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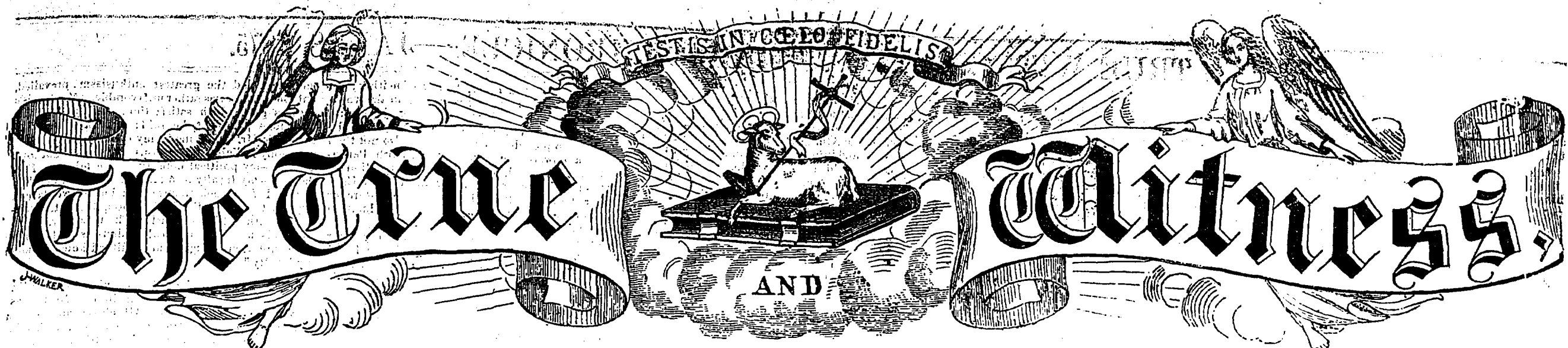
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The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND;
OR,
THE RISING IN THE NORTH.
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.
By E. M. Stewart.

CHAPTER XXI.—(CONTINUED.)

Elizabeth had already received the official despatches of Lord Hunsdon, detailing the discomfiture of Leonard Dacre, and her manner towards Morden was gracious and even kind.
"What will you, our faithful servant?" she said, as she extended her hand to him to kiss, "how comes it that my Lord of Hunsdon made not you the bearer of his despatches?"
"Alas, gracious Sovereign!" said Lord Morden, "it is upon an errand of mercy that my good Lord Hunsdon has spared me from my post to kneel at the feet of your Grace."
"An errand of mercy!" said Elizabeth; "right glad are we to hear the name of mercy on the lip of a true subject. Alas, we may be weak, foolish even in our compassion, as my Lord of Burleigh told us even now; but oh, that we could infuse into the spirits of the most faithful among our servants some touch of compassion which might make them bear with our own weakness. Alas, alas! shall we destroy our own sister, the unhappy Mary? Albeit, she did plot against our life, shall we return evil for evil?"
"Thus it is with your Grace," said Cecil, "duty towards your subjects is sacrificed to a false principle of mercy; I had hoped that the petition of your loyal servants of the Commons might have moved you to the rendering of justice to the Queen of Scots. It were well if the pious suggestion of Sir James Croft were acted upon, and that we daily implore Heaven to move the heart of your Grace to the rendering of justice."
"It were well indeed," remarked Leicester. "Sir James is a godly man, replete with the unction of the Spirit."
"Nay, we doubt it not," cried Elizabeth, "but oh, my Lords, ye put our womanly feelings too suddenly upon too hard a task; we will commend ourselves that we be in this matter of our unhappy cousin directed by the Spirit; and in the meantime let us even solace our poor heart, if it may be, by yielding pardon to some delinquent at the request of our good servant of Morden. Speak our faithful Lord; for whom seek ye mercy at our hands?"
"For the damsel of Grass Street, madam, for the unhappy Gertrude Harding," said Lord Morden, who had risen not from his knees during the foregoing conversation.

At that name Elizabeth started, and her lip became for a moment very pale, while her eye fell with a lynx-like keenness upon the face of Lord Leicester; that perfect master of dissimulation, however, quailed not under the glance; the color of the Queen returned, she remained for some minutes apparently lost in thought, then she said:
"Thy request is a bold one, young Lord, for fragment have been the treasons of that damsel; but we forget not that there is in her some touches of a noble spirit, we forget not that service which she rendered to ourselves, and which we may even the more esteem, that the foolish maiden was disconcerted with our rule. We would fain believe that her folly has had its lessons, and that she will disdain to be disloyal, when we have spared her forfeit life; you shall have an order under our own hand, young man, for the damsel's release; but tell her to sin against her Queen no more, for by Heaven's truth we will not pardon her again!"
"Most gracious and beneficent of Sovereigns," said Lord Morden, kissing in a kind of rapture the again extended hand of Elizabeth; "I stake my soul on Gertrude's future truth."
But here Lord Burleigh broke in with a stronger expression of discontent than he in general manifested towards any measure of his mistress upon which she seemed to be resolved.
"Does your Grace mean to spare that ungrateful maiden?—she, who is believed to have screened the two false Earls from your royal wrath, by a timely warning that their treason was discovered?—she, who is known to have been in company with Leonard Dacre himself, the most audacious of traitors?—Your Grace would not spare the damsel? It cannot be!"

