind arose, and swayed the branches of the trees almost to the ground, then the lightnings gleamed, thunders pealed loud and louder, and great drops of rain came pattering on roof and windows. The organ's tone was completely drowned, and the voice of the pastor who was celebrating Mass, the choir became silent, and the voice of the celebrant was even then scarcely audible. It was a terrific storm. Without trees were torn up by their roots, fences borne aloft, chimneys tottered and fell, but the little stone-chapel stood firm, and good Father Steinway proceeded, for he knew the Lord was in the storm, and the mingled din of crashing thunderbolts were but the tokens of His power.

The thunder split called his squadrons dark, Far thro' the trackless void of scowling space; And lightning rent the cloudy canopy, As prophets' vision tears aside the veil That shadows o'er the future; and beholds Beyond unfolded thought but dim, and wild, And fearful mystery.'

Then came the sound:— "Of sadly moaning winds, and heavy drops Of rain, as though the demons of the storm Wept o'er the ruin which their fury wrought."

The clouds still hung darkly over the face of heaven, but the rain descended with less violence when the convert ascended to the altar railing, and there knelt. There was something singularly rude and chilling, thought he, in being thus welcomed, as it were, by the sound of rushing winds, and waters, and the flashing of red signal-fires along the 'frowning battlements' of heaven.—His heart sank within him. Was this a foreshadowing of the conflicts which lay in his path? Was he to struggle with the spirits of earth and hell, who were here presented to his eye, clothed in the mystical garb of the 'rushing armies of the storm'? Was he able to cope with the dark and terrible adversaries that would henceforth lurk around, above, beneath him? Would he not find in the day of trial that he had over-estimated his strength; and his faith—would it not waver, even forsake him? Was he not, perhaps, in the wrong, and would he discover his error too late? And—oh, terrible thought!—would he at last be overcome by the enemy of souls? Such feelings he had never before experienced. His soul was chilled, and he shrank from fulfilling the work for which he had been so earnestly preparing.

But suddenly, as sometimes comes a lull in the tempest, and the sun shines out while the earth is being drenched with rain, came a revulsion of feeling. Oh, were not these dark forebodings but arrows sent from the Evil One himself?—Should they find an entrance to his soul, or could he not hurl them back to the source from whence they came? Was he losing his armour of justice, and would not the very imps of darkness rejoice at their gain?

'No, no,' he cried, in agony, 'take not thy spirit from me, O God. Be thou my strength, I am nothing.' And light and hope and peace came winging their way into his spirit, and all was calm. The bright bow of promise was stretched above the tempest in his soul, and the 'still, small voice' bid him be glad. 'He bowed and worshipped, and the Lord passed by.'

There had been given him time to collect his thoughts, as if the venerable pastor had looked into his heart and there beheld the raging conflict within. He was thankful; and he now rose up, and in a clear, distinct voice read his profession of faith. His friends, especially Carrie, and Kate White, both young and enthusiastic—though now differing so widely in their religious views—were deeply affected. There was a tone of exultation in his voice which they could not fail to perceive, though they could have no idea of the great victory which he had just gained.—As the speaker pronounced the last words, the clouds parted and the sun burst forth in a flood of golden light, shining full upon the face of the new convert, and enveloping him as with a halo holiness, while the whole chapel was illuminated with effulgence. There was a look of triumph in his eye, but a light fuller and more abiding in his soul, as he asked himself could this, too, be emblematical of the light which would illumine his way in the discharge of duty? Might he not accept it at least as a token? 'Oh! Word divine!' he prayed, as he descended the steps, after partaking of that Bread, without which we have no life in us. 'Light of men, and who shinest through the darkness of our understanding, banish forever from my heart the fatal shades of sin; bid the Sun of Justice arise upon me, and it will enlighten me. Say, Let there be light—and nothing shall obscure it. Alas! the world which Thou createst, and which Thou camest to redeem, knew Thee not; and I—who have now the happiness of possessing Thee—what will it profit me to be enlightened by thy light, if I follow not the way it leads? What fruit shall I draw from the treasure of graces if I dissipate and waste it? Shall I ever forget the exceeding love thou hast lavished upon me? O! Jesus, who art full of grace and truth, imprint upon my mind the truth that enlightens, establish in my heart the grace that sanctifies; and make me to find in the unchangeableness of the one, and the continual succor of the other, a restraint upon my inconstancy, and a support to my weakness.'

To be Continued.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE MOST REV. DR. CULLEN.—The Freeman states:—We are happy in being able to announce that his Holiness the Pope, appreciating the eminent services rendered to the Catholic Church by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, has elevated his Grace to the dignity of Cardinal. In making this announcement we feel it unnecessary to add a word in commendation of the resolution come to by his Holiness.—That the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen is eminently qualified to fulfil the onerous and grave duties of the exalted position to which he has been elevated, none will gainsay. His exemplary piety, his active and persevering benevolence—which knows no rest as long as good is to be accomplished—his varied and extensive acquirements—will, no doubt, render con-

spicuous in the history of the illustrious individual, in whom the Sovereign Pontiff has chosen to honor at the same moment the faithful people of Ireland, and reward continuous and remarkable services. We are confident the people of this country will fully appreciate the honor which has been thus conferred, and unite with us in offering our hearty congratulations to the venerated and distinguished recipient. We understand his Grace leaves town on Thursday next for the Eternal City.

THE PRIMATE.—On Tuesday next the month's mind of the late Primate will take place in Armagh, on which occasion there will be at least twenty Bishops present, and the ceremonies will be of a grand and solemn nature.

On the Monday following the Clergy of the diocese will assemble to select the names of three ecclesiastics, which will be forwarded to Rome, and one of whom, it is expected, will be appointed the successor of the late Most Rev. Dr. Dixon. On whom the choice may fall it would be premature to conjecture, but it is rumored that the Very Rev. Dean Kieran, V.O., will receive the largest number of votes, and the names of the Very Rev. Dr. Woodlock, of the Catholic University, and the Rev. Mr. Harbison, of the Redemptorist Fathers, are mentioned as likely to occupy the other two places on the list to be forwarded to his Holiness.—Dundalk Democrat, May 26.

ALLIED CONVERSION IN CONNEMARA.—The following appeared in the Connaught Patriot of May 19. It was originally addressed to the Times.

Clifden, Co. Galway, May 14th, 1866

Sir,—Your issue of the 10th inst. contained a letter from the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin on conversion in West Connaught. Hoping that you will graciously hearken to his Grace's petition to hear the other side, and relying on your spirit of fair play, I presume to send you for publication the following observations on his letter:—

The Archbishop has justly observed that the subject has occasioned much controversy, as the patrons of the mission, on the one side, loudly boast of its success, and the legitimacy of the means employed for that end, while Catholics and many disinterested Protestants emphatically deny its success, and reprobate the means resorted to. This in brief is the first proposition in his Grace's letter.

On this vexed question he undertakes to pronounce judgment, but by giving the prestige of his name and the weight of his exalted position to one side without waiting for, or seeking information from the other, he thereby reveals himself to be an unjust, because a partial judge.

How can his Grace reconcile with his notions of just judgment, his exclusive association with the enemies of the Catholics, and the interested promoters of the profitable mission? It is undeniable, indeed he admits it himself, that his society was partisan. His guides and constant companions during his sojourn were the Bishop of Tuam and the Rev. Hyacinth D'Arcy, manager of the West Connaught Mission Society. From these he had derived his information, from these he had received his inspirations. How then can just judgment be expected from such fraternization? How could a just judge rely on the information of persons, who repeatedly proclaimed to the world that the work of the mission was attended with such extraordinary success, as that the number of converts returned by them literally exceeded the actual population of Connemara? I rally a report, authenticated by the signature of the Rev. Hyacinth D'Arcy (his Grace's vicar and host) of his former wife, Fanny D'Arcy, and of Lord Roden, in which they stated that they had eleven thousand six hundred and forty nine children attending their mission schools during the week ending 16th January, 1853. Reconcile this, if you can, with the Government census of 1861, which returned the number of Protestants in the whole county of Galway as only a little over eight thousand!

Passing over Castle Kirk, which does not belong to our district, and which we therefore leave to be accounted for by its own generous pastor, we come to the three localities visited in our own neighborhood, viz—Errismore, Sillerna, and Clifden. No, with regard to the number of original Protestants, given by his Grace as belonging to Errismore, I do hereby declare before the world that instead of sixty-seven original Protestants mentioned by him, there are only eighteen to be had in that whole district. Now, I ask, when a man does not know his own co-religionists, how can his testimony be relied on when speaking of converts, when it is his interest to exaggerate on that topic.

Now, touching the number of converts, I do state publicly that there are not two hundred and six converts in that district; but including the children of teachers, of readers, of all grades and of both sexes, the number is absolutely under eighty in the entire district, forty of whom are not natives of Connemara. With regard to Sillerna, I have to trace a similar misstatement from his Grace. The converts there exclusive of tribes of readers, of Irish teachers, who have been imported into this country, do not number sixty persons, almost the whole of whom are children of the above named teachers, readers, &c.

Now, coming to Clifden, the head-quarters of the mission, and consequently the focus of every rambling adventurer from every point of the shore of Ireland, as well as of the spurious offspring of every rake and ruffian throughout Ireland, swept and gathered from the purlieus and other places which my pen refuses to name; hence came the bright eyes and intelligent countenances that have won the affectionate admiration of the holy man, but how he presumes to rank them among the inhabitants of Connemara is a problem, the solution of which we throw back on himself. So much for the false numbers given by his Grace of the converts. Now, as to the means employed, and the schemes resorted to, to magnify those false numbers.

It is a notorious practice, with the managers of the system to concentrate all their followers, young and old, male and female, at every appointed place, and separate independent congregation. This was done during the sojourn of the right rev. Prelate.

I stake my veracity as a gentleman and veteran Catholic missionary on the truth of this notorious fact. Thus followers were brought to the meetings of Errismore, Sillerna, and Clifden, from other points distant nineteen, twelve, and six miles, to each and every one of those gatherings, and the total number put down as the respective congregations of each of those localities—Errismore excepted—where he admits that two hundred more than the resident number attended.

We repeat our challenge to the proselytisers to come to a close and rigorous scrutiny. We will prove, by unimpeachable testimony, that this fraudulent manoeuvre is invariably resorted to by them.

The right rev. Prelate repudiates the imputation of bribing, and scatters to the winds the oatmeal and Indian meal with the use of which, as mediums of conversion, the parties stand charged. Well, now, his Grace's letter is a clear proof, that bribery is resorted to, else why make the touching appeal for funds, to give vitality and stability to the system. I quote his own words: 'If meal, and money, and clothing, and free holdings of land and dwellings rent free, do not constitute bribery, then the shameless medium is a myth.'

The rigorous inquiry which we invite will bring to light all these elements of bribery, or will, on the other hand, expose the falsehood of the charge, which we publicly, and before the world, lay at their door. The assertion of his Grace that meal was given only three months of the year, is as notoriously false, as it is shameless; for throughout the entire year the carts are in daily motion towards the mission schools, and every month throughout the year the pay day, called silver Monday, attracts to the town of Clifden such shoals of bible-readers and missionary attaches, that the expenditure is over two hundred pounds sterling a month, yet in presence of this palpable fact the right rev. Prelate dares to say there

is no bribery. How is it possible for any honest man not to receive his testimony on points of feeling those conversions with extreme caution, if not with distrust?

You will be pleased to allow me now to glance at the facilities, the advantages, the numerous sources of support which the proselytisers had constantly at their command. Four fifths of the landlords of Connemara, are Protestants, their agents, and most of their officials are Protestants—every public office is filled by a Protestant—the post-offices are managed by Protestants—the letter carriers (with one exception) are Protestants—numbers of anti-Catholic associations and societies in England and Ireland and the Irish Ecclesiastical Commissioners, poured in fabulous sums of money every year during the last twenty; yet, see how little cause they have of exulting in their success. Taking their own false, or exaggerated numbers as the test, we can ask what progress have they made?

The census of 1861 returns a population of this parish of Clifden which comprises the three districts of Errismore, Clifden, and Sillerna, to be ninety thousand four hundred and thirty-nine. After twenty of unceasing effort, sustained by immense wealth amongst a dense famine-stricken population, the mission can now number only a few wretched adventurers, gathered from every part of Ireland, added to a few lazy outcasts in Connemara.

What a degrading, demoralising system it is that can retain its followers only by bribing; when that ceases, of adherents vanish. When the hour of death comes the priest is invariably sent for by those who conformed exteriorly to the material religion. The most fiery zealots, amongst the missionaries have done so. Michael Ward and John King, the latter engaged twelve years, the former fifteen, on the mission, sent for the priest at the hour of death. Was it to promote harmony and good will amongst her Majesty's subjects in Connemara, and to encourage sentiments of loyalty to British rule, that the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, who is a member of the Privy Council, and occasionally one of the Lord's Justices came to West Connaught in the capacity of a partisan Bible-reader to calumniate the faithful people of Connemara? It is a base calumny to assert that Catholic parents wish their children to adopt the soup system as a purer and better religion than their own. He knows well that they would not exchange their religion for the sort of spirituality exhibited in some of his own churches in Dublin.

A new crusade is now commenced against a faithful people, by the Dublin and Tuam binal light of the Reformation which is exhibited in St. Bride's and Grange-gorman's.

In conclusion, I do hereby proclaim before the world that I shall give up the whole cause, if Archbishop Trench will produce one convert, young or old, male or female, who has not been seduced by bribery in one shape or other. I further state that I will abandon the case if he can produce a single adult convert, whose antecedents will stand the test of honesty, industry, or morality.

Whilst those magnates of an insolent galling Protestant ascendancy are exhibiting themselves throughout the country in all the blazonry of wealth and romance, the guardians of the people's faith, derive consolation from the fidelity of their flocks; and they do fearlessly ask their friends and liberal Protestants to come amongst them and see with their own eyes the fervent Catholic devotion—the unpurchasable attachment of the overflowing congregations to the faith of their fathers.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant, PATRICK MACANAMA, P.P., V.G. of Clifden, Co. Galway.

REPRESENTATION OF WATERFORD COUNTY.—Mr. Edmund, having accepted the office of Lord of the Treasury, has addressed the electors of the county of Waterford, and offers himself for re-election. He says the appointment was sought on his part, but he willingly joins an Administration that has given proof of a conciliatory, generous, and just policy towards this country.

The Marquis of Clanricarde headed a very influential deputation last Friday to the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the purpose of inducing the Government to come to the aid of the suffering railway industry in Ireland, by an advance of money at a moderate rate of interest, well secured, to enable the companies to complete works that have been begun, and that are necessary to the profitable working of the lines that are constructed. The interview was, upon the whole, satisfactory.—Weekly Register.

Much indignation is felt in Ireland at the appointment of Mr. Strong (brother of Sir James Strong, the ultra-Tory member for Armagh), a police magistrate in Dublin, and Clerk of the Peace for Tyrone, to the valuable office of Irish Solicitor to the Board of Inland Revenue, lately rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Smyley. This office to be always filled by Tory lawyers or rather barristers, for Mr. Strong has no pretensions whatever to be called a lawyer. He is a connection by marriage of Lord Charlemont, but that is not, surely, a sufficient cause for this promotion. Are there no Liberal lawyers in the Hall of the Four Courts to whom £1,500 a year would be acceptable?—Ib.

EMIGRATION FROM CORK.—On Friday three steamers sailed from Queenstown for New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. The Cornac emigrant ship Aleppo started on Wednesday with nearly three hundred passengers. The City of Boston left on Friday at four o'clock with about four hundred passengers, a steamer of the Warren line with two hundred passengers, and the National Steam Navigation Company's steamer Scotland took about five hundred, making the whole number of emigrants embarked at Queenstown in two days thirteen hundred.

Conspiracy in Ireland has become a profession, and in skilful hands it is a lucrative one. Its practitioners pass through the usual training. They are first apprentices, then journeymen, and afterwards masters. Mr. James Stephens, the great head of the craft, served his Lehrjahre in 1848, under Mr. Smith O'Brien; he had his Wanderjahre during the Phoenix Conspiracy in 1859, which he spent chiefly in France and in America; and he has at length become beyond all question a master. His claims have been fully recognized by the fraternity. Imitating the example of the Congress of the United States, who, to meet the unique merits of General Grant, have created in his honour a new rank to the American army, the Fenian Brotherhood have elevated Mr. Stephens to the unprecedented dignity of Head-Centre-General. This proof of confidence will no doubt stimulate the patriot to renewed energy in the great work of liberating Ireland in America. Mr. Stephens does not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He has already formed the bold and comfortable design of a tour through the principal hotels of the United States, 'in order to reorganize the Fenian circles, preparatory to the development of a new plan of operations.' The objective point of the movement is not, as we are told with gentle irony, either Canada or Japan, but Ireland. We are inclined to think that it is not even Ireland, but, as heretofore, Stephens. The luxury of travel, of good living, and of gratified vanity, is the condition under which Mr. Stephens acts the part of a patriotic exile and deliverer.

