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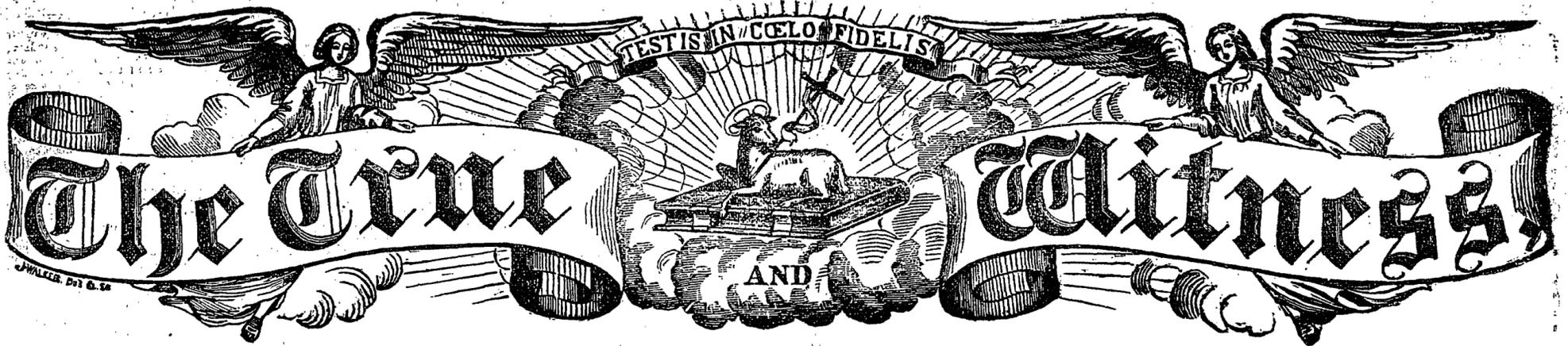
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ELLEN AHERN; OR, THE POOR COUSIN. CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

'Beautiful Portia!' answered his lordship, over whose visage flushes of wrath and shame swiftly succeeded each other, and in whose eyes—the family mark—a cold scintillating light glittered, 'I plead guilty to the charge of having some worthless, idle people turned out of houses which they neither kept in repair or paid rent for, for the purpose of placing others in who will do both. And, as it is my own lawful right to do so, being on my own estate, I hope that I am not to be hung and quartered for the exercise thereof.'

'My Lord, you are either grossly mistaken and misled, or you are unworthy of the name you bear!' exclaimed Ellen Ahern, whose flashing eyes showed now her spirit was up. 'Nor do I crave pardon for daring to tell you the truth.'

'Cousin Ellen,' he said with a cold and derisive smile, 'you remind me of a beautifully plumaged bird, which beats the wire of its cage in impotent fury, expending its strength in vain effort, and spoiling its song-notes with discordant utterances. You cannot, single-handed, remodel or reform the world, therefore be content. As to these tenants of mine, they have lived so long their own masters, and presumed so much on their hereditary privileges, that there is no help for it but to act just as I have done. In short, I cannot afford—for I am deucedly in debt—to let the resources of my estate lie idle through sentimentality or an *Erin go bragh* feeling. Come, let us be friends.'

'We cannot be friends I fear, my Lord,' said Ellen Ahern, feeling how hopeless it was to argue with one who deliberately and fixedly predestined all that he executed—who, devoid of all religious responsibility, ignored charity—and who, having always been an alien from his country and its Faith, acknowledged no sympathy or fraternity with its suffering people. The basis he stood on was narrow, but his policy was narrower.—It was simply the right of might, which is in all cases, sheer tyranny.'

'Then let us be something nearer than friends, beautiful Ellen!' he said with cool audacity, as he attempted to take her hand; but snatching it indignantly away, she gathered up her cloak and left the room. With the glow of outraged feeling on her cheeks, and a fuller sense than she had ever known before, of her loneliness and dependence, wounding her sensitive and proud nature, she flew to her apartments, and turning the lock of her door, she flung herself in a perfect abandon of anguish, on her knees before her oratory, from whence the crucifix, eloquent in its mute history of wondrous suffering, preached to her of patience. The shadow of life's passion and pain, fell dark around her—her lofty aspirations, her high resolves, her hitherto unclouded faith, seemed to be brought to naught—she felt like a sparrow in the snare of the fowler, bereft of strength and power to extricate herself, nor did she know whither on earth to turn for help or deliverance. And thus, when all things seemed to fail her, and her spirit faltered and stumbled in its own impotent effort to triumph unaided in its first conflict, she learned how entirely the soul who seeks strength and yearns after the right, must first abandon itself to God and His mercy. Gradually this truth stole into her heart, and unfolded there its blossoms of consolation, and there came with it a sense of the protection of Him who is the Father of the fatherless, and the Friend of those who place their trust in Him.

All that she had told Lord Hugh Maguire had really occurred—but the story is hundreds of years old in that beautiful and down-trodden land, of how wrong and injustice go hand in hand together, passing like a devastating fire over the pleasant valleys and verdant plains, leaving ruin and destruction in their track! We shall not, therefore, dwell on such scenes, except as it may be necessary to develop the plan and characters of our narrative. The same thing is daily occurring, and the Irish papers teem with recitals of cruelty and wrong, which sicken the heart, and make those who are close observers of things and events, think that the woes of Ireland and arrogance of her oppressor are near their culminating point.

Father McMahon strove, but in vain, to mitigate the misery that had fallen on his little fold—he went to Lord Hugh Maguire and pleaded with him—he set forth in simple, eloquent terms, all the good that he might accomplish by a proper course, and all the evil that would inevitably ensue from the one he was pursuing; and full of the sorrow of his people, and moved to tenderness by their helplessness, he did not attempt to restrain the tears that flowed over his aged cheeks while he talked; but he might as well have gone out and exhorted the crabs that overhung the sea, to fall, as to have endeavored to make an impression on the worldly, egotistical and obdurate nature of Lord Hugh Maguire, whose cold, sarcastic manner added insult to the refusal he gave, to redress a single wrong that he or his agent had done. 'He was involved,' he said, 'and must have money. If these people cannot or will not pay up, I must put others in their places who will.' Father McMahon returned home discouraged and disheartened. The people had hoped much from his interference, for he was himself descended from one of the ancient princely houses of Ulster, and had grown old in the bonds of friendship with the Maguire; and they thought, and so did he, in their simplicity, that his word should have some weight, but in this as in all else they had looked forward to, they were doomed to disappointment. Fahey now carried things with a higher hand than ever. Sanctioned by his chief, his devices for obtaining a settlement of arrears from the tenants were numerous, and characterized by a malevolent pertinacity which left them no resource but submission to his decrees. Want, disease, and ruin were the natural results of such policy; and some of the most respectable of the inhabitants of that poor hamlet were deprived of their all, and driven to beggary on the high road, or the dreaded shelter of a neighboring workhouse with their little ones.

The stranger, Don Enrique Giron, who was much with Father McMahon, observed the workings of this strange system, with wonder and disgust on one hand, and the deepest commiseration on the other. His sympathy with the miserable victims of blind oppression, which he was at no pains to conceal, rendered him not only an object of suspicion to Lord Hugh Maguire and his agent, but absolutely made of no avail, his efforts for their relief. Fahey plainly intimated to him that, 'his lordship would tolerate no interference on his estate—that he had his own ends to serve in acting as he did, and no earthly power could change his determination or his plans.' Thus repulsed, he could do nothing better than to dispense alms, through Father McMahon's agency, and with his heart full of the human suffering around him, pursued his archaeological researches in the neighborhood. He also had a purpose in lingering at Fermanagh, but the means by which he hoped to attain its accomplishment were wrapped in mystery, and he sometimes feared, quite lost; but, placing his trust in Divine Providence and the righteousness of his cause, he worked, and sought, and hoped patiently, believing that all would be made clear eventually. He frequently met Ellen Ahern, speeding hither and thither on her errands of mercy, or in Father McMahon's little parlor; where, interested by her intelligent conversation, and admiring the warm, generous spirit that added such a charm to her beauty, he always remained listening and fascinated beside her, soothed by the congeniality of their sentiments, and losing the sense of his own isolated and lonely position by thinking of and pitying her's. Having met incidentally here one day, they found Father McMahon walking the narrow limits of his parlor in deep agitation.—He held out his hands to them, and invited them to be seated, saying, 'You are welcome, my children—very welcome—but I am sorrowful almost unto death. Alas! I foresaw it all—I tried to avert it. But, sit down—sit down.'

'What new calamity has fallen on us, my Father?' asked Ellen Ahern in trembling tones. 'Human nature is not perfect, my dear child, and can be driven by certain causes to desperation. There are some of our people engaged in a secret and unlawful plot. I cannot find out who they are, or where they meet; they keep it all concealed from me, and are running their heads into the halter, without the slightest hope that the sacrifice will be available to the good of others.'

'Some concessions from Lord Maguire might dispel this threatened evil, I think,' replied Ellen Ahern; 'and I have come to consult with you this very day about the possibility of getting one from him.'

'Drowning men catch at straws—let us hear your plan, Aileen my child.'

'I was thinking, Father—cousin Eadhna and I—that as there is to be a Scotch and English colony planted here, that perhaps Lord Hugh Maguire would, for a consideration, either lease or sell some of the waste land beyond *Cathnaguira*, where our people could settle themselves, after it was divided into equal portions, and by dint of labor and perseverance, at least do well—better, I really think, than they ever did before.'

'I never thought of that, Aileen—that is a bright idea—but how in the world is it to be accomplished? Where shall we get the money for such a purpose?' asked Father McMahon eagerly.

'I will be the banker on this occasion,' said Don Enrique, 'and you, my Father, shall be my almoner. It seems to be a feasible as well as an excellent plan.'

'I must think about it—I must think about it,' said Father McMahon, who, although approving

of the plan itself, did not feel at liberty to incur such an obligation to one who had no interests, and who was a stranger in the country; besides which, he had strong doubts as to Lord Hugh Maguire's making any such grant to his Catholic tenants. The factory was nearly completed—the rafters were already laid for the roof, and some ten or fifteen Scotch families were quartered at Fermanagh, to commence operations as soon as everything would be completed. And as events culminated, the difficulties of the old tenantry increased; some among them driven, less by hunger and want themselves, than the sight of their wives and children, sick and perishing before their eyes, became desperate; and, forgetting all the precepts of religion—'hinking only of their galling wrongs—determined in some signal manner to avenge their woes, and rid the country of those who had been a curse to it.—They kept their own secret—it being only known to one or two others that some plan of the kind was afoot, and they having learned it by accident, unparted it to Father McMahon.—Hence his agitation when Ellen Ahern and Don Enrique entered his house that day. They soon left him, by his own request, that he might consider the proposed plan, and come to some decision in relation to it. Ellen Ahern went her usual rounds amongst the suffering and poverty-stricken, and Don Enrique to his lodging, to write letters to Spain; while the good old priest, after sending his housekeeper with a message to Patrick McGinness, retired to the Sanctuary, to ponder and pray for the good of his people.

That evening, to Bridget's surprise, Father McMahon moved about with an elastic step, and jested once or twice with her, as she poured out his tea: all of which—as she could perceive no cause for such unwonted cheerfulness—she noticed without relaxing a line of her hard visage and had a few indistinct doubts as to the good man's sanity. Later, he called Bridget up into his library, and throwing open a closet door, desired her to help him to lift out an old black chest, that had been standing there for years, and which had not only been the mystery of her life, but the torment of her curiosity, which, however, she had quite resigned herself to being never gratified. With difficulty they dragged it out from its nook, and Father McMahon, taking a key from his cabinet, first wiped the perspiration from his face, then stooping over, unlocked it, and lifted the lid; revealing to Bridget who stood with mouth and eyes dilated, a rich antique silver tea service, lined with gold.

'St. Michael defend us! and where did it come from?' exclaimed the amazed woman.

'Silence,' said Father McMahon, again wiping his face, after which he examined, piece by piece, his long concealed treasures; not hoarded because they were fashioned out of precious metals, but because they were the workmanship of one who had glorified the country in which he lived, by his transcendent excellence in art.

'And whose did your Rivrence say it was?' exclaimed Mrs. Housekeeper, rustling her black silk apron, while she peered through her spectacles.

'It was fashioned in a far off land, hundreds of years before you or I were born, by one Benvenuto Cellini, a famous master of the art of moulding and carving metals. It is more precious to me on that account than because it is mine by inheritance. It is worth its weight in gold,' said the excellent man, looking with a fond eye on the exquisite carving and tracery that the hand of Cellini had wrought. 'Yes,' he mused, 'precious in truth are these to me.—I would not part with any one of them to satisfy any need of my own, if I wanted bread—but my poor little flock—my suffering children—perhaps that bought my will accept my treasures in payment for those lands—'

'Musha, thin, your Rivrence won't be after doing any such foolish nonsense!' put in Bridget who felt responsible for Father McMahon's temporal prosperity, and often took it upon herself to lecture him roundly for what she called his extravagance, *i.e.*, alms giving. 'It 'ud be of no use, and he'd only step you for your pains, without helping anybody, by troth; for he's got bad blood in him, and I wouldn't trust him from here to the church door, bedad!'

'Be silent, Bridget, you silly woman; it's not the silver, but because it is the work of the great Benvenuto Cellini, that I value it. I don't care a whistle for the silver and gold that's in it.'

'And will your Rivrence please to tell me if you can separate the Benvenuto Silly part from the real silver, or will they be after going together?' asked Bridget, who could not bear the idea of parting with their newly discovered treasure, which, she thought, with true worldly wisdom, would not only keep Father McMahon in comfort for the rest of his life, but leave a surplus to reward her long and faithful services, at his death, it he would only dispose of it for his own use, and invest the funds in a profitable way

'You won't get the worth of it from the *badagh* (churl) you're taking it to, I'm thinking,' she added.

'*Stat magni nominis umbra!*' (he stands, the shadow of a mighty name) murmured Father McMahon, polishing one of the pieces with his coat sleeve; 'but notwithstanding, he may be willing to concede everything for the sake of such an antique treasure as this. It would bring its weight in gold in London.'

'And wouldn't it be a better plan to take it there, your Rivrence?' asked Bridget in an insinuating tone, for the Latin had acted as a sort of *quietus* to the ferment she was in.

'Woman!' said Father McMahon, in a severe tone, 'did I not bid you keep silence? How could I approach you Tabernacle, and receive into my hands Him, who stripped Himself of all things, even life, for me, if through greed or selfish motives, I kept back that which would save my brethren? Go down, I hear McGinness on the porch. Open the door, and invite him in, then say a *Hail Mary*' for my intention.'

Bridget, rebuked but not convinced, went down as she was bid, and with rather a stately greeting, invited McGinness in. Father McMahon came down, and with a hearty 'God bless you!' grasped the bony, rough hand of his visitor, and took his seat in the old leather chair, which he had used for half a century. McGinness looked downcast and bowed by the weight of the burden that had been laid upon him, and received the good man's benediction with a numb, quiet feeling of acquiescence, which implied some doubt of its efficacy. He was a representative of those of whom Saint James speaks in his catholic epistle, and whom he warns his brethren not to mock with the semblance and words of charity, but to profit them by supplying their needs; and practice the precept instead of arguing with want, and displaying their own righteousness to the miserable.

'And how are you getting along since I saw you McGinness?' asked this good priest.

'Bad enough, your Rivrence. My wife got the fever, and the shelter I've up over her and the child don't keep out the weather.—And poor Mary Duffy lost her baby last night; it died in her arms on the roadside, poor little lamb.'

'On the roadside!' said Father McMahon, lifting his hands.

'Didn't your Rivrence know they was burnt out yesterday? She was comin' to us, and she had the baby and Shannee, when it took a fit and died,' he said, in a calm, strong way.

'Oa, the poor heart, the poor heart! why did she not come to me?' exclaimed Father McMahon, whose eyes overflowed with tears.

'McGinness,' he said, after a pause of several minutes, 'I have been informed that some of our people are putting their necks into danger. Is it true?'

'They don't talk to me, your Rivrence. I believe, though, it's true,' said the man.

'Tell them to come to me—that I have a hope—mind you, a hope that I can do something for them. Find them out, and tell them to spare their souls the crime they contemplate; tell them to come and confess, and be shrieve, lest the malediction of God finishes the work of woe, that the severity of man begun; then I will perhaps be able to assist them in a manner they do not dream of. If my plan is successful, there is not one amongst you but will be thankful for what has happened, because, although it's been a sharp stepping stone, it will lead to better things than could be hoped for.' Strange alternations of hope and fear passed over the face of McGinness; he knew that Father McMahon's words were never idle ones, and already the leaden weight seemed to be lifted away from his heart. 'I cannot explain further what I mean,' he went on to say, 'but rest assured, that if my present project fails, I have still another in view, which must be successful. Be patient, then, one and all of you; do nothing illegal, and win the blessing of God by a peaceable life: let not your oppressors tempt you to crime by the evils with which they afflict your bodies.'

'It's hard agin human nature,' said McGinness, 'but we'll do what your Rivrence advises. You are our best friend, and know what's for our good.'

'With God's help—with God's help,' said the priest fervently. 'All things will work straight. Go now to Bridget, who has a basket in the pantry for you, that Miss Ahern sent here for you an hour or two ago; and may the blessing of Almighty God attend you.' McGinness bowed his head reverently while the blessing fell from the lips of the holy man, and as he left the room, softened and tranquilized, he passed his coat sleeve over his eyes, to wipe off the great tears that had gathered there.

The events of the last month or two had filled the hearts of the inhabitants of the Barony of Fermanagh with vague and terrible forebodings. The natural order of things seemed to be re-

versed. They were turned out of their house; their places were filled up by strangers; the *nil gelsiga*, (the language of the stranger,) harsh and discordant to their ears, was heard on every side; their dead had been turned out of their graves, and the busy sound of plane, hammer and saw had been echoing from dawn till night, for weeks past among the holy ruins of Cathnaguira, where, for hundreds of years, nought but the chaunt of bees and trilling of song birds, mingling with the dash of the torrent, had broken the stillness; the gray, moss-grown arches of the ancient Abbey were half hidden by a staring pile of framework, without symmetry or finish; and last, though not least, that shrill, portentous cry that had rung out like a clarion on the night, startling every living thing in the hamlet with its unearthly note, had left them with a sort of terrible expectancy of something more direful to come.