"Yet it is," said Elizabeth, sharply, "and we would commend our good Lord Treasurer to forbear such severe comments upon a point where we are resolved."
That evening a warrant for the unconditional release of Gertrude Harding was delivered to Lord Morden, and that evening did he set out on his return to Carlisle, transported by his unexpected success.
He was not, however, able to accomplish his journey with all the celerity that he wished; for as Master Williams had prognosticated, on the preceding evening there had been a fall of snow, which, though in London so slight as scarcely to have excited Lord Morden's attention, had made the country roads difficult, and in some places dangerous.
This snow storm had also delayed Lucy Fenton and her companions, and the more expeditions travelling of Lord Morden threw him into their company before they reached Carlisle. His name meeting the ears of Lucy from one of his attendants in a hostel, where the young nobleman had stopped for refreshment, she immediately made herself known to him, and in company with her, her lover, and her father, did Lord Morden perform the remainder of his journey.
Oh, with what a palpitating heart did Lucy proceed with Lord Morden and Willoughton to the Castle of Carlisle, immediately on their arrival in that city. It was about mid-day, a wintry day with not a ray of sunshine to brighten the landscape, half veiled as it was by a covering of snow.
Lord Morden and his friends were immediately admitted to the presence of Lord Scrope, who received them courteously, and regretted that it was his office to dispense the rigors of the law. Lucy entreated permission to visit Gertrude in her prison, but her heart sunk, and she leaned heavily on the arm of her lover as they traversed the stone passages and the dreary vaults.
Once Lord Morden, who preceded them, turned, and, pointing with an agonized countenance to the moisture which hung upon the walls, he exclaimed: "Has she borne this?"
"Dear Lucy, be advised," said Willoughton. "Do not persist in descending to these dismal dungeons. Lord Morden and I will go alone and soon place our poor Gertrude in your arms."
"She has borne the damps and the cold of these dwellings night and day," said Lucy, "and cannot I bear once to descend to them for her sake?"
The key of the dungeon grated harshly in the lock, but there was no sound within as if the noise at that unusual hour had excited the attention of the captive. The door was thrown open, and the sickly array of the lamp gleamed upon the stone walls and the heap of straw, the only bed vouchsafed to the unhappy prisoner. A figure was stretched out, with the face concealed upon that miserable couch; a profusion of golden hair was scattered loosely over the black garments.
A piercing shriek broke from the lips of Lucy as she sprung forwards and looked that extended figure in her arms. Neither her voice nor touch, however, aroused the poor sufferer. Had she ceased to suffer? Her head fell helplessly backwards, and her eyes, those sunny hazel eyes, were their sweet light extinguished forever? Cold, cold as marble were the beautiful lips, which Lucy kissed in all the frenzy of despair, and the hand, which was clasped by the not less agonized Lord Morden. But might not that well be? Were not their own frames already chilled by the vapors of that dismal cell?—Is she dead, quite dead, or does she only swoon?

CHAPTER XXII.

"And in heart and soul do I agree with you, my friend," said Sir Drue Drury; "but see how the sin would recoil on our own heads were we wrought upon to do this evil deed. Were the royal cousin of our mistress slain—the Queen of Scots slain by our hands—would not a severe justice call upon Elizabeth to avenge the blood of Mary upon their heads by whom it was split. Must not the Queen of England take cognizance of and punish a treachery so foul?" "Brother, brother," continued Sir Drue, lowering his voice to a whisper, while his face grew yet paler, and his eyes full of horror were fixed upon those of his companion, "a treachery, foul treachery to us lurks here. She who is most guilty in thought and in deed would remain at our cost forever guiltless in repute. Elizabeth would have us in secret murder the Queen of Scots, but in public would she condemn us for that murder."
"Good luck! good luck!" said Sir Amias, "can woman's heart be the abiding place of such a black deceit. See here, my friend, how in a letter of a date but briefly before this of the Secretary she calleth me 'her dear and faithful Paulet,' and promises me rewards without an end."
"Aye, and we see now, brother, how thou wast to purchase those rewards," said Sir Drue; "but I tell thee, Paulet, wert thou the man to dip thy hand in Mary's blood, the reward of Elizabeth would be to hang thee like a dog."
"So indeed do I believe," answered Sir Amias, "and see but here, my good brother, mark the cunning of deceit that is in this letter of the Secretary. We may not doubt, say they, of Mary's guilt after her trial, if her trial have condemned the Queen of Scots, in the name of that trial let her suffer; it were even to do our mistress herself a foul wrong, to shed the blood of her captive without law or warrant, assuredly would the world think that she suffered in secret, because in truth she merited not to suffer at all. Oh, may the Lord enlighten the wicked hearts of men! If these are the designs of those whom He sets in the high places, and whose souls He hath graced with a knowledge of the truth, may we not indeed pity the fallings of that poor Princess whose spirit is yet darkened by the delusions of Popistry?"
"We may so, indeed," answered Drury, "and night and day implore the Lord to enlighten that darkness. But see thou, good Paulet," he added, returning to the subject of the letter, "it behoves us at once to answer this missive."
"I shall do so," replied Paulet, "and state in all truth and honesty why, for once, I disobey the commands of her Grace, but verily the injunctions of God are high, even above our duties to princes."
"And say thou, my brother," exclaimed Sir Drue, "that in heart, even is my opinion like thine own."