The transfer of Mr. Stephens from a position of some insecurity and privation in Ireland, to one of safety, and, among certain classes of consideration in Paris or New York, is a poor gain to himself.—The British Government has every reason to congratulate itself, too on the latest addition to the ranks of the Irish emigration in the United States. Mr. Stephens has retired it from the trouble and responsibility of guarding against a mischief which, though it did not amount to danger, was yet attended with considerable inconvenience; and he has imposed

that obligation on the Federal Executive. It is fitting that the evil should be combated in its source; and that the American Government is unable to put down the pest, it should take the precautions to prevent its extension. One class of persons will, perhaps, suffer from the exchange. The Irish maid-servants and day-labourers of New York, and of the other cities of the Atlantic coast, will probably pay dearly for Mr. Stephens' presence, unless they have lately learned a wisdom of which hitherto they have not exhibited any trace. If Irish maid-servants are willing to pay for the mere promise of such a struggle, no one can deny their right to buy these pleasures of 'imagination' at their own price. One thing is consolatory, amid much that is melancholy in this state of things. Mr. Stephens' Irish dupes in America may smart in pure for their folly; but they will not smart in person, like their unfortunate fellow-countrymen at home. On the whole Mr. Stephens can do less mischief, whether to himself or to others, in the United States than he can here, and we do not grudge him his safe deliverance from Briewell. Possibly his presence in America may induce or, we should rather say, may afford opportunity to the Federal Government to take such steps as, within the limits of the constitution and laws, policy may dictate towards suppressing a society which is likely in connection with frontier quarrels and fishery quarrels, to be at least as annoying to the United States as to England. They owe us nothing in this matter which they do not also owe to themselves. If England has sowed the seeds of the discontent which has borne fruit, at once rotten and unripe, in Fenianism, America has afforded the conditions of its growth. Moreover, England, to whose misrule the miseries of Ireland and the political faults of the Irish character are mainly due, was the England of our and their common ancestors. Our American friends are never backward in vindicating their share in Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, in Alfred, and Hampden, and Eliot; and they are right. The honour of noble lineage is not confined exclusively to the eldest son who succeeds to the title and estates. The younger brother who seeks and carves out his fortune abroad has his equal portion in the noble traditions of his race. But our kinsmen in the United States must take the shame with the glory. For six of the seven centuries of Irish misgovernment with which England is liberally credited, the Americans are not less responsible than the English of to-day. They cannot claim Cromwell and William in England and disown them in Ireland. If they boast with us of Fyn and Algeron Syney, they must abuse themselves with us for Strongbow, and Strafford, and Wharton. In the historic wrong, out of which the present difficulties arise, they can only to a very small degree separate themselves from us; and their co-operation in combatting its effects may be justly challenged.—Native American sympathy with Mr. Stephens is out of the question. The Irishry of the cities regard him as a hero, and the less scrupulous demagogues of the democratic party may, perhaps, try to turn him and them to political account. But the American people feel towards him as the English people do. Mr. Stephens will receive only such attention as are prompted by curiosity, and not such as are dictated by respect. The interest felt in him will be that which might be felt in a political Jack Sheppard and a political Barum combined—in a clever prison-breaker and a clever charlatan. He has the gifts which impose on maid-servants and on plough boys, and which seduce turnkeys and policemen from their duties. But these are not the qualities which sway a nation or its statesmen.

But we must not be too hard even on Mr. Stephens. He himself is a result of misgovernment. The history of Ireland has made a conspirator of a man whose nature intended for a clever, bustling attorney, fertile in expedients, and not over scrupulous in employing them; who, with a more legitimate opening in life, might have been a respectable notability, in due time, it may be, a borough magistrate very hard upon offenders, and especially upon all promoters of privy conspiracy, sedition, and rebellion.—Daily News, May 24.

The following report has just been issued:— 'Veterinary Department, Dublin Castle, May 26.

'No fresh case of cattle plague in Down, to which county the disease was confined. None of the alleged cases of that malady reported from other counties presented, according to the descriptions given, symptoms resembling those of cattle plague. The mortality among bovine stock in Ireland has been greatly increased since the prevalence of east winds, the principal fatal disease killing bovine animals in a few hours. One of the most prominent symptoms of it is cerebral derangement, evinced by violent delirium. Several of the animals that were found to have died apoplectic. It would be desirable to let all descriptions of stock, particularly black cattle, have free access to salt, even when at pasture. The latter class of animals should have a plentiful supply of water, particularly if they have access to salt.

HUGH FERGUSON, H.M.V.S.

Unfavorable symptoms have been manifested yesterday in the wounds on Warner's neck, O'Connor, his murderous assailant, was brought to his lodgings during the day, when the injured man fully identified him as the person who had made the murderous attack upon him, and then made a deposition detailing the circumstances of the case as already reported.

At six o'clock this morning a large force of police made a strict search for arms on the premises occupied by Mr. Murphy, National schoolmaster, Howth.—All the houses were searched, and the garden dug up, but nothing of the kind was found. Warner is much better this morning.

MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF IRELAND.—The Land Tenure Bill.—A meeting of this body was held on Saturday last, Alderman M'Sweeney in the chair. Mr. John B. Dillon, M.P., entered into a lengthened justification of the support the Irish members had given to the Government in the present session, and read a letter from Charles Gavan Duffy approving of their policy. They had determined to support the Government on the Reform question, because there was a Government Land Bill on the Parliamentary paper for the next night, and because three men best disposed to do justice to the Irish tenant—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Bright—were more conspicuously connected with it. He then entered into explanations respecting the Irish Land Tenure Bill, approving of the measure as the nearest approach that could be expected to what the Association wished for. He was of opinion that it would pass the Commons, but was not sanguine as to its adoption in the Lords. In case it were rejected, he would advise the Irish tenants to adopt the same measures as are employed by the artisans of England for adjusting the relations between themselves and their employers—he meant a great agricultural union, comprehending the bulk of the tenant farmers, and as many of the landlords as would co-operate. Such a union should be thought, extended into every parish in Ireland be ruled by a committee sitting in Dublin, acting strictly within the law, aiming at nothing but justice, enforcing its rules by no deeds of violence, but by the same species of moral sanction which secures obedience to the rules of the trades' unions.'

Mr. M'Kenna, M.P., also believed that the Bill was an honest one, and thought it dependent on the people of this country whether the measure would be carried.

Alderman Plunket asked Mr. Dillon why the Government did not adopt his (Mr. Dillon's) Bill, as it was so simple. Mr. Dillon replied that in his opinion there was little difference between them, and after a short discussion a resolution was passed, approving of the Government Bill, and the meeting separated.



Mr. Mill on TARRANT-RIGHT. The following are the principal passages in the speech delivered by the member for Westminister in the recent debate on the land law of Ireland.

Mr. Mill said:—It was in an auspicious hour for the history of Ireland and of the Empire of which Ireland is so important a part, that a British Administration has introduced this bill into Parliament. I venture to express the opinion that nothing which any Government has yet attempted to do for Ireland—not even Catholic Emancipation itself—has shown so true a comprehension of Ireland's real needs, or has aimed so straight at the very heart of Ireland's misery. It is a measure, which keeps the promise held out by the Chancellor of the Exchequer at the beginning of the session, when, in discharging the painful duty of calling on Parliament to treat Ireland once more (let us hope for the last time) as a disaffected dependency, he declared his purpose, and that of the Government of which he is a member, to legislate for Ireland according to Irish exigencies, and no longer according to English routine. To have no better guide than routine is not a safe thing in any case; but to make the routine of one country our guide in legislating for another is a mode of conduct which, unless by a happy accident, cannot lead to good. (Hear, hear) It is a mistake which this country has often made—(hear, hear)—not perhaps so much from being more liable to it than other countries as from having more opportunities of committing it—having been so often called on to legislate and to frame systems of administration for dependencies very unlike itself. (Hear, hear) Sir, it is a problem of this sort which we still have before us when we attempt to legislate for Ireland. Not that Ireland is a dependency: Those days are over; she is an integral part of a great self-governing nation, but a part, I venture to say, very unlike the remaining parts. I am not going to tally about natural differences, race, and the like—the importance of which, I think, is very much exaggerated; but let any hon. gentleman consider what a different history Ireland has had from either England or Scotland, and ask himself whether that history must not have left its impress deeply engraven on Irish character. (Hear, hear) Consider again how different even at this day are the social circumstances of Ireland from those of England and Scotland; and whether such different circumstances must not often require different laws and institutions. (Hear, hear.) People often ask, why should that which works well in England not work well in Ireland? or why should anything be needed in Ireland which is not needed in England? Are Irishmen an exception to all the rest of mankind, that they cannot bear the institutions and practices which reason and experience point out as the best suited to promote national prosperity. Sir, we are eloquently reminded the other night of that double ignorance against which a great philosopher warned his contemporaries—ignorance of our being ignorant. But when we insist on applying all the same rules to Ireland and to England, we show another kind of double ignorance, and at the same time disregard a precept older than Socrates—the precept which was inscribed on the front of the Temple of Delphi. We not only do not know those whom we undertake to govern, but we do not know ourselves. (Hear, hear) No, sir, Ireland is not an exceptional country, but England is. (Hear, hear) Irish circumstances and Irish ideas as to social and agricultural economy are the general ones of the human race; it is English circumstances and English ideas that are peculiar. Ireland is in the main stream of human feeling and opinion; it is England that is in one of the lateral channels. If any hon. gentleman doubts this, I ask is there any other country on the face of the earth in which, not merely as an occasional fact, but as a general rule, the land is owned in great estates and farmed by capitalist-farmers at money rents fixed by contract, while the actual cultivators are hired labourers, wholly detached from the soil, and receiving only day's wages? (Hear, hear) There are parts of other countries where something like this is tolerably frequent, but Great Britain is the only country where it is the general rule. In all other places in which the cultivators have emerged from slavery, and from that modified form of slavery, serfage, and have not risen into the higher position of owning land in their own right; the labourer holds it, as in Ireland, directly from the landowner, and the intermediate class of well-to-do tenant farmers has, as a general rule, no existence. Instead of bringing in capitalist-farmers over the heads of the tenants you have got to take the best of the present tenants, and elevate them into the comfortable farmers you want to have. You cannot evict a whole nation. The country would be too lost to hold you and your new tenants if you attempted it; and supposing even that things could be made smooth for the successors of the existing peasantry by means of emigration, are you going to expatriate a whole people? Would any hon. gentleman desire that? Would he endure the thought of doing it? If you used the right of landed property for such a purpose, is there any human institution which could have such a strain put upon it without snapping? (Hear, hear) Well, then, how are the present tenants, or the best of them, to be raised into a superior class of farmers? There is but one way, and this bill which is before you affords the means. Give them what you can of the encouraging influences of ownership. Give them an interest in improvement. Enable them to be secure of enjoying the fruits of their own labor and outlay. Let their improvement be for their own benefit, and not solely for those whose land they till. (Hear, hear) All I ask is that the improvement of the country and the well-being of the people may be attended to, when they are proved not to be inconsistent with the pecuniary interest of the landowners.—This modest demand is the only one I make, because I believe, and because it is believed by those who are better judges of the condition of Ireland than I can pretend to be, that no more than this is necessary to cure the existing evils. (Cheers.) When I think how small a thing it is which is now asked of us, and when I hear, as I have heard, members of this House, usually classed as of extreme opinions—men who are Irish of the Irish, who have the full confidence of what is called the national party—when such men assure us that the tenantry who have been scarcely touched by any of the things you have hitherto done for the benefit of Ireland, will, as they hope and as they think there is ground to believe, be reconciled to their lot, and changed from a discontented, if not disloyal, to a hopeful and satisfied part of the nation, by so moderate—I had almost said so minute—a concession as that which is now proposed, I confess I am amazed that those who have suffered so long and so bitterly are able to be conciliated—or calmed by so small a gift—(hear, hear)—and deplorable would it, indeed, be if so small a gift were refused to them. (Hear, hear) Why, then, if we ourselves had not full confidence in this remedy, there is nothing in it so alarming that we need be afraid to try as an experiment what is so ardently wished for by a country to which we owe so much reparation that she ought to be the spoilt child of this country for a generation to come—(hear, hear)—treated not only with justice, but with generous indulgence. I am speaking in the presence of many who listened, like myself to that touching speech which was delivered on the last night of the Reform debate by the hon. member for Tralee—(hear, hear)—when he, who is so well entitled to speak in the name of the Irish people, and of that portion of them whom we have had the hardest thoughts, and who have had the hardest thoughts of us; held out his hand to us and declared that if there is even one party in this House and in this country who reciprocate the feeling he showed; and really regard the Irish as fellow-countrymen, and they will be fellow-countrymen to us—they will labour and contend for our side, have the same objects with us, look forward to the same end not to a different future, and let the dream of a separate nationality remain a dream. (Cheers.) Many, I am sure, must have felt as I felt while I listened to

his eloquent and feeling words, that if this House only will it; that speech is the beginning of a new era. Let us not fling away in waste of thought—for it is not want of heart—the reconciliation so frankly tendered. (Cheers.) History will not say that we of the present generation are unwilling to govern Ireland as she ought to be governed. (Hear, hear.) Let us not go down to posterity with the contemptible reputation of being unable to do so. (Hear, hear.) Let it not be said of us; that with the best possible intentions towards Ireland, no length of time or abundance of experience could teach us to understand her, whether it is insular narrowness making us incapable of imagining that Ireland's exigencies could be in any way different from England's; or because the religious respect we cherish for everything which has the smallest savour of a right of property has degenerated, as is sometimes the case with our principles of Government are not a mere generalisation of English facts; but that in legislating for Ireland we can take into account Irish circumstances, and that our care for landed property is an intelligent regard for its essentials and for the ends it fulfils, and not a tervile prostration before its mere name. (Loud cheers.)

AN OLD DANISH BREWERY IN A BOG.—For several years back a farmer named James Minnie, who lives near the Club house Cross, a few miles south of Dunmanway, was often impeded in the ploughing of one of his fields by what he considered was a piece of bogwood. Not having any time to spare on those occasions, he used to pass it over, and resumed his labors. This year, having made up his mind to sow turnips in the field, he and one of his labourers set to work to remove the old obstruction, and on digging about it and bringing it to the surface, they were surprised to find a strong oak beam, well fashioned with some sharp instrument, and having a square hole at one end, as well made as it would be by any country carpenter at the present day. Thus encouraged, they persevered, and they brought to light another and another. Soon the news spread, and all the neighbours flocked into see what was going on, and they cheerfully assisted to unveil the mysterious building—a building which the oldest people in the vicinity had never heard of, and which evidently belonged to an age long since buried in the murky past. After a great deal more shovelling, they came upon what they thought and felt convinced was the coffin of some old king, and their hearts rose high. Who knew but the Royal Firbolg, or Milesian, or Dane, or whoever he was, lay there with his crown on his head and his sceptre in his hand, or he might be some old bishop who lived in the good old times, and might might have a gold cross on his breast and a jewelled pyx beside him. Dragging it up on end, for they could not wait to disinter it properly, they removed the lid, which was securely fastened down by oak pins, and, alas! the coffin did not even contain the residuum to which all humanity must eventually come, dust and ashes. The coffin was a water shoot and nothing more.—The place was visited on Friday last by Mr. Zachariah Hawkes, an eminent antiquary; Mr. George Bennett, and others. Mr. Hawkes minutely scrutinised everything, took the measurements of the various beams, the remains of the old flooring, the mill stone, only half of which has yet been discovered, and which on the rim seems as well chiselled as if it were but the work of yesterday, and after considering all the evidences before him he was quite confident that what he saw were the remains of an old Danish brewery, which was used by some of these adventurous intruders during their stay in this country, for brewing a kind of drink which they made from heath. Amongst other articles brought to light by the workmen was a piece of stick about 12 inches long. This was covered with cabalistic figures, but under the rude manipulation of some rustic by-stander it crumbled to pieces.—Cork Constitution.

In the Court of Common Pleas yesterday judgment was given upon a motion for a new trial in the ejectment brought by the Earl of Mayo against Harriet Bentley, which was tried at the last Trim Assizes, and attracted a large share of public notice. An affidavit of the plaintiff was read by his counsel, stating that the Earl of Mayo never received the subpoena to attend the trial, it having been left at his house while he was ill, and directions given by his medical adviser that all business matters should be kept from him. The affidavit further stated that if his presence had really been required at the trial the subpoena would have been served at an earlier period.

Chief Justice Monahan said the Court did not entertain any doubt whatever as to the rule they should make. According to the ordinary principles of justice there should be a new trial. Whether Miss Bentley had or had not a good defence, he knew not. She swore that she had, and she said she wanted to have the benefit of the evidence of the plaintiff in support of her case. Having referred to the circumstances under which the subpoena was sent to Lord Mayo and those under which he directed a verdict for the plaintiff in the Court below, his Lordship said that if he had been made aware prior to the commencement of the trial and before the case given into the hands of the jury that this very necessary and important witness was absent, he would have postponed the trial *de die in diem*, in order that his attendance might be procured.