Twilight had been cleared away by darkness. Neither moon or stars were visible, but gloomy, low-hanging clouds brooded sullenly over the scene. A low sighing wind whistled at intervals, shrilly and mournfully through the ravine, and fled whispering and trembling away on its viewless pinions. Everything in the hamlet and its neighborhood was hushed, and all who could find repose were wrapped to slumber, when suddenly a red lurid glare flashed over the scene and lit up the dark clouds above with fitful brilliance.—Brighter and redder grew the light until every object was illuminated with the splendid glare.—Men and women started shrieking from their beds—the watch dogs howled with affright, and in a few moments the narrow, rugged street of Fermanagh, and its by-ways, were thronged with terrified people, who thought that nothing less than the judgment was at hand. Presently there arose a cry from the Scotch workmen that the new factory at Cathnaguira was on fire, and thither every one directed their steps, urged onward by motives which, in general, would not have borne any higher test than nature. It was even so; the whole pile was a blaze, and on the topmost rafters, leaping to and fro, with a lighted brand in her hand, which she waved at intervals over her head, the elf-like form of old Nora was seen, making it apparent to all who was the originator of the mischief. Many fell on their knees with a devout 'Christ be good to us,' as the appalling sight met their gaze, while others, forgetting their own griefs and wrongs, rushed thither with the sole intention of risking their lives to save hers, and to do all they could to retard the flames; but ere they reached the spot the rafters fell in with a lumbering, crashing noise, burying the maniac beneath the flaming ruins; another victim to the uncharitableness and obduracy of man.

CHAPTER VIII.—DON ENRIQUE GIRON.

A fresh occasion of trouble had arisen for Ellen Ahern, and so unforeseen and annoying to her, circumstanced as she was, that she was at a loss what to do. It was the undisguised admiration of Lord Hugh, whose patronizing and assured manner towards her, while it inspired her with indignation and disgust, indicated that he thought the honor of his attentions ought to be an equivalent for any repugnance she might feel in receiving them. Neither an open outbreak between himself and mother, in consequence of these manifestations; nor cold reserve, keen retort, nor the most decided expressions of dislike on the part of Ellen Ahern, were sufficient to repulse him, or prevent his taking advantage of her position under his roof on every occasion that presented itself, to declare his sentiments. And in proportion as his sentiments became more obvious, Lady Fermanagh became more haughty and neglectful, until finally she would barely acknowledge Ellen's quiet salutations with a slight inclination of her head. So several days had passed—days of grief and perplexity to Ellen Ahern, who, having no friend except Sir Eadhna in whom she could confide, felt constrained through a tender feeling of compassion for his age and sorrows, to withhold from him a recital which would only raise his ire, and increase the unpleasantness of his own position in regard to Lord Hugh. Thus she was thrown back on her own thoughts and sorrows, which in this case were impotent to save her from the annoyances which surrounded her, and she determined to remain as much as possible in the seclusion of her own room, under the plea of indisposition, until the family returned to England.

The night of the fire, Ellen excused herself to Lady Fermanagh as soon as she had swallowed a cup of tea, and went up to spend the evening with Sir Eadhna Ahern, who was 'not well,' where, trying to forget her own peculiar sorrow in the heartfelt endeavor to solace his, she hours glided by, until his drooping eyelids and over-wearied expression warned her that it was time for him to retire. She closed the book from which she had been reading aloud, lit his night lamp, and wishing him 'good night,' kissed his withered cheek, and flitted away to her own

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room. There, feeling weary herself—more from conflicting emotions than bodily fatigue—and intending to retire immediately, she offered up her evening devotions with heartfelt fervor, and commended herself to the care of that tender Mother, whose title of 'Help of Christians' gave her, under existing circumstances, a peculiar claim to her aid. In all the wide world, she had no refuge or friend to whom she could fly; and here she clung to the sure and steadfast hope her Faith afforded her, with all the tenacity of her soul, feeling a sweet assurance, that in all that might befall her, she would be guided and protected by a hand whose strength would never fail her. While kneeling with folded hands and bowed head, communing with her own soul and God, there came, not to her ear, but to her spirit, a whisper more distinct than the loudest utterance she had ever heard, saying:—'Fly! So distinctly did the word ring down into her heart, that ere she had time for thought, she responded, "Whither?" and started round to see if any one had entered the room and spoken to her. But all was silent and solitary, and she remembered that she had locked the door when she came in. Then she thought she must have dozed a moment while she knelt before her oratory; and with a mind perplexed by something which she could not account naturally for, she sought her pillow, where in a little while a deep sleep wrapped her senses in oblivion. But she dreamed sweet dreams of her childhood—of her mother and early friends. She thought she was arrayed in white, with a white garland on her head, and a lighted taper in her hand, going with her mother to St. Finbar's to receive Confirmation and First Communion; when suddenly a strong gust of wind blew her veil into the blaze of her taper, and in another instant she was wrapped in flames. With a frightened cry she awoke, and started up to find, as she at first imagined, that her dream was real; for a fierce light illuminated every object and nook in her apartment, and the very clouds that she saw through her window scudding along the sky, looked like fiery vapors. Half awake, she sat terrified and bewildered, when her eyes rested on her Crucifix and the Madonna on her oratory, as she cast a frightened glance around her to see whence came the red fiery glare; which now, lit up with strange and sudden brilliancy, startled her by the strong contrast they presented, while one seemed clothed in all the awful splendor of the last hour on Calvary, the other, as if enshrouded in glory, smiled a serene promise of peace and hope, the fruition of the wonderful sufferings of Him she had borne. These images of the Divine Nature disguised under mortal and unspeakable anguish, and human nature lit up and ennobled by Divinity, both types of infinite love, calmed the wild throbbing of Ellen Abern's heart; and, commending herself again and again to the care of Jesus and Mary she arose and wrapping her white dressing gown about her, went to the window in time to see the flames bursting out on every side of the new building at Cathagura. Aglast at the spectacle—for what could she think but that some of the oppressed tenantry had, through a spirit of revenge, turned incendiary—she flew to her door, unlocked it, and was running with all speed to arouse Sir Padua's maid, when she saw Felice, Lady Fermanagh's maid, who, clad in a scarlet chintz wrapper, with a bright Madras handkerchief on her head, tied a la Grisette, but barefooted, was coming with all speed to answer her ladyship's bell, which rang out an incessant peal. As pale as a ghost, being already frightened almost out of her wits, when she saw Ellen Abern draped in white, fitting with the light tread of a spirit towards her, she uttered a wild shriek, and sunk panting on a chest, while her candle which had fallen from her hand, lay burning and sputtering on the floor.

'Felice—Felice?' called Ellen, in low, clear tones, 'do not be alarmed—it is only I, Ellen Abern.'

'Je ne fus jamais si effraye mademoiselle,' gasped the poor abigail, while Ellen, who, like all susceptible natures, had a keen sense of the ludicrous, could scarcely forbear smiling.—'L'Irlande is un mauvais cantree. I will die vit frigit. Will not somebody mettez de water sur le feu? Oh! oh! Bon Dieu!' she shrieked, as her lady's bell gave tongue to another peal. 'I come—si je puis.'

'You had better go, Felice—her ladyship may be ill. If she is, and I can be of any assistance, come for me. Do not be alarmed; the fire is too far off to harm us,' said Ellen, as she passed on her way to Sir Padua's room. He was already up, and with his dressing gown wrapped about him and his feet in slippers, he was about opening his door to come out and inquire the meaning of the nocturnal uproar, which he—his room being in front—had heard from the court below and the servant's offices.

'What is it, a scullish?' he asked.

'The building over at Cathagura is burning. Come cousin Eadna, with me; from my window we can see it all. It will be no use for us to attempt to do anything but look on, for you are too old, and I am too weak; in fact, nothing can save the building now,' said Ellen Abern, whose limbs trembled under her so that she could scarcely move.

'Infatuated fools, what relief will it bring them?' muttered the old man who, like Ellen, imagined that it was the work of some evicted tenant. 'It will only add fresh lashes to the scourge which hangs over them.'

When they approached the window, and while both, struck with the awful solemnity of the scene, stood contemplating it in silence, they saw old Nora spring out on the rafters, as she have already described, waving her blazing torch around her head, as she danced to and fro. Ellen Abern clasped her hands together, and uttering a cry of horror, turned away, just as the building fell in, burying old Nora in the ruins.

(To be Continued.)

As that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a voice, should go a little farther, and try to plant a virtue in its place, otherwise he will have his labor to renew; a strong soil that has produced wheat, with far less difficulty than it would cost to make it produce nothing.

The ancient religious order of St. Dominick have, after the lapse of centuries, again established themselves in Waterford, by special invitation of the good and worthy Bishop. Their oratory now stands in Bridge street.

The Tablet writes:—We have been obliged to content ourselves with a part performance of our promise to lay the whole of the letter of the Right Rev. Bishop of Kerry before our readers this week. We have held over those parts of the Bishop's letter which discuss the question of the effect of the disendowment of the Protestant Church on the spiritual condition and religious interests of Ireland. Dr. Moriarty states and considers the objection that, if the Establishment has rendered the Protestant Church utterly powerless for proselytism, disendowment will develop its spiritual energy and strengthen its proselytizing power. He also states and discusses the objection that the endowment of the Protestant Church has preserved the Protestant people of these countries from utter infidelity, and in dangerous times served as a safeguard against Voltairianism. These portions of his Lordship's letter shall appear in our next, and for the present we earnestly beg our readers to consider attentively those parts of Dr. Moriarty's letter which they have before them. They will easily understand the importance which we attach to them when they perceive that incidentally to the question of the Irish Church Establishment, Dr. Moriarty treats of the inviolability of corporate property and the false theories which have been pleaded in defence of the State's right of spoliation, and that Dr. Moriarty raises his warning voice against seeking for lawful ends at the price of identifying ourselves with those who are occupied in obtaining general recognition for false and bad principles. They will understand the importance which we attach to this letter when they read what Dr. Moriarty says of the duty of loyal obedience to civil superiors and of the danger to faith and morals which is involved in the discontent, bitterness and rancour which prevails so extensively in Ireland, and exhales so pestiferously in the speeches and writings of popular orators and journalists. They will understand the importance which we attach to this letter when they read what Dr. Moriarty says concerning the assumption to dispose of or to devote to secular purposes the Church property of Ireland without the consent of the Pope. All these are matters upon which the teachings of the Bishop of Kerry are like a fall of rain after a long drought, or the arrival of a convoy of provisions into a besieged and famishing city.

DEBIL, April 3.—The details of the affair at Killooney wood are most interesting. The wood is situated about seven miles from Mitchelstown, county of Cork. It was reported to the authorities that a party of the rebels had been lurking there for some time. Mr. Neale Browne, R.M., with Sub Inspector Rudge and the constabulary of the district, went out last Thursday week in search of them, but none were found. Acting upon further information, Mr. Browne forwarded a requisition for the services of the Waterford flying column, and on Saturday the column, commanded by Major Bell, and accompanied by Mr. Redmond, R.M. (Dungarvan), proceeded from Lismore to Mitchelstown, and at 1 o'clock on Sunday morning started, by the southern road, to the neighborhood of Killooney-wood. Mr. Neale Browne, R.M., Sub Inspector Rudge, and about 20 constabulary from Mitchelstown, Kildorrey, and Kilbenny, proceeding by another road, which led to the northern side of the wood. The column, which consisted of one troop of the 6th Carbineers, two companies of the 1st Royal Warwickshire Infantry, and some of the Military Train and Royal Engineers, in all about 120 men, was distributed so as to completely surround the wood. What followed is narrated by the witnesses at the inquest, which was held at Mitchelstown on Monday. Mr. Henry Edward Redmond, stipendiary magistrate, stationed at Dungarvan, deposed that he was out on the morning of Sunday, the 31st of March, with the Waterford flying column, at Killooney-wood. He reached the wood about five o'clock a.m. Major Bell ordered the wood to be surrounded, and he sent Lieutenant Carey in command of a small detachment. The wood ran north and south, and the high road ran north and south also. Lieutenant Carey's party was posted on the south side of the wood. Mr. Redmond went to search some houses on the west side. While there he heard some shots in the wood. He immediately ran towards the firing. On getting to the fence near the wood he saw some of the soldiers firing in the wood. He called out and asked them what was that for—had they been fired at? The answer was 'Yes; they fired at us first, and they are firing now.' He then ran forward a little in front of the skirmishers and saw two men, one armed with a rifle and the other with a revolver, and they were going from tree to tree, firing on the soldiers. He told the men to protect themselves. Almost at this moment the two men turned and ran towards a river, which was then not more than 20 yards distant. Immediately on seeing them turn he called out to the force to cease firing. They did so, the soldiers repeating his order one to another. The two men rushed forward and jumped into the river and endeavored to cross it, one a little above the other. Mr. Redmond jumped in after one of them, and some of the soldiers after the other. The one presented his revolver at Mr. Redmond, who caught him in the river, and presented his revolver at him, and they had a struggle. He called upon him to surrender, and he did so. The deceased man was the other who had jumped into the river. Immediately after he captured M'Clure he saw the soldiers drawing out the deceased, who was laid on the bank. He was then wounded and lay on his back. He was bleeding profusely from a gunshot wound under his right arm. He was also wounded in the left hand, one of the fingers being injured. The stock of his rifle was smashed by a bullet. There was a bayonet on it, about where he held it. The damage was near the guard of the trigger. We sent immediately for the doctor and priest; the military doctor—Dr. Segrave—was on the spot and did everything he could for him. He even read prayers for him. Witness heard no other shots fired after he gave the order 'Cease firing.'—Consequently, the deceased must have been wounded before that. The bugle sounded at the top of the hill 'Cease firing' about the same time. Deceased said he did not fire at all; that he would have fired, but his rifle missed. This statement was positively denied by James Pye, a soldier, who swore positively that Crowley fired at him first, that he and the other man kept firing from behind trees as they retreated towards the river. They fired about nine or ten shots altogether. This witness jumped into the river and pulled out the deceased. He had his head under water, and was floating down the stream, which was about 2ft. 6in. deep. Mr. Neale Browne, R.M., corroborated this evidence. He further stated that Dr. Segrave, while endeavoring to stop the bleeding of his wound with one hand, read prayers from a book which he held in the other; that when deceased complained of the cold of the ground the soldiers gave their coats to make a bed for him; they waited some time for the clergyman, and then he was taken up by the soldiers and carried out of the plantation. The clergyman overtook them, and the man was laid down and left with him. He was afterwards raised again by the soldiers, and carried by them out of the road. They tried to get him into a respectable farmer's house, but both the man and his wife refused him admittance. The only way of giving him assistance and saving his life was to bring him into Mitchelstown. They brought him on a cart until they met Dr. Rogers, who kindly took him into his prison. Dr. Segrave went with him, and the hospital sergeant followed on the cart, with the police escort close to them. When he came into Mitchelstown the man was dead. On the conclusion of the inquiry the jury, without any hesita-

tion, found that the deceased had died from the effects of a gunshot wound caused by the firing of the military party in the execution of their duty. The number of soldiers firing in the wood was five, and one of them was hit by the rebels. M'Clure first gave his name as M'Gness on being questioned, but afterwards said it was M'Clure; and his description, it is said, exactly corresponds with that in the Hue and Cry of the 'Captain' M'Clure who headed the party of Fenians that attacked Knockadon Coastguard Station. The revolver which he had contained six chambers, three of which had been discharged. A package of tea was also found upon him. Kelly wore across his shoulder, when captured, a haversack, which was found to contain a quantity of ammunition and of raw pork, besides a drill book, a book on the first leaf of which were written the words 'Journal of the Campaign,' and which contained an account of the attack upon Ballynockin Police station, and several other incidents of the recent rising; a lithographed map of the county of Cork; and a plan of a part of the county neatly drawn with pen and ink. Crowley was very widely known in this part of the country. He was a well-to-do farmer, having a long lease of about 50 acres of land between Cloyne and Midleton. He was about 36 or 40 years of age, but was not married. His sister, who came to claim his body, informed the police that when he left his home, about a month ago, he took 40 sovereigns with him. Various conjectures are made as to the object with which he and his two companions came to this part of the country.—Some people think that there must have been a large body of men in the wood, who have escaped, and in corroboration of this view it is said that one other man was seen escaping over the hill during the encounter at Killooney wood. It is also said that M'Clure and the principal men engaged in the attack managed to get on board a small vessel near Youghal, which was to convey them to France; and that the vessel was driven back by the easterly gales which prevailed, and was obliged to put into Queens-town harbor, where the party on board succeeded in effecting a landing without the knowledge of the police; and that when they were encountered at Killooney they were making their way to the Galtees to join a body of Fenians supposed to be in concealment there. It is more probable that they were moving about through the country from one hiding-place to another from the time of the attempted rising, and that they either sought to make an unusually long rest in the wood where they were captured, or were engaged in secretly organizing a fresh body of Fenians in expectation of American aid. The prisoners are described as young men of middle height and average build. Kelly appears to possess more than usual intelligence. In his features and the style of wearing his light, spare beard, he pretends the appearance of an American. His manner is stated to be rather well bred, and his handwriting—if that be his which appears in the papers found in his haversack—particularly neat. M'Clure is stouter and coarser-looking, with large, bold, staring eyes, and a mouth and chin expressive of much determination. There was nothing at all military in the garb of either of the men. Crowley's funeral gave occasion to a manifestation of feeling on the part of the people, which was not the less significant for its silence. The reporter of the Daily Express adds that—

The first part of the procession was formed by about a hundred and ten women, walking in regular lines, four and five abreast, and carrying in their hands green boughs, which they occasionally waved, as if in a species of defiance of the police, confident that they might do so with impunity. No man or boy ventured to carry any emblem, and the male portion of the procession generally walked with a good deal of irregularity. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of the people, the white plumed hearse, the emptiness of which was made conspicuous by its glass panels, following behind. According to the usual custom when it is intended to show respect to the memory of the dead, there is a shutter or two left standing up in each shop window of the town. A bell is at this moment tolling the knell of a lady who has died at her residence, about three miles distant from Mitchelstown, but I am told that the half-closing of the shops in the town is to honor the dead Fenian, whose funeral procession has just passed up the street.—Times Cor.