It was a few days after this conversation at Fotheringay that Queen Elizabeth sat alone in her closet at Whitehall. Her eyes were fixed upon the blazing fire, but it would have been difficult to define the varying expression of her countenance.—The door opened, and her newly appointed Secretary, Davison, stood before her. The Queen looked up hastily.
"Oh, Davison, 'tis well," she exclaimed, "what hast thou done with that commission for the execution of the unhappy Queen of Scots, which we signed a few days since?"
"Gracious madam," answered the Secretary, "the great seal is already appended to that commission."
"Already?" said Elizabeth, with an air of surprise.
"Nay, thou needest not have made such haste."
"May it please your Grace," answered Davison, "it was not for me, on a matter of such import, to dally with your Majesty's commands."
"Well, well," replied Elizabeth, "it matters not, but—" and she spoke an ambiguous smile parted her lips—"Davison, our good Davison, we had a dream last night; we dreamed that our heart smote us that our cousin was no more, and that we punished thee as the cause of her death."
"Royal Lady," exclaimed Davison, starting, while his face grew pale at the danger he surmised, "if your resolution has changed, will you not say so, do you yet design the execution of that commission against the Queen of Scots?"
"Yes, by G—," but we like not the form of that rascally commission, of which ye are all so fond, for behold it imposes all the responsibility upon our neck. We stand forth as our kinswoman's sole destroyer."
"It is yet time for your Majesty to recall that commission," answered Davison, "if such a measure seem fitting to your royal will."
To this remark the Queen did not reply, but enquired "had no answer come from Paulet and Drury with regard to the service which she had required at their hands?"
"Gracious madam," said Davison, "they profess themselves true servants of your Majesty; their lives and their fortunes do they tender at your feet, but they protest that, for conscience sake, they cannot shed without a warrant the blood of the Scottish Queen."
Elizabeth started from her seat, and broke into a volley of oaths. "And that villain Paulet, too," she said, "that nice judging knave who stands, forsooth, upon his conscience. His squeamish conscience can even gulp it, seems, the breaking of his oath to us, his rightful mistress. Is not his name set to the bond of association; entered into by those who will defend us from the bloody designs of our cruel and ungrateful cousin? Yes, yes; but that oath can be broken by this conscience-keeping rogue, this precise and dainty fellow, when, forsooth, he wants to dip our royal hand in blood to make us seem avengeful murderers. And his companion knave, the scoundrel Drury, too, we will keep them both in our good memory for this. We will warrant them a reward for their disloyal refusal, and we may yet find a faithful servant, not troubled with such delicate conscience and such craven fears."
Davison trembled at this storm of rage, but he ventured to interpose a word in favor of Paulet and Drury.
"Consider," he says, "most royal Lady, the death of the Queen of Scots could not have been passed unnoticed by you. Her death, accomplished without a warrant, must have been by you avowed, or by you avenged. It would have suited your maiden and royal dignity to have avowed such an act, your own and as if it could have become your justice and compassion to ruin your faithful servants because they obeyed your will."
"Begone, villain," cried Elizabeth, "for I see thou art like the rest."
Davison immediately withdrew, but alarmed by the conduct of the Queen, he made it known to the Lords of the Council, who promising to screen him from blame, took upon themselves to dispatch that commission which Elizabeth had already signed. How these Lords abided by their promise, and how the unfortunate Davison was treated by the Queen after the death of Mary, the page of history will show.

But it is even here worthy of remark, that on the very morning of the Scottish Queen's execution Elizabeth expressed to Davison her surprise that the warrant had not yet been executed.
CHAPTER XXIII.
See, the whyte moone shynes on hie,
Whyter is my true love's shroude;
Whyter than the morninge skie,
Whyter than the evenyng cloude.
CHATTERTON.
The day was cheerless, a heavy wintry day; the snow which had fallen in the night and in the earlier part of the morning still lay in ridges upon the larger branches of the trees and hung about the small twigs, undisturbed either by a breath of wind or the symptoms of a thaw, while the level ground and rocky precipice were alike wrapped in an uniform covering of white.
The cheerlessness, however, of the scene without could add but little to augment the distress which prevailed in the house of Henry Willoughton. In a chamber of that house knelt Lucy Fenton, weeping by the bed of the dying Gertrude. Lord Morden and Willoughton, and old Richard Fenton were all there, for they knew that the last hour was approaching, and the stainless spirit, indeed, about to wing its flight.
Gertrude had only swooned when she was taken from her dungeon, and for some days after her removal to the house of Henry Willoughton she appeared to revive; it was the last gleam of the lamp ere its light departed forever. Her late hardships of body and mind had exhausted the delicate frame of Gertrude, and now the friends who hung over her couch knew that she must die. But the spirit of the unfortunate girl clung to its mortal dwelling. Nothing since the day of the battle had been heard of Leonard Dacre; but Gertrude was impressed with a conviction that she should see him once again—"And then, love," she whispered to Lucy, "then I shall depart in peace."
The chamber in which she lay overlooked a wide extent of country, and Gertrude would have her bed so placed that she could see the far hills through her window, over which she would never suffer the curtains to be drawn, and there she lay watching for hours for her lover's coming. The frenzy of the hope had indeed, her medical attendants said, alone supported the life of the unhappy girl so long. But now nature seemed at last to sink; the eyes, the anxious eyes which had watched so long the dazzling waste of snow, grew dim and dropped, and from time to time, as the agonized Lord Morden bent over her, he perceived her beautiful features agitated by a slight convulsion. Once, however, Gertrude looked up, and seeming all herself again, she said to Lucy Fenton: "He will come, love, he will come yet."
Then as her sweet eyes once more closed, her friends looked mournfully at each other, for they thought that the hope of the dying girl was indeed vain. The shades of the early evening were already beginning to descend over the dismal landscape, and Henry Willoughton, unable to bear any longer the still and horrible watches of the death chamber had stolen from it into the gallery from which it opened. This was a long gallery, and while one end communicated with the grand staircase, at the other a narrower flight of steps led to one of the garden entrances. As Henry slowly paced this gallery, he perceived the figures of two men cautiously advancing from the garden. He hurried towards them; but ere he could speak, the foremost of the two grasped his hand, and in his voice, though suffocated by grief, he recognized the tones of Leonard Dacre.
"Let me see her whom I have slain; let me look upon the face of Gertrude Harding."
"Oh, Dacre, I had feared that you were no more," said Willoughton.
"Would that I had been indeed no more," replied Leonard. "Oh, would that I had died ere she had known me, ere she had been mingled with my fatal, fatal schemes."
Lord Dacre had stood in the chamber of death, and what was the sorrow of those who were there assembled to the majesty of grief that was written on his brow?
A terrible torpor had seemed for the last hour to have seized upon Gertrude Harding; but the first murmured accent of his voice, the first burst of his anguish appeared to stay her spirit in its upward flight. With a strength almost supernatural, she started up, and threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming with a shriek of joy. "You have come, mine own love, I know that you would come."
Lord Dacre clasped her to his heart, he kissed her cold white lips, but the light of life had vanished even in that moment from the hazel eyes, and the spirit in its brief rapture had departed.
Who shall describe the grief of Leonard Dacre—that grief that great for utterance, which was henceforth to be his soul's companion through the weary pilgrimage of a blighted existence? Forever were those last mortal accents of the being who had so loved him, that the spell even of her love had confined the gentle soul for a time to its tenement of clay—forever were those accents, those impassioned accents, of her matchless love to ring in his ears. And that face so sweet in its pale beauty, with a smile, lingering on the wan lip, will it not be forever present to his mental eye? Tenderly, cautiously, as though he feared to disturb her in a pleasant sleep, did Lord Dacre loose the form of Gertrude from his clasp. There was a sublimity of despair in his silence, which none present dared to break upon, with speech.
"Then," as they perceived, as he bent like one entranced over the body of Gertrude, that sickness which he was at last so deservingly brought—
But there were others among the foes of the hap-