Mr. Justice Keogh observed that Lord Mayo, on hearing that the writ of the Court had been withheld from him, ought to have been the person to travel out of his way and disregard his own convenience in order to obey it at the earliest possible moment.

Mr. Justice O'Hagan concurred in the judgment of the Court, which he believed to be fully sustained by its practice and procedure.

The conditional order for a new trial was accordingly made absolute with costs, their Lordships holding that the motion to show cause against it was untenable.—Times Dublin Cor., 25th ult.

The members of the detective force made a raid on Monday night and Tuesday on several parties connected with the city, towards whom their suspicions have been directed for some time under the impression that they were connected with the Fenian movement. Between the hours of four and five on Tuesday morning Detective-officers Smollen and King, of the G division, proceeded to 26 Chapel street, where they arrested Peter Kelly, leather-cutter. Some time since Kelly had been foreman to Mr. Heather, leather merchant, Bridget street, which employment he recently left. The police believe that he was one of the military organisers of the Fenian movement, and that he held extensive intercourse with the soldiery of the garrison. It is said that it was a favorite project with Kelly to organise cavalry raids into the country, *a la* Morgan's guerrillas; he also was manufacturing military belts extensively. The next prisoner arrested was T. Brady, alias Flood.—He was arrested by Inspector Dawson and Detective officer Doyle on Tuesday morning, at an early hour, in Chapel street. He would give no residence.—This prisoner lodged in the house in Denzille street, in which Stephens is said to have held numerous meetings, and in which he was the night the Irish People was suppressed. Brady was arrested on Monday evening in Chapel street, coming out of a house into which he had been traced by Inspector Dawson. The third prisoner is Bryan Gibney, who was arrested on Tuesday morning, at four o'clock, at his residence, 3, Little Britain street, by Inspectors Hughes, Dawson, and Wolfe. Gibney, it is said has been a 'B' under Sheedy, and on his commitment to Mountjoy prison succeeded him as 'centre'. He had on a belt, apparently an American military one, when arrested. The two remaining prisoners are John Reilly, of 6, Great Britain street, and Thomas Brady, of Green street. They were both arrested on Monday evening at their residence by Inspectors Botwistle and Clarke. Of these two men it is stated that they were active agents of the Fenian police, and had in many instances rendered nugatory the

plans of the detective force. It was a regular game of mine and countermine, in which, as will always be the case, regular training and discipline had the advantage, as is proved by these arrests. The prisoners, it is presumed, will remain in custody under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, but they have not yet been sent to prison. The police attach great importance to these arrests, as the five prisoners are looked upon as being amongst the most daring and active actors in the recent revolutionary movement.

DRUGGED.—The most diligent searches have been made during the week for the fugitive John Nugent, who made his escape on the 15th inst. from the police by jumping out of a window twelve or fourteen feet high; but up to the present the constabulary have been unsuccessful in discovering his whereabouts. The united police of Drogheda and Mell Stations, under arms, have made a thorough search in various premises throughout the town, including those of his bailsmen and his father. In the house of the latter, some delay having occurred in opening the room doors, they were, I understand, broken in, the police being determined that nothing should mar their efforts to secure him. Rumors of a reward being offered for his apprehension were freely circulated, but his arrest is not considered of such importance at headquarters. John Henry McCabe, a reporter, who was taken into custody on the same day as Nugent, is at present confined in the Drogheda jail, this being his second arrest and commitment. His friends are allowed to see him three-times a week, a turnkey being present; and they are exerting themselves to obtain his release from custody by a memorial and solemn declaration made by the prisoner before the Mayor, in which he avers that never, since the period of his first arrest, had he any connection with the Fenian conspiracy; that his visits to Dublin, which are supposed to have given rise to suspicion, were purely of a domestic nature; and that he has not the slightest intention of ever taking part in any movement for the overthrow of the Queen's Government in this country.—No other arrests or discoveries of any kind have taken place in this town; so that Drogheda appears to have preserved its good character in the matter of Fenianism as in everything else.

A stranger of suspicious appearance was noticed by two policemen standing idly at the corner of a street in Clonmel. They questioned him, and he bolted, but was overtaken, and a pistol and ammunition got in his pockets, together with a blue velvet cap, with gold lace trimmings, bordered with shamrocks. He resisted violently, and sought to get free the pistol, but was overpowered. When brought before the magistrates, he gave such absurd answers to every question, that he appeared to be a fool, but the magistrates suspected he is shamming. He gave the name of John Rabilly, said he was a tailor, and worked in Limerick and Tipperary, in both of which 'they do say there are people they call Fenians,' but he didn't know what that meant. He also said he was terribly afraid of the Fenians. When asked—'What he wanted of a pistol, and powder, and ball?' he answered—'Begor, sir, I does be practising along the road.' 'Practising at what?' 'Begor, meself don't know.' He was remanded.—Munster News.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Patrick Furlong, tailor, being in bad health, was on Sunday morning discharged from our prison, without bail; and on Monday Mr. Edward Kenny, pig-dealer, was also discharged, on his own security of £100, with two bails of £50 each. Mr. Joseph Hyland, who had served as a captain in the American army, and was the first arrested in this city after the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, when he was in the act of leaving this city in the Milford steamer, was escorted on Wednesday last by a large force of police from the jail to the railway station, from whence he proceeded by train, accompanied by a 'guard of honor,' consisting of Head Constable Barry and Sub-Constable Huggins, whose duty it was to see him on board a steamer at Queenstown on yesterday, bound for America, which were the conditions imposed on his liberation. There still remain in prison Messrs. Thomas Whittle, Dunmore; Laurence Maher, Waterford; Patrick Sutton, Tipperary; Thomas Brien, and James Hurley. An order was yesterday received in town for discharge of Hurley, if he enter into bail. Mr. Dillon has been removed to Dublin. We understand a memorial has been got up in his favor.—As the Irish vote recently saved the Government and kept out Whiteside, who, no doubt, would keep in the prisoners as long as he could, we think Government would perform a still more graceful act by discharging the whole of the prisoners on finding securities. At all events, it would be ingratitude on our part to forget the friendly disposition of Mr. Lawson and Mr. Barry, towards the Waterford men, especially brought under their notice by the many influential friends of the prisoners, including Sir H. W. Barron, M. P.; Mr. Blake, M. P.; the High Sheriff, Ald. Deany, J. P.; Dr. John Mackay, J. P.; Captain Johnson, J. P., &c.—Waterford News.

We regret to hear from correspondents in Down Antrim, Armagh, and Tyrone, that the appearance of the flax crop is very backward this season. This may be said of other crops also, in a more or less degree, as the plant or seed is more or less tender, and calculated to be affected by the very severe frosts which prevailed, not only during the month of April, but which have continued up to the present time. We have heard of several cases of this crop having been destroyed by what is understood as the 'fly'; and several farmers, whose crops braided well have reported to us that they have gone back—most unaccountably, as they thought, but, on examining, they found the leaf eaten up by the fly. There have been many complaints sent to us of the dull growth of seed.

Many attribute this to a bad quality of it. Now this cannot be said to be correct, as the coldness of the ground or the want of either moisture or heat in the atmosphere, would appear to be a sufficient cause; and in such cases it may be, and we hope will be, found that with increased moisture and heat this backwardness will soon disappear. We also hear that some flaxseed, sown on the faith that it was all good, has turned out the contrary; and cases have been reported to us of seed never having even budded, although sold for new or one year old seed. Any person in the trade knows that one year old seed, well preserved, is quite safe to sow.

It is still hoped that with heat and moisture things may improve; but the ravages of the fly are certainly very serious, several fields having been almost devoured. One very notable instance has been brought under our notice in the neighbourhood of Dunganon, where a field of several acres has been eaten to a stubble. It is said that strewing salt over the ground is a good remedy against this fly.— Belfast News.

GREAT BRITAIN.

TRACTS OF THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE.—The Protestant Alliance is circulating tracts, and is otherwise buying itself in order to baffle the wise and just provision of the Legislature, which concedes to Roman Catholic papers and prisoners the ministrations of their own clergy in our workhouses and gaols.—The Protestant Alliance attempts to show that, in proportion to its numbers, the Roman Catholic population of England is more criminal than the Protestants, and maintains that this fact results entirely from the depravation and evil teaching of the Roman Catholic priesthood. We fear, however, that religion has, in reality, but little to do with the matter, and that in whichever population there is most poverty, there will always be most crime. We are told, in the tract lately published by the Protestant Alliance, that out of 443,874 souls in Liverpool, 150,000 are Roman Catholics; and 293,874 Protestants, and that, nevertheless, in 1864 5,821 Catholics, and but 4,092 Protestants were committed to Liver-

pool gaol. From these statistics the Protestant Alliance deduces that the teaching of the Roman Catholic clergy in Liverpool must be terribly pernicious, and that it ought consequently to be forbidden in the workhouses and gaols of Lancashire, and, indeed, all over the Kingdom. But the Protestant Alliance blinks the very important point that the Roman Catholic population of Liverpool consists almost exclusively of the very lowest and poorest class of Irish, and that it is therefore inevitable that there should be amongst them more crime than amongst their wealthier Protestant fellow-townsmen. The Protestant Alliance then gives a return of the Roman Catholic prisoners in every gaol in England in Jan., 1862, showing the number who had voluntarily desired permission to see their priest during the three months preceding that date. By this return it appears that out of 2,622 Roman Catholic prisoners about one-third had voluntarily sought the consolations of religion; and the Protestant Alliance thence infers that Roman Catholics in general are indifferent, and even hostile to the ministrations of their own priesthood. But the society does not give a similar return of the cravings of Protestant crime for religious consolation under similar circumstances, for the excellent reason that Protestant criminals are allowed no option in the matter, but are visited by the chaplain whether they wish for his presence or not; it being very reasonably held that those who require religious instruction most are precisely those who are least likely to seek for it. Anything more illiberal or disingenuous than this tract of the Protestant Alliance we have seldom seen; as Jesuitical is it in its tone and reasoning, that it might have been composed by Father Whalley and edited by Father Newdegate. As to the correctness of its statistics, we do not think it worth while to inquire.— Pall Mall Gazette.

THE REVOCATION BILL.—This Bill is beaten, and the real point is whether it would be wiser for the Liberal chiefs to withdraw it or resign. The tactics of the Tories are deserving of severe reprobation. Not content with resisting the Bill, which is not only just, but in our judgment wise, and delaying it, which is allowed by the understood rules of political warfare, endeavouring to stifle it with 'improvements' in which they do not themselves believe, which is dishonest. They resist the grouping for example, by a proposal which, if carried, would gut the counties of Liberal voters, and hand those seats over to men who believe that God revealed agriculture and the Devil invented trade. They support an educational suffrage which would speedily become universal, because they hope if Mr. Gladstone's plan is carried that of the Government will be so weighted that both will fail to the ground. The idea on Monday was even more tricky than that. You may sometimes meet a man who has a special spite at clergymen, and who, whenever a priest gives an opinion, produces a text to which at first sight the opinion seems opposed. If the vicar is a rector he smiles, pardons the ignorance of his lay opponent, and goes on all the more tranquilly, but it he is a curate he is done. He has not the nerve to expose his opponent and usually subsides with an expression of respect for the 'argument' into a *tele-tele* with the nearest being in music. Sir R. Knightly treated the Government on Monday as if the Cabinet had been curates. He demanded that it should be an instruction to the Committee to include in the Reform Bill a provision against corruption. Of course Government were argumentatively powerless. They could say, that a Reform Bill was not the place for penal clauses against bribery any more than for the Apostles' Creed, but they were obliged to profess that bribery was a constitutional nuisance, to be put down as effectually as human nature would allow. They were compelled to be reverential in words, and therefore to rely on force, and some of their own soldiers took the opportunity of deserting. They dared not vote against Reform but what is a dissenting voter to do when told that the Liberal candidate has deserted his party only to protect the secret principle of purity of election? It was a safe dodge, and dodged accordingly. Mr. Gladstone met cleverly by professing readiness to consider the practical measure which Sir R. Knightly—doubtless had prepared, but the defeat revealed the temper of the House. The Tories meant to defeat the Bill and too many Whigs were ready to join them, if only a fair excuse could be discovered. Now, for not doing what ought to be done there are always fair excuses and so at some stage or other the Bill may be accepted as doomed. It may be on Captain Hayter's motion, which is merely an 'own true' assertion of the general credence of one of the clumsiest efforts to do a right thing ever made in Parliament, and which will bind together every section of the great party of discontents. It may also be on some new point, say, for example, that Reform is inexpedient during a Continental war, or the end may be effected simply by delay, but effected it will be.—The inner feeling of the majority is against the Bill, and when that is the case nothing but political necessity, or a surge of popular feeling, ever carries a Bill through. In this case the political necessity is not an immediate one and of popular feeling in its favour there is not a trace. It has not an enthusiastic friend in England. No non-electors has got drunk in the fervour of his effort to make it clear, nobody's head has been broken because he was not sufficiently ardent in its support. The Bill will die and Her Majesty's Government have probably by this time decided whether to give it up or die fighting hard.—Spectator.

We may notice, *en passant*, a rumor which, after haunting literary circles for a time, finally found expression in the *London Review* of Saturday. It is to the effect that the author of 'Ecce Homo' is no other than the Emperor of the French. The book, it is contended, is a translation—a not very plausible or probable hypothesis.—Tablet.

The Rev. Dr. Stanley, Protestant Bishop of Honolulu says that the result of the teaching of the American Board of Missions there has rendered the natives ten times worse than they were under the heathen system.—Exchange.

The fact is no news, but its admission by a Protestant Missionary is worth noting.—Pittsburg Catholic.

There is a feeling that this war, if once begun will assume a revolutionary character. If these millions of men meet in conflict, thrones will not remain where they are. German, Italian, Magyar, Czech, and Pole will be moved as they never were moved before. Such convulsions may be inevitable in the progress of nations, but they are not pleasing to Emperors and Kings. The position the masses have taken in these countries, the intense interest of all classes the enthusiasm of one country, the indignation of another, and the proof which has been given that if the Sovereigns raise a tempest they will not be able to lay it, must have its effect upon every wise Ruler, however exalted his rank and extensive his power.—Times.

Father Whalley, although slightly embarrassed at the disclosure insidiously made by Father Newdegate of his real position in the Church of Rome, does not seem discouraged by it. The reverend gentleman has given notice of a motion for a committee to inquire into the Fenian movement, with the ostensible object of proving that the Pope is the Head Centre of all evils in Ireland, but really with the object of casting ridicule on the over-zealous Protestants who persecute his Holiness. The *Weekly Register*, a Roman Catholic organ, frankly admits that the RR. PP. S. J. Whalley and Newdegate are wolves in sheep's clothing, and expresses its surprise that the fact of the former gentleman's last election at Peterborough having been carried by Roman Catholic votes, coupled with his previous career in Parliament, did not sooner betray the trick which has been played by the Vatican on Exeter Hall. On Friday night, when Father Whalley's motion was to have come on, the House was counted out.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE ART OF KILLING.—While everything around us, says the *Temps*, has progressed, the art of killing our fellow-creatures seems alone to have remained immovable during the last century. In the time of Marshal Saxe each man that was killed in battle represented a quantity of bullets equal to his own weight. Notwithstanding the invention of rifled guns the proportion remains about the same.—At Solferino, for example, the Austrians fired 8,400,000 musket shots, while the number of killed among the French was but 2,000, and of the wounded 10,000. Thus a man was hit every 700 shots, and one killed every 4,200.

In 1848-9 we had the Italian and Hungarian wars, and the battles of the Revolution in Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Prague, Rome, Sicily, Milan, &c.—In 1854-5 we had the Russian war. In 1849 the Italian war, and since then the Polish and the Danish wars, but it has been felt throughout that each of these was but a precursor of the Great War that had to come; that none of them had settled anything, and that when each of them ended, the day of reckoning had only been postponed. At this moment, appearances seem to indicate that the great crash is close at hand, though the next few months may show that after all the expectation that the drama had arrived at the catastrophe was only one more mistake. But if any faith be due to all that is daily printed and published it would scarcely seem possible that Italy should now be able to draw back from war with Austria, without an internal convulsion which would shatter the kingdom of the Piedmontese usurper. The Italians have already paid no inconsiderable penalty for their crimes since 1850; but unless the precedents of history are to be reversed, they have yet to suffer far more than they have suffered yet. At present they are described as in a state of wild excitement, longing to fling themselves against the Austrian armies and fortresses, and quite beyond control. Nothing that can happen to them will be too bad for their deserts, and every honest man to whom right and justice are sacred will feel relieved and comforted to learn that they have had an ignominious drubbing.—Tablet.