A man named Terence Kelly was arrested yesterday morning at Clonskeagh, by the police of the B division. He is stated by the police to be one of the party who attacked the constabulary station at Glencullen, upon which occasion, they say, he was armed with a rifle. Previous to the attack on Glencullen, it may be recollected that four of the metropolitan police and five of the constabulary were captured by the Fenians. They were subsequently released on the police in the barracks consenting to give up their arms. It would now appear that one of the policemen who was prisoner on that occasion recognised Kelly and took him into custody. The prisoner was removed to Kilmalnam.

Mr. James O'Brien was committed for high treason at the county court, Cork, yesterday, having been identified as one of the leaders in the Fenian attack on the Ballyknockane police station.

The statement in a provincial paper, that proceedings are about to be instituted against a medical gentleman for attending one of the wounded Fenian prisoners without giving information to the police authorities suggests a very important question for the determination of the profession. It has not been finally settled (although the point is tacitly conceded) whether the law protects a Catholic clergyman from giving evidence against one who has made a statement in confession of his being guilty of an offence; and the late Justice Hill ruled that no such exemption existed; but it is practically useless to endeavor to enforce rules against which our feelings or our instincts revolt. The definition of an accessory after the fact is one who 'receives, relieves, comforts, or assists' a felon, and the surgeon who sets a broken limb or binds up the wounds of another who has been guilty of a crime strictly comes within that definition, provided he knows or has just reason to believe that his patient is a criminal. No relation save that of a clergyman to a member of his flock, or of a barrister or solicitor to his client, can exceed that which prevails between a medical man and the individual upon whom he is in attendance, and upon what rule is he to act should such a contingency arise as that pointed out in the paragraph to which we have adverted? A very eminent practitioner to whom a question was once put upon this very point, stated that having on several occasions during the title campaign attended in lonely rural districts upon wounded country people, he never inquired under what circumstances the injuries were inflicted, and never spoke to others on the subject.—Saunders.

The Herald's special correspondence from Dublin and Thurles, indicates very plainly that another and more extensive rising is expected in Ireland, and that the British Commander-in-Chief is forced to keep fully prepared for active operations at any moment.

There is absolutely not a word of home news in Ireland this week. People have occupied themselves for a few days with comments on the recent legal appointments, but the interest on this point scarcely extends beyond legal circles. On the subject of Fenianism, all are agreed that we are safe from another rising until after the approaching State trials, that is, that we may reckon on breathing time for the next couple of months. People naturally conclude that the Fenian leaders will not, by any immediate outrage against the laws, further exasperate the authorities against their comrades whose fate is to be decided by the Special Commissions. But then the question comes, are we to have the horrors of Fenianism hanging over the country for another winter? And if there be anything more than wild

in the threats and bravado which we hear from New York, it is greatly to be feared that we have not yet seen the last of this conspiracy against the peace and prosperity of this much afflicted country. As it is impossible that it could ever affect the power of England, Fenianism can only, like the vampire, suck the blood of the country, which its promoters pretend to love. The Standing Committee of the National Association met yesterday, and, after devoting several hours to the consideration of an address or report, adjourned until this day. The draft of the address produced yesterday was an exceedingly eloquent and able document; but at a moment like the present, when calmness and circumspection are required to counteract the list, popular passions, that are only too easily excited amongst us, many passages in it were considered to be, under present circumstances, indiscreet, and the address has not yet made its appearance in its revised shape. It deals with subjects of the utmost importance, appeals warmly to the Legislature for the removal of the admitted grievances of Ireland, and shows, at the same time, to the people the utter folly and perversity of expecting from any but the legitimate sources a remedy for the evils of the country. The grievances, I may add, to which it specially refers, are those connected with the land question and the Established Church. Westminster Gazette (Catholic).

The Cork Examiner writes:—An inquest was held on the body of a man named James Dunne, of Youghal, on Wednesday, before Mr. Coroner Barry. Deceased, who was a servant, was a native of Clashmore. On Tuesday last he was observed going about the streets of Youghal drunk, at five o'clock in the evening, and the next morning he was found drowned in the dock. The evidence went to show that the deceased accidentally fell into the water whilst in a state of drunkenness, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect.

The following Roman Catholic clergymen have been served with a summons from the Speaker of the House of Commons to appear without delay before the Select Committee of the House at present engaged in trying the merits of the petitions presented against the return of Captain the Hon. Charles White, and have left for London:—The Rev. John Scanlan, P.P., Toomevara; Rev. Joseph Magrath, P.P., Silvermines; Rev. Eugene Malone, P.P., Puckane; Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, P.P., Lorrha; and the Rev. Con. Gleeson, R.C.C. of Portree.

On Monday night the steamer leaving Dundalk for Liverpool was crowded with emigrants all of the farming class, and apparently persons in a comfortable position, being well dressed, and having with them large heavily laden boxes. The scene at the departure of the steamer was affecting. The deck was crowded. There were at least 120 persons, and numbers of them were bitterly weeping as they bade a last farewell to their friends on shore.

Justice in Ulster.—The conduct of the magistrates reprimanded by Judge Keogh at Omagh Assizes has been brought before parliament, and a real 'Irish row' was the consequence. It was the Orange riots transferred from the North of Ireland to the English Senate. Sir John Gray led in the melee, and he was encountered by Knox Hamilton, Verner and a host of 'True Blues.' When almost overpowered Sullivan, Bagwell, Barry and Oogen came to his assistance, and the clang and uproar was tremendous! In the midst of the battle and turmoil Mr. Disraeli entered the house, and observing the row as it progressed, it was no wonder at all that he felt astounded, or that like Rip Van Winkle, he had fallen asleep for a sleep of thirty years!

The Orangemen found warm defenders in the Ulster members, and from their language and demeanor, the Englishmen present must have concluded that if the chiefs of the Orangemen were so violent, the rank and file must be a terrible pest in society. But from all they had seen before them, they could not form an accurate estimate of the aims and malice of the Orangemen, or the manner in which they strive to annoy and torture their Catholic neighbors. To learn what Orangism really is, it must be seen in Ulster, and the conduct of its votaries witnessed all the year round.

Its advocates in the House of Commons were not the least ashamed of its bloodstained character. Sir William Verner 'felt it his duty to stand up in defence of a body of men who had rendered the greatest possible service to their country!' He did not blush for their efforts to create bitter strife. He did not feel ashamed of their murderous attacks on the lives of unoffending Catholics; nor was he in the least disconcerted by the slaughter of Shevlin at Castleblayney or hundreds of others who have been cut down in a similar manner, and sent to their bloody graves. On the contrary the old baronet seems to glory in the 'service they have done their country.' What a mind this Orange defender of his confederates in Ulster must have. 'Their country.' This is not their country. They have no such thing. They are here like a number of outlaws, with their hands raised against the ancient inhabitants of the land. They were brought here to make Ireland a hell, and they have done their utmost to accomplish their mission. But Ireland disowns them, and even the nation they came here to serve, has placed over their wicked heads pains and penalties to repress their diabolical practices.

Other defenders of the Orangemen of Tyrone declared that the fraternity had no party tunes played whilst going through Donoughmore; they were merely amusing themselves, as Orangemen in Ulster are in the habit of doing, by going in bodies along the roads on Sundays. What a plausible defence on behalf of the Orange disturbers! But what could give greater offence to a Catholic district than a number of Orangemen walking in procession, whether they played party tunes or not? Their very presence was nothing but a menace.—'Here we are, and touch us if you dare.' If 1,000 Orangemen from the county Down should march, in procession, into Dundalk, on to-morrow, with drums beating and pipes playing any sort of airs, how would our people receive such a visit? Would they not look upon it as a threat or a challenge? They certainly would, and if we are not much mistaken, they would prepare to resent such an outrage on their feelings, and blood, we fear, would commence to flow in our streets.

It is full time to put down all this marching no matter what its character may be. It creates bad feeling, and it is the duty of every sensible Protestant as well as Catholics to bring conduct so outrageous to a close. The Orangemen may think that they count for something in the affairs of Ireland, and that they can obstruct the nation in its pursuit of justice. But they are very much mistaken. The Irish millions despise them. If they are for warfare, they can be successfully met in Ulster, for the Catholics there are able to face them in any encounter. But we do not wish to witness any such contests. We are for peace amongst all creeds and classes, and desire to see them on friendly terms. But the Orangemen must be subdued by the powers of the law. They are a nuisance in Ulster, and they must be treated as all other nuisances are. They are common disturbers, and such characters are always driven into some place where they cannot give annoyance. Their marching, drumming and piping are a disgrace to the North, and unless it is speedily given up, a law must be sought for which will compel them to seek for some other pastime than that of annoying their Catholic neighbors.—Dundalk Democrat.

The calm that pervades Irish society now is something extraordinary. It seems as if all its forces were spent in the late Fenian movements and counter-movements, and that whatever energy remains is concentrated on the preparations for the Special Commissions. The attention of the more enlightened part of the political world is fixed upon Parliament and the Reform question, the latter being interesting chiefly because of its connexion with the fate of the Ministry, though when the Irish Bill comes to be discussed it is likely enough to produce a large amount of excitement.—Times Cor.

THE FENIANS IN CORK.—The Pall Mall Gazette contains the following letter from a correspondent:—'The prisoners had, most of them rather a down-cast, crest-fallen look; but still I am told that they enter into, or it may be, profess to entertain, unwavering confidence of their cause. One of them boasted that for eight years he had been devoted to it body and soul that he knew as well as any man what deep and wide-spread roots it had struck into the country; and that Government were very much mistaken; if however egregious. He rested his principal hopes on America, declaring that Fenianism was there helping to produce political complications which must, sooner or later, bring about a rupture with England, and tempt the Americans to interfere actively on behalf of an Irish Republic. It gave rather a shock to an Englishman's constitutional nerves to find one self in a room with a dozen men who did not even know for what offence they had been deprived of liberty. These were the prisoners arrested on general grounds by virtue of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. They were apart from the rest of the prisoners, and wore a very different demeanour looking in all conscience defiant and rebellious enough. But some allowance must be made for a man—who, in these days, has to protest on personal no less than public grounds against the lettre de cachet. However no sane man would at present wish to see the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act withdrawn, and the prisoners do not seem to be treated with needless rigour. They are allowed books and writing materials, and are not compelled to do any work if they can support themselves. If they require the goal allowance of food, they are expected to make some return—I am told a very slight one in the way of labour for it. How far it is in accordance with the latest notion of justice and fair play to deprive an untried prisoner of his ordinary means of getting a livelihood, and then to compel him to obtain it by work to which he is not accustomed. I leave to the important consideration of Mr. Bright and Major Knox.

PERILS OF A SPECIAL REPORTER IN IRELAND.—No wonder the Times should be so brave and resentful towards Ireland. Its chief editor, Mr. Delane, was twice arrested on suspicion by the police, and put in duress in a cell during a brief sojourn in this wonderful county, and all, it would appear, on account of the exuberance of his beard. The special reporter of the same veracious and impartial paper visited this city last Saturday, and, we are given to understand, also fell a victim to the luxuriant dimensions of the ruddy tuft which nature (as dead by art) adorns his face. We do not at all vouch for the truth of the following story; our readers may believe it or not, just as they please, but it is very like the truth:—The special—so the story goes—was walking quietly along the Quay, pondering, most probably, on his prospects of an increase of salary, and flustering himself that he was astonishing the natives by his London made attire, which we are assured, was got up regardless of expense—a circumstance we see no valid reason for holding in doubt. If not the observed or all observers the special was at all events an object of watchful scrutiny to one lynx-eyed individual, an intelligent sub-constable of police, who saw something Fenianish or American, or in some way threatening to the peace of the realm, in the general demeanor and appearance of the suspicious stranger, especially in the beard. With baton closely fixed under his left arm, and the handle firmly grasped in his right hand, the preserver of the peace strode past the 'suspect,' giving him a sidelong glance intended to read his very thoughts and force him to confess his felonious intentions. Nothing daunted 'our own' mended his pace and closing up in apparently a determined manner with the guardian of our lives and liberties (?), asked him in what was no doubt intended to be an unflattering tone of voice, but with a fatally outlandish, nasal twang, for the address of the 'inspector of police?' 'Ho, ho,' thought the sub., 'is that your little game?' and with a slight abutment of gratification at his discovery of an American colonel, or captain, at least, he replied, in the awful words so terrible to civil-doers, 'You're my prisoner, captain, to which he considerably edified the usual condition, 'don't say anything to criminate yourself, or it may be seen in evidence against you.' Remonstrances and offers of explanation were alike unavailing; accompany the policeman as an escort he should, and, with a look which seemed to say he would knock down the museum Irishman at his side if he were able to represent the organ of British intolerance was forced to submit to his fate. Rejoicing at his own astuteness in declining to be caught with chaff, the policeman hurried his victim along, and, after a weary walk to the upper end of Newmarket, they arrived at the pretty suburban residence of Mr. Elington, S.I., much to the relief of the man of letters, who produced his credentials and a letter of introduction. What the sub-inspector said to the sub constable, this history doareth not; but the latter departed considerably crestfallen, a sadder, and perhaps wiser man, but with his dream of a good conduct stripe dissipated into this air—'twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'twas past.' On returning to his barrack, the poor sub., moreover, had to undergo a severe rating from the irate head-constable for being off his beat when, according to the report of a loyal citizen, several dangerous persons—to wit, young men eleven years of age or thereabouts, with wooden swords and paper caps, were seen marching 'in military order,' that is to say, keeping step against the peace. As to the special, it is to be presumed he drowned his mortification, at the little incident above narrated, in the profuse hospitality extended to him by the police officer.—Waterford Citizen.

FENIAN PRISONERS IN CLENMEL GAOL.—There are now in Clonmel gaol 144 prisoners, 2 of whom are charged with complicity in the Fenian movement, and eight of those are confined under the Lord Lieutenant's warrants.

THE FENIANS.—The trials of Fenians by the Dublin Special Commission have commenced. The calendar contains the names of 300 prisoners, of whom half are indicted for high treason.

THURSDAY, April 4, 1867.—On Tuesday (April 2) Sub constables Dolly and Murphy, acting on private information which they had received proceeded from Killeashe police station in plain clothes to Ballyhurst, in order to arrest a farmer named James Croagh, who, it is supposed, was one of the leaders at the late affair of Ballyhurst. A warrant was in the hands of the police for his arrest, and they were informed that he was likely to be found on his lands at Knockballynoe. The constables went a round of about two miles to rough Springhouse Wood in order to come within view of him. As soon as the police were near their intended prisoner the people in the neighboring fields raised a shout, and off Orough ran like a fox. The constables started at once in pursuit, and, after a sharp run of two miles came up with him in the towland of Deerpark. The police then handcuffed their prisoner, and conveyed him back to Killeashe, a distance of four miles. His friends evidently were excited, but offered no resistance. The prisoner was subsequently conveyed to Cashel under a strong escort of police, and on Wednesday he was brought up at a private investigation before the magistracy. It is stated that an informer was examined who fully identified the prisoner as being one of the party engaged at Ballyhurst. He was fully committed to stand his trial at the ensuing Special Commission on a charge of high treason.

The beautiful weather of the past week has enabled the farmers to perform the usual Spring work, and as all available hands have been called into action, a large amount of labor has been got through in sowing corn and planting potatoes. We are glad to learn that flax will be extensively cultivated, as it is the most profitable crop which the farmers can grow. If the fine weather continues, farming operations will be very forward in the course of another fortnight.—Dundalk Democrat, April 6.

AN INFORMER.—The fifteen young men who were arrested in Mill street on Tuesday night were taken on the information of a man named Patsy Moriarty, a native of the county Kerry. He is a young man of slender build, about five feet eight inches in height, and appears to be gifted with a half-pleasing, reckless sort of manner. When arrested on Tuesday evening he lodged informations implicating over twenty-five persons in the neighborhood of Mill street, who, he alleges, are some of the party who entered and took arms out of Captain Leader's house on Shrove Tuesday night.

The publicans of Waterford are all complaining of slackness in business; their customers are becoming beautifully fewer every day, and those who frequent their accustomed tap drink less than usual. This is partly accounted for by the dearth of provisions and the number out of employment, but we understand the chief reason is that the young men are afraid to get drunk, lest, while in their cups, they should sing a national song, or shout for the green flag, or say something that, in ordinary times, would be unnoticed, but, in the present state of alarm, would get them committed for trial as dangerous and disaffected persons. —Waterford Citizen, April 5.

FEINIAN FACTS.—The Fenian storm which swept over the south of Ireland for a week or ten days appears to have vanished as other storms do. The correspondents of the Dublin and London newspapers, writing from the scene of the conflict, say the movement is at an end. We are of opinion that the end is very far off in the future. We suspect, from what we have seen of the movement, and the tactics of its leaders, that another Fenian storm will be soon heard of. When all excitement connected with the recent outbreak is calmed down, and everything is quiet, we think another storm will be heard, perhaps more loud than that which has been brought to a close by the harsh and terrible weather. The Fenians are a cunning force, and it is not likely they will forego their determination to carry out their object. Let no one, therefore, be deceived, by thinking that they have heard the last of the Fenian movement in Ireland. —Waterford Citizen.

The tide of emigration has commenced to flow westward with increased strength. By the Dundalk Steampacket Company's 'Pride of Erin,' Capt. Farrell, master, upwards of 100 emigrants took shipping to Liverpool on April 1, en route to America. The usual heart-rending scenes consequent on the departure of the Irish from their native land, was enacted at the quay on the occasion. —Dundalk Examiner.