as well as sorrow had been his companion, and that on his brow was a scarcely cicatrized wound. Once more did he press those icy hands to his heart to his lips; than breaking through the friends, who would have detained him, he rushed from the house and in a few minutes they beheld him riding with his head bare, and with the speed of one distracted towards those snow covered hills on which Gertrude had gazed so anxiously all day. He was followed by another horseman, the faithful Norbert, who had never left his lord from the time that he had been struck down by the robber Miles.
By that attached retainer Lucy and Willoughton afterwards discovered that Lord Dacre had been conveyed insensibly to the retreat of the poor monks at Lanercost; there his wounds had been dressed, and there he had been concealed till the day of Gertrude's death, when Norbert, whom he had sent to procure intelligence of her fate at Carlisle, had brought him word that she had been removed, it was thought, in a dying state, to the house of Willoughton. No entreaties of the good monks, no fear of danger to himself, no weakness from his scarce healed wounds, could now detain him at the abbey. Norbert would not suffer him to depart alone! and throughout that miserable night, when Lord Dacre rushed half-frantic from the house of his friend—throughout that night did his true vassal track his course, till the moment when the mind out wore the body's endurance, and he sunk from his horse overcome with wretchedness and fatigue.
Lucy Fenton and her lover never saw Lord Dacre more. Long afterwards they learned that he was living an exile in Flanders, but his retreat, said those who gave the information, profound. The greatness of his mind was wrecked, and the court and the camp were like shunned by the once gallant and ambitious Leonard Dacre. Most anxious nevertheless, again to behold that beloved friend, Henry Willoughton undertook a journey to Flanders, for the express purpose of finding his retreat; but he was studiously avoided by Lord Dacre, who seemed to fly before his friend, and all that Henry could learn in addition to the knowledge which he had already possessed, was that the unfortunate nobleman was constantly attended by Norbert. The next that Henry heard of Leonard Dacre, was that he had died in his exile.
On the night, however, after the ill-fated Gertrude was consigned to her timeless grave, Lord Morden stole from the house of Willoughton to vent upon that grave the anguish of his heart. It was an old village church yard in which rested all that now remained of the beautiful and high-souled Gertrude. The plain, solemn-looking edifice had been built in Saxon times, and many an ancient yew tree kept watch over the slumbers of the dead. It was a clear night; the moon was up, and touched with her gold lustre the grey church towers, the dark yew trees, and the glittering surface of the snow. The churchyard hung upon the side of a hill, and as Lord Morden approached it he heard the tread of horses, and perceived a man riding leisurely along a path, and holding by the rein another horse than that which he rode. The young nobleman entered the churchyard; but as he approached the grave of Gertrude he perceived that the watch was already kept. A bitter groan startled the silence of the night, and it needed not the moon-beam, which broke at that moment over the noble countenance of the mourner, to make that mourner known to Lord Morden. He turned hastily away; for what was his grief, who had loved Gertrude, to that of him who had been himself the beloved of the ill-fated maiden.

CHAPTER XXIV.
Thesoul!