UNITED STATES

ORDER BY GENERAL MEADE.—General Meade has issued the following order at Malone:—

"All persons assembled at this place in connection with, and in aid of the Fenian organisation for the purpose of invading Canada are hereby ordered, in compliance with the President's Proclamation, to desert from their enterprise and disband. The men of the expeditionary force will, on application to the officer in command of the United States forces, on giving their names and residences, and satisfying him that they are unable to provide their own transportation, be provided with transportation to their homes; and all officers below the rank of field officers, who are unable to provide their own transportation, on giving their parole to abandon the enterprise, will be enabled to return to their homes;—officers above the rank of field officers will be required to give such bonds as may be satisfactory to the civil authorities; it being the determination of the United States Government to preserve neutrality, and the most stringent measures having been taken to prevent all accessions of men and material, the Commanding General trusts that these liberal offers will have the effect of causing the expedition now hopeless, to be quietly and peaceably abandoned;—and he confidently expects that all those who have any respect for the authority of the United States, will conform to the requirements of the President's Proclamation; and of this, which, if not promptly obeyed, a sufficient force will be brought to bear to compel obedience.

(Signed) GEO. H. MEADE, Major General U. S. A.

GENERAL ORDER.

Headquarters Army of Ireland: St. Albans, Vt., June 9, 1866.

To the Senior Officer with the Troops of the Army of Ireland, at Malone, Potsdam, and elsewhere

Sir,—In view of the President's proclamation and the stringent measures adopted by the U. S. authorities, to prevent reinforcements and supplies reaching our forces on the frontier, and destitute as we are of war material, and not likely to obtain any under present circumstances, the General commanding the Army of Ireland instructs me to inform you that he considers it his duty to direct you to avail yourself of the United States Government to furnish transportation for your officers and men to their respective homes, as the object of the expedition cannot be accomplished at present. The General feels certain that the soldiers of your command will continue to deserve the high character for good conduct now awarded them by the people of the United States.

JOHN MERRILL, Col. of Engineers and Chief of Staff.

The arrest of General Sweeney at St. Albans is significant.—It is what French novelists are wont to call 'the beginning of the end.' The Fenian army is encamped along the line of the frontier, the men sheltered in barns and outhouses, subsisting poorly enough on the charity of the farmers. The general-in-chief of the Irish army, having ministered to his hunger and thirst at the well appointed table of the principal hotel at St. Albans, retires to his comfortable room and lies down to pleasant dreams. This is his idea of war. At midnight his slumbers are disturbed by the officials of the United States, who enter not rudely, we will presume, but with suave politeness, and seize upon the sleeping warrior. He becomes their prisoner without resistance. Roberts, the president of the embryo republic, meets with a similar fate at New York, and is sent to Fort Lafayette or some other equally safe place of confinement. These events may be counted as the very deep and palpable shadow of the approaching retreat of the Fenians. They may as well lay down their arms and return home by the next train. The Canadians have now had ample time to concentrate their forces at the threatened points, and, warned by spies, to guard every approach to Montreal or Toronto. The invaders, so called, half-fed and half-armed, their leader literally 'caught napping' and bagged, have now not the slightest hope of success and the truth must soon be forced on sanguine minds. It was undoubtedly the wisest plan for Sweeney and Roberts to allow themselves to be caught.—Boston Advertiser.

The New York Herald says:—The Canadian campaign of the Fenians is ended. The expeditionary forces, baffled and disappointed at every turn, demoralized and disheartened, have been recalled, disbanded and dispersed. It adds:—The question now seems, what becomes of Fenianism? The O'Mahony wing failed at Campello, the Roberts-Sweeney wing failed in a more extensive military adventure for an Irish base of operations on this side the Atlantic, and now there only remains untried the plan of Stephens, the O. O. I. R., and his men in the gap? O'Mahony has fallen under a cloud, Killian has been killed off, Sweeney has collapsed, Spear has retired in disgust, and now Stephens looms up again as the Head Centre. What chance is there for Stephens just now? None. Between the O'Mahony and Roberts Fenians the American field of Irish patriotism has been pretty thoroughly harvested for the present. Hardworking Irish Americans will probably now think it better to send on to Ireland the funds they can spare to assist in bringing to the country the members of their families still left behind, than to contribute any more money to these Fenian adventurers.

It is announced from Washington that the investigations of Assistant Secretary Oshandler have disclosed the startling fact that the United States Treasury has been defrauded of more than one hundred millions of dollars during the past year! These frauds involve military and civil officials at the South. These men are not Southerners.



The True Witness.

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

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 22.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JUNE—1866.

Friday, 22—St. Bernardin de Sienna, O.  
 Saturday, 23—Vig. Ste. M.M. de P. V.  
 Sunday, 24—Fifth after Pentecost. St. John Baptist  
 Monday, 25—St. William, C.  
 Tuesday, 26—St. John and Paul, M. M.  
 Wednesday, 27—Of the Octave.  
 Thursday, 28—St. Leon, P. East. Vig. St. Peter and Paul, St. Leo.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Any hopes of the preservation of peace in Europe, that the announcement of the consent of Austria to take part in the Conference may have given birth to, have been rudely dissipated by the reports brought to our shores by the steamer *City of Paris*. The idea of a Conference, owing to the determination expressed by Austria to make no concessions on the Venetian question, has been abandoned; and there is nothing now to be done but to refer the matter in dispute to the arbitration of the sword. Perhaps at this moment the bloody struggle has actually commenced; and a war, exceeding in magnitude even the Napoleonic wars, and in savage fury those of the French Revolution, may, as we write, have broken out in Central Europe.—What part Louis Napoleon will play is not certain; but we may be sure that when hard blows are being exchanged, he will be as busy as a certain unmentionable personage is said, by sailors, to be in a gale of wind.

The debates on the Reform Bill in the Imperial Parliament continue to drag their slow length along. Warmly opposed in the House, and but coldly supported out of doors, it is yet very doubtful whether the Gladstone Cabinet will be able to carry their measure. We are happy to learn that the rinderpest is not spreading in Ireland.

The effective though tardy action of the United States authorities has greatly disappointed and discouraged the Roberts-Sweeney section of the Fenians: and though the Resolutions for the repeal of the neutrality laws, moved, and apparently well looked upon, in the House of Representatives, had the effect of keeping up their spirits for a season, and of encouraging a gang of them to hang about Buffalo, Mr. Roberts, who also is a President in the United States, if not of the United States, has after the fashion of his brother and colleague at Washington, issued a Proclamation calling upon the Brotherhood to return home for the present. It must be confessed that this *imperium in imperio*, this double government is not calculated to impress outsiders with a very favorable opinion of the political system of our republican neighbors.—Though in physics the axiom is still believed to hold good that two different bodies cannot be in one and the same place at the same time, it seems that the axiom does not apply to the political order of the United States; for therein we see in one and the same State, and at the same time, two different Senates, and two Presidents issuing official Proclamations, and each holding, or pretending to hold, in his hands the issues of peace and war. President Roberts is, in fact, in some respects, a greater power in the United States, than is President Johnson.

The Volunteers have for the most part been recalled from the frontier, there being no longer any pressing call for their services. A few, very few arrests have taken place under the extraordinary powers lately conferred upon Government by the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act.—We may hope that now the excitement is over, business will return to its former channels, and flow as freely as ever. The accounts of the crops in the West are more favorable, the late rains having given them a fine start.

We are happy to have it in our power to state that the health of his Lordship the Bishop of Montreal has so much improved that he will be able, in a few days, to commence his usual Episcopal visits to the different Parishes of his Diocese.

His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston has issued the following Circular to the Clergy of his diocese:—

Kingston, June 7, 1866.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—We are now passing through difficult times, and it is necessary for the good of the people and the interests of religion that the teachings of the Catholic Church on the duties of subjects should be clearly understood by all.

You will please on next Sunday speak to the people on this subject; make known to them the duties which they owe to the government under which we live, and earnestly exhort them to fulfil those duties with alacrity and zeal.

At a moment like this when the country is invaded by a horde of lawless men, who turn a deaf ear to the warning voice of the Church, and are determined on carrying out their mad projects by blood and carnage, it becomes the duty of every good citizen and true Catholic to stand by the government, and support it at any cost that may be required.

I remain, very truly yours,  
 E. J. Bp. of Kingston.

We should not be surprised at, however much we might regret, a fresh outbreak in the Northern States of the "Know-Nothing" movement; and the consequent social persecution of the Irish, of whom some are indeed doing their best to provoke these things, by their conduct and language.

Know-Nothingism was organized, and justified on the plea that the naturalised citizens of Irish origin in the United States rendered but a half, or imperfect secular allegiance to their adopted country; that in consequence, they were not entitled to the same consideration from the Government, or to the same political privileges, as were native-born United States citizens, whose secular allegiance was given whole and without reserve, to their native country. Were the premises true in fact, the consequences, however injurious to the adopted citizens, would be perfectly legitimate: and it is therefore of supreme importance to the Irish in the United States, who by taking the oath of allegiance have become citizens of those States, that they furnish by their words and actions, an emphatic refutation of the obnoxious premises.

Certainly there can be no two opinions amongst honest and intelligent men, who understand the nature and obligations of an oath, as to the duties which an oath of allegiance imposes on him who takes it. The man, no matter what his origin, who voluntarily makes the United States or any other country his home, who voluntarily takes the oath of allegiance thereunto, and who thereupon in virtue of that oath, receives all the legal and political privileges of a native-born citizen of that country, is in conscience bound to render to that country his full and undivided secular allegiance. It has the first claims on his obedience and on his affections; its secular interests, and its secular interests alone, he is bound to consult in all his political acts; and if he avail himself of the legal and political privileges which his new status of adopted citizen confers upon him, with a view to the promoting of the secular interests, not of the country which has adopted him, and to which he has sworn allegiance, but of the land of his birth, he acts the part of a perjured knave; and approves himself unworthy of being placed on a footing of legal, political, and social equality with those native citizens, who owe no secular allegiance to, who recognise no secular duties towards, any country other than that of which they are the native born citizens.

Now, it is unfortunately only too true, that amongst the adopted citizens of the United States who have solemnly invoked the name of the Most High God as a witness to their sincerity, and have thereupon been admitted to the status of United States citizens, with all the rights and immunities of said citizenship, and who have consequently undertaken all its duties and obligations—there are some who, by their subsequent acts and words, proclaim that they have done so with a mental reservation; that, not the United States, but the land from which they came, has the first place in their hearts; that its secular interests, not those of the land of their adoption, and of which they are the sworn citizens, are uppermost in their affections.—These men, foolishly—and as dishonestly as foolishly—proclaim to the world that, in taking the oath of allegiance, and receiving in return the privilege of citizens of the United States, their chief object was to make a cat's-paw of the United States; to avail themselves of their newly acquired status, as a means towards forwarding, not the secular interests of the United States, but the secular interests of the land which they had left. This, we say, is dishonest, and foolish. Dishonest, because it shows that he who so acts has no sense of the binding force of an oath, and sticks not at perjury; foolish, because very justifiably it arouse the indignation of native born citizens, who have a natural and very justifiable disinclination to be used as tools, and object to see their country made a cat's-paw of, to get other men's chestnuts out of the fire.

This was the stronghold of "Know-Nothingism," and though in practise it was directed against Catholics, yet in theory it was primarily

directed against those adopted citizens who rendered only a half, or imperfect secular allegiance to the country which had received them as citizens. Now we say that we greatly fear that there is serious danger that this Know-Nothing movement will be revived against the citizens of Irish origin in the United States; and, accidentally, against the entire Catholic population, irrespective of their origin; and we feel that were such a movement to be inaugurated to-day, it would be impossible for the warmest friends of the Irish to deny that it had some solid basis to rest upon in Fenianism, and in the language and acts of the Fenians.

These men are for the most part citizens of the United States; bound therefore by oath to yield, in all secular matters, allegiance, whole and undivided, to the United States, and to renounce, in consequence, all claims of any other country to their secular allegiance; bound by oath to obey the laws of the said United States; bound by oath, in all their political or public acts, to consider U. States' interests, and those interests alone. No matter what the land of their birth, it has ceased to have any claims over them which can be permitted for one moment to come in competition with the claims of their adopted country, or rather of the country which has adopted them; and though in the privacy of domestic life, the Irishman naturally and laudably feels his heart warm towards the land of his birth, yet in his public or political life, he is in conscience bound to remember that he is a citizen of the United States; and Ireland should then be to him, no more than a geographical expression, such as France or Sicily. If the Irishman feels that this cannot be: that Ireland must ever be his country, must ever hold the first place in his affection, and must ever have the prior claim on his allegiance, then if he be an honest man, if he fear God, and scruple at taking His Holy name in vain, he will never, under any circumstances, take the oath of allegiance to any Government, to any country, save that of Ireland.

But the Fenians openly profess that, though by taking the prescribed oath of allegiance, they have been invested with all the advantages of the United States citizen, they are not prepared to discharge all the duties or fulfil all the obligations of United States citizens. They ostentatiously violate the laws of the land, made known to them by Proclamation of the Government; they seek to embroil the United States in a war, which, without undervaluing the skill, staunch courage, and numbers of the army and navy of the United States, would most certainly inflict much suffering on the people, do much injury to the commerce of the United States; and they do this, not under the idea that by so doing they are promoting the honor and secular interests of their adopted land; but, wholly and solely, with the view of forwarding the interests, as they conceive them, of Ireland.

These are the facts of the case; these are the premises from which "native Americans" conclude, unfortunately only too logically, to Know-Nothingism, with all its bigotry, and social persecution, not of Irish Catholics only, but of all Catholics. And so it ever must be so long as of their own choice, Irishmen, the naturalised and sworn citizens of the United States, remain an alien or heterogeneous element in the said States incapable of political absorption and assimilation: so long as they, or as any portion of them, declare by their acts and language their insensibility to the axiom that rights and duties are, strictly reciprocal; and that he who will not perform the one, has no claim to the enjoyment of the other. It is true perhaps, that for a season, the people of the Northern States may coquet with Fenianism, dally with it, and encourage it as a thorn in the side of England; but the day will inevitably come, and is not far off, when Fenianism and the Fenians, having served their turn will be discarded; and when the entire population of Irish origin, most unjustly confounded with the Fenians, will be again subjected to a cruel political, religious and social persecution from the very men who to-day are most forward in cheering them on to Canada, and loudest in inciting them to violate the laws of the United States.—The Fenians may, in their folly, and their self-complacency, fondly imagine that they are making the natives their tools; but they will ere long be rudely awakened from their pleasant dream, and will find out when repentance is too late and useless, that they themselves have been tools, and the dupes.

The Catholic community, and the Catholics of Ireland will be glad to learn that the Right Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, has received the Cardinal's Hat from Rome. His Grace is the first Irish Prelate ever raised to this dignity.

DOWNED.—A son of Mr. Alexander Dear, 53 Prince's street, is supposed to have been drowned on Monday evening, in the river, near the City Baths. It appears that he left home in company with another boy and did not return. His companion reported that he had seen him near the Baths, but until the following day denied further knowledge of what became of him. Afterwards he said that the child fell accidentally into the river, uttered a cry to him to save or help him, was carried away by the current which is swift at the place, and sunk. Search has been made for the body hitherto without success; as it may be carried down the river, it is hoped that any information of a boy's body being found will be sent to the address above given.

HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON ON FENIANISM.—On Sunday the 10th, the Right Rev. Dr. Horan preached in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, a noble and most valuable sermon against Fenianism, taking his text from St. Matt. 22nd, 21st. We are indebted to a report in the Kingston Daily News for the annexed short, and, therefore, very imperfect report of His Lordship's discourse:—

He said that obedience to the laws and to the lawfully constituted authorities of the country was required of every man; and to uphold and maintain the government of the country was a duty which no good citizen would refuse to perform, more particularly when its institutions were sought to be overthrown, or its soil invaded. He deeply deplored the late wicked invasion of the country by a mob of marauders and freebooters, and much did he regret that the name of Ireland should have been invoked to plunder the peaceable citizens of a country that never did them or their country harm, but on the contrary afforded to thousands of Irishmen happy homes and free altars, and where civil and religious liberties—the pride of every true-hearted Canadian, whether by birth or adoption—were secured to them and their children. These marauders were not true sons of Ireland, for the people of that loved land had disowned them, and their organization. The Holy Father Pius IX had denounced them. The bishops and priests of both Ireland and America had denounced them. The Catholic church has expelled them from her fold, for the fact of belonging to a Fenian organization was of itself sufficient to cause them to be excommunicated. They were not Catholics, for they had neglected both her advice and her teachings. It was the first time that this Cathedral had been desecrated by having pronounced within its sacred walls the hated name of Fenian, and he trusted that it would be the last. It was unnecessary for him to inculcate loyalty to the throne and allegiance to the gracious lady that reigned over them; it was not only a duty but an injunction sacred in its observance. He hoped there was not a Fenian in this city or in all his diocese, and he believed that all the Catholics in it were prepared like men to strike in defence of their altars, their homes and their little ones. Sympathy was sought to be invoked for these dissolute men, on the ground that patriotism and not plunder was their object. Surely it was not love of Ireland that induced the Fenian circles to send emissaries amongst the Irish people, to endeavor to undermine their faith, and to teach them to disregard the counsel and advice of their pastors—a people singularly devoted and obedient to the voice of the minister of their holy religion. Was it sympathy for Ireland, or a detestation of the wrongs of her people, that influenced the pseudo patriots to rob the hard-working and honest sons and daughters of Ireland in America of their well earned dollars, in order that the leaders of this organization in debauchery and crime might injure this country? Surely it was not patriotism, but ruffianism of the most despicable character.—Was it not rapine and plunder that induced the Fenian horde to cross the Niagara river, and invade the homes of the peaceable inhabitants of that locality, and when resistance was offered, to shoot and slay the gallant defenders of the country, carrying sorrow and grief into many a Canadian home? Soldiers and volunteers, the Bishop said, this day do we invoke the blessing of heaven upon you, and may God give nerve and strength to your arms; and may God bless and preserve you. For it is you who are the true patriots, who in the performance of acts of heroism done in nobly defending your country's flag—that one deserving of applause—that flag that has been borne gallantly by Irishmen through many a well fought battle, and on many a victorious field in every quarter of the globe. It is Irishmen whose actions both in the field and in the council have helped to make England great and respected in every clime, and whose esoucheon was never tarnished by having in its ranks a recreant or a coward. The bishop concluded after inculcating at some length the moral duties of Catholics towards Protestants and towards each other, and enjoined peace, harmony and unity in the ranks of the people, at this hour of their country's trial; and said that when he met a volunteer soldier his heart warmed to him, for he knew what great sacrifices he had made in leaving his home to defend our homes and freedoms. The gallantry of the Canadian militia was a matter of history, their valor and their loyalty were undoubted, and deserved not only the praise of man but the sanction of heaven.