Mr. Maguire, M.P., arrived at Queenstown on Sunday by the royal mail steamer Cuba, from New York, having completed a protracted tour of Canada and the United States. Mr. Maguire was conveyed from Queenstown to Glenbrook by the Cunard Company's tender, which was courteously placed at his disposal by Mr. Grierson, manager of the company at this port. —Cork Examiner.

GREAT BRITAIN.

SCOTLAND—CATHOLIC BISHOP AT BARRHEAD—IMPORTANT STATISTICS.

To the Editor of the Weekly Register.

Sir,—Under the above conspicuous heading you published in your columns last week a paragraph taken from the Glasgow Free Press, purporting to be a report of a speech delivered by the Rev. Mr. Keane, of Barrhead, in which the remarkable assertion is made that there are 125,000 apostate Catholics in Scotland, and which assertion is backed up with a series of statistics which are very erroneous indeed, and call for an immediate correction. If Father Keane did make these assertions, I am sorry for it; but I would recommend caution in publishing matter from the Free Press in your columns, after the experience we have had of it not so long ago. —Father Keane says, or is made to say, there are in Scotland, principally in the Lowlands, 200,000 Irish by birth, 200,000 Irish by extraction. He deduces 45,000 for emigrants and Protestant Irish, thus leaving 355,000, to which he adds Highland Catholics, 20,000, in all 375,000 Catholics who should be in the Lowlands. Mark you, he does not say this is the whole Catholic population of Scotland. I ask Father Keane how he makes all this out. He says we are to multiply the 200,000 Irish by birth (I have not the census returns beside me, and I take for granted he is right) by two in order to find the number of Irish by birth and extraction both. Now, although we are a prolific people, I must say, and your readers will agree with me, that this process of arithmetic won't do, and is a great exaggeration. I cannot see how Father Keane could make this out. The fact is his statistics are mere suppositions, and eminently erroneous suppositions also. Let us see what really is the Catholic population of Scotland, not from imaginary statistics, but from those of the Registrar General for Scotland. At the census of 1861 the population of Scotland was 3,062,284 persons. In the last report of the Registrar General for Scotland lately published for the year 1863 (these detailed reports are delayed long after the time, I suppose to be more minute) we find that the number of marriages in Scotland for that year was 20,115 according to the rites of Protestant Churches, &c., 2,119 according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church—in all, 22,234, being at the rate of 716 marriages to every 100,000 persons.

Now, if 716 marriages give 100,000 persons, what will 20,115 marriages give? Answer, 2,809,357 persons. Then, if 716 marriages give 100,000 persons, what will the 2,119 Catholic marriages give? Answer, 295,949 persons. These two sums added together make the population of Scotland in 1863, two years after the census, come to 3,104,406 persons.—The difference between that and the census must go for increase of population. Therefore, in all Scotland, Highlands, Islands, and Lowlands, there are only 295,949 Roman Catholics, thus making Father Keane wrong 45,000, even granting that he is right in saying there should be 375,000 Catholics in the Lowlands alone. But I cannot accept that proposition; it is a mere guess, and no better. Thanks therefore to the Registrar General and the inexorable logic of simple proportion. We Catholics of Scotland have wiped off the stain of 125,000 apostates, which would disgrace us for ever if Father Keane's assertion was accurate. Had Father Keane consulted Oliver and Boyd's Almanack, or the Registrar General's report, he would not have been led into such erroneous conclusions. But really even if I had not seen these statistics I could have told him he was wrong in saying that one-third of us have apostatised. One would imagine that everything was going to wreck and ruin in this country from the tone of Father Keane's reported remarks. Now, I maintain that, considering the gigantic difficulties they had to contend with, the bishops, priests, and laymen here have hitherto grappled very successfully with their work. The schools, convents, orphanages, seminaries, and reformatories, demonstrate what has been done, to keep our Catholic people in the fold.

The only people who have fallen away have been principally pauper children, generally belonging to the drunken and criminal classes, and to parents who have made mixed marriages. There will always be a loss of faith from these causes till such time as Catholics hold a better position in Glasgow, and the cause of intemperance decreases among us. We are doing well and continually advancing, and apostasy is not eating into the vitals of Catholicity, as I have abundantly proved. I grant there is a great mass of vice and apathy among the poorer classes in our large cities, but as for apostasy from the Catholic Church on the scale Father Keane makes out as reported, that I emphatically deny.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A. CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

We deeply regret to learn that the Rev. Father Noble has been suddenly cut off in his active missionary career. On Tuesday morning about six o'clock his body was discovered floating in the bar-

bor of Leith (Scotland) nearly opposite the entrance to the Victoria Dock. The deceased had retired to rest the night before about twelve o'clock, but was seen between one and two o'clock walking in the direction of the east pier—for what purpose is not known, but the general impression is, that being unable to sleep, he rose from his bed intending to take a refreshing walk within the influence of the sea-air, and that during his stroll he slipped into the water and was drowned. It would seem that he had visited the chapel before going out, as the private door from the chapel house was found open. His melancholy fate has created deep and general regret at Leith, where he was greatly esteemed not only by his own flock, but by his Protestant neighbors.—During the prevalence of the cholera last year his devotion to the poor had won for him the special thanks of the magistracy. He was a native of Ireland—had not attained middle age—and had served on the Scottish mission at Leith for six or seven years.—R.I.P.

LONDON, April 23.—Peace between France and Prussia is almost despair of. The Prussians are quietly preparing for the expected check of arms.—The warlike aspect of things has caused considerable alarm on the London Stock Exchange, and the tendency of affairs is towards a financial panic.

The Fenian movement in Ireland is now to all appearance suppressed. A few of its miserable victims may still be skulking in the mountains, and fugitives are here and there arrested in disguise, but the majority have dispersed to their homes or have fallen into the hands of justice. For the trial of the late Special Commission is about to be issued, and the question must soon arise whether the lenient course taken by the Government in 1865 can or ought to be repeated. It is a question fraught with perplexity, awakening, as it does, a certain degree of conflict between feelings of humanity and a sense of public duty, and involving, as it must, considerations which deeply affect the future peace of Ireland. There are Irishmen who know and love their country well, yet are firmly convinced that nothing but inexorable severity against rebels will avail to impress the people with the wickedness of rebellion.—They maintain that in this respect Irish character resembles that of some Oriental races, who mistake clemency for weakness, but cheerfully obey any power which shows itself to be at once just and irresistible. There are others, again, who, pointing to the utter failure of the cruel policy so long pursued by our forefathers, deprecate not only the excesses of martial law, but the infliction of death by judicial sentence upon a single Fenian prisoner. The new Irish Attorney-General, Mr. Chatterton, whose duty it will be to conduct the prosecutions, seems rather inclined to the former alternative; but were it necessary to make our choice between the two—were it impossible to draw a just distinction between the crimes of the ringleaders and those of their followers—we should assuredly prefer an indiscriminate amnesty to an indiscriminate punishment of the Fenians now in custody. Rather than see the horrors of 1793 re-enacted in the present year, we should be prepared to run the risk of seeing the very men who owed their lives to the compassion of the Government renewed, as they assuredly would, their nefarious attempts, and repaying mercy with that black ingratitude which characterises Irish treason. Such, however, is not the issue presented to us. We have not to decide whether the terrible retribution which followed the Indian mutiny and the Jamaica massacre is to serve as a precedent for Ireland, or even whether all the half-starved shop boys who may have been arrested by the police should expiate their folly on the scaffold, but only whether those who have deliberately planned and headed the rising should be rescued, some of them for a second time, from the consequences of their crime. In considering this point it is material to observe that several, if not most, of the Fenian leaders are not 'insurgents' in any proper sense of the term. If they are Irishmen at all, they have long ceased to be Irish subjects of Her Majesty, and instead of being driven into rebellion by oppression, either real or imaginary, they have come over from America on a filibustering errand and with filibustering objects. This makes a very great difference, and entirely deprives them of whatever extenuation may be pleaded on behalf of a 'political offence.' Filibustering is not a political offence, but piracy on a grand scale, and those who practise it are 'hostes humani generis.' In Cuba, the filibustering tendencies of American adventurers were checked once for all by the public execution of Lopez and his principal associates. Let it once be known that a similar fate inevitably awaits foreigners who organize rebellion in Ireland, and officers with an American accent will cease to seduce her credulous youth into acts of which they little realize the enormity. It will be for the Law Officers of the Crown to determine under what statute these prosecutions should be instituted, and for the Judges who act on the Special Commission to apportion the sentence according to the circumstances of each case. It has been said that Fenianism is a species of epidemic lunacy, and it would no doubt save a great deal of trouble if it could be treated in the same manner. Since this is impossible, it only remains to anticipate future appeals to a higher law by enforcing the law of the land. Prevention, and not vengeance, is the object of these proceedings. The fear which has been expressed in some quarters that recourse may be had to obsolete provisions authorizing the infliction of flogging is absolutely unfounded. No one, so far as we are aware, has ever suggested such a measure, and public opinion would be unanimous in its condemnation. More than two generations of time and a much greater interval of settlement divide us from the revolutionary atrocities of 1793 and the succeeding reign of terror. The passions which rendered such events possible exist no longer on either side, and the Fenians themselves, to do them justice, contrast favorably with the Whiteboys and other scourges of Ireland in the last century. The Government will act wisely as well humanely by recognizing this, and by allowing the mere rank and file, after the warning they have received, to be discharged upon their recognizances.—It is the leaders alone who should be visited with condign punishment, and among them it may be judicious to discriminate between those who have and those who have not abused the forbearance already extended to them.—Times.

RUSSIAN AMERICA.—The reported sale of Russian America to the United States has excited a very considerable degree of interest amongst us. There is nothing in it to make any great difference in our own position in America, or in our relations with the United States. Its real importance is in showing us once more what our position in America actually is, and what our relations with the United States are and are likely to be. If we consider what motives probably induced the President's Cabinet to enter upon negotiations for the purchase of Russian territory in America, we shall find nothing that should give us any alarm for the present, nor which should increase that alarm for the future which no Englishman can avoid who looks around him, and then far forward. Let us remember in the first place that the energies and ambition of Russia are all turned out of the course of American ambition. There is no apparent reason why she should care to keep a single foot of territory in America. There are many reasons why she should foster such feelings of friendship in the United States as in due time should constitute a kind of traditional claim to alliance; in short, Russia could make the sale with perfect advantage to herself and without giving reasonable cause of offence to anybody. On the other hand, it is manifestly a great point of foreign policy in the United States also to promote friendly feeling between their own people and the Russian government: It would be too much to say that those powers intend to divide the world between them by-and-by; but there does undoubtedly exist an idea—a belief—not yet so sure as to be permitted to speak out—that this is their destiny; and what is more, there is a

both a far-reaching, effort to that end. The ambition of these two powers is nowhere opposed; in each case it is vast and hopeful; it is easy to imagine many contingencies where the prosecution of the one could be made to serve the other; and therefore it is that much sympathy must exist between the two peoples. To have deepened the feeling would have been quite worth the cessation of territory comparatively valueless to one party, and the expenditure by the other party of a few millions of dollars. Russia loses nothing but she gains immensely in a political sense, by seeming to acknowledge readily the pretensions arrayed by the Americans against the rule of any monarch anywhere upon their continent. What the Americans gain is that acknowledgment, and, what is more, the transaction helps to fix still deeper in the mind of the American people a belief in the expediency of the Emperor Napoleon in Mexico. This alone would be a great gain, if there were no other considerations.—But we know that there are. At the present moment, when Russia is again active in pursuit of her own cherished designs, it is not altogether an unimportant thing to exhibit what may seem another proof of good understanding with America. There may not be much in that, but there is something in it; and what there is is clear benefit without any drawback. While as to the United States, the acquisition of the Russian-American territory, lapping down upon our own possessions, serves as a timely move in answer to the confederation of those possessions. It does not amount to a threat. It is a hint, a declaration of feeling more effectual and more politic than anything in the shape of a despatch.—It means, 'You have established your American Provinces in a confederacy, lest to establish relations between the Provinces for their own better government, than for the establishment of one great State which in the course of time may be able to resist what you call our rapacity, but which we think of as something different. There is, in short, in this confederacy some vague idea of setting up a strong monarchical State. We do not intend that such State shall exist. The time must come when the British possessions in America shall be ours. You know very well that that question depends more upon what we wish than what you have power to do. Now this purchase of Russian America is to show you that we understand the purpose of a confederacy which we have no reasonable excuse to prevent, and also that we do not find in it a reason for abandoning those ideas of annexation which have hitherto been useful to us.' This we take to be the real significance of the proposed arrangement. That the purchase was ever designed as a necessary or useful move in a military sense it is difficult to believe. The United States are strong enough to overrun our possessions and take them whenever they please. It is absurd to imagine that they want fresh vantage ground for that operation, so that whether they buy Russian America or not, seems a matter of no real importance. What is of importance is the manifestation of intention, and the consideration that as affairs stand, we should find ourselves helpless against any serious attempt to carry the intention into effect.—Pall Mall Gazette.

EFFECT OF DRAINAGE ON HEALTH.—The Metropolitan Sanitary Commission of London compute that for every inch depth of water drained off, and which would otherwise pass into the air as vapor, as much heat is saved per acre as would raise eleven thousand cubic feet of air one degree in temperature. A farmer was asked the effect of some new drainage, when he replied, 'All that I know is, that before it was done I could never get out at night without an overcoat, but now I never put one on.' A physician took one of the Sanitary Commissioners to a hill overlooking his district. 'There,' said he, 'wherever you see those patches of white mist I have frequent illness, and if there is a cess pool, or other nuisance as well, I can reckon on typhus every now and then. Outside of these mists I am rarely wanted.'

PROTESTANT WORSHIP.—The Rev. T. Bishop thus describes what he saw in a drinking saloon, in Liverpool, on a Sunday, 'A few are open on the Sunday evenings. I lately looked in at one. The audience was small—mostly invidious. I heard the Old Hundred Psalm sung, the Hallelujah Chorus. Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn, and the Jubilate Deo. The organ was a large one. It was a melancholy thing to hear this group singing in such a company. We are His people, and the sheep of His pasture. God's music enlisted in the devil's cause.—The Manchester Statement.

THE MARQUIS OF WESTMOUTH AND THE RITUALISTS.—The following curious notice stands on the order book of the House of Lords for Tuesday next:—The Marquis of Westmouth, to present a petition, and call the attention of the House to it, complaining of ritualistic practices in the church of England, and stating that in the event of a royal commission being appointed to enquire into ritualistic innovations there could be no confidence in the proceedings of such a commission if right reverend prelates were appointed thereto who were themselves compromised by the introduction of usages and practices, which were rejected at the Reformation; the petitioners mentioning the cases of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese of Oxford, who conducted a novel, unauthorized, and superstitious service for the Dedication of a Bell in Ebury church, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury who used a similar unauthorized and superstitious ceremonial for a bell in Sherborne church, the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol who inaugurated by a special service a new order of church ministers other than those authorized in the prayer book, and the Lord Bishop of Chichester who, in addition to novel proceedings in a private chapel, attended a special service in Chichester Cathedral in connexion with the presentation of a pastoral staff having profane Popish emblems engraved thereon, and also held a highly objectionable service for the consecration of a lady warder of a tractarian sisterhood; and praying it to be adopted an address to her Majesty on the subject.

A SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—A somewhat exciting discussion took place in reference to the recent observations of Judge Keogh at the Tyrone assizes, condemning the magistrates at the Donaghmore Petty Sessions for partizan conduct—the charge against them being that they had sent Catholics only for trial for having participated in a party riot, although six of the Protestant party were identified. Sir John Gray called attention to the matter, and asked Lord Nass whether the Irish Executive had taken any steps so to institute an inquiry into the facts of the case? Lord Nass replied that the observation of Judge Keogh had not been officially communicated to the Government. As soon as they were, every facility would be given for an impartial inquiry. In the course of the debate, Sergeant Barry having made some observations reflecting on the Belfast Orangemen, Sir H. Edwards said he rejoiced that he was an Orangeman, and he considered that that body had as much right to be represented in the House as the Fenians. It was well known, he said, that there were Fenians in the House. This statement, of course, produced a storm. The Speaker pronounced Sir H. Edwards out of order, and called on him to withdraw the expression, which, after a conciliatory speech from Mr. Disraeli, he consented to do, and the matter dropped. Before the House adjourned, a vote of £2,000, to be distributed in rewards to the Irish Constabulary engaged in the suppression of the Fenian outbreak, was agreed to.

There is nothing which so grievously tries English faith in the political morality of American statesmen as the countenance openly given to Fenianism. Persons who advocated the cause and stood by the policy of the North through evil report and good report, who blamed this country for observing neutrality instead of manifesting sympathy and who are hopefully watching the great experiment of reconstruction, had no excuse to make for the reception of the Fenian leaders on the floor of the late House of Representatives.—Times.

THE FEINIAN MOVEMENT IN SCOTLAND.—In our impression of Tuesday we reported that a body of Fenians had been discovered drilling on the turnpike road by Sergeant M'Naughton and two constables, who put the troops to flight, and succeeded in capturing six of them. The officers, doubting their authority to take the men into custody, contented themselves with taking a note of their names and reporting the circumstances to the authorities at Airdrie. A special warrant, charging the six men with illegal drilling under the act 60 George III, was issued yesterday, and placed in the hands of Captain Thomas Clark, when that officer proceeded to Mossend, where two of the suspected parties were apprehended and identified by Sergeant M'Naughton as being connected with the movement on Sunday morning. They gave their names as Hugh Murphy and John Brogan, both puddlers, residing at Mossend. A third party was apprehended, and identified by Constable Urquhart, during the day at Orbiston, and conveyed to Bellshill police station. He gave his name as Thomas O'Hara, a labourer, residing at Uthack, and in the employment of the Mossend Iron Company. The three men were conveyed to Airdrie under an escort of police. On marching to the railway station they were followed by a considerable crowd. The prisoners will be brought before Sheriff Logie to-day (Saturday) for examination. The apprehension of the misguided men has caused great excitement at Mossend, and fifteen men suspected to be connected with the illegal drilling, are reported to have fled during the week from Mossend and the neighbouring works. The detection of the suspected Fenians at midnight drill has been the means of stopping the 'movement,' which may be said to be merely in its infancy in this district, and the energy of the police officers at Mossend on Sunday morning last is highly creditable. The drill-instructor on that occasion has as yet escaped the vigilance of the authorities. Another of the suspected parties is reported to have been apprehended by Constables Murray and Stevenson. He gave his name as Lawrence Flanagan, a labourer, residing at Thaukerton, Holytown.