How wistful she looks
Now she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh, might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight,
Her very eyes weep blood, every groan
She heaves is big with sorrow. But the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on,
Till forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

BLAIR.
Years, long years had rolled away, and many a spring had the sweet wild flowers bloomed and faded upon the grave of Gertrude Harding; and what meanwhile had become of those, the great and triumphant ones, whose wickedness and success had stretched her at that early grave? And those for whose cause she had so terribly suffered and had dared so much, how, in the ruin of that cause had it fared with them? Alas! the page of history which tells their fate, may be blotted with many tears. What became of the long descended Nevil, and of Percy, the noblest of England's peers? Let Scotland blush in mentioning the last.
Doubly was the Earl of Northumberland betrayed; on his first arrival in Scotland he was treacherously given into the hands of Murray, by one of the Armstrongs, in whom he had confided. After two years imprisonment in the Castle of Lockleven, he was sold to Elizabeth by the execrable Morton, and beheaded without a trial at York.
Well it would be for the honor of Scotland if this had been the last time that the followers of John Knox had stained her annals by their Judas like bartering of blood for gold. Who knows not that the Earl of Westmoreland and Lord Dacre died in exile; and Norton, the venerable, he too expired far from the land which his virtues might have graced, in a state, say some accounts, of pure poverty. His daughter-in-law, the gentle Blanche, who had been conveyed in Scotland by the retainers of Lord Dacre, died there of that slow but sure disease a broken heart.
Such was the fate of the oppressed; and what was that of the oppressor? Murray the false, ungrateful Murray, cut off even amid the enjoyment of his ill-gotten power, lived long enough, thanks to supernatural justice, after he had been shot by Bothwellhaugh, to know that the power for which he had delivered up his soul was departing from him. And the miserable Morton—revenge, herself, might be content in remembering his agonies upon that scaffold to which he was at last so deservingly brought.
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and compassion to ruin your faithful servants because they obeyed your will."
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"Let me see her whom I have slain; let me look upon the face of Gertrude Harding."
"Oh, Dacre, I had feared that you were no more," said Willoughton.
"Would that I had been indeed no more," replied Leonard. "Oh, would that I had died ere she had known me, ere she had been mingled with my fatal, fatal schemes."
Lord Dacre had stood in the chamber of death, and what was the sorrow of those who were there assembled to the majesty of grief that was written on his brow?
A terrible torpor had seemed for the last hour to have seized upon Gertrude Harding; but the first murmured accent of his voice, the first burst of his anguish appeared to stay her spirit in its upward flight. With a strength almost supernatural, she started up, and threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming with a shriek of joy. "You have come, mine own love, I know that you would come."
Lord Dacre clasped her to his heart, he kissed her cold white lips, but the light of life had vanished even in that moment from the hazel eyes, and the spirit in its brief rapture had departed.
Who shall describe the grief of Leonard Dacre—that grief that great for utterance, which was henceforth to be his soul's companion through the weary pilgrimage of a blighted existence? Forever were those last mortal accents of the being who had so loved him, that the spell even of her love had confined the gentle soul for a time to its tenement of clay—forever were those accents, those impassioned accents, of her matchless love to ring in his ears. And that face so sweet in its pale beauty, with a smile, lingering on the wan lip, will it not be forever present to his mental eye? Tenderly, cautiously, as though he feared to disturb her in a pleasant sleep, did Lord Dacre loose the form of Gertrude from his clasp. There was a sublimity of despair in his silence, which none present dared to break upon, with speech.
"Then," as they perceived, as he bent like one entranced over the body of Gertrude, that sickness which he was at last so deservingly brought—
But there were others among the foes of the hap-

as well as sorrow had been his companion, and that on his brow was a scarcely cicatrized wound. Once more did he press those icy hands to his heart to his lips; than breaking through the friends, who would have detained him, he rushed from the house and in a few minutes they beheld him riding with his head bare, and with the speed of one distracted towards those snow covered hills on which Gertrude had gazed so anxiously all day. He was followed by another horseman, the faithful Norbert, who had never left his lord from the time that he had been struck down by the robber Miles.
By that attached retainer Lucy and Willoughton afterwards discovered that Lord Dacre had been conveyed insensibly to the retreat of the poor monks at Lanercost; there his wounds had been dressed, and there he had been concealed till the day of Gertrude's death, when Norbert, whom he had sent to procure intelligence of her fate at Carlisle, had brought him word that she had been removed, it was thought, in a dying state, to the house of Willoughton. No entreaties of the good monks, no fear of danger to himself, no weakness from his scarce healed wounds, could now detain him at the abbey. Norbert would not suffer him to depart alone! and throughout that miserable night, when Lord Dacre rushed half-frantic from the house of his friend—throughout that night did his true vassal track his course, till the moment when the mind out wore the body's endurance, and he sunk from his horse overcome with wretchedness and fatigue.
Lucy Fenton and her lover never saw Lord Dacre more. Long afterwards they learned that he was living an exile in Flanders, but his retreat, said those who gave the information, profound. The greatness of his mind was wrecked, and the court and the camp were like shunned by the once gallant and ambitious Leonard Dacre. Most anxious nevertheless, again to behold that beloved friend, Henry Willoughton undertook a journey to Flanders, for the express purpose of finding his retreat; but he was studiously avoided by Lord Dacre, who seemed to fly before his friend, and all that Henry could learn in addition to the knowledge which he had already possessed, was that the unfortunate nobleman was constantly attended by Norbert. The next that Henry heard of Leonard Dacre, was that he had died in his exile.
On the night, however, after the ill-fated Gertrude was consigned to her timeless grave, Lord Morden stole from the house of Willoughton to vent upon that grave the anguish of his heart. It was an old village church yard in which rested all that now remained of the beautiful and high-souled Gertrude. The plain, solemn-looking edifice had been built in Saxon times, and many an ancient yew tree kept watch over the slumbers of the dead. It was a clear night; the moon was up, and touched with her gold lustre the grey church towers, the dark yew trees, and the glittering surface of the snow. The churchyard hung upon the side of a hill, and as Lord Morden approached it he heard the tread of horses, and perceived a man riding leisurely along a path, and holding by the rein another horse than that which he rode. The young nobleman entered the churchyard; but as he approached the grave of Gertrude he perceived that the watch was already kept. A bitter groan startled the silence of the night, and it needed not the moon-beam, which broke at that moment over the noble countenance of the mourner, to make that mourner known to Lord Morden. He turned hastily away; for what was his grief, who had loved Gertrude, to that of him who had been himself the beloved of the ill-fated maiden.