The pretended sympathy of the people of the Northern or New England States with Ireland, and their assumed indignation at the injustice with which that country has certainly been treated by Old England, strikes us as being not a little misplaced, or perhaps impudent would be a better word. The people of the Northern States of America are for the most part the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the inheritors of their religious and political principles; and whose acts they cannot therefore repudiate, without at the same time repudiating their parentage, and renouncing that descent from the Pilgrim Fathers which hitherto has been their proudest boast.—Who then were these Pilgrim Fathers? What their policy as towards Ireland when they were in power, and were able to reduce their peculiar theories as to civil and religious liberty to practise in Ireland?

The Pilgrim Fathers were the cream of the cream of that great party in England of which Oliver Cromwell was the hand, and William of Orange the head; of that party, in short, which devised and enforced all those monstrous Penal Laws against which, with true Puritanical hypocrisy, their descendants in New England protest, and declaim as the especial sin of their political opponents. In Massachusetts the memory of the stern soldier who presided over the massacre of Drogheda; who raised the cry against the Irish Papists of "To Hell, or Connaught;" whose ruthless and wholesale eviction of all the Irish landed proprietors lies at the root of all the subsequent agrarian disturbances in Ireland, and of the unhealthy relations still existing between owners and the cultivators of the soil of Ireland—yes, the memory of this Puritan soldier, of this representative man of the New England Pilgrim Fathers, is held in especial honor to this day. Is it not then an insult to common sense and to morality to find the same men professing indignation against the wrongs of Ireland—wrong of which their idol, their Joshua whom they still laud as the spoiler of the Canaanites, was the chief perpetrator?

William of Orange carried out the good work

in Ireland, commenced by Cromwell; and William is one of the British Sovereigns whom for this very reason, and as the Prince under whom Pilgrim Father religious and political principles were restored to the ascendant in Ireland, the children of those Pilgrim Fathers in New England delight to honor to this day.

We will not further enlarge upon the sickening hypocrisy of these men; but rather as they love Scripture—as their mouths are as full of texts as their own hearts are, as the hearts of their Pilgrim Fathers were, of venom against Irish Papists, we will refer them to Scripture for the faithful portraiture of themselves, drawn by the hand of the Great Master Himself:—

"Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous."  
 "And say—if we had been in the days of our Fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets."  
 "Wherefore ye be witness unto yourselves that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets."  
 "Fill ye up then the measure of your Fathers."  
 "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"—St. Matt. xxiii. 29, 33 verses.

The House of Representatives of the Congress of the Northern States, now sitting at Washington, gave the other day a striking proof of their animus as towards Canada and the Fenians.—One of their number, a Mr. Ancona, introduced a series of Resolutions, of which the burden was that the U. States municipal law of 1818, forbidding citizens of, and residents within, the U. States, to levy or make war upon countries with which the said States were at peace, should be repealed. A Mr. Skunk also moved a Resolution to the effect that the President should be requested to recognise the Fenians as belligerents, and to observe betwixt them and the British nation a strict neutrality. These Resolutions were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs; but a counter-Resolution to the effect that the honor and good faith of the United States demanded a vigorous enforcement of the neutrality laws, and that the House would entertain no proposal for their repeal, revision, or violation—was negated by a majority of 91 to 34.

That these Resolutions will be adopted by the Senate, that they will have any practical consequences, or that they are anything more than sheer buncombe—we cannot believe. If they are to be acted upon, the U. States take a very round about way of declaring war; for if they want war—and these Resolutions if acted upon by the Legislature and Executive would be a declaration of war—Great Britain though anxious for peace, will not balk them. Better then speak out at once, honestly and openly—than beat skulkingly round the bush. The Fenians are American citizens, resident in the U. States, subject to its laws; and if they be belligerents, then of course the country of which they are citizens, in which they reside, and to whose laws they are subject, is belligerent also. Do Messrs. Ancona and Skunk desire to place their country in this position with regard to Great Britain?

Nor do our wise-acres seem to be aware that, if they recognise the Fenians as belligerents, then, as there must be two to make a quarrel, there must be some other party whom they must recognise as belligerent. That party is England; and if she be a belligerent, then has she on the high seas all the rights of a belligerent, in the matter of searching merchant ships for contraband of war: a right which in their late contest with the South—the Northern States enjoyed because, and only because, Great Britain recognised the South as a belligerent. But for this recognition of the belligerent capacity of the South, the capacity of the Northern States as belligerent could never have been recognised; and consequently their right to blockade Southern ports, and to search merchant ships on the high seas for contraband of war, would never have been recognised; and yet but for this recognition, but for this cession of belligerent rights to the North, it is more than doubtful whether they would have been able to conquer their gallant but unfortunate opponents.

The fact is, that these motions, these Resolutions, and this vote of the Northern House of Representatives, are to be looked upon, until they are endorsed by the Senate and the Executive, as part of the buncombe to which every year the world is treated. Such conduct on the part of a British House of Commons would indeed be a most serious matter; but then, morally and socially, there is no point of similitude betwixt a British House of Commons, and such an assembly as that which sits at Washington. Of course there are in the United States Legislature and always have been, in the Senate especially, men illustrious by their talents and virtues, men who would shed lustre on any deliberative body in the world; but besides these, there are to be found therein a class of roughs or low rowdies, the very dregs or sweepings of society, who, owing to ultra-democracy, obtain admittance there, where, to use a nigger proverb, they are as much out of place as would be pig in the kingdom of heaven. It is from legislators of this stamp that these buncombe motions, motions made with a view to carrying favor with the lowest and most illiterate classes of the electoral body, proceed; and it would be the same in England if, unfortunately,



men of a similar stamp, socially, morally, and intellectually, could in any numbers find admission in the House of Commons—as, no doubt, they would, if England were cursed with universal suffrage, a cunning political device for putting almost the whole power of government and legislation into the hands of the most incompetent, intellectually—and morally, the most unworthy.

We anticipate, therefore, no immediate serious consequences from this action of the House of Representatives. The old experienced politicians of the United States who are used to buncombe will laugh at it: whilst all, without distinction of party, who, being men of honor themselves, feel sensitive on the question of national honor, will feel disgusted at it, and with the low political adventurers who, in so far as it is in their power to do so, have degraded the United States in the eyes of the civilized world.

Pic Nic.—We beg to inform the public that the Annual Monster Pic-Nic, in aid of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, will be held in Guilbeault's Gardens, on Wednesday, 4th of July, prox. It will be held, as usual, by the Trustees of the Asylum, assisted by the various Irish Societies, and by the leading members of the St. Patrick's, St. Ann's, and St. Bridget's congregations. The Committee on Games is busily engaged in preparing a most interesting and inviting programme; whilst the Masters of Ceremonies are determined to have everything connected with the mazes of the dance, with the magic "trip on the light fantastic toe" in a state of the very best perfection. The object of the Pic-Nic—the support of the Orphans—is the grand charity of the Irish people in Montreal.—Year after year have all denominations cheerfully rallied round these destitute little ones, thus cementing, by their presence and their aid, the bond of union that so happily binds all the members of our great social family together. We know that every thing will be done to entertain the visitors most agreeably, to make the day pass so as to leave behind an impress of satisfaction and pleasure. We have the fullest confidence that the views of the Trustees will be realized, and that the Pic-Nic will be a complete success.

It is asserted, in some quarters, that a point of law it about to be raised against the late Fenian Trials in Ireland. Should this be allowed, the verdicts will of course be set aside, and the Government will be obliged either to let the prisoners go free, or to put them on their trial again.

We believe that were the Fenian agitation at an end, there would be no desire to press the case against the unfortunate and misguided men who have made themselves amenable to the laws of the land; but so long as the Government shall have reason to fear fresh disturbances, either at home or abroad, so long will it be impossible for its however well inclined, to relax its severity, or to extend leniency towards the prisoners. Every threat, every blustering word from Fenians on this side of the Atlantic, who have taken the precaution to keep out of harm's way, can but aggravate the lot of Mr. Luby and his fellow-prisoners, and determine the British Government to relax none of its measures of repression. On the other hand, if they who call themselves friends of Ireland were to manifest a disposition to rely solely upon constitutional action for a redress of Irish grievances, it is very probable that the sentences of last autumn would be greatly mitigated, and that ere long, the unhappy prisoners might be restored to liberty and their friends.

Certainly Canadian citizens may be excused for their error, if error there were, in deeming that the Fenian organisation was fostered by the U. States authorities, when we find the same thing broadly insinuated in such a journal as the N. Y. Tribune, the mouthpiece of Mr. H. Greely.—The Tribune thus expresses itself on the arrest of Sweeney and Roberts:—

We do not suppose Messrs. Roberts and Sweeney are any more enemies to-day than they were a month ago, nor that the Government is now in possession of any information which had not, in substance, been communicated to it before a blow was struck. If the Fenians are guilty now, they were guilty then, and we are at a loss to know why the interposition of our Government should not have occurred before this enterprise had culminated, and before that outbreak of hostilities which a word from President Johnson to those who conspired him might have prevented. There certainly was no Fenian leader so mad as to suppose that he could conquer Canada plus the United States; nor any leader who would have put his own reputation and the lives of his followers at risk if he had not believed that this Government would confine its opposition within the rigorous limits of the law. That Messrs. Roberts and Sweeney are under arrest to-day is only an evidence that they placed too much reliance on what they were led to suppose would be the policy of the Government.

Though as a common place, in which stump orators much delight, it is theoretically assumed that ignorance and immorality stand to one another in the relation of cause and effect, and that secular education is the best preservative against crime; yet when it is proposed to reduce the theory to practice, it is quickly discovered that, as a theory it is false, and as the saying is, will not hold water. So, for instance on the recent debates in the British House of Commons on a plan

by Mr. Clay for conferring a fancy, or educational franchise on all persons possessed of a certain amount of secular education, the London Times takes strong grounds in opposition, upon the fact, "that the literary qualification would not be found to tally with the moral qualification quite so invariably as could be wished." Indeed the Times goes on to argue that this educational test would have the effect of admitting the worst rogues to the enjoyment of political power, from participation in which the best and most honest laborers would be excluded:—

"There are not a few parishes in the Kingdom where Mr. Clay's Bill would enfranchise the worst rogues, and leave the best and most honest laborers, and their masters sometimes, out of the pale. This would not be the way to win respect for the Constitution, and strengthen its moral basis."—Times.

We have good authority then for arguing that secular education is no promoter of morality; and that there is no necessary connection betwixt crime and ignorance, as some philanthropists foolishly pretend.

A Special Correspondent of the Montreal Herald, who visited the scene of the late Fenian raid at Pigeon Hill, gives an account of the behavior of the marauders; from which it is pretty clear that they were in great part composed of the worst part of the criminal population of the Northern States, such as discharged convicts from the Penitentiary, professional thieves, and jail birds generally. In their brutality they spared neither the property, nor the persons of the unarmed. They regarded neither sex nor age; men and women were alike insulted and ill treated, and the brute cruelty of the invading horde extended itself even to the dumb animals. We give the words of the Herald's correspondent:—

The camp at Eccles Corner was well adapted for purposes of plunder. Within a few hundred yards of the line the road rises to the summit of a pretty steep pitch, the ground for a short way north being level and rather falling off. To the left of this was the real camp, a round topped hill commanding the road to Cook's Corners and Freilighsburg, as well as the road to Pigeon Hill. Although the brigades had stolen a considerable quantity of tools, saws, planes, axes, &c., they did not appear to have had brains enough or handiness enough to make up a single place to shelter them from the heavy rains, if we accept a few fence rails thrown over one another without even the merit of being so laid that the one rail would break joint with the other and secure some shelter. They lie there still as the Fenians have left them, more like the stupid half reasoning act of gorillas than of human beings. These dens are to be found scattered through the woods, and although some of the leaders chose a farm house occasionally for a sleeping place, yet it was evident they must have been in fear of being taken all the time, as they seldom slept far from the line. From this place, then, they sallied out in parties to rob and plunder, some going in one direction and some in another. Then they passed the word along of where the best fare was to be had. One man's house was called the house of milk and honey, another was recommended as a 'grate place entirely for cheese.' Here they had cleared out about 1200 pounds of new cheese in the course of a couple of days.—To give anything like a detailed account of all the acts of wanton and malicious mischief would be impossible, but a few in each place may be mentioned. At Pigeon Hill the shop of Mr. Oliver, at the time the troops entered on Saturday, was in a wretched plight. Boxes of eggs were lying strewn on the floor smashed, a box of tea had been thrown out, the show cases destroyed, and all the cloths taken from the shelves, hats either carried off or danced upon. Mr. Arno, who was left by Mr. Oliver in charge of the store, found a bayonet stuck three inches into the wood-work of the shop, so that it was with considerable difficulty he could get it out. All the spirits they could lay their hands on were carried off, and there must have been a strange mixture of the grotesque and the horrible in their drunken dances outside of the hotel—the one moment fighting and swearing at their leaders, the next falling into each other's arms and uttering out vows of love and friendship to each other. Some had put on little girls' sun bonnets, others straw hats much too small for them, and howling, yelling, screaming, swearing, fighting, drinking and stealing, a little drilling being tried occasionally, the Fenians contrived to make the neighbourhood rather hotter than was pleasant. Here they made Mr. Carpenter's hotel their headquarters, and compelled him or his housekeeper, Miss Ferguson, to provide everything for them. Miss Ferguson was the only woman who had remained in the village, and for aught she had endured the horrors of such scenes as were passing. Friday last was the day on which matters seemed to have reached their climax. They had been drilling and drinking alternately, and came in parties of ten or twelve demanding dinner and drink. By night they were very drunk; some were singing, some were quarrelling, and Mr. Carpenter wished Miss Ferguson to leave. The house was, however, surrounded, and it was as dangerous to go as to stay. She, however, managed to partially conceal herself, but the scoundrels having got up a demand for payment of a coat alleged to be left in the hotel, she was forced to come forward with the money. One of the fellows following her about she tried to fly, but he overtook her, pulled her hair down, nearly tore her clothes off, and struck her. The last she saw that night of Mr. Carpenter he was surrounded by four men with drawn swords threatening his life. After the soldiers came both returned. The prisoner who called himself Captain had come on the Friday and threatened Miss Ferguson's life if she did not find a saddle for him. She can swear to him positively. Mr. Rutter, an old gentleman, made himself into quite many men as each of the Fenians must be. He had on a red shirt, and seeing a number of the marauders coming, he popped up, was popped at, ducked down, and like a porpoise, appeared at another part of the fence. Another pop, another duck down, and he showed up still further on. He at last managed to get the tin horn used for calling to dinner, and giving or it a flourish like a bugle call, he blew them all away.

The appearance of the houses at Freilighsburg can scarcely be imagined. In the store of Mr. J. H. Smith all the show cases were destroyed, the drawers had been smashed in, the goods torn from the shelves and broad cloth and hats evidently danced upon from the state they were in. Every drawer had been pulled out, all eatables or drinkables either consumed or destroyed, the very trinkets, many of them of no great intrinsic value, but priceless to the owners as being the relics of deceased friends, had been stolen, and not a lock fast place was left unopened, and the windows were driven in, the doors smashed, and the most wanton and aimless destruction perpetrated.—The most disgusting part of the business was that the robbers had taken off their own ragged duds and left them, taking new clothing with them, taking every bit that would be likely to fit and destroying the others, and walking off with every boot and shoe. At Mr. Pattison's store, which is also the Post Office,

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

On Tuesday evening last week, the new and magnificent hall belonging to the Jesuit Fathers, in Bleury Street, was thronged by the elite of Montreal, to witness a theatrical exhibition given by the students of the above institution to their friends and the general public.