Another correspondent in the district writes:—A suspicion existing that many Fenians or sympathizers with the Fenian army, are located in the neighbourhood of which is, and has always been a 'centre' for the 'Brotherhood'—much uneasiness is everywhere felt by the respectable portion of the inhabitants, who are kept in a state of unusual activity and alarm. Every train that arrives from the west brings with it mysterious looking characters to the various stations between Coatbridge and Wishaw. These strangers are generally very flush of money, particularly Irish notes.—Scotsman.

INGENUOUS CANNON.—On Sunday evening, at a well-known ritualistic church, the incumbent being absent, a young man in surplice and violet stole entered the pulpit after the second lesson, and proceeded to read a sermon, which was chiefly remarkable for the depression of manner with which it was delivered. When concluding, he apologised to his hearers if he had wearied them pleading that it was not his fault; that he knew many of them were fit to teach him; that he never preached when he could avoid it; but he dared not send them away sermonless. He added that several of the younger clergy were of opinion that they could do their duties as faithfully without preaching, and invited them to pray that 'the spirit of prayer might be increased in our services, and that we might be delivered from the tyranny of custom.'—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Bishop of London has taken a decided step in connection with the prosecution of the Rev. Albert Heriot Mackonochie, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, incumbent of St. Alban's Holborn, by signing the letters of request to the Dean of the Court of Arches. The charges which Dr. Lushington will have to investigate are four—1. The elevation and afonation of the Holy Elements. 2. The placing lights on the communion table. 3. The use of incense. 4. The use of the mixed chalice. The case for the promoter will be conducted by Dr. Stephens and Mr. Coleridge, Q.C., for the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie by Sir R. Phillimore, the Queen's Advocate, and Dr. Deane. The solicitor for the promoter (nominally the Bishop of London, but really the Church Association) is Mr. J. Murray Dale.—The defence will be undertaken by the English Church Union in connexion with which a large subscription is expected to be raised. This body at present numbers about 5,000 members, who are banded together for the defence of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England.

During the quarter just past there sailed from Liverpool 69 ships under the Act, conveying 13,994 emigrants, of whom 832 were cabin, and 13,162 steerage passengers. Of these 66 ships, with 829 and 12,859 steerage passengers were for the United States, the remainder for Victoria. During the quarter there also sailed 61 short ships, with 1,734 passengers, making the total emigration for the quarter 15,728, which is a decrease of 9,049 on the corresponding quarter of last year. The emigration during March was 6,828.

The grounds on which the magistrates at Market Drayton unanimously dismissed the charges against Ex-Governor Eyns were that the evidence did not raise a probable presumption of guilt, and that they were convinced a jury would not convict. The report states that the announcement was received with applause, with was renewed by crowds outside the when Mr. Eyns left with his friends.

CURIOUSITIES OF FENIANISM.—A London paper says:—Those who are anxious to see specimens of the Irish pike, which has now become, to some degree, a national weapon, inasmuch as it was made the most prominent instrument of war in the insurrection of 1793 and in the risings of 1847 and 1867, may be seen by a visit to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. There are on exhibition two of these pikes, one taken in '93 and the other in '67. There is little difference between them in construction, except that the one made more recently is, as may be anticipated, more carefully finished than the other. The top of the weapon is of steel, and resembles that of the lance used in the British army. This is fitted on a long pole, to which it is fastened, the arrangement being altogether of the simplest description. The specimens shown at the Palace have neither the battle-axe, which some of pikes of the last century possessed, nor the hook, which was intended, among others purposes, for cutting the leather bridles of the cavalry horses.

UNITED STATES.

The N. Y. Tribune says.—It is stated on authoritative source that to the last communication from the English Government on the Alabama claims received some days ago, our Government has replied:—'Mr. Adams is instructed to respectfully decline the acceptance of the propositions made by the British Government.' This leaves the 'Alabama' matter where it started, without any proposition from either party pending.

In Boston, New York, and Philadelphia thirty ladies have received medical degrees within a few weeks past, and since this educational movement began in Boston, over two hundred women have graduated in these three cities—the number the present season being larger than in any past year.

The Chicago Tribune says:—The attempt of those who have embarked in all manner of speculative enterprises to realize their investments and hold the same in cash, is but a prudent measure to avert the crushing effects of the storm, should one come.—There is an unhealthy condition of things proceeding from all this. The annual strife between landlord and tenants has an extraordinary intensity in all parts of the country this season. Capital trembles as it looks into the future. Labor is demanding an increase of wages in the face of the impending panic and prostration. Never was there a time when the men of large means should so hesitate and weigh well, the probabilities of the future before embarking in new enterprises, and never was there a time when those who live upon their earnings, be they great or small, should so retrench their expenditures in every possible means to be able better to meet the impending difficulty. It may be that the country will escape a season of financial disruption and disaster, but it may not escape it. Those who are hesitating to embark with their capital in real estate and improvements, may well consider whether they are likely to obtain any compensation return upon that investment during a season of financial disaster, and a consequent return to actual value.

CAUTIONS OR DEMOCRACY.—According to the tenor of charges made in newspapers of New York, the Legislature of that State has been, for several years past, composed of dishonest individuals. A writer upon this subject states boldly that since 1858 one of a million of dollars to insure the stockholders against injurious and aggressive legislation, and to protect its stockholders. In one case specified, the members of a certain committee received twenty thousand dollars each for making a particular report, and were promised each five thousand dollars more when the bill became law. One Senator demanded twenty-five thousand dollars for his vote and got it. This startling statement is received and commented upon without any seeming doubt of its truth, and the company which thus yielded to the supposed necessity is said to be justified in its action, upon the argument that not being able to get justice for the sake of justice, it was forced to buy it. In one year it is stated that \$100,000 was paid by this single company to members of the Legislature. Of nineteen votes finally recorded for a certain bill in the New York Senate, it is said that only six were given upon principle, and without any pecuniary consideration. The constancy and boldness with which these charges are made against the Legislature of New York, ought to cause a general excitement in that State. But it does not. It seems to be received by the people as an actual verity, while the members assailed sit quietly under it, as a matter of no consequence. The evils which thus exist must continue to do so as long as the people are careless. They can control the actions of the political parties, and obtain the nomination of honest men, or if not, they can vote against dishonest nominees. But they do neither. Hence, instead of this monstrous evil and wickedness decreasing, it seems likely to increase.

From the New York World we clip the subjoined expose of the fiscal burdens now imposed upon the citizens of the Empire State. Besides the aggregate of \$100,000,000, or \$25 per head of direct taxation, it must be remembered that the people of New York pay a very large proportion of the indirect revenue raised by the United States Government. We commend the extract from the World to the careful study of those who still bicker after greenbacks and annexation.—'The average rate of taxation during the last ten years was a fraction over four mills; the lowest being 2 1/2, and the highest 5 9/16 mills.—Comptroller Hillhouse appears to be appalled at the rashness with which it is proposed to impose a tax nearly double of that of last year; and in order to impress the importance of the matter upon the legislature, utters the following timely warning:—

'A State tax of one per cent will draw \$15,000,000 from the productive interests of the State, to which must be added not less than \$3,000,000 for local taxes, and at least \$50,000,000 more for our proportion of the taxes imposed by the government of the United States. In 1860 our proportion was \$67,000,000. Whether any community of less than 4,000,000 population can long sustain an annual burden of over \$100,000,000 may well be questioned. Under ordinary circumstances, and in a normal condition of the currency and business of the country, it would absorb the larger proportion of the annual profits of capital and labor, paralyze industry and dry up the sources of wealth. Such a calamity can only be arrested by the practice of a rigid economy on the part of the Legislature and all other bodies having the power to tax, and the future prosperity of the State must in a great measure depend on the degree in which this power is held in the check the next few years.'

These are words that should be heeded. During the period of inflation of the currency, money was squandered by individuals and communities with utter recklessness; but, now that contraction has begun, the people are feeling poor. And they are poor. The prevalence of strikes, the meagre returns as compared with those of the last three years, the large numbers of operatives out of employment, and the dullness of legitimate business, all foreshadow financial disaster. It is, therefore, the duty of the legislature to retrench expenditures, and not appropriate a dollar that can be kept in the treasury without detriment to the State.

WIT IS JEFF DAVIS IMPRISONED.—The Herald's Washington special says:—P. L. N. Bagley, formerly a missionary to India and Japan, a few days since called on Jeff Davis and endeavored to induce him to apply to President Johnson for pardon, believing that, with the names he could get to a petition for a pardon, it would be granted by the President. Mr. Davis declined to make the application, as it would be a confession of his guilt, and would prejudice his case at the trial, which he understood was close at hand. Mr. Bagley, however, went to the President to ascertain if a pardon would be granted on petitions alone, but learned that the President granted no pardons without an application from the culprit.

The Police Commissioners have received a check for \$3,000 from the Trustees of the Riot Relief Committee, consisting of Shepherd Knapp, Leonard Jerome, and others, to be awarded to the policemen who were injured in quelling the riot which occurred in New York on the 18th of March when the birthday of St. Patrick was celebrated.

THE NEGROES IN CHARLESTON.—The colored people of Charleston are in the midst of a religious revival. On Sunday the 17th ult, some 60, male and female, were publicly immersed. The newspaper account of the scene states that the men wore white shirts and drawers, the women white gowns; and 200 or 300 of the assembly, as if seized with a sudden inspiration, indulged in what is described as 'a series of striking gymnastics.'

POLITICS ON BERRING'S STRAITS.—Now that Russian America is to be a part of the United States, there will, no doubt, be a great scramble for offices among the Equinox of a political turn of mind. Perhaps Congress, remarks the Philadelphia Ledger, may be persuaded to admit it is a new State, and the hospitalities of Congress will be shared by Equinox prepared with long speeches to enlighten the world about fish oil and the fur trade. At any rate, a territorial government will probably be erected at an early day, and the delegate from New Archangel, being given \$5,000 pay and \$20,000 mileage per annum for sitting in the House and listening to the eloquence of the members. '\$25,000 a year is enough to make politics lively among the Equinox, to whom the right of suffrage will at once be extended, and stump oratory and torchlight processions will soon be a premium among the icebergs. Who is the first candidate for Territorial Governor, and who does not want to be postmaster and collector of customs at Sitka?'

The True Witness.

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TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE: To all country subscribers Two Dollars. If the subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year then, a case the paper be continued, the terms shall be Two Dollars and a-half. To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a-half in advance; and if not renewed at the end of the year, then, if we continue sending the paper, the subscription shall be Three Dollars. The True Witness can be had at the News Depots Single copy 3d. We beg to remind our Correspondent that no letters will be taken out of the Post-Office, unless pre-paid. The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "John Jones, August '63," shows that he has paid up to August '63, and owes his Subscription from that date.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 3.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MAY—1867.

- Friday, 3—Invention of the Holy Cross. Saturday 4—St. Monica, W. Sunday, 5—Second after Easter—Holy Family. Monday, 6—St. John at the Latin Gate. Tuesday, 7—St. Stanislaus, B. M. Wednesday, 8—Apparition of St. Michael. Thursday, 9—St. Gregory of Naz., B. D.

APRIL DIVIDEND OF THE ROMAN LOAN.

Office of the Roman Loan, at the Banking House of Duncan, Sherman & Co., 11 Nassau street, corner of Pine, N. Y. March 19, 1867. The coupon of interest of this loan due on the 1st of April, 1867, will be paid as follows:— New York, at the banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Co. Philadelphia, at the banking house of Drexel & Co. Baltimore, at the banking house of L. J. Tormey & Co. New Orleans, at the Southern Bank. St. Louis, at the banking house of Tesson, Son & Co. Louisville, at the banking house of Tucker & Co. Cincinnati, at the banking house of Gilmore, Dunlap & Co. and Heman Garaghy & Co. Boston, by Patrick Donahoe. Providence, R. I., by George A. Leete, Esq. MONTREAL, Canada, Bank of Montreal. QUEBEC, Canada, Branch of the Bank of Montreal. Havana, Cuba, J. C. Barnham & Co. Lima, Peru, Alsop & Co. ROBERT MURPHY, Agent. AGENT FOR CANADA: ALFRED LAROCQUE, Montreal.

The Interest on the Bonds of this loan will hereafter be paid \$2.50 and 62 1/2 cents. ALFRED LAROCQUE. Montreal, 16th April, 1867.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Any bone will do for two dogs to fight over, if they are bent upon fighting: and so this weary, in itself almost insignificant Luxembourg dispute, betwixt France and Prussia, will serve the turn, as well as a better; it may furnish the excuse, or pretext for that trial of arms which both countries seem determined upon, and which we believe no amount of diplomacy can avert.— If the Luxembourg bone of contention be buried out of sight, another will shortly be forthcoming. From Rome the news reaches us that the Revolutionists are seeking by means of placards to stir up insurrection, and that the co-operation of Garibaldi is promised in the vile work. From Ireland we learn that the Special Commission for the trial of the Fenian prisoners has commenced its sessions. On the 27th ult. Colonel, or General Massey—(we know not exactly what military title the man rejoices in)—was placed upon the stand, as witness for the Crown. He made a clean breast of it; told the whole story of the Fenian plot, and thus saved his own skin at the expence of that of his dupes whom he had led into the scrape. The man is said to be more of the Yankee than of the Irishman, and this evidence of his Yankee smartness strongly confirms the popular opinion. It is a matter of but little consequence that the Grand Jury has ignored the Bill laid before them, charging Col. Nelson and Lieut. Brand with the murder of Gordon; but the admirable charge delivered by the Chief Justice on the question of martial law, which this affair elicited, is indeed a thing of supreme importance, for the noble principles which it lays down, and which will never be called in question until a democratic revolution shall have swept over the face of the land, and carried away the liberties of Englishmen. Martial Law, so says the Chief Justice, is an abomination to the British Constitution: it has no place therein, and no civilian can legally, under any circumstances, be made liable to the jurisdiction of a military tribunal. If in arms against the Queen, if actually engaged in resistance to the law, he may be shot down by a soldier, by a policeman, or even by a private citizen: but the Crown has no power to try a British subject, holding no situation in the Army or Navy, by a Court Martial, or to deprive him of the benefits of the common law of England.— From this authoritative exposition of law it follows that the greater part of the acts of the military authorities in Jamaica—all of them in fact, after the insurrection of the negroes had been put down—the trials by Court Martial, and sentences inflicted, were illegal: so also it follows

that the atrocities perpetrated in Ireland, in '98, in the name of the British Constitution, upon the Irish insurgents, by the Orange Yeomanry and the troops, were illegal, and as repugnant to the spirit of that Constitution, as they also were to the spirit of Christianity: and that moreover the superseding of the civil, by military tribunals in the U. States in these our days, involves a repudiation of that "common law" of England— which previously the people of the U. States had accepted as the basis of their entire political system. In Great Britain thank God! the principles of liberty can be laid down and successfully asserted: but in the U. States, where democracy is triumphant, it is no longer permitted to appeal to those principles, and Martial Law which the British Constitution will not tolerate for one moment, is permanently imposed on the Southern States.

By latest advices from England we learn that a Peace Conference is to be held in London for the settlement of the Luxembourg question.

His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto preached in St. Patrick's Church at High Mass on Sunday last.

ST. ANN'S BRASS BAND CONCERT.—This takes place on the evening of Thursday next, the 9th inst., at the Mechanics' Hall, under the direction of Mr. Thorburn. Mr. Torrington will preside at the piano, and betwixt the first and second parts of the programme an Address will be delivered by the Reverend Mr. O'Farrell.— As this Concert will be the last given this season by the St. Ann's Brass Band, we hope it will be well attended.

ALMOST PERSUADED.—How often nowadays do we meet with men who seem almost Catholics, but who will not become so quite; who, on their own private judgment, believe almost every Catholic doctrine in particular, and who yet obstinately refuse to profess them upon the authority of the Church; who seem to be materially, almost orthodox, and are yet formally, unmistakably heretical; who like King Agrippa to the Apostle of the Gentiles, will say—"almost thou persuadest me. In medicis suades me?"— yet who, like King Agrippa, never take the last, the one important step. Amongst High Church Anglicans, or Ritualists, this hovering on the brink, but ever and merely hovering, is strikingly conspicuous.

Are these men in good faith? we hear it constantly asked by Catholics. Are they not restrained by motives of worldly prudence, by fear of the loss of the world's goods, and worldly friendship, from taking that plunge which they feel that it is their duty, which their conscience urges them to take? To these questions it, at first sight, seems as if it were difficult to give any save an affirmative answer; but on the hypothesis, that, so self-deceiving is the human heart, so prompt is it at finding good excuses for not doing a disagreeable duty, the greater part of these almost Catholics have only too well succeeded in searing their consciences, in stifling the still small voice, and in resisting the proffered grace of God—this judgment, true perhaps in some cases, would be harsh and unjust, if applied to all. The truth is besides, that amongst very many, perhaps amongst the majority, of your High Churchmen or Ritualists, there is on the one essential doctrine of Christianity, that is to say the Incarnation, a radical defect of belief; and thus, together with an extravagant and misplaced spirit of nationality, is it that really keeps back so many from submitting themselves unreservedly to a Church, many of whose doctrines, and much of whose modes of worship they have apparently adopted.