CHAPTER XXIV.
Thesoul!

How wistful she looks
Now she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh, might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight,
Her very eyes weep blood, every groan
She heaves is big with sorrow. But the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on,
Till forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

BLAIR.
Years, long years had rolled away, and many a spring had the sweet wild flowers bloomed and faded upon the grave of Gertrude Harding; and what meanwhile had become of those, the great and triumphant ones, whose wickedness and success had stretched her at that early grave? And those for whose cause she had so terribly suffered and had dared so much, how, in the ruin of that cause had it fared with them? Alas! the page of history which tells their fate, may be blotted with many tears. What became of the long descended Nevil, and of Percy, the noblest of England's peers? Let Scotland blush in mentioning the last.
Doubly was the Earl of Northumberland betrayed; on his first arrival in Scotland he was treacherously given into the hands of Murray, by one of the Armstrongs, in whom he had confided. After two years imprisonment in the Castle of Lockleven, he was sold to Elizabeth by the execrable Morton, and beheaded without a trial at York.
Well it would be for the honor of Scotland if this had been the last time that the followers of John Knox had stained her annals by their Judas like bartering of blood for gold. Who knows not that the Earl of Westmoreland and Lord Dacre died in exile; and Norton, the venerable, he too expired far from the land which his virtues might have graced, in a state, say some accounts, of pure poverty. His daughter-in-law, the gentle Blanche, who had been conveyed in Scotland by the retainers of Lord Dacre, died there of that slow but sure disease a broken heart.
Such was the fate of the oppressed; and what was that of the oppressor? Murray the false, ungrateful Murray, cut off even amid the enjoyment of his ill-gotten power, lived long enough, thanks to supernatural justice, after he had been shot by Bothwellhaugh, to know that the power for which he had delivered up his soul was departing from him. And the miserable Morton—revenge, herself, might be content in remembering his agonies upon that scaffold to which he was at last so deservingly brought.
But there were others among the foes of the hap-

less Mary more intimately connected with our tale, and chief among these were Elizabeth and Leicester.

Leicester, the profligate, the poisoner, the destroyer of the innocent Gertrude, how did he end his days? An impartial justice at length visited the blackest of his crimes upon his own head; and he died the victim of poison administered, it is believed, by the paramour of his wife, that wife to obtain whom he had poisoned her first husband, the Earl of Essex.

And Elizabeth, the great, the mighty, the wise, throned high among the nations, how fared it in the latter day with her? Oh, ye who look only at the splendors of her world, and think not that they can by possibility be bought too dear, regard again the regal glories of Whitehall.

There sits Elizabethas of old in her stately closet; but where are the cunning agents of her will?—They who, alas! fostered the pride of her heart, and instigated her to evils not her own, one by one they have dropped by the side of their mistress—they were summoned by a voice more mighty than hers. Leicester, and Burleigh, and Walsingham, are dead. The Queen is alone; her face is full of horror and grief. What dismal thoughts rush over her powerful mind? A sword is on the table before her, her dress even is neglected, her hair hangs loose about her face, and with a wild look she snatches up the sword and runs it through the costly tapestry of her closet. But there is no sound, no cry of a traitor concealed behind those hangings; the Queen shakes her head with a melancholy air, and returns to her seat. The beauty, too, of Elizabeth is departed, she is old and decrepit.

But now the door of her closet was opened, and ushered by a gentleman of the Court, a comely dame of middle age appeared.

These persons approached the Queen, but she was lost in thought, she noticed them not.

"May I please your Grace," said the gentleman, "that lady whom you desire so much to see has arrived, Mistress Lucy Willoughton stands before you."

At these words Elizabeth looked up, her countenance was full of sorrow, she waved her hand to the gentleman to leave the room, then she said— "Your face is changed, fair dame; but mindeth me, it mindeth me yet one that was with me in yea long gone, and which of late has sore obtruded on my dreams."

Lucy wept, for a long course of happiness had not craved from her heart its tender remembrance of her ill-fated cousin.

A golden cup stood upon the table. Elizabeth put it to her lips, but she could not swallow the wine which it contained, and replacing it she smote her breast, and shed tears. Then she said— "Thou knowest, Mistress Willoughton, we did not seek the maiden's death. Oh, no, it was not by our will she died—it was not by our will."

"Gracious madam, I know it," replied Lucy. "Oh, it was a brave girl," said Elizabeth, "and he is gone too—Leonard Dacre has been long dead; and Leicester, Burleigh—the unhappy Queen fell back in her chair. Lucy summoned assistance, and she was conveyed to her chamber; but when there she would have Mistress Willoughton by her bedside.—She had loved latterly to talk only of vexatious and irritating subject, the execution of Essex, or the unpleasant posture of Irish affairs. Within the last few days a new fancy had seized her, and she would send into Cumberland, where she knew Mistress Willoughton resided with her family; and now she would speak to her of nothing but the Rising in the North—of the Percy and the Nevil, of Leonard Dacre and of Gertrude."

The day after Lucy's arrival at the Court was wet and cold. It was the end of January; but the Queen had resolved on that day to be removed to her palace at Richmond, and thither, though much indisposed, she insisted upon going.