The play, entitled "A Family of Martyrs," was in Shakespearian verse, and the plot laid in the Christian Church. It was a drama of considerable merit, and the manner of its rendition was far from obscuring its intrinsic value. Its latent qualities and peculiar characteristics were fully brought and well sustained by the several young gentlemen who took part in it, amongst whom were distinguished MM. P. Kirwin, Bradley, Adolph E. Ronseault, Chas. Doucet, Leopold Galarneau, who discovered much talent for delineation, and a depth of pathos and tenderness in speaking the language of the soul, which gained for him the sympathy, and stirred the warmest emotions, of every breast; J. Joseph Fremont, a most interesting young gentleman of not more than eight summers, who delighted and surprised everybody by his manliness and the retentive powers of his memory; Bernard Maguire, a Pagan Pontiff, who spoke and acted as stoutly and defiantly as we may well suppose the despotic minister of "Olympian Jove" did in defense of the altars at which he, and his forefathers for countless generations before him, had worshipped in peace, when he beheld these altars about to be destroyed by the—to him—new and incomprehensible doctrine of Christianity.

The two principal roles were ably performed by Mr. Mulheron and Mr. Fox. The former of these gentlemen is now an old favorite with the public, and certainly his acting, in the present instance, if not superior, was nothing inferior, to his exertions, in a similar line, on any former occasion. He appeared fully to understand, and heartily to enter into the spirit of his piece, and, identifying himself with its minutest details and traits of character and feeling, showed that he was no mean adept in the histrionic art. This gentleman is blest, moreover, with the possession of a fine, deep, virile voice, well suited to the

destruction was particularly severe, probably on account of Mr. Pattison being an officer in the volunteers. There was a general rummage, everything was pulled off the shelves, clothes stolen, and cloth carried away, a couple of barrels of very filthy rags being left behind. All the hats disappeared except a few which were trampled on. All the umbrellas had been lifted as well as tobacco, sweeties, raisins and maple sugar. The Royal Arms were stuck up in the Post Office, and a fist had been driven through this, but otherwise the Lion and Unicorn had been unharmed. Every letter in the Post Office had been opened, and one fellow boasted at Cook's Corners that he had got a ten dollar bill out of it: "if he could make such another lick he would have enough to pay his passage home and would book it." The Post Office seal was stolen but recovered in possession of one of the prisoners. The shop of Mr. John Walker, who lately left Montreal to begin business in Freilighsburg, was savagely used, the very castor oil being taken away. Mr. E. S. Reynolds had his store in the same state, the show case being here left unbroken, the only instance of the kind, as the Fenians seemed to have a deadly hatred to show-cases and looking glasses. Mr. Parker, Collector of Customs, was threatened by Crawford, one of the prisoners, because he refused to give up the British flag. He was shot at, but escaped by a back window to the woods. He was robbed to some extent. Landberg, Holmes & Co., lost a good deal of property, as did the proprietor of the International Hotel. Mr. Wm. Baker had a young colt shot and left lying, and three shots were fired at Peleg Spencer. One of their places of call was the house of Mr. Lester Reynolds, who lives about a mile from the village. Here they would call 'in an aisy way,' and order breakfast, dinner, or 'tay' for a dozen or so. Besides enjoying his hospitality, they borrowed his money, destroyed his carpets, stole his horse, and did not leave a lock-fast place without smashing it to place without smashing it to pieces. All the linens and the best of the bedding have been carried away, besides all his personal clothing, except what he wore. Mr. O. S. Reynolds was treated in the same way, and some much prized family memorials which can never be replaced, were stolen or destroyed. A portrait of the Rev. Mr. Reid, late rector of St. Armand, was spit upon, and the frame and glass destroyed. A brood mare with her colt was brutally abused here, wounds being inflicted of a very severe nature. Mr. Kraus, from whom some cows had been stolen, got them back by paying \$5. As soon as he had paid the money, the savages set him with his back against the barn, and stabbed at the boards on each side of him with bayonets, trying how near they could come, and at last wound up by driving a bayonet into his breast, wounding him but not seriously.

At Cook's Corners, Mr. Charles Packham and his brother, who keeps the inn, remained still along with Mr. Tittlemore, the Postmaster, George and Nelson Vincent, and an old dyer named Butler.—These were the only men who remained while the robbers were present. Every house in this neighbourhood had been more or less destroyed, most damage being done where the owners were absent.—They shot a good many hogs that were in the feeding pens, and left them lying, destroyed quantities of sugar, butter and cheese, and killed a number of sheep. The postmaster was surrounded for more than an hour by a crowd of maddened drunkards, cursing, swearing, and threatening him to make him take the oath of allegiance to the Irish republic.—The Colonels and Majors of this crew of motley blackguards were about the biggest thieves of the lot. Once or twice they put on airs of honesty and pretended to pay for something they had taken, but as they walked out a couple of the meaner fry walked in and carried off what had been paid a minute before, and took more if they could get it. An attempt is now made to say that the great body of the gang were well disciplined, and that the disorders were committed by only a scum which always follows armed men. Whatever may have been the fighting material in this camp of blackguards, discipline there was none. The men coolly condemned the eyes of their officers if any orders were given, and when threatened with the Provost Marshal, they said what did they care about any man; they were citizens and could do as they liked. One American had remarked before the troops came to stop the row that "the Fenians had stood the British and American Governments and all the spies they could bring. He saw they had tackled Canadian whiskey and nothing could stand against it. He knew the thing was bust up when he saw old Sam Spears dragging himself across the line so drunk that he could scarcely crawl."

EXTRACT.

Fort Erie, June 7, 1866.

To Col. Lewry, Sir,—Yesterday, I proceeded in a small boat, in company with the Hon. F. N. Blake, U. S. Consul and Mr. E. Tupper, to the U. S. steamer Michigan, for the purpose of arresting certain parties accused of robbery and shooting with intent to kill in this village, on the morning of the 2d inst. Through the influence of the American Consul, we were received with every courtesy by the Captain and officers of the ship, and rendered every facility of arresting the guilty parties. Two of the parties being identified, were, after the usual formalities, handed over to the authorities of the State of New York, and lodged in the county jail, awaiting the requisition of the Canadian Government.

We also found a Canadian vessel which had been taken possession of by the Fenians on the night of the 1st instant. Through the prompt and decided action of the American Consul, the vessel was by the Captain of the Michigan, handed over to the Collector of Customs of this port for the benefit of her owners.

The Times adds:—Intelligence has been received to-day that the prisoners are to be given over to the Canadian authorities forthwith.

A woman in dark clothes was passing the road, near Pigeon Hill, at night, and was asked three times to stop by the sentries. Instead of doing so she ran off, and the sentries supposing her a Fenian, she was fired at and killed. No blame is attached to the sentries as the Fenians were throbout.

Mrs. Murphy in Quebec.—The Ottawa Times of the 4th inst. says:—The Government, actuated no doubt by a desire to remove Mr. Michael Murphy from scenes of danger and the turmoil of war, have provided him with safe quarters in the citadel of Quebec. The seeds which he has been so industriously sowing will in all probability prove to have been hemp seeds. Let us hope that he may reap the harvest and that right early. If our advice might be taken we would suggest that the last scene in his eventful career be in Toronto, and witnessed by the 'Queen's Own' and others, the murder of whose comrades he treacherously instigated.

grave personage he appeared in on this occasion, and can never fail to be interesting from the variety of his accents, the distinctness of his articulation, and the naturalness of his delivery.

Mr. Fox also deserves credit for his performance. As it was the first time we had the pleasure of witnessing his efforts on the "boards," we were immediately struck with the gracefulness and ease of his gesture, and the well-balanced and accomplished qualities from the outset; and his delivery of the prologue, a composition in rhyming verses, showed considerable proficiency in elocution, from the way he managed to keep the ever-recurring rhymes from falling monotonously on the ear with the sing-song drone common in less worthy hands than his. He was enabled to attain this most desirable end, by the elastic properties and richness of his vocalic modulations, the neatness of his emphasis, and the vigor and truthfulness of his gesticulation. With these shining attributes in his favor, it is not to be wondered at if Mr. Fox's acting was far above mediocrity, and deserving of the applauses it elicited, in common with Mr. Mulheron's execution, during the course of the evening's entertainment.

The music and singing were everything that could be desired—the playing of Sig. Baricelli and M. Jehu Prune, that of the latter especially, was masterly in the extreme. The proceedings of the evening terminated by the solemn strains of the national anthem, "God save the Queen," sung by the full force of the choir, with much feeling and effect.—Communicated.

A SLANDER REBUTED.—The St. Albans Messenger publishes the following:—Fairfield, Vt., June 8th, 1866.

To the Editors of the St. Albans Messenger. I have seen in the Messenger that I, the Catholic Priest of Fairfield, have entertained ten Fenians in my house. I beg leave to ask you to contradict that assertion as being entirely false, and without any foundation, inasmuch as I intend always to be true to the faith I profess, and as I am also a French Canadian, I am sincerely opposed to the lawless invasion of Canada by the Fenians.

Eoping that you will not refuse to publish this, my letter, I remain, Yours respectfully, Geo. N. CASSRY, Catholic Priest.

The Government have decided to proceed with local legislature schemes and other details of Confederation, and it is now certain the session will last several weeks—many say months.—Mont. Herald.

The Hamilton Times says:—Out of all the horde of cut-throat vagabonds captured by the United States steamer Michigan, two of the blackest villains that ever breathed the breath of life (and a fair sample of the rest) are likely to meet their merited punishment. Among the invading force were Sheldon Fairchild, and a notorious character known as "three-fingered Jack," both well known in Hamilton as professional thieves. The designs of this brace of worthies were of course nothing else than murder and plunder, and accompanied by a gang of the same ilk, during the affair at Ridgeway, they pillaged the store of Kirby & Rutherford and the proprietors narrowly escaped with their lives. Detective Armstrong, through whose efforts many more of the belated invaders, including a Fenian captain, have been secured, was enabled to identify the perpetrators of the outrage. The following report explains the circumstances of the capture:—

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ARREST OF SUSPECTED FENIANS.—Thomas Conlin, John Conlin, and Richard McGuire, were arrested at the Great Western Station, on Saturday afternoon, on information of one of the Ingersoll volunteers named Norman Malone, who recognized Thomas Conlin as a man whom he had seen in Detroit, and who there abused him and uttered Fenian sentiments. They all had through tickets for New York, where they intended to work.—On McGuire's person was found notice of a Fenian meeting. They were examined by the Mayor assisted by Aldermen Gleckmeyer, Christie and Partridge, Junr., and as nothing could be elicited sufficient to criminate them, they were discharged, over which they were very jubilant. There is no doubt they are either Fenians or strong Fenian sympathizers. They got a quiet hint to make a hasty skeddaddle from the city.—London Prototype.

We understand that lumbermen earn a distance of upwards of three hundred miles from the lumbering districts on the Upper Ottawa during the recent crisis for the purpose of offering their services to the Government.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Huntingdon, J. Murphy \$1; L'Assumption, P. Planagan, \$1; Cote St. Paul, P. Dunn, \$4; St. Eugene, J. B. Langlois, \$2; Lafontaine, Rev. L. Gibra, \$2; St. Sylvester, Rev. E. Safford, \$2; Maynooth, P. Moran, \$2.50; Grauby, W. Farley, \$1; Kennew B. Gillies, \$2. Per E. McQuirk, Peterboro.,—J. W. Fanning, \$1. M. McMartin, Ottonabee, \$2; T. McCabe, Ashburnham, \$1. Per P. Doyle, Hawkesbury Mills,—Self, \$1; P. Rodgers, \$1. Per J. Johnson, Whitby—Mrs. Kavanoy, \$1.

MARRIED. At the Parish Church of Notre Dame, on Wednesday, 13th inst., by the Rev. V. Sorin, Mr. Francis Duquet, of Montreal, to Louisa Maria, eldest daughter of Mr. Ernest Nightingale, of the Inland Revenue Department, and granddaughter of the late Sir Charles Nightingale, Bart., of Kneesworth Hall, Cambridgeshire, England.

DIED. On the 18th inst., at the residence of his brother-in-law, B. Bevilin Esq., James Hickey, aged 20 years. On Tuesday, June 18th, after a short illness, Marion M., infant daughter of Mr. Henry R. Gray, aged one year and eleven months.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, June 19, 1866. Flour—Pollards, \$4.30 to \$4.50; Middlings, \$5.00 to \$5.45; Fine, \$5.75 to \$5.80; Super., No. 2, \$6.10 to \$6.25; Superfine \$6.00 to \$7.00; Fancy \$7.50 to \$8.00 Extra, \$8.25 to \$8.75; Superior Extra \$9.00 to \$9.50; Bag Flour, \$3.00 to \$3.65 per 112 lbs. Eggs per doz, 00c to 00c. Tallow per lb, 00c to 00c. Butter, per lb.—New worth 15c to 18c, according to quality. Pork—Quiet; New Mess, \$24.50 to \$30.00; Prime Mess, \$21 to \$30.00; Prime, \$20.50 to \$30.00. Oatmeal per bbl of 200 lbs, \$4.50 to \$4.90. Wheat—U. C. Spring ex cars \$1.50. Ashes per 100 lbs, First Pot, at \$5.40 to \$5.42 1/2 Seconds, \$5.25 to \$5.00; First Peoria, \$8.15 to \$8.00 Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs. \$9.00 to \$10.50 Beef, live, per 100 lbs 8.00 to 10.00 Sheep, each, \$8.00 to \$12.00 Lamb, 2.50 to 4.00 Calves, each, \$3.50 to \$8.00

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

June 19, 1866. Flour, country, per quintal, 17 0 to 17 6 Oatmeal, do 11 0 to 11 6 Indian Meal, do 8 6 to 9 0 Wheat, per min., 0 0 to 0 0 Barley, do, per 50 lbs 3 4 to 3 6 Peas, do, 4 0 to 4 8 Oats, do, 1 10 to 2 0 Butter, fresh, per lb. 1 6 to 1 9 Do, salt do 1 1 to 1 2 Beans, small white, per min 0 0 to 0 0 Potatoes, per bag 3 3 to 3 6 Onions, per minot, 4 0 to 0 0 Beef, per lb 7 1/2 to 8 0 Pork, do 7 0 to 8 0 Mutton do 6 0 to 6 9 Lamb, per quarter 6 0 to 7 6 Lard, per lb 0 10 to 1 0 Eggs, fresh, per dozen 0 9 to 0 10

H. MCGILL & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PRODUCE, GROCERIES AND LIQUORS, YOUNG'S BUILDINGS, Nos. 86 and 88 McGill Street, and Nos. 99 and 101 Grey Nun Street, MONTREAL.

Consignments of Produce respectfully solicited, upon which liberal advances will be made.

FIRST CLASS STORAGE FOR GOODS IN BOND OR FREE.

REFERENCES: Messrs. H. L. South & Co. Messrs. Mulholland & Hon. L. Holton Baker. Messrs. Fitzpatrick & Moore. MONTREAL.

June 22, 1866. 12m.

A LADY wishes a situation as a resident Governess in a private family. Teaches English, French, and Music. Can give the best of references as to her character and capacity. No choice of place, whether in Canada or in the States. Apply to Mr. LaRoque, St. Hyacinthe, or to the True Witness, Montreal. June 21, 1866.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS KINGSTON O.W.

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

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

A large and well selected Library will be OPEN to the Pupils. TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st Sep mber, and ends on the First Thursday of July, July 21st 1861.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

It is fully confirmed that Austria, Prussia, Italy and the German Diet, have accepted the Conference. It will be represented by their ministers of Foreign Affairs, while the Diet has chosen Von Der Pfordern, Bavarian Minister of Foreign Affairs. The time of the meeting is not yet fixed, but Glarendon, Bismarck, and La Marmora, had officially announced that they would shortly arrive in Paris.

La Presse believes that Napoleon will preside with Drouyn de L'Hays, as second plenipotentiary. There were rumors of an understanding, if not alliance, between Austria and Prussia, to support the treaties of 1815. It is affirmed that Austria positively refused to entertain any project for the cession of Venetia, and had made over Holstein to the Germanic Confederation.

The Conference is looked forward to with intense anxiety, though there is not much hope of a successful issue. Meanwhile, some very significant words in the *Patrie* indicate what would be the conduct of the French Government in the event of the Plenipotentiaries failing to reconjunct rival pretensions, and settle pending questions. The French Government would then consider it its duty to take a decisive step; it would forthwith lay before the Legislative Chamber all it had done in view of peace, and call upon it for its co-operation.

If the necessity of a great demonstration in favour of the cause that is most just should appear, France could still by its influence prevent a European collision. Every one knows that, owing to the organization of our reserves, France could in four days put on a war footing 600,000 men, disciplined and equipped. This imposing force, armed not to undertake conquest, but to arrive at a prompt and efficacious solution, would augment the glory of the Empire without exposing it to the chances of a gigantic struggle.

This, in fact, is what everybody anticipated. It is a pity, however, that the semi-official journal does not even now tell us what is the cause which appears 'most just' in the eyes of the Emperor.

The Memorial Diplomatique says.