"Mariolatry" and the "Supremacy of the Pope" are the two stumbling blocks to these "almost Catholics." The first, or the cultus of Mary offends them, provokes their hostility, and their absurd nick-name of "Mariolatry" simply because they do not believe in the Incarnation, in the sense in which the Catholic Church holds and teaches that doctrine. No real Protestant in his heart believes in that doctrine, no matter what he may repeat with his lips, or fancy that he believes. The doctrine of the Catholic Church as to the Incarnation, whether that doctrine be true or false, must stand or fall with her teachings respecting, and her devotion towards Mary the Theotokos. All errors, or what she has branded as errors against that doctrine, she has condemned in terms of Mary, so that to this Glorious Virgin does the Church most appropriately cry out—"Thou alone hast destroyed all heresies"—for all heresies proceed from disbelief in, or misconception of, the central doctrine of the Incarnation. For Protestants therefore to expect that the Catholic Church will ever consent to explain away, modify, suppress in part, or discountenance her "Mariolatry" as they ignorantly or maliciously term it—is tantamount to the expectation that she is prepared for the sake of Union to abandon, modify, or keep in the background her peculiar doctrine of the Incarnation.

The "Papal Supremacy" offends the national pride of all Englishmen, and runs counter to their old Erastian traditions. It is not so much the Pope, as the Italian priest, that disturbs them; and even when they have shaken off their Erastian prejudices, when their eyes have been opened to see how absurd, how degrading a thing it is, and how monstrous are the pretensions of the Civil Power when it presumes to meddle with matters ecclesiastical—they still cling to the idea of independent and national Churches, and they cannot realize the conception of One, Indivisible and Catholic Church. They are as it were the Girondists of the Protestant world. Their notion of the Church is that she is an oligarchical, federal, but an acephalous State, governed by an aristocracy of Bishops, all independent of, all co-equal with, one another. Beyond or above this Federal aristocratic element they can see nothing; and it shocks them to hint to them that the Church is also a Monarchy, and that for her scattered Bishops there is a common board of union, or centre of unity, in the Pope as successor of St. Peter.

Even this Girondist view of the Constitution of the Church is a high one for Protestants to entertain. With them, for the most part, the prevalent idea is that a Church is a kind of religious Club; and that just as there are many different kinds of secular Clubs, a Carlton and a Reform, a United Service, and a Travellers—with which according to his particular tastes and political views, every man has a right to connect himself—so it is with churches, which, with one exception,—that of the Catholic Church of course—are all good religious or worshipping Clubs in their way. The Church as a divine institution, or as anything higher than a mere human institution, a voluntary aggregation of individuals, a religious Club in short, never enters into the imagination of the great majority of our Protestant brethren, unless they happen to be Anglicans of the Ritualistic type.

In so far, therefore, as the latter do admit a Church as a divine institution, though the Church as they conceive it, is but a sadly mutilated, disfigured and imperfect institution, a mere torso as it were of the Catholic Church from which the head has been chipped off—they are easier to deal with than are Protestants of other sects, and it is more rational to entertain hopes of their ultimate conversion. But perhaps, as we hinted, the first thing necessary is to lay before them in its integrity the great doctrine of the Incarnation, as held by the Catholic Church. Once convinced, we do not say of the truth of this doctrine, for to be received, it must be received on the infallible authority of the Church propounding it—but once intellectually convinced that this doctrine contains nothing derogatory to the honor of God, nothing that detracts from the office and dignity of Christ, their objections to what they call Mariolatry, or Catholic cultus of the Blessed Virgin, which is the corollary of the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation, will be easily overcome.

And in time, the ever increasing internal dissensions of the so called Episcopal sects, which have retained theoretically what we may call the aristocratic element in the constitution of the Church, but have discarded the monarchical— whose Church is a Federal republic, not a republic one and indivisible, because united under one Chief Pastor—will compel our Anglican friends to admit the advantages of, the necessity for, and therefore the fact of, the divine appointment of such a centre of Unity, and bond of Union as Romanists possess in the institution of the Papacy. There is, for instance, some talk of a coming pan-Anglican Synod, or gathering of all the gentlemen who are recognised as Bishops amongst the Protestant denominations in Great Britain, the British Colonies, and the United States. We think it is scarce necessary for us to disclaim any intention of speaking disrespectfully of these gentlemen or their objects; but we think that it is quite safe to predict that the only possible result of such a gathering will be to make manifest the manifold and irreconcilable differences that obtain betwixt members of the same denomination, professing outwardly, the same religious opinions, acknowledging the same standards, and appealing to a common liturgy and articles; betwixt High Church and Low Church, Arminian and Calvinist, Broad and Evangelical, Dr. Colenso in short, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. These men, so divided may meet, and talk, and pass vague resolutions even; but on all the really important questions now distracting Anglicanism, and effecting the very fundamentals of its worship—such for instance as the meaning of the Lord's Supper and the mode of its celebration, they will have to observe strict silence, or they will break up in confusion—and this simply because they have no common head, or centre of Union, to which upon these all important questions they can appeal as final and decisive.

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There will be a very pretty quarrel evidently, as soon as the new Constitution comes into operation. One question that will then be raised will be, as to whether the Dominion of Canada is to have a Ministry, or merely Ministers? and upon the solution of this much depends. By a Ministry, we mean of course a body of confidential advisers of the Governor General, enjoying the confidence of the Legislature, and of the elective branch thereof in particular, and at the same time all united, or of one accord upon all the chief political questions of the day, and all morally responsible for the measures laid before Parliament. Such a body is, so it seems to us, as impossible under the new Constitution, as it was under the old. No political party that enjoys the confidence of the majority of the representatives of Upper Canada, will enjoy that of the

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

SENTIMENTAL GRIEVANCES.—In the discussion of Irish grievances, the greatest difficulty perhaps arises from the utter inability of the Protestant mind to believe that Catholic Ireland can have any grievances. Three centuries of penal enactments, wherein Protestantism has trodden Catholicity under the iron heel of its more than diabolical "pains and penalties," have not been without their effect upon the English nation; until the nineteenth century Protestant Englishman, like the fishwife skinning the eels, cannot understand for a moment how (Catholic) Ireland can possibly object to the infliction.— Acts of tyranny, class legislation and misrule, such as from a Catholic Government would be deemed "relics of the dark ages," are looked upon even by educated, civilized Englishmen, with the indifference of a Grand Inquisitor, and when not totally ignored, are deemed "sentimental." All this is to be deeply deplored, as well because of the stigma it must ever affix to Protestantism, and indeed to our civilized human nature, as because it must ever afford an insuperable barrier to redress. It is only through constitutional means that Ireland need ever hope to obtain an amelioration of her condition. The stupendous military and naval resources of England preclude any hope of redress through that "dernier resort" of "oppressed nationalities"—armed revolt. It can only come, therefore, through the altered mood of her English sister. That this will not be until the love of domination acquired by three centuries of persecution shall have been eradicated from her nature, every student of history well knows.

It is a convenient way of meeting Irish grievances to term them "sentimental." We have heard the same term applied to the sensation of hangng, drawing and quartering, and with about equal propriety; and perhaps the very use of this term, as applied to Irish grievances, is in itself one of Ireland's greatest grievances. For, let it be remembered, that it is of the Irish Church Establishment that this term is applied. Now, how can a nation governed as Ireland is, practically speaking, by a foreign nation, expect even the commonest mead of justice from men who can so coolly ignore one of the most stupendous tyrannies on the records of history, as to term it "sentimental." The best way to meet this issue of the Irish Church is perhaps by the "mutato nomine" process. Suppose for a moment that the Catholic minority of England were in the dominant position of the Protestant minority of Ireland; and that the Protestant minority of England were in the abject position of the Catholic majority of Ireland, would that Protestant majority of England submit to the infliction for one moment?—much less would it deem the infliction a "sentimental?" If we are to believe English writers, "the Protestant Dissenters of England would not submit for five years to the political wrongs that Irish Roman Catholics have endured for centuries. Even to the present day the monstrous wrong of the State Church has not been attacked in Ireland with one-tenth of the energy, bitterness, vigor, and unrelenting animosity with which our own Dissenters assail the comparatively trumpery grievance of Church rates." And yet, we suppose that this comparatively trumpery grievance of Church rates has an equal claim to be termed "sentimental" as the Irish Church grievance. Now if this Irish Church grievance be really the grievance it is represented—and if Protestant Irishmen and intelligent Englishmen meet it in its enormity by terming it "sentimental"—what hope can the poor down-trodden Irishman ever have that his wrongs shall ever be redressed by a British Parliament, or his bleeding wounds healed by British statesmen? There is indeed nought for him but the blackest despair.

SACERDOS.

The Globe ingeniously admits that the political agitation which it and its friends are stirring up in Upper Canada, has for its sole object a change in the personnel of the present Ministry. It tells us that the power to effect this, to turn, let us say, Messrs. Cartier and J. A. Macdonald out of office, and to put Mr. George Brown and some of his hungry crew into office, is the "main boon" conferred by Confederation:—"Can the men fancy the Reformers of Upper Canada do not perfectly comprehend that the main boon secured by the accomplishment of Confederation is the power to bring to an end the outrageous misgovernment of the last dozen years, and place at the helm of State, men who will pursue an entirely opposite course from that of their predecessors.—Globe, April 23.

There will be a very pretty quarrel evidently, as soon as the new Constitution comes into operation. One question that will then be raised will be, as to whether the Dominion of Canada is to have a Ministry, or merely Ministers? and upon the solution of this much depends. By a Ministry, we mean of course a body of confidential advisers of the Governor General, enjoying the confidence of the Legislature, and of the elective branch thereof in particular, and at the same time all united, or of one accord upon all the chief political questions of the day, and all morally responsible for the measures laid before Parliament. Such a body is, so it seems to us, as impossible under the new Constitution, as it was under the old. No political party that enjoys the confidence of the majority of the representatives of Upper Canada, will enjoy that of the

representatives of Lower Canada; and the political leaders of the latter will, in like manner, be far from acceptable to the ruling party in the Western Province. A "Double Majority" will be therefore as unattainable in the future, as it has been in the past: and unless Upper Canada is to inflict its rule upon Lower Canada, and to add a small and very unpopular minority to represent the latter in the Governor's Council Chamber, we see not how anything resembling a Ministry will be possible. Ministers, of course, we shall have; but not a united body of political chiefs, united together in the Cabinet by community of principles, and identity of interests. All is confusion at present, and it behoves the people of Lower Canada to be bold, honest, and united, lest they find themselves delivered over helpless, bound hand and foot, to the cruel mercies of Mr. G. Brown and the Reformers of Upper Canada, their bitter and implacable enemies.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS LEARNING TO READ.—The American Missionary publishes an amusing, not to say laughable account of the spelling schools lately established amongst the negroes in the Southern States, for use of the ministers! or religious teachers of the people:—

"A theological school is just opened here for colored Baptist ministers," writes one of the teachers, a young lady from Augusta, G.A. "Here were about forty ministers of different ages, from the white headed father in Israel, to the young licentiate, every one with a book in his hand and eager to study. "But now picture, if you can, a minister's spelling class! Imagine my feelings as I called on the Rev. Mr. — to spell w-o-r-l-d, and the Rev. Mr. — to spell b-e-a-t-i-s, a difficult word by the way both to spell and pronounce, and over which every one tripped and fell. "We wound up our exercise by repeating simultaneously all the hard words in the chapter—Alpha, Omega, Zephuss, Smyrna, Thyrtia."

We need not wonder at the abominable caricature, or travesty of Christianity that obtains amongst the negro flocks in the United States, and the West Indies, of these Baptist ministers, unable even to read the book which is their sole religion. As the teachers—ignorant and puffed up with conceit as to their spiritual attainments—so are the taught; and to their ignorance and ludicrous conceit they too generally add the most vicious conduct, brutal, and lascivious almost beyond conception, altogether beyond the power of description, as all who have mixed with the negroes in the West India islands well know. The devils in human form who perpetrated those massacres at Morant Bay, which were afterwards so severely and too indiscriminately avenged by Governor Eyre, were Christians of this class, converts of the Baptists, the most numerous and influential of the sects amongst these ignorant, and brutalised negroes. What they like is an "animal" religion, a religion of shouting and violent physical out-breaks, in which of course the animal passions are predominant—and this is just the style of religion which the Baptist missionaries supply.

REVIVALS, AND "DIABLERIE," ANCIENT AND MODERN.—The mischievous effects of Revival orgies have often been insisted upon, both by Catholics and Protestants, as a proof of their Satanic origin. Their close resemblance to, their identity with we may say, the phenomena manifested on a large scale in Paris in the last century amongst the adherents of the sect of Jansenists, cannot fail to strike the reader of history: and indeed a report of the howlings, faintings, the hysterics or quasi epileptic fits, and the violent animal excitement which form the staple of a modern Evangelical "Revival"—would suffice, almost without the change of a word, for a report of the disgusting scenes which a hundred years ago, or so, used to take place amongst the "convulsionnaires" around the tomb of the sub-deacon Paris. Then, as now, women were more generally than men the victims of this unhallowed, or rather devilish excitement, and the subsequent immorality may be easily conceived, but cannot be fitly described, or more than hinted at in these columns. Amongst modern historians not prejudiced against the Jansenists certainly Louis Blanc may be consulted on this point; as also as to the peculiar "spiritual relations established betwixt some of the fairest of the "Convulsionnaires" and Armand Arout, brother of Voltaire. We may, however, quote a few lines from the French writer, descriptive of the scenes which used to take place around the Jansenist's tomb—and which bear so close a resemblance to those of the "Revival"—that the account of one, would do for an account of the other:—

"The contagion spread from neighbor to neighbor, it attacked the brains of the weak and the diseased, took possession of enthusiastic souls, and attracted to itself the rogues. It was a real delirium. Scenes by turns fearful and voluptuous took place in the asylum of the dead. With fuming dresses, and too free a costume, women trembled on a tomb like the ancient Sybil on her tripod: everywhere mysterious and symbolical language, extasies, invocations of the Spirit of God. Some had themselves dragged away by means of ropes attached to their feet—and shaking their disordered locks. * * * Others calling in a sad and caressing voice for the secourite, insisted that some one should walk upon them, assumed lascivious attitudes, and broke out into melancholy prophecies, or unknown melodies. Signs from on high, cried the Jansenists—and these distortions revolting to reason as to decency, they called divine prodigies." Impudicity, and all uncleanness were of course concomitants of these Jansenistic convulsions, as they are to-day of the "signs at the Revival

and Protracted Meeting." We do not find however that the physical effects of the former were so bad as are those of the latter: which indeed often assume the form of incurable madness, and not rarely terminate in the death of the victim.

"A woman residing at Mount Hawke, Cornwall, became insane, through excitement at a Methodist 'Revival' meeting. When a medical gentleman was called to see her, he found her in too exhausted a state to be removed to an asylum, and after an obstinate refusal to take food for 17-nty one days, she died of starvation."—Echo, March 13.

The phenomena that attended the necromancy of the Jansenists around the tomb of Paris, that attend to-day the unhappy victims of a "Revival," and the assistants at a seance of the so-called Spiritualists, are so alike that it is impossible to doubt of their common origin or parentage.

They all belong evidently to the same class of phenomena as that in which we must place the phenomena of the old Pagan or pre-Christian world. The contortions of the Jansenistic convulsionnaire are appropriately compared by the Sibyll on her tripod: the howlings, and epileptic fits of the attendants of the modern Revival are evidently akin to the frantic cries of the prophets of Baal spoken of in the Old Testament; and as to Spiritualism, it is but old necromancy restored under a new name.

The best, the only sure way of permanently raising wages in Canada, is by making of it a country attractive to Capitalists, as a country in which their Capital will always be certain of meeting with quick and large profits—for it is only the influx of Capital—or fund from whence ultimately all wages must be taken—that can permanently raise wages themselves.

From the devil worship, again so prevalent under one form or another, amongst those communities which, having separated themselves from the Church, have consequently relapsed into the old Pagan order, it would almost seem as if Paul were resuscitated, and were again asserting his rights, and his power over his own. What with Revivals, what with Yankee Spirit-Rapping, and its foul progeny now spread over the greater part of what once was called Christendom, but which might almost be spoken of as Satanism at the present day—we seem to be assisting at the celebration of the obscene rites of Pagan diabolism, of that demon-worship which was the religion of the Gentiles before the coming of Christ.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.—The general opinion amongst the people of England is, that in the Colonies, work is always plentiful, wages are always high, the cost of living low, and that the terrible social questions which agitate the Old World are there unknown.

THE MURDER OF MRS. SURRATT.—It is asserted in some of the Yankee papers that it is very probable that Surratt will never be put upon his trial; as it is whispered that the evidence which such a trial would elicit, would have the effect of making plain as the sun at noon, that which at present every one believes—to wit, that his mother, Mrs. Surratt, was innocent of the crime with which she was charged, and that she was foully and deliberately murdered by the Yankee Government of the day, which had no doubt very excellent reasons of its own for putting the unhappy woman out of the way.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD—May, 1867. Messrs. Sadler, Montreal. This is a very interesting number, and one article especially, that on the late Rev. and Hon. George Spencer, known to the Catholic world as the Rev. Father Ignatius, of St. Paul, Passionist, deserves an attentive perusal.

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for its success of the good Christian, and the good citizen.

But if the recipient of wages, or Laborer, deserves our sympathy, it does not logically follow that the payer of wages, or Capitalist, deserves our censure, because of the scanty wages that he does out; neither is it by any means certain that either direct legislative action, or the mutual combination of the working classes, can in any manner tend to permanently ameliorate the material condition of the latter, by raising their wages, or by giving them more constant employment.

And yet if true, they should suggest to the cautious artisan how easy it is for him to defeat his main object,—that of ameliorating his material condition,—by rash or excessive demands for increase of wages, or profits upon his Labor; for as these, other things remaining the same, can be increased only at the expense of profits upon Capital, his momentary success in exacting a higher remuneration for his Labor, would have the tendency to drive Capital to some other country where its profits were higher, and would thus tend to diminish the fund from which alone the profits of Labor accrue.