Lucy sat near Elizabeth in the royal barge, and as the hollow wind swept round it, and the rain pattered in the river, she often observed the Queen shake her head with a sorrowful air, as if the melancholy of the day, were but too much in unison with the frame of her mind, while ever and anon a tear stole down her cheek.

Who shall say what were the thoughts of Elizabeth during that dismal journey. She knew that the world was fast passing from before her, and was hers the mind that could disguise the mischief of its own committing? Was the poverty in which Norton lingered out the poor remnant of his days—was the axe that terminated the sorrows of Mary, so terrible as was to Elizabeth the dominion of her tyrant thoughts?

On reaching Richmond, she was so ill that she was compelled to retire to bed and to dismiss Lucy, whom she had hitherto kept in constant and fatiguing attendance.

The Queen lay in her bed. She had ordered her attendants not to draw the curtains over her windows, and she watched the leafless trees waving to and fro before them, and the ruddy flame of her fire dancing upon the tapestry. Elizabeth had sunk into that partial torpor in which, though the mind has not altogether yielded to the influence of sleep, the memories, the visions that pass over it, have the indistinctness of a dream. A long train of shadows flitted before the mental eye of Elizabeth. There was the fair face of Gertrude Harding, and another face as fair; the features, too, of the ill-fated Essex rose to blight her in her sleep; but there were those female faces present even when the others had passed away. Suddenly Elizabeth started up. She was wide awake, but an unutterable horror had seized upon her soul. Anything to escape from that bed; and when her dismal shriek had summoned her attendants to her apartment, they found her standing in her night dress on the floor, her hands clinched, her eyes fixed as in a convulsion, and specks of foam upon her parted lips. It was a frightful spectacle, the strongly marked but weathered features and stony, blue eyes of the miserable Queen.

But what needs it to prolong the description of scenes so horrible, the struggles of a soul which had used its greatness only to destroy, and which, summoned to quit that world it had too much loved, shrunk from the contemplation of its past career. No entreaties could prevail upon the wretched Queen to return to her bed; she raved, screamed, and wept at the proposal. Cushions were brought, and upon them she was extended, bitterly bemoaning her miserable fate, and refusing all refreshment and consolation.

Who does not know that for ten days the unhappy Queen thus remained, still refusing to enter the bed. The Bishops and the Lords of the Council alike in vain entreated her to alter this resolution. To Lucy Willoughton, whom she still detained in attendance, she expressed strong indignation against Secretary Cecil, the son of her old favorite, Burleigh.

"He telleth the people, Mistress Willoughton," said Elizabeth, "that I am mad, but I am not mad; oh, would to God that I were!"

"Gracious madam, be comforted," said Lucy, who was moved by the pitiable condition of the Queen.

"Do not thou mock me, fair dame, with such empty words," replied Elizabeth. "Had thy poor cousin seen me thus, she had known me better than to talk of comfort. Alas! alas! why does her face still pursue me? God knows how bitterly I mourned her fate; but it cometh, it cometh forever, and still accompanied by another which my soul sickens to behold."

While Elizabeth spoke entered Sir Robert Cecil, with the Lord Admiral, a relation of the Queen.—They came to entreat that she would suffer herself to be conveyed to bed.

couch. "Oh, never, never!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Cecil, if thou hadst seen there what I have seen, thou wouldst not drive thy mistress to that couch of horrors."

"What has your Grace there beheld?" said Cecil. "Have you seen the dwellers of another world?"

"Nay," answered Elizabeth, "assuredly that is an idle question, and beneath our notice."

"In sooth your Grace must retire to bed," persisted Cecil, "if it be but to satisfy the affection of your people."

At these words the embers of an almost extinguished fire again blazed in the heart of Elizabeth, and lighted up her worn features with something of the dignity of old. She raised herself on her cushions.

"Must!" she exclaimed; "is must a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man, thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word. But alas, alas!" continued the Queen, wringing her hands, and speaking in tones of deep dejection, "thou art grown presumptuous because thou knowest that I shall die."

"Good madam, be comforted," said the Lord Admiral, again approaching the Queen.

She again raised herself with Lucy's assistance, and grasping him by the hand, she looked piteously in his face; then bursting into tears, she exclaimed— "My Lord, my Lord, I am tied with an iron collar about my neck; I am tied fast, and the case is altered with me."

From this time the Queen gradually sank, falling into a lethargy which released her from those mental torments which it had wrung the compassionate heart of Lucy to behold. During this lethargy she was placed in her bed. As her end was evidently fast approaching, the Lord Keeper, the Admiral, and the Secretary Cecil, were deputed by the Council to learn Elizabeth's will with regard to her successor. Lucy Willoughton, whom the Queen during her intervals of consciousness had commanded to remain near her, stood by the side of the royal couch. The Queen took no notice when the Kings of Scotland and France were mentioned by those Lords; then they spoke of the heir of the House of Suffolk—the Lord Beauchamp, the son of Lady Catherine Grey and the Earl of Hertford, to whom Elizabeth had always borne a strong antipathy.—At this name she started, and the dulness of death seemed to vanish for a moment from her wild blue eyes, while she fiercely exclaimed—

"I will have no rascal's son in my seat; none but a king shall sit upon the throne of Elizabeth; and who should that be but our cousin, the King of Scots!"

She never spoke again.

HENRY GRATTAN ON THE DUTY OF IRISHMEN.

Breaking the Chains of Irish Slavery.