We have received from a source in which we have absolute confidence some detailed and authentic information concerning the arrangements which have been settled between General della Marmora and Count Bismarck in the event of hostilities taking place. It is important, in the first instance, to bear in mind that at the interview at Toplitz Klug William I. pledged his Royal word to Francis Joseph that Prussia would assist Austria in retaining Venetia if that province should be attacked by the troops of Victor Emmanuel. It is to this circumstance that must be attributed the rejoicing which has hitherto been shown by His Prussian Majesty to sign the treaty of alliance between Prussia and Italy prepared by Count Bismarck. The fact is that the arrangements in question have not yet received the form of a solemn instrument, but they are set forth in protocols and despatches, which are intended to be converted into a formal treaty. We may add that these arrangements have only been settled upon the supposition that Prussia or Italy would be attacked by Austria. Indeed, they were only agreed upon for a term of three months, which period is about to expire. It is for that reason that the Italian Government would have desired to provoke the commencement of hostilities before the 28th inst.—England, informed of this plan, has redoubled her efforts to insure the meeting of a Congress, or at least of a preliminary Conference, before Italy should be enabled, to raise the flames of war. In fact, there is every reason to believe that early in the next month the representatives of the neutral Powers, as well as those of the armed Powers will be able to commence their deliberations at Paris.

The Monitor of this day has the following:

Several foreign journals have put forth statements to the effect that there exists a secret treaty between France, Prussia, and Italy, by the terms of which Prussia engages in case of war to cede the Rhenish provinces to France, and Italy to yield the island of Sardinia. We have to declare that these suppositions are untrue on all points. The French Government has no engagements of any kind with foreign Powers.

THE EMPIRE IS PEACE.—The Constitutional of Thursday publishes an article, which may be taken as a supplement to the one which appeared in that journal on the previous day.

We showed yesterday that the policy of the Emperor's Government has always been of a pacific character, and that the initiative which it has just taken in the assembling of a Congress is but the logical consequence, or rather the regular continuation, of the same policy. We have a few remarks to make upon the character of this Conference. Every one knows that it will have for its special object the restoration of tranquillity to Europe, by seeking for the means of preserving peace. Nor is there any person who does not recognize the importance of such a mission, considering the preparations for war which are being pushed on with extreme energy, the various passions which have been excited, and the numerous interests which protest against a war, the proportions and effects of which would be terrible indeed. Nothing, then, is more natural than the anxiety with which public opinion is directed upon the scheme for a Conference, and with which it awaits the result of communications relating to that scheme which are passing between the neutral Powers, who are from this time agreed to accept it in principle. But we cannot observe without astonishment the levity with which certain journals speak of this projected Conference. They do not hesitate to prophesy by affirming beforehand its failure. According to their notions public opinion ought not in any way to trouble itself about any efforts that may be made to procure the assembling of a Conference; and even the Powers themselves who are making those efforts should not regard their enterprise in any serious light. These journals pretend not to see, despite all evidence, either facts or intentions. They will take no account of the grave conditions which have led to the suggestion of this scheme. It is France, as we have said, which has taken the initiative in it. Is, then, the agreement of these Great Powers to pass for nothing? Do we not all know the rank which each of these Powers holds, and the part which she plays in Europe? Is it not evident that their common action must add to the strength of each of them? And to speak, as we may be allowed to do, of France in particular, has she not to entitle her to the confidence of the friends of peace the authority of those precedents which we enumerated yesterday? She stood alone in the first instance in desiring the re-establishment of peace when she proposed it after the capture of Sebastopol to England and to Russia, and peace was restored. She alone saw with regret the war which was on the verge of breaking out between Prussia and Switzerland, and the war was avoided. Why should success be more impossible now, when France has England and Russia as associates in her work of European interest? Will she labour with less zeal and with fewer chances of success supported by such powerful co-operation? The union of the three great Governments gives to their action an immense force, without diminishing individually the duties they have taken upon themselves; and the responsibilities which they have consented to bear. Doubtless they have not pledged themselves to attain at any cost and by any means the object they have in view—the prevention of war. But they have pledged their honour to do, loyally and firmly, everything that is possible in performing the mission which they have voluntarily undertaken to obtain the result which they so earnestly desire. And let it not be said that France, England, and Russia themselves have little faith in a work which they have only commenced in order, as it

were, to ease their consciences. No; three Governments so highly placed in Europe, and disposing of such vast sources of influence, would not have entered upon a task so grave and so dear to many interests without being determined to employ all means likely to ensure success. For our part, we are convinced of it, and we do not hesitate to declare our conviction. The Courts of London and St. Petersburg, like the Government of the Emperor, sincerely desire the preservation of peace; and their union, which attests that desire, guarantees also the earnestness of their efforts to relieve Europe from the incalculable misfortunes which would ensue from the threatened war. Are we, then, to say that with this union and this zeal all difficulties and impossibilities have disappeared, and that success is certain? We would not create any such illusions. But we maintain with sincerity and with confidence that the assembly of a conference will introduce into the situation a new element which will greatly modify it, and which will oppose to the passions whose ardour causes the danger of war important efforts and serious chances for the maintenance of peace. We spoke just now of the new and considerable strength which the concurrence of England and Russia conferred upon the pacificatory action of France. The three Courts have the support of an alliance which adds immensely to their authority—it is that of unanimous populations and the general interests of Europe, which they represent.

The *Argus* states that it is possible the Conference may become a Congress, to which the other Powers would consequently be invited. The same journal proceeds to review the elements of a peaceful settlement, which it considers to be the following:—

The exchange of Venetia for an equivalent territory on the Adriatic, the evacuation of the Elbe Duchies to Prussia under the reservation of the restitution of Northern Schleswig to Denmark, and the erection of the Rhine territories into a separate German State, forming part of the Confederation, as a consequence of Federal reform.

The Vienna journals publish news from Paris stating that Earl Cowley, by order of his Government, solicited the energetic mediation of the Emperor Napoleon in favor of peace, and received from his Majesty the following reply:—

In the year 1859 and 1864 England opposed my proposal in respect to the settlement of the Venetia and Schleswig-Holstein questions. Now, England wants peace. I also desire peace, but as the most favorable opportunities have been frittered away, and as the conflicting interests have been permitted to reach a point at which they must clash, I can no longer assume the responsibility of events.

Paris, June 1.—The Earl of Clarendon, Prince Gortschakoff, Count Bismarck, and General La Marmora have officially announced they will shortly arrive in Paris for the opening of the Conference. The reply of Prussia, accepting the invitation to the Conference was the first to arrive, and this fact is looked upon as a sign of the peaceful intentions of that power. The Prussian Government declared, in their reply, that it was ready to disarm as soon as the military measures threatening Prussia were discontinued.

Apprehensions are entertained that all the powers which are invited will not take part in the Conference, as Austria, in accepting the invitation, insists on the condition that the Venetia question shall not be discussed.

We hear from Paris that the fleets at Cherbourg and Brest received orders last week to be ready to go to sea at the first summons. What their destination is to be is not certainly known; but certain hints which have been dropped lately at the French Ministry of Marine lead to the suspicion that they will be accompanied by a British squadron. There was a great deal of talk at M. Drouyn de Lhuys' last soiree about the congress, or rather the conference, as the diplomatists prefer to call it. The general belief was that it will not prevent a war, but that it will facilitate the negotiations for peace after war is over.

In regard to the conference on the Danubian Principalities, the following is believed in well-informed diplomatic circles to have been the course followed by the representatives of the great Powers at their last meeting. England began by proposing that the Principalities should be given to Austria in exchange for Venetia, Italy paying a money compensation to Turkey. This was strongly objected to by Russia, who was the first to propose the election of a foreign prince, having, doubtless, the Duke of Leuchtenberg in view. The majority of the members showed an inclination to accept this proposal, upon which France openly came forward in support of the candidature of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern. The Emperor Napoleon is said to have even addressed an autograph note to the conference setting forth the advantages of the election of Prince Charles, who is a great favorite of his, and is much more of a Parisian than a German. The Prince has gained great popularity in Roumania by declaring that he would not admit any foreigner to the Roumanian army, and would especially exclude Germans.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—In Italy the excitement is so general that the Government, even if it would, could hardly control it, and many people think that if war do not break out, and no concessions be obtained from Austria, the throne itself would be in danger, and that Victor Emmanuel might be forced to follow the example of his father in 1849 and abdicate.—*Times*.

Among all classes of Italians, war is doubtless popular, and this constitutes the main obstacle to the maintenance of peace. It is not entirely sentiment which urges them to demand the possession of Venetia. They believe it to be of vital importance to the very existence of the nation. The fabric which rose like an exhalation under the wand of Cavour has never as yet been consolidated, and is not beyond the danger of dissolution. Foreign spectators may well doubt whether the extension of Victor Emmanuel's dominion to the Alps, if it were possible, would strengthen the political unity, still more restore the financial credit of Italy, but no Italian doubts it for a moment. It is for this object that armaments wholly out of proportion to the purposes of self-defence and to the resources of the country have been kept up for the last five years. Venetia is the stake for which the successors of Cavour have played on behalf and at the risk of the whole Italian people, and unless they win it, ruin stares them in the face. When to this urgent instinct of self-preservation we add the double claim based on the doctrine of nationalities and natural boundaries, we can make large allowance for the war spirit in Italy.

The war now menacing Europe will, if it break out, be essentially a revolutionary war on the part of the Italians. Victor Emmanuel, unless he put himself at the head of the Revolution, will have to retire from business; Alexandre Dumas has the following on the subject in the *Avenir*:—

The news of the adhesion of Russia to the Conference produced yesterday, when announced to the Chamber, so little sensation that the sitting was not interrupted. Indeed, the famous phrase, 'It is too late,' which hitherto had been said only to Kings who were descending from their thrones, is now pronounced by a whole nation. 'It is too late' is repeated from Ancona to Mont Oenis—from Bergamo to Girona. Before I left for Italy I did not believe in war. I now say, with all Italians, it is impossible for war not to take place. Even if Austria surrenders Venetia, I affirm that it will be civil war instead of foreign war. In 1848 Italy was beaten because she made war by herself. In 1849 she was victorious because she had France combatting by her side. In 1866 she wants to prove to the world that she is a great nation, and that, in case of need her guns can thunder as loud as those of Austria and Prussia in a European conflict. Venetia surrendered

by diplomacy, and not by means of the musket? Nothing of the sort. No banners torn by grapes, round which crowds press, and embrace each other in triumphal arches for all to pass under, sending forth shouts of victory; no joyous return to the household; what! an army that thought it marched out to fight, and arrested in the midst of its exultation, what! 80,000 volunteers discharged and sent back to their homes disheartened and humiliated! These 80,000 volunteers are the revolutionary element of Italy. Let us not deceive ourselves—it is revolution alone that can impart such enthusiasm and inspire such devotedness. What, I ask, will Italy do with those 80,000 men if she has not war? Send them back to their homes? Why, it would be to inoculate every point of the kingdom with revolution. Incorporate them in her army? Why, the army costs already three millions a day. Impossible! Do these 80,000 volunteers come to serve the country, to conquer Venetia, to complete Italian unity? They come to fight under Garibaldi. To any other General than Garibaldi they would say, 'Whither are we bound?' With Garibaldi they would say nothing—they will follow him!

The *Catholic Patriot* of Bologna publishes a circular issued by the members of the Central Catholic Association, announcing that, in view of the exceptional circumstances in which they are placed, they will suspend action until the country has recovered the calm and tranquillity necessary to enable them to continue with profit their proper development and attain in the end they propose to themselves. As another sign of the times we may add that the *Patriot* itself announces that in the presence of these circumstances it will temporarily suspend publication, reserving to itself the right of returning to them as quickly as possible.—*Cor. of Tablet*.

Speaking of the law of Crispi, the third barbarous article of which has been approved by the Italian Chamber of Deputies and in the Senate, the *Unita Cattolica* writes:—'Our readers can now appreciate the prudence and reserve which ought to be employed by the Catholic journalists, and by all those who have to run the danger of being reputed suspects. The *Catholic Patriot* has judged it opportune to suspend publication, but we do not consider it necessary to take this step this day, as the reading of journals has become indispensable. This shall continue to appear with prudence and with reserve, and we have confidence in the protection of Mary Immaculate, whom the Church salutes with the title of *Virgo prudentissima*. Lower down the *Unita* prints in small type the following notice:—'Wishing to conform scrupulously to the law we beg that our Florence correspondents will forbear from writing to us for the present.—15.

A Turin letter in the *Liberte*, after giving details of the armaments going on in Italy, proceeds to say:—As it is impossible for the Italians to attack the Quadrilateral in front, the enemy, like all the world, expects three things: 1. A diversion by Garibaldi himself, or one of his lieutenants, with a corps of volunteers in the Italian Tyrol, taking advantage of the mountains of the Province of Como. If the diversion succeeds, and if the Italian Tyrol and Friuli rise, the communications of the Quadrilateral with Germany by the passages of the Tyrol are intercepted. I can myself state that the populations of those two districts are hostile to Austria. A second scheme, which the enemy appears to suspect, is an attempt of General Cialdini, whose headquarters are at Bologna, to place himself between the Quadrilateral and Venice, traversing the Po and the Adige. This operation is of extreme difficulty, the country being marshy. The Austrians, however, appear to fear it, for they are evidently taking precautions. General Cialdini has 80,000 men, or perhaps 100,000, under his orders. He has received *carte-blanc* as to the choice of his officers, and his troops are among the best of the Italian army. The general himself is daring and energetic. The operation which he will have to attempt must be grave, for he has obtained from the King the permission not to have the hereditary prince under his orders. In the affairs which he will have to undertake he does not wish to have the responsibility of the heir to the throne. The third enterprise which the enemy appears to fear is connected intimately with the second; that is, an attack on Venice and a disembarkation. Remark, that to lay the siege to the Quadrilateral is an impossibility; but to isolate the fortress, cut off their communications, and place them in the centre of a general insurrection—for in fact the Quadrilateral is in the centre of Italy—that is an operation on the value of which I have no opinion to offer, but it really seems to be among the things which might be attempted. Beyond the hypotheses which I have just pointed out an expedition into Hungary is spoken of—a landing at Fiume or in its neighborhood. Garibaldi is also spoken of for this expedition, while by other accounts he is to go to Como.

THE ITALIAN GENERALS.—A letter from Florence says:—Since nothing but war is now talked of, the following sketch of the principal Italian generals may not be uninteresting. General La Marmora is in person a tall thin man; his face displays a very decided nose, almost always surmounted by the fashionable *placenez*. He has a passion for the military art, and is inflexible on all points of discipline. He does not understand any favoritism, and Victor Emmanuel says jestingly that 'he has not credit enough to name a drummer in his own army.' After General La Marmora, the most conspicuous soldier is General Cialdini; he is a small well-looking man, with a quick and intelligent eye, wears a great moustache and a beard like the *Chasseurs de Vincennes*. He is the only individual of the Italian army to whom General La Marmora permits this eccentricity, for he himself is moustached conformably to the regulations. General Cialdini is very popular in Italy, and passes for a man of action and resource, well knowing how to win his men and give them all confidence. The Italian army possesses two other superior generals, Durando and Della Rocca. The former is a veteran of Italian independence, and is esteemed by everybody; the latter, the first aide-de-camp to the King is a man of about sixty, with white hair and moustache; both being very distinguished officers.—*Times*.

Mazzini has published in the *Dovere* of Genoa a long letter on the present position of Italy. It commences in these terms:—Having been solicited in different quarters to express my opinion on the situation, allow me to do so publicly in the journal you direct. In the first place, the country must insist on war. The intentions of the Ministry appear at the present moment to be incontestable; but the Government does not possess a moral initiative of its own; it does not believe sufficiently in the national duty; during the last few years it has mistrusted the national forces—as it has itself declared—considering them to be insufficient for the struggle; it allowed to pass—believing itself to be alone—the favorable opportunities of the Polish insurrection and the war between Denmark and Germany. At present it thinks the moment come because it imagines itself sure of Powers; but to-morrow it might shrink back if those Powers which are now secretly spurring it on by fresh incidents and new selfish motives thought fit to recoil. The country must take steps to render war inevitable with or without allies. Hitherto a conflict for the emancipation of Italy was a duty; it is now a necessity. If, after the despatches, preparations, and declarations made, Italy were to abandon her project, she would be admitting to Europe that she is destitute of national life, and that she is only an instrument to forward the designs of the foreigner; she would lose for many years all credit among nations, and would find herself, in presence of a fresh deficit to be added to the former one; she would deprive her army of all feeling of dignity and confidence; would give a powerful arm to the retrograde factions; would open a path to moral anarchy, or to a feeling of scepticism and discouragement; worse than anarchy. The voice of the country must, there-

fore, be heard from one extremity to the other in one cry for war. The latter declares that the war should be exclusively Italian, and should be made without the intervention of foreigners on Italian soil. Let there be no alliance, says the writer, with Prussia. If one is already concluded, let it remain in the background.