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too close a political union of Catholics with the latter. A Mr. Foulkes, who has written a work on "Christendom's Divisions," receives a castigation in the next article, which is followed by one on "Mary in the Gospels: one on "The Church and the Roman Empire," and another on the "State of Ireland." This article is very interesting. The Reviewer probes the sores of Ireland skilfully and honestly; only, unfortunately, he does not indicate any political remedy, applicable to the great social grievance of the country.

LE REVUE CANADIENNE—April, 1867.—If late in making its appearance we find amends in the contents. These consist of the following articles:—Néluca on Les Guerres Canadiennes de 1812. Des Doctrines Sociales. Il Faut Chanter. Le Debauche du St. Laurent. A Ma Sœur— Les Recollets En Canada.

L'ECHO DE LA FRANCE.—We again hail with pleasure the appearance of our very excellent acquaintance. We give a summary of the contents of the current number:—De la Reunion De L'Eglise Protestante D'Angleterre A L'Eglise Catholique, Par Jules Gondou.—Extraits—Avant-Propos.

NEW HOUSE OF REFUGE AND CORRECTION. The benevolent will hear with pleasure that a new House of Refuge and Correction, is about to be erected in Miguonne near St. Denis Street, for the use of the poor, by Mr. Olivier Berthelet under the direction of the Brothers of Charity lately from Belgium, where they have been accustomed to the management of similar institutions under the Government.

THE CITY HEALTH.—We hear from a medical gentleman of very extensive practice, that never in his experience has there been so much sickness among children as during the present season, the prevailing diseases being continued and gastric fever, congestion of the lungs, and skin eruptions. There have been some cases of typhus in the Victoria Barracks, and a man of the 23rd died of that disease in the General Hospital a few days ago.

THE UNPRECEDENTED FREQUENCY OF incendiarism in Ottawa, of late, has roused the indignation of the inhabitants to such a pitch that the perpetrators cannot much longer escape detection and punishment. Time and again have we been called on to record destructive fires, the origin of which can only be traced to the red hand of the incendiary.

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should be aroused by the light of a burning roof overhead; life and property are in danger, and still the villains are at large. But these last two diabolical acts have placed the matter in such a light, that the people clamor for more vigorous and effective measures to be taken against the perpetrators. Heaven help them should they be caught in the act. The enraged citizens would mete out to them short but terrible retribution—a rope and the nearest lamp-post would put an end to their crimes.

We regret to have to record another military tragedy that occurred within the walls of the Citadel last evening, at a moment when the sergeant and others were preparing to go to a ball in the Music Hall. About seven o'clock last evening, while about 25 or 30 men of the Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade were in their quarters in the Citadel Barracks, private Bevin in the same room was observed as if in the act of cleaning his Snider Enfield rifle, and no special notice was taken of his doings.

In the absence of more authentic information, we can only add that the prisoner Bevin is said to bear the reputation of a rash and wicked man, and has often been punished for remarkable misconduct. Including that of setting fire to a barn on the Island, and also for having attempted to commit suicide, by cutting his throat, he was previously imprisoned for 12 months for flooding his gun with intent to shoot a comrade while on the march in Upper Canada.

Representation by Population and local control over all local matters—to secure which the Reform party alone consented to the Coalition, and then only for a limited period—are now absolutely secured. Not the slightest pretences for extending the Coalition one day longer can be availed under the terms of the original compact of 1864.

On the 30th April, Mrs. M. Reilly, of a son, at the residence of her father Mr. George McNamee, 107 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

In St. Columban, C. E., on the 20th April, Honora McGrovy, the beloved wife of Patrick Grace, aged 63 years.

At Waterford, Ireland, on the 1st of April, Edward Campion, eldest brother of the late Francis Campion, Customs department, Montreal.

At St. Therese de Blainville, on the 21st ult., Mr. Timothy Lonergan, a native of Co. Tipperary, Ireland, aged 60 years. The deceased a uncle of the Rev. J. B. Lonergan of Kingston, C. W., and his loss is much regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. St. Eugene, Rev J T Duhamel, \$2; Valcartier, Rev J Kelly, \$2; Calumet Island, Simon McNally, \$3.70; Newburgh, Jas McGuire, \$6; Dixie, Rev A P Finlay, \$2.50.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, April 30, 1867. Flour—Pollards, \$4.50 to \$5.00; Middl. Ings, \$6.50 to \$7.00; Fine, \$7.00 to \$7.10; Super., No. 2, \$7.90 to \$8.05; Superfine \$8.00 to \$8.55; Fancy \$8.25 to \$8.5; Extra, \$8.75 to \$9.00; Superior Extra \$8.90 to \$9.25; Bug Flour, \$4.15 to \$4.25 per 100 lbs.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES. April 30, 1867. Flour, country, per quintal, 23 0 to 00 0; Oatmeal, do 14 0 to 14 6; Indian Meal, do 11 3 to 11 6; Wheat, per min., 0 0 to 0 0; Barley, do, (new) 0 0 to 0 0; Peas, do, 5 6 to 6 0; Oats, do, 2 9 to 2 10; Butter, fresh, per lb., 1 3 to 1 15; Do, salt do 0 7 to 0 9; Beans, small white, per min 0 0 to 0 0; Potatoes per bag 6 9 to 7 0; Onions, per minot, 0 0 to 0 0; Lard, per lb 0 8 to 0 9; Beef, per lb 0 6 to 0 10; Pork, do 0 5 to 0 6 1/2; Mutton do 0 5 to 0 7; Lamb, per do 0 0 to 0 0; Eggs, fresh, per dozen 0 9 to 0 10; Hay, per 100 bundles, \$7.00 to \$9.00; Straw, \$3.50 to \$5.50; Beef, per 100 lbs, \$7.50 to \$9.00; Pork, fresh, do \$8.00 to \$9.00.

A GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, (LAST OF THE SEASON), GIVEN BY THE ST. ANNS BAND, WILL TAKE PLACE IN MECHANICS' HALL,

ON THURSDAY EVENING, 9th instant, 1867, PROGRAMME

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

ADDRESS BY THE REV. MR. O'FARRELL. PART II.

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

Mr. Torrington will preside at the Piano; and the Band will be under the able direction of Mr. Thorbahn. Doors open at Seven o'clock; Concert to commence at Eight. Tickets—Twenty-five cts.



THE Regular MONTHLY MEETING of the above Corporation will take place in the

BONAVENTURE BUILDING,

On MONDAY EVENING, the 6th instant, Members are requested to attend. Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock. P. O'MEARA, Rec. Sec.

ST. PATRICK'S HALL.



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

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

By order of the Board. R. McSHANE, Secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S HALL.

NOTICE.

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

By order, R. McSHANE, Secretary.

THE NEW MONTH OF MARY,

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

WANTED,

BY a young Lady, provided with a Diploma from the Normal School, capable of teaching both languages, a Situation as TROUSSER. Address (if by letter post paid) to Sec-Treasurer of Schools, Orange Road, St. Sylvester. St. Sylvester, April 5, 1867.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS

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

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages. A large and well selected Library will be OPEN to the Pupils. TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half yearly in Advance). Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July, July 21st 1867.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

Paris, April 1.—Trade in Paris, and generally throughout France, is far from active. Disquiet and the apprehension of further political complications suffice to account for the stagnation. People are unwilling to embark in any undertaking of importance, because they look with doubt and misgiving on the future. Among the upper commercial classes the belief is, that an alliance between Prussia and Russia, spoken of vaguely for some months past, is as certain as the alliance of Prussia with Bavaria; the Grand Duchy of Baden and Wurtemberg; in fact, that France has before her what is termed a 'facile coalition.' In such circumstances it is not surprising that French capitalists, never remarkable for great boldness, should be cautious and timid. The Paris tradesmen also complain of stagnation. They have gone to much expense; have laid in a large stock of merchandise of every kind with a view to the great Exhibition; but they begin to fear that much of it will be left on their hands; and in truth no one would suppose that the opening of the vast building of the Champ de Mars takes place to-day. The intelligence from the departments is not more satisfactory.

If the Emperor wished to propitiate the goodwill of the lower classes by negotiating for the cession of Luxembourg it is probable that he will be disappointed. Among the upper classes the opinion is unfavorable to the highest degree. As for the 'multitude,' they care nothing and know nothing about it. The only Luxembourg the Parisians are familiar with is the fine old garden upon which the Prefect of the Seine has ruthlessly laid hands. They know, indeed, Belgium; but Luxembourg—what are they to it, or it to them, that they should have to pay at the rate of £40, or even £20 a head, for the 200 and odd thousand inhabitants of the Duchy, with a dismantled fortress? The whole affair has been made the subject of pleasantry in the Faubourgs. People like the Emperor to a sportsman who has been out shooting all day, and returns home with an empty game-bag, buys a hare or a rabbit at the market, and gives it to his cook to dress, as if he had hims if brought it down with his own hand.—Times Cor.

THE HUMILIATIONS OF FRANCE.—It is a fact which cannot be denied that there is a certain dejection in all classes of French society. The speech of Thiers was merely the spark which set a light to the mine. The terrible blunders of the Napoleonic policy are evident. No eloquence can hush them up. Immediately after the failure in Mexico came the German war with its fearful disillusions. Count Bismarck was never more hopeful than when, after his interview in Biarritz, he caused it to be reported by his own agents in Europe that the Emperor Napoleon had said of him that he was not an homme sérieux. Bismarck fully utilized the power of attorney given him, and the seed of the Prusso-Italian treaty sprang up most fatally for France.

Such a situation is certainly not pleasant, and the natural reaction of it is the excitement of Chauvinist passions in France. We do not rejoice at these phenomena; we simply state them. To give up the prestige of the great nation is extraordinarily hard for the French. The cramped French spirit seeks after any vent whatever. Whether it will not find one and then abdicate, or whether it will seek one in a great Continental war in the rapid development of the democratic idea, whose chief representative France will remain under all circumstances, is not certain at present. As far as the Emperor Napoleon is concerned personally, he may very likely wish to pass the last years of his life in peace like an industrious householder. Absorbed by the thought of founding a dynasty, he feels the necessity of being on as good terms as possible with the great dynasties of the continent; and, truly, the House of Hohenzollern has become powerful in the world since the last few months. Napoleon's friendly disposition in this respect is so well known in Prussia that the semi-official press always carefully draws a great distinction between him and the passion of the disquiet nation. Nevertheless, he dares not and cannot set himself in opposition to the spirit of the French people. He is, therefore, seeking for a compromise, and 'the centre of gravity of the situation' lies for the present in the trenches of Luxembourg.

The quantity of arms which Europe is at this moment engaged in transferring or manufacturing is estimated at 11,000 cannon and 3,200,000 rifles. If the former are valued at 2,000 francs each, that gives a sum of 22,000,000 francs, and that is an extremely low price. The rifles at 40 francs each represent a sum of one hundred and twenty-eight millions; and that in most countries is far below the actual sum, the Chassepot costing 75 francs, and the Swiss Winchester 100 francs. This amount will therefore probably be exceeded, and as all the accoutrements will also require transformation, this expenditure, which, according to the most moderate calculation, is already twenty-two millions for cannon, and one hundred and twenty-eight for rifles—altogether one hundred and fifty millions, will certainly be doubled. It will rise to triple, or four hundred and fifty millions, taking into account the munition, lead, powder, cartridges, &c. Let us say, in round numbers, five hundred millions! half a milliard! (twenty million pounds).

We ask any intelligent man is it not the most grievous thing possible to see half a milliard thus spent in instruments of war, when the people everywhere are in want of primary schools, apprenticeship, instruction and professional training—when there are the most urgent applications for the execution of roads, bridges, and the most indispensable means of communication?

The Journal des Debats has an article on the Luxembourg question, from the pen of John Lemerme, which terminates as follows:—

Every one feels that the question is now between France and Prussia. The French Government has expressed its firm conviction that peace is not to be disturbed. By this incident there seems to be an exaggerated modesty about this last expression that the incident may produce events while these things are not to be undertaken except when they are sure of succeeding, for in case of want of success, they would bring more disappointment than they would advantage, if they succeeded. It would be much better that Luxembourg, remain Luxembourg, if it cannot become French or Prussian without a great war, of which no one can foresee the consequences.

The Liberte says:—Far from applauding the silence of the nation at the present moment, we should feel alarmed at it; far from encouraging its indifference we should make appeals to its patriotism, far from concealing the danger we should make it public; far from isolating the country by the silence of the Chamber and Peers, we should vote the urgency of the liberty of the Press and public meetings. Journals which are dispensed from Stamp regulations ought to awaken the sentiment of patriotism in every cottage and every workshop. Public meetings all over the country should make known to M. de Bismarck that if there is a German nation there is also a French nation; that if there is a French patriotism which is susceptible, there is a French patriotism which is touching; that, in a word, the German people, excited, misled, and made to serve Prussian ambition, will find itself opposed not only by the French army, but by the French people, determined to defend their independence and to tear in pieces the Treaties of 1815.

The Oulogne Gazette speaks as follows of the neutralization of Luxembourg as a means of avoiding war between France and Prussia:—Rather than unchain the pest of war it would be better to come to a compromise which would satisfy all parties. We hope that this compromise will be made in the following way.—The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg to be declared an independent state; France on her side to

abandon her project for the purchase of the Duchy, and Prussia to give up her right to garrison the fortress. A compromise might also be effected by ceding the Duchy to Belgium.

La France says:—The moment may come when the Government, notwithstanding the sympathy it displays toward Germany, may be compelled to take into account that which the national dignity would impose in the event of an obstinate refusal of those guarantees which are due to our just influence. The responsibility of events would fall upon those who appear to undertake the task of disturbing Europe by unlimited ambition and unbridled pretensions.

Paris, April 23.—Marshal McMahon, Duke of Magenta, has arrived in Paris, from Algeria, being recalled by the Emperor.

The French farthings have all been ended, and the officers have been ordered to drill the reserves.

The Herald's Paris correspondence says that the social condition of the city is very unhealthy.—Prices of rents and food are very high. 10,000 tailors were on a strike for higher wages, with numbers of men belonging to other trades.

The French Emperor is pushing forward the development and completion of his iron-clad fleet at Oberbourg with great activity.

The exhibition building was gradually assuming interior arrangement. The Emperor paid a second visit to the grounds and expressed his interest in the progress of the American department.

At a meeting recently held in London to promote the building of the Anglo-American Church for the visitors during the Exhibition it was stated that Churchmen were ill-provided for in Paris. I am requested by an English gentleman resident here, who has considerable experience in these matters, to mention that this is quite a mistake under ordinary circumstances. It is well known that the resident English population has been steadily diminishing for some years; the increase of house-rent and of the necessities of life may account for it. Omitting casual visitors, 7,000 may, perhaps, be considered as representing the English residents. There are five Episcopal churches for persons speaking English in Paris. He says that:—

High and Low Church are fully represented, and though most of them may be well attended on Sunday mornings, none are full, or have been so this winter, while the afternoon and evening services are always scantily attended.—Times Cor.

BELGIUM.

Belgium Menaced.—The following extraordinary passage occurs in a recent article of the Pays, a journal which the Moniteur has repeatedly discovered as an organ of the French Government. 'We (Pays) say that the very legitimate annexations of Prussia, founded on the profoundly rational principle of nationalities have had the necessary and foreseen result of placing that power in a territorial situation from which France naturally derives a right to claim, and, if necessary, to take compensation—that is to say, to reconstitute herself in her natural limits, and to retake Belgium, which beckons to and is waiting for us. Is this clear?'

The Herald's correspondence says:—The red revolutionists were in Council at Brussels, Gen. Prim appearing as the animating spirit of a grand revolutionary caucus, attended by representatives from France, Spain, Italy, Rome, and Ireland. The brother of Felix Orsini appeared for a moment; and the plans of immediate republican movements in Rome, Spain and Great Britain, are discussed.

HOLLAND.

The following petition has been presented to His Majesty the King of Holland, and Grand Duke of Luxembourg:—Site.—In presence of the grave situation which seems to threaten the independence of our country, the undersigned respectfully lay before Your Majesty their ardent desire to retain an autonomy under the Sceptre of the House of Orange. Any political change which would compromise the independence, would be considered as a misfortune to our beloved country.

ITALY.

Piedmont.—We have heard a good deal about Italian unity, and more about the benefits which have resulted from the fusion of all the Italian provinces under Piedmontese rule. We have never had the slightest faith in either. Our own information derived from more reliable sources than the fictions of English journalists and the salaried mendacity of our own correspondents, assured us that the unity and the benefits were equally shadowy and unsubstantial. We have long known, by certain testimony, that the forcibly agglomerated provinces were in a state of mutual hatred and repulsion, and that the sufferings flowing directly from the usurped Piedmontese rule were constantly becoming more and more intolerable. Some glimpses of both facts might have been obtained from time to time even in English newspapers. They were afraid to conceal the whole truth lest it should some day come out in spite of them. It has come out at last, though not so fully even yet as it will do at an early day. Meanwhile we commend to the attention, not only of our habitual readers but of all Protestants who desire to judge human events seriously, and who have a higher ambition than to be always dupes, the remarkable confession which we are about to quote. In a Paris journal of the 23rd of this month, the Liberte, of which M. Emile de Girardin is the editor, we find a letter from their special Italian correspondent, dated, Naples, March 16. It need hardly be said that the writer belongs to the most advanced school of Italian politics. In this very letter he anticipates with extreme satisfaction the approaching extinction of the Papacy. Ricasoli is too wild to please him, and Rattazzi too cautious. The confessions of such a man, living among the people whom he describes, have evidently considerable value. It is for this reason that we are going to translate them.

He is discussing the probable attitude of the new Italian Chamber, which he declares to be more hostile to the Ministry than its predecessor. The fact, he says, is notorious, and as neither the King nor his advisers know how to deal with it, everybody is talking of the chances of a coup d'etat. 'The words are in everybody's mouth; the official journals actually express a desire for it, not only at Naples, but even at Florence. They talk of it in the army; they recommend the King to try it; but he listens, without showing by word or sign what are his intentions.' And then he goes on thus: 'Suppose it should actually take place, what would be its consequences? Italy, he is assured, is profoundly divided in sentiment. No kind of fusion has as yet been effected. The Neapolitan detests the Tuscan; the Tuscan and the Neapolitan join in hatred of Piedmontese; while each of the various provinces is plunged in sadness and affliction by the increasing burden of crushing taxes and the utter absence of administrative order. The coup d'etat, if it were effected, would oblige Victor Emmanuel to undertake almost the conquest of Palermo, Naples, Turin, and Venice, for every separate limb of that vast body which is called Italy would immediately tend to sever itself from the others.'

It requires very little experience of human affairs, or of the agents in them, to know that the real course of the one and the true character of the other is sure to be revealed sooner or later. We have here a notable illustration of this truism. The Times, and the subordinate journals of the same political and religious cast, have been assuring the world for months past that the unity of Italy is an accomplished fact. Perhaps they really thought it was, though we may reserve our opinion on that point. This supposed unity has led to a great deal of fine writing, and Italy has been from the Alps to the Adriatic, has been the burden of not a few melodious songs. Unfortunately it turns out that poor Italy

has neither freedom nor unity, and has just now very little chance of obtaining either. On the other hand, her sulien and mutually detesting provinces can solace themselves for the want of these trifling accessories by contemplating the hopeless ruin of their finances, the continual augmentation of taxes, the spread of social-miseries of every kind, and the possible remedy of a coup d'etat, leading to new forms of oppression, new taxes, and a new bombardment of the principal cities of the Peninsula.—Weekly Register.

The late elections have proved that Garibaldi is no longer their idol, and many are already rebuffed that they ever accept such a man as their leader. The Perseveranza has lately presented to the reprobation of its readers extracts from his speeches which the English newspapers have prudently suppressed, and which show, even in the judgment of Italian Liberals, that his obscurity is on a par with his impiety. The people of Venetia, where the rabble alone followed him, and sacked the palace of the Bishop of Udine to prove themselves worthy disciples of such a master, did not elect the candidates whom he recommended to them, and are loud in condemnation of the disorders which his brutal harangues instigated. It will soon be only among English Protestants that this profane ruffian will retain admirers; but they will, perhaps, be willing to condone, by a fresh present of Bibles to the cynic of Oaperra, the characteristic homage which their pious hero has lately addressed to that immense man Voltaire.—Weekly Register.

Rome.—St. Peter's Day, 1867.—Twelve weeks exactly from this Saturday, the 6th of April, a great and truly Catholic festival will be celebrated at Rome. On Saturday, the 29th June, in the present year, the eighteen hundredth anniversary of St. Peter's martyrdom will come round, and the two hundred and fifty-seventh Pontiff in direct succession from that saint has determined to commemorate the feast in a manner worthy alike of the occasion and of the Universal Church. North and South, East and West, invitations have gone forth to all the Bishops of Christendom, asking them to be present at the centre of Christianity on that day, and it is supposed that not less than eight hundred prelates, of all tongues and nations and robes and colors, but all members of the one true faith—all believing in the same Christ, and acknowledging the same spiritual head, will be present on that great occasion. Without boasting but simply as a fact of history, it can truly be said that, since the world was formed, has no denomination but the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church ever been able to collect together anything like the assembly which will meet in the dome of St. Peter's on next Peter's Day; and the Catholic Church has done so before, and it only will do so again. No matter from what corner of the earth a man may come to Rome on the 29th of June, he will find prelates there of his own country—of his own race; different it may be in many respects from every one around them and him—but the same in belief of the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, holding the same one faith, one hope, one baptism, and come to do homage to the one Chief Pastor, the Vicar of Christ on earth, the two hundred and fifty-seventh successor of him whose martyrdom is commemorated, and to whom Our Blessed Lord said: 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church.' Like on the first day of Pentecost at Jerusalem there will be present, Parthians and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya, about Cyrene.' From America, from all our vast British colonies, from Ireland, England and Scotland, there will come nearly a hundred and fifty bishops speaking what Thackeray called 'the same dear native tongues,' and of these upwards of a hundred will be the temporal subjects of her Majesty Queen Victoria. From the East will come Oriental patriarchs and prelates, speaking in tongues strange to Western ears, wearing vestments and robes unknown in our Western churches, and celebrating the Holy Sacrifice according to rituals with which we are strangers; but one and all acknowledging the Pope as the Chief Bishop, and in faith and practice and unity with the See of Peter, entirely and completely Catholic. There will be of those Eastern Catholics in communion with Rome, patriarchs and bishops of the Catholic Armenians. Of the Catholic or United Greeks, of the Catholic Syrians, the Maronites, the Chaldeans, and the Copts. All these differ from each other in ritual as in language, and in sundry matters of church discipline; but they are all Catholic; they are in communion with Rome. If the Archbishop of Westminster were to travel in the interior of Asia Minor, or were he to explore the interior of the Lebanon, he would be welcomed to celebrate Mass in the churches of the local Christians, just as if any prelate or priest of any of these churches were to find his way—as some few have at times—to London, they would be received with open arms by the clergy of Farm street, Spanish place, Baywater, or any other Catholic place of worship. It is only when we take a man of the world, and try in vain to find a single country from which one or more Catholic bishops will not come to this great gathering, that we commence to realize what are the meaning of the words, 'I believe in one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.' It is only then that we can fully understand how silly and utterly childish—albeit, no doubt, often well-meant and sincere—are the Anglican theories and the association which tries to promote the idea of the reunion of Christendom. Christendom is united. Let those who doubt the fact go to Rome this summer.—Jb

Some conversions to the Catholic religion have, it is said, taken place this year at Rome, among which is mentioned a captain, late of the 1st Life Guards. His example is about to be followed by a near relative, a lady of a baronet whose name is well known in fashionable circles. These results are said to be greatly owing to Father Burke's eloquence.

AUSTRIA.

Vienna, April 24.—The Presse contains an article recommending Austria, in the event of war breaking out, to adopt a policy of the strictest reserve. The Vienna Gazette says:—In presence of the obstinacy with which some persons endeavor to mislead public opinion by seeking to spread the news of an Austro-Prussian alliance, we cannot too plainly affirm that no negotiations in this sense exist, or have existed.

PRUSSIA.

The semi-official North German Gazette publishes an article in which it expresses regret at the tone of a recent article in the Constitutionnel, declaring it to be in contradiction with the oft-repeated assurances which have been given with regard to the policy of the French Government. The article concludes as follows:—'That the acquisition of Luxembourg by France is not a condition of the welfare of the French Empire is clear; from the fact that the Empire sprang up without the possession of Luxembourg. That fortress would be a much more threatening strategical position in the hands of a central State like France, whose policy, it is true, is at present governed by the wisdom of the reigning Sovereign, than in the hands of Germany, of which the constitution is that of a Federal State.'

The Straitsburg papers state that Germany is making great preparations, and that Mayence is being made ready to stand a siege. The semi-official North German Gazette says the decision of the question of preserving the peace does not rest with the Cabinet of Berlin, for the character of a Federal State is seemingly definitive. The same journal adds: It is perhaps the greatest triumph of the Emperor Napoleon's government that it has brought the French nation to admit that they can serve their own and the general interests of civilization by giving the hand to an opponent, and in a pace of humiliating him, joining with him in endeavoring to promote the accomplishment of the great work of progress.

BRUSSELS, April 23.—The Official Presse of today in

an editorial says, in relation to the proposition lately submitted to the governments of Prussia and France by the great Powers of Europe, 'this government did not find it necessary to appeal to the powers for the protection of her rights, and she will not leave Luxembourg.'

April 24th.—Prussia has replied to the proposition, for the settlement of the Luxembourg question, submitted by the Great Powers of Europe. She denies that she is arming, but emphatically reiterates that she will not evacuate Luxembourg. War is now regarded as almost certain.

It is reported that the Great Powers of Europe have renewed their appeal to Prussia in the hope of averting the war which now seems so imminent.

GENTLEMEN.—A grand old name—a grand thing is that of gentleman—a name and a rank he has ever been among the hierarchies of men. Throughout the generations and the ages, through the nations and peoples, from the 'grand old gardener' downwards, it has been recognised as a name and a power. It has had a different sound in different tongues. Sometimes it has been expressed by certain letters, and sometimes by others. Under every synonyme, however, it has been recognized and acknowledged. Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Normans, Celts, Saxons, the American Indians; all the ramifications of the great tribes of men; all the dispersals of the Shem, Ham, and Japheth divisions, have set it up as a dignity and a principle. Those who would not bow down before a king, or uncover to a noble, have done instinctive homage to the gentlemen. That homage is an intuition—a recognition of the qualities which man feels to the great and high, and gentle. The title asserts itself. It depends not on patents, on accolades, on coronets, on principalities. It is a nature. Where are generosity, high-mindedness, honor, courage, truth, faith, love, there is given the name there is the thing, gentleman. The name may be paraded where these are not, but then it is only a sham and mockery. Gentlehood, too has its own fashions and manners, ages not those of the times, and therefore may sometimes have a homeliness in externals to vulgar perception—to those who see not the grandeur of the heart. To the true kin it has its influences. Our equity, had he appeared there, would have raised all the glass in the Brighton pavilion. The most flogging atache would have ridiculed his bow, and a Marylebone vestryman would have made a better speech; but there was stamped on him the name and nature of gentleman, and his words had weight, and his character had power. Vulgarity and pretension quailed in his presence, and those below him owned him intuitively as a superior. It is the property of these gentlemen to come to the front, to stand forth, grand and true when worldliness falls back, and selfishness shows recalcitrant, to attest then the nobility of man, and it is above the paltry accidents of fortune, trouble and adversity to do this without effort, and as from involuntary impulse.—Blackwood.

Gossip.—The base of social life always indicating a small mind, having affinity with petty concerns, often a malicious mind, delighting in traducing others; irreverence for truth, raking its violation for the pleasure of telling stories, which may be false, often are known to be so; great lack of honor, a sneaking disposition, saying behind the back of another what would not be said before his face; presumptuous want of power to converse on nobler subjects; at least lack of interest in them. Generally supposed to belong exclusively to women, but supposed very incorrectly. Male gossips are worse than female. Their spheres are different. Women gossip chiefly about domestic life, love, marriage, flirtation, servants, entertainments—and a world of mischief they do there—of heart burnings, heart-sinkings, and heart-breakings—of broken ties and alienated affections. But men gossip, too. Authors, professors, commercial men—oh, what keen, biting, withering gossip they have—half untrue, wholly needless. Literary gossip, political gossip—why, ha! the world is ruled by gossip half its miseries are made by gossip.

A HEARTY LAUGH.—After all, what a capital, honest, jolly, glorious thing a good laugh is! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gum of age, or the grinders of folly, or the pearls of beauty—whether it rack the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dimpls the visage, or moistens the eye of refinement; in all phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing; overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Barton's transformation; under every circumstance, and everywhere a glorious thing. Like 'a thing of beauty,' 'a joy forever.' There is no remorse in it! It leaves no sting, except in the sides, and that goes off! Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laughter, and one witness, there are forthwith two laughter. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic!

DRESS YOUR CHILDREN WARM.—This is one of the most dangerous seasons for children. Colds and coughs are now easily fastened upon them, of an resulting in consumption and premature death. Therefore dress them warm. Let your boy's pantaloons reach the instep. Don't dress in trousers, reaching to the knee or middle of the leg, and leaving their limbs exposed to the chilling air. Do not sacrifice your children's health to the gratification of a circus-rider's taste; but dress them with the paramount view of comfort and safety.

WHAT LONDON DOCK GIRL DID FOR AN EDITOR.—The editor of the Logan (Ohio) Gazette having been presented with a bottle of London Dock Gin, drank it, and then attempted to write a paragraph of thanks, with this melancholy result:—

In conclusion, here's to Fire Fountain Company No. Some, the Brassontine Belle Bard, and the rest of our home institutions and organizations, including the ladies and other branches of business (his) in and around town—and especially the Messident's Pressage, Monington Washment, etc, all of which may be had at the Buck Dook—Brook and Dug store if payment is delayed until the end of the Atlantic cable.

Dean Swift once attempted in a humorous mood to prove that all things were governed by the word led. Said he, 'Our noblemen and hard drinkers are pimpled, physicians and pulees fee led, their patients and oranges are pi-lead, a new married man and donkey are bride-led, cats and dice are rat-led, swine and nobility are sty-led, a maiden and a tinder-box are spark-led.'

They tell a story about a man who had a hair lip, upon which he performed an operation himself, by inserting into the opening a piece of chicken flesh; it adhered and filled up the space admirably. This was well enough until, in compliance with the prevailing fashion, he attempted to raise moustaches, when one side grew hair and the other feathers.

The Arabs have the fable of a miller, who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window of the room where he was sleeping. 'It is very cold outside,' said the camel. 'I only want to get my nose in.' The nose was let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced at the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not large enough for both. 'If you are inconvenienced, you may leave,' said the camel; 'as for myself, I shall stay where I am.'

The moral of the fable concerns all. When temptation occurs, we must not yield to it. We must not allow so much as its 'nose' to come in. Every thing like sin is to be turned away from. He who yields even in the smallest degree will soon be entirely

overcome, and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

An earnest and eloquent divine in Virginia was holding forth to a very respectable congregation on Sunday night. After the sermon was over he called on his hearers to contribute to the cause of Missions. In the course of his remarks on the subject he broke forth with, 'You should all have for your motto, 'Live or die, sink or swim, perish or survive, I give my heart to this cause,' as Daniel Webster said, when he signed the Declaration of Independence.'

The natives of Egypt carry hives of bees up and down the Nile in boats, stopping where flowers abound.

No vegetable seed will germinate, nor will any egg, even of the smallest insect, give birth to a larva, if kept in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump.

There is in Siberia an entire district, where, it is said, during the winter the sky is constantly unclouded, and where a single particle of snow never falls.

Smoothing irons seem to be rather a late invention. About the time of Elizabeth and James I., large stones, inscribed with texts of Scripture, were used for the purposes of ironing.

In the reign of Henry I., about the year 1130, a sheep could be bought in England for fourpence, and wheat enough for feeding one hundred men a whole day cost but a single shilling.

There are in man five hundred and twenty-seven muscles, two hundred and fifty-seven of which are in pairs. Of these not less than one hundred are constantly used in the simple act of breathing.

The sucking apparatus of the Lamprey is capable of exerting an adhesive force so great that a fish of this kind has been taken out of the water with a stone, weighing ten or twelve pounds, sticking to its mouth. Birds, says Bulwer, 'have often seemed to me like the messengers from earth to heaven—charged with the homage and gratitude of nature, and gifted with the most eloquent of created voices to fulfil the mission.'

Laws penned with the utmost care and exactness, and in the vulgar language, are often perverted to wrong meanings; then why should we wonder that the Bible is so?

Begin life with but little show; you may increase it afterwards.

That is a poor purse that is filled with money of other folks.

It is not every man who can laugh up his sleeve when he happens to be out at the elbows.

It seems to be so easy to be good natured, that it is a wonder anybody takes the trouble to be anything else.

Do everything in its proper time. Keep everything in its place. Always mend your clothes before washing.

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors of red, green or yellow.

Sal soda will bleach very white; one spoonful is enough for a kettle of clothes.

Save your suds for garden and plants, or to harden yards when sandy.

Stir Poland starch with a common candle, and it will not stick to the iron, and will be much nicer.

Count your clothes-pins, knives and forks, towels, handkerchiefs, table cloths, &c., at least once a week.

Wash your tea trays with cold suds, and after polishing with a little flour, rub with a dry cloth.

Frozen potatoes make more starch than fresh ones. They make thick cake.

Save all your pieces of bread for puddings dry, or they will mould.

Examine your pickles, sweetmeats, and everything put away.

Buy small quantities of cheese at a time; get some farmer to put up your butter in the fall.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore old orange.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soapsuds and not rinsed.

If your flat irons are rough, rub them well fine salt and it will make them smooth.

Oat straw is the best for filling beds; should be changed once a year.

If you are laying carpet for durability, choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent their creaking.

Scotch snuff put on the holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt, wet with water, will stop the cracks of a stove, and prevent the smoke from escaping.

Green should be the prevailing color of bed hangings and window drapery.

A gallon of strong ley put into a barrel of hard water, will make it as soft as rain water.

Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it.

In winter set the handle of your pump as high as possible at night, or throw a blanket over it.

DIETING FOR HEALTH.—Has sent many a one to the grave, and will send many more, because it is done injudiciously or ignorantly. One man omits his dinner by a herculean effort, and thinking he has accomplished wonders, expects wonderful results, but by the time supper is ready he feels as hungry as a dog, and eats like one, fast, furious, and long. Next day he is worse, and 'don't believe in dieting' for the remainder of life.

Others set out to starve themselves into health, until the system is reduced so low that it has no power of resuscitation, and the man dies.

To diet wisely, does not imply a total abstinence from all food, but the taking of just enough, or of a quality adapted to the nature of the case. Loose bowels weaken very rapidly—total abstinence from all food increases the debility. In this case food should be taken, which while it tends to arrest the disease, imparts nutriment and strength to the system. In this case, rest on a bed, and eating boiled rice after it has been paroled like coffee, will cure three cases out of four of common diarrhoea in a day or two.

Marriage should be considered as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship, a state from which artifice and concealment are to be banished forever, and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith.

Life is shortened by indulgence in anger, ill-will, anxiety, grief, sorrow, and excessive care. The vital powers are wasted by excessive bodily exercise in some cases, and want of a due portion in others.

There is dew in one flower, and not in another, because one opens its cups and takes it in, the other closes itself and the drop runs off. God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

A watch consists of 992 pieces, and in making it 23 trades and about 200 persons are employed. A remarkable instance of the effect of labour in augmenting the value of raw material, is afforded by the balancespring of this instrument. One farthing's worth of iron will make 7,650 balancesprings, the market value of which is about £24, nearly \$4,400!

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