Rome.—A letter from Loretto to the *Correspondance de Rome*, says:—

Last Sunday Prince Napoleon paid us a visit. He came from Ancona, accompanied by the perfect, the delegate for public safety, and some of the police in disguise. He was received at the railway station by the syndic and Flaxelli, the Administrator of the Santa Casa, who had prepared a splendid repast for him in the Apostolical Palace. After inspecting the basilica, he was just quitting it, when a man came up and said to him in an insolent tone, 'We want none of you, nor the likes of you that rob us and starve us. We want our king the Pope!' The prince turned pale with anger, and one of the guards, pointing a revolver at the man's breast, would have perhaps killed him on the spot if a woman had not thrown herself between them. The prince remained only a few minutes in the Apostolical Palace, declined to partake of the repast, which his fellow-guests were kind enough to eat up for him, and went his way. The savings-bank has broken, and everybody is talking about the event. Its manager, too, has abandoned, leaving it, it is said, a deficit of nine millions. On all sides there is weeping and wailing. Mothers and wives deplore the loss of sons and husbands whom the conscription has carried off. They know that their dear ones have to fear not only death on the field of battle, but ill-treatment also by their officers. The discipline of the old Sardinian army is well known for cruelty, and exasperates the soldier when applied to the so-called Italian army. The town of Loretto has just witnessed two instances of Piedmontese barbarity. On the morning of the 22nd of April an artilleryman was seen on the Piazza della Madonna, tied to a cannon-wheel, and in position which showed what his suffering must be, inasmuch as he had been confined in it since the preceding evening, and had been exposed all night to the rain and cold. The poor wretch was soiled with filth, and his lips and chin were inflamed with the matter that oozed from his nose and mouth. A similar punishment was inflicted two days after upon another artilleryman on the Piazza dei Galli. Such was the indignation of the populace that the syndic took upon himself to interfere, and to request the military authorities not to carry out such penalties in public, as the people lay the blame and scandal of such excesses upon the Government—excesses which are repugnant to modern manners, and modern civilization.

The Italians funds are absolutely going a-begging and the unfortunate speculators who bought them at a high price are on the verge of ruin. It was the fashion a year ago to laugh at those who trusted to God's providence, and professed the Pontifical loan as an investment. How many would willingly make the exchange now. The debt on the annexed provinces will be amply paid by the Pontifical treasury in June. History does not record so magnificent an instance of financial good faith as Rome has offered to the world in our latter days, and it is to be hoped that the appeal of the Nuncio at Paris will not fall unheeded for the early coverage of the present loan. No investment is safer or better, and it renders, at the same time, an inestimable service to the Holy See.

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—In spite of the jaunty tone of the *Times* Naples Correspondent, it is clear that he dreads a loyal and patriotic outbreak in Naples the moment the pressure of the Piedmontese army is withdrawn. We give some extracts from his letters, in which he betrays his uneasiness:—

That dangers do exist within the province of a peculiar character it would be useless to deny, for it would be impossible that some should not remain who cling to the old family from hereditary affections or from a recollection of the good things they once enjoyed as the monopoly of oppression and robbery; and it would be impossible that among hitherto the most priest-ridden people in Europe there should not be many ready to obey the commands of their spiritual advisers. Half a century more will be necessary to emancipate them completely. But the authorities, while alive to the danger, are taking active measures to meet it. In the city arrests are taking place daily, and while many, as the host of bishops and priests, have been sent out of the country, many are shut up in the prison of San Francesco. Long suspects as some have been, they have been tolerated, as they and their little conspiracies were regarded as harmless; but in the face of the great events now approaching no quarter is shown. Nor is it on mere suspicion that this decided action has been adopted, for there is proof sufficient that a great conspiracy the root of which was in Rome, had been formed to attempt that most hopeless of all enterprises, the restoration of the Bourbons.

Another of the recent measures of precaution is the expulsion of the monks from the monasteries of Camaldoli, on Vesuvius, and not too soon; for, though the immediate neighbourhood of Naples is still secure, it is not unlikely that the favourite nooks of the brigand may be reoccupied, and that these pious monks, as heretofore, may be found sympathizing with and assisting General Caci-Pilone or some of his followers.

It is not that I regard the restoration of the Bourbons as probable, or even possible; like kindred spirits, they have ever fallen. Still their adherents are found thinly scattered every where, and united with the brigands whom they have cherished the thousands who in this country have nothing to depend upon, and malcontents of all shades, they may produce disorders which will for a time wear the aspect of civil war, and considerably embarrass the Government. Already there are symptoms of reaction in many places, and those well acquainted with the country are not surprised at it; for marvelous conversions were made in 1860, and I can myself point out those who, at one time subservient Bourbonists, are now in place and in power. Such men will be faithful only under the influence of fear and will incline their political sympathies to the necessities of the moment. This state of things is unavoidable, indeed, for it would have been most impolitic and unjust to engage in a sweeping persecution of men for opinions merely, but it is a reason for great caution and grave consideration before plunging the country into the dangers and horrors of war. For many a month we have had indications of what may occur in the increasing arrests made and precautions taken. There has been a reason, and a strong reason, for this severity, for undoubted proofs have been found of conspiracies formed in the interest of the Bourbons. The Priests have been the principal sufferers, and, from principle and interest, they must continue to be the uncompromising enemies of any facts we must come to this conclusion and their opposition implies that of thousands of ignorant and superstitious people, who see and think only through them. Here in itself is a party sufficiently large to create grave disorders, though not to effect a successful revolution.

In Naples arrests continue, and among the most recent may be named four brothers, ex-Jesuits; the Duc d'Alb, who has been sent off to Palermo, accused of complicity in a conspiracy which was being formed there; the Director of the Conciliatore, one of his men, Weber, a German, and several Bourbonists. In the office of the Director were found letters from Monsignor Nardi and the Duc di Maddaloni (Proto), and 500 copies of 'Ce qu'on pense a Naples—*Lettre d'un Voyageur*, 1865.' Besides these

persons, Podesta, an officer in the ex-Bourbon army, and many Camorristi who had come to take advantage of the expected disorder, have been shut up. Guelfi is pursuing his system of proscription in Naples and the Kingdom at large. Six bishops who have been driven from their dioceses have just arrived at Rome. In carrying out this system of persecution the revolutionists aim at the double purpose of depriving the Faithful of their spiritual guides, and of involving the Pope in fresh perplexities and exiles, inasmuch as he has to maintain the exiled prelates.

Out of the 116 archbishops and bishops in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, there remain only nine or ten that have not been deprived of their spiritual governors.—*Cor. of Tablet*.

GERMANY.

POPULAR FEELING IN GERMANY.—A popular meeting, comprising between 3,000 and 4,000 persons, took place on Sunday afternoon in the circus at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, at which the following resolutions were adopted:—1. The popular assembly held at Frankfurt on May 20, 1866, declares—1. Against the policy of the Prussian Government; a policy destructive of peace, the armed resistance of Germany is a duty—neutrality is cowardice or treason; 2. Schleswig-Holstein should be constituted a solid and separate State upon the basis of the existing law.—The vote of this State should be immediately received in the Federal Diet, and the Holstein military contingent should be organized. 3. The Prussian proposition for a Parliament should be absolutely rejected, and a single constituent assembly comprising representatives of entire Germany, and endowed with the necessary powers, can alone definitively pronounce upon the constitution of the country. 4. We demand from the Government the re-establishment of the fundamental rights of the German people, and a legal provision for the general armament of the people. 5. The assembly having regard to the dangers and the exigencies of the present situation, urgently invites the people of each German State to form themselves into political associations in towns as well as in rural districts.

UNITED STATES.

THE FENIANS.—The men who have gone into the Fenian raid have done so with their eyes open.—They cannot pretend to suppose that they have any protection in the claim that they are belligerents or politicians. Every Fenian soldier in Canada is therefore subject to the same class of laws which govern the people of Canada. If he steals, it is felony; if he kills, it is murder. This is plain enough, and we may take it for granted that the Fenians understood it when they began their raid. A more criminal raid was never heard of in the history of nations. The idea of asserting Irish independence by a murderous onslaught upon the residents of a remote British province is absurd. There is no justification on it in reason, nor even in enthusiasm. The people of Canada have no concern about what the Irish do in Ireland, or what the British Government does with that island. The destruction of life in Canada, therefore, is a crime which has no excuse and the whole expedition must be looked on precisely as we look on a band of men going secretly into Canada and destroying life and property. The questions which will naturally rise out of this matter ought therefore not to be mystified. But they will be. The politicians will hasten to secure Irish favor by various devices. The *Tribune*, for example, says:—

'It is said that the luckless Fenians are held to await the pleasure of Sir Frederick Bruce. This must certainly be a mistake, as we are not aware of any treaty which gives the British Minister the right to demand political fugitives from the American Government.'

On what pretence these men are called 'political fugitives' no reasonable man can see. They have political opinions perhaps. So may have every violator of law. But is it then possible for any band of men from New York or Vermont who chose to go into Canada, murdering and robbing, to escape into this country and avoid all responsibility by asserting a political design, the freedom of Scotland, the liberation of Jerusalem, or any other Quixotic purpose? It is absurd to suppose that such pleas will hold good between nations in this age of the world. Nor would it be desirable for our country to establish any such protectorate over the filibusters of the world. The best thing that can happen to the men now in custody is to be punished by the United States courts for violation of the United States law. This may save them from more severe punishment which they would receive if handed over to the Canadian authorities. The only form in which a demand for their surrender can come is in the ordinary course under the treaty. They must be charged in Canada with a crime known to the treaty, and the evidence against each individual named must be sufficient to justify the charge. It would probably be difficult for the Canadian authorities to obtain personal proof of crime against many Fenians, and if they are satisfied that the United States will punish a few as examples for violation of the neutrality laws it is hardly likely that they will trouble themselves to ask for the extradition of any. They want us to keep them out instead of sending them into Canada.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.

The *New York Times* says:—The tail of the Fenian movement wriggles a little yet. Naturally enough the leaders, who so nobly marched up Pigeon Hill, and then marched down again as meekly as the bird from which the bill is named, are disturbed at the idea of returning to New York without having slain anything more formidable than a spring chicken, or scaled any more dangerous fortification than a country pig-sty. They have, nevertheless, according to their despatches, mysterious resources, indicated by nods and winks from the knowing ones, and, as the tad pole remarked when his tail dropped off, 'There's no knowing what will happen next.' We see nothing in all this except a melancholy attempt to turn aside for a moment the storm of indignation and derision that Roberts and Sweeney have brought upon an entire race by their absurd and wicked ambition. From Boston we learn that some 1500 deluded warriors have arrived from the frontier, covered with dust and glory—their killed and wounded, the guns they captured, the banners and other trophies, and the long array of British prisoners, were left behind for want of transportation—all the rolling-stock of the roads required to bring the conquering heroes themselves to their homes.

Generally our people have great aversion to Fenians. There is a new England, but, God forbid a New Ireland on this Continent. We would not allow it; Ireland is none too far off now. We have yet to fight them here to keep any sort of righteous laws and good government. My neighbour and myself bought arms early during our own war to defend our homes from Fenians. The New York riots can never in this generation be forgotten. I have often in years past been told the Irishmen could take Boston any day; perhaps they can, but we are armed now, and our boys have seen fighting enough to take care of this country. Political gamblers don't know what to say now that our Government has taken the stand it has;—let them curse us if they dare—they are no more than murderers and robbers, and the vilest at that. Our ears are defiled with their brutal licentious, drunken conduct—impudent and arrogant when they outumber the weak and the defenceless, but subside we to the brave and strong. We have only to regret they had any to sympathise with them; it is the last attempt on Canada. The next will be here, and we are prepared for them. Hoping you have got over the worst, but fearing more trouble, I am glad you are safe.—*Boston Cor. of Herald*.



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STANDARD " " " "  
MILLEUR & CO.  
N.B.—All our Stoves are mounted with real Russia Iron.

**A CARD.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER having, by a new and special arrangement, been appointed by Messrs. JACQUES & HAY, of TORONTO, their sole and only Agent in THIS CITY, for the Sale by Auction, of their splendid FURNITURE, takes the earliest opportunity of announcing to the Citizens of MONTREAL and the public generally, that he will, from time to time during the ensuing Spring, offer at his spacious and well established premises, No. 267 NOTRE DAME STREET, the various extensive consignments direct from this celebrated establishment, embracing all the new styles of their elegant and elaborately carved and polished BLACK WALNUT FURNITURE, in every variety and description necessary to meet the demands of modern taste and convenience.

In addition to the Sale at his own Stores, the Sale of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and EFFECTS at the private residence of parties declining House-keeping or removing from the city, will claim special attention; and all OUT-DOOR SALES of this description are respectfully solicited. Increased facilities have been secured, with the view to the efficient carrying out this department of the business, in order to ensure the greatest economy and despatch in disposing of property, so that parties selling out can have their account, sales and proceeds immediately after each sale.

Special attention will be given to the Sale of REAL ESTATE and CITY PROPERTY, and as this department of the Auction business is becoming more important with the increase and extension of the City, the undersigned offers the most Liberal Terms to parties wishing to bring their property into the market for public competition.

A great hardship has been felt by both buyers and sellers, the former being taxed illegally with one per cent. on the amount of purchase, and the latter by the exorbitant charge for commission and advertising.—Now, the undersigned proposes to do away with this grievance as far as his own business is concerned, by undertaking the Sale of Real Property, on conditions which, it is hoped, will meet the views of all parties, namely—  
1st—There will be no charge of one per cent to the purchaser.  
2nd—When bona fide sales are effected not exceeding \$5000, the commission will be 2 1/2%; and on amounts from \$5,000 upwards, only 2%, exclusive of the cost of advertising; upon which the regular trade discount of 25 per cent. will be allowed.  
3rd—When property is bought in, reserved, or withdrawn, no charge will be made, except the actual disbursement for advertising.

The undersigned avails himself of this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to the public for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him during the past four years, and trusts, by prompt attention to business, and strict adherence to the foregoing programme, to meet a continuance of the same.  
N.B.—All orders left at the Office will meet with immediate attention.  
L. DEVANY,  
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,  
And Agent for the Sale of Real Estate.  
March 27, 1865. 12m.

**BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS.**  
THE GREAT CURE  
For all the Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels,  
Put up in Glass Phials, and warranted to KEEP IN ANY CLIMATE;  
These Pills are prepared expressly to operate in harmony with the greatest of blood purifiers, BRISTOL'S SALSAPARILLA, in all cases arising from depraved humours or impure blood. The most hopeless sufferers need not despair. Under the influence of these two GREAT REMEDIES, maladies, that have heretofore been considered utterly incurable, disappear quickly and permanently. In the following diseases these Pills are the safest and quickest, and the best remedy ever prepared, and should be at once resorted to.  
DYSPEPSIA, OR INDIGESTION, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, DROPSY, AND PILES.  
Only 25 Cts. per Phial.  
FOR SALE BY  
J. F. Henry & Co. 303 St. Paul Street, Montreal  
General Agents for Canada. Agents for Montreal  
Devin's & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Ploisat & Co., Ploisat & Son, H. E. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicines.  
April, 1866. 12m.

**CHEAP AND GOOD GROCERIES, &c.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER begs leave to inform his Customers and the Public that he has just received a CHOICE LOT of TEAS, consisting in part of—  
YOUNG HYSON,  
GUNPOWDER,  
Colored and Uncolored JAPANS,  
OOLONG & SOUCHONG,  
With a WELL-ASSORTED STOCK OF PROVISIONS,  
FLOUR,  
HAMS,  
PORK,  
SALT FISH, &c., &c.  
Country Merchants would do well to give him call at  
128 Commissioner Street.  
N. SHANNON.  
Montreal, May 25, 1865. 12m.

**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.  
SHIPS' BOATS' OARS FOR SALE

**MATT. JANNARD'S**  
NEW CANADIAN  
**COFFIN STORE,**  
Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets,  
MONTREAL.  
M. J. respectfully begs the public to call at his establishment where he will constantly have on hand COFFINS of every description, either in Wood or Metal, at very Moderate Prices.  
April 1, 1864.

**BRISTOL'S SALSAPARILLA**  
IN LARGE BOTTLES.



The Great Purifier of the Blood!  
Is particularly recommended for use during SPRING AND SUMMER, when the blood is thick, the circulation clogged and the humors of the body rendered unhealthy by the heavy and greasy secretions of the winter months. This safe, though powerful, detergent cleanses every portion of the system, and should be used daily as A DIET DRINK, by all who are sick, or who wish to prevent sickness. It is the only genuine and original preparation for THE PERMANENT CURE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS AND CONFIRMED CASES OF Scrofula or's Old Sores, Boils, Tumors, Abscesses, Ulcers, And every kind of Scrofulous and Scabious eruptions. It is also a sure remedy for SALT RHEUM, RING WORM, TETTER, SCALD HEAD, SURVY, It is guaranteed to be the PUREST and most powerful Preparation of GENUINE HONDURAS SALSAPARILLA, and is the only true and reliable CURE for SYPHILIS, even in its worst forms. It is the very best medicine for the cure of all diseases arising from a vitiated or impure state of the blood, and particularly so when used in connection with

**BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS.**  
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April, 1866. 12m.