The right of the Irish Parliament to make laws for Ireland, uncontrolled by the Parliament of England, was first invaded by an act passed in the reign of Henry VII., since known as "Poynning's Law." At a subsequent period the rights of the Irish House of Lords, as the highest Court of Appeal in such cases, were infringed by the English House of Lords, who, in several cases which had been taken before them, reversed the decisions of the Irish House.—The latter body, however, refused to acknowledge this usurpation, and directed the civil officers in Ireland to abide by the Irish authority and ignore the English. To end these contentions an Act, the 6th of George I., was passed in England declaring that Ireland was a subordinate and dependent kingdom; that the King, Lords, and Commons of England had powers to make laws in Ireland, and that the Irish House of Lords had no legal jurisdiction. Thus was the independence of the Irish Parliament struck down. England, however, got into difficulties, and Grattan, recognizing the fact, afterwards proclaimed by O'Connell, that "England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity" commenced that struggle to recover the legislative independence of the Irish Parliament, which was crowned with success in 1782. On the 15th of April, 1780, he opened the campaign in the Irish House of Commons in a magnificent speech, from which we extract the following passages:—

Sir, I have entreated an attendance on this day, that you might, in the most public manner, deny the claim of the British Parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice to lift up your hands against it.

If I had lived when the 9th of William took away the woolen manufacture, or when the 6th of George I. declared this country to be dependent, and subject to laws to be enacted by the Parliament of England, I should have made a covenant with my own conscience to seize the first moment of rescuing my country from the ignominy of such acts of power; or, if I had a son, I should have administered to him an oath that he would consider himself a person separate and set apart for the discharge of so important a duty; upon the same principle am I now come to move a declaration of right, the first moment occurring, since my time, in which such a declaration could be made with any chance of success, and without aggravation of oppression.

Sir, it must appear to every person that notwithstanding the import of sugar and export of woollens, the people of this country are not satisfied—something remains; the greater work is behind; the public heart is not well at ease. To promulgate our satisfaction; to stop the throats of millions with the votes of Parliament; to preach homilies to the volunteers; to utter invectives against the people, under pretence of affectionate advice, is an attempt, weak, suspicious and inflammatory.

You cannot dictate to those whose sense you are entrusted to represent; your ancestors, who sat within these walls, lost to Ireland trade and liberty; you still owe the kingdom liberty; she calls upon you to restore it.

The ground of public discontent seems to be, "we have gotten commerce, but not freedom." The same power which took away the export of woollens and the exports of glass may take them away again; the repeal is partial, and the ground of repeal is upon a principle of expediency.

Sir, expedient is a word of appropriated and tyrannical import; expedient is an ill-omened word, selected to express the reservation of authority, while the exercise is mitigated; expedient is the ill-omened expression of the repeal of the American stamp act. England thought it expedient to repeal that law; happy had it been for mankind if, when she withdrew the exercise, she had not reserved the right! To that reservation she owes the loss of her American empire, at the expense of millions, and America the seeking of liberty through a sea of bloodshed. The repeal of the Woolen Act, similarly circumstanced, pointed against the principle of our liberty; present relaxation, but tyranny in reserve, may be a subject of illumination to a populace, or a pretence for apostasy to a courtier, but cannot be the subject of settled satisfaction to a freeman, an intelligent, and an injured community. It is, therefore, they consider the free trade a trade *de facto*, not *de jure*, a license to trade under the charters of Ireland, as a tribute to her strength; to maintain which she must continue in a state of armed preparation, dreading the approach of a general peace, and attributing all she holds dear to the calamitous condition of the British interest in every part of the globe. This dissatisfaction, founded upon a consideration of the liberty we have lost, is increased

when they consider the opportunity they are losing; for if this nation, after the death-wound given to her freedom, had fallen on her knees in anguish, and besought the Almighty to frame an occasion in which a weak and injured people might recover their rights, prayer could not have asked, or God have furnished, a moment more opportune for the restoration of liberty, than this in which I have the honor to address you.

England now smarts under the lesson of the American war; the doctrines of imperial legislature she feels to be pernicious; the revenues and monopolies annexed to it she has found to be untenable; she has lost the power to enforce it; her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth; her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no minister, no ally, no admiral, none in whom she long confides, and no general whom she has not disgraced; the balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not only her last connection; you are the only nation in Europe that is not her enemy.

Besides, there does, of late a certain damp and spurious supineness overcast her arms and councils; miraculous as that vigor which has lately inspired yours; for with you everything is the reverse; never was there a parliament in Ireland so possessed of the confidence of the people; you are the greatest political assembly now sitting in the world; you are at the head of an immense army; nor do we only possess an unconquerable force, but a certain unquenchable fire, which has touched all ranks of men like a visitation.

Turn to the growth and spring of your country, and behold and admire; where do you find a nation who upon whatever concerns the rights of mankind, expresses herself with more truth or force, perspicuity or justice? not the set phrases of scholastic men, not the tame unreality of court addresses, not the vulgar raving of a rabble, but the genuine speech of liberty, and the unsophisticated oratory of a free nation.

See her military ardor, expressed not only in 40,000 men, conducted by instinct as they were raised by inspiration, but manifested in the zeal and promptitude of every young member of the growing community. Let corruption tremble; but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety and this redemption. Yes; there does exist an enlightened sense of rights, a young appetite for freedom a solid strength, and a rapid fire, which not only puts a declaration of right within your power, but put it out of your power to decline one. Eighteen counties are at your bar; they stand there with the compact of Henry, with the charter of John, and with all the passions of the people. "Our lives are at your service, but our liberties—we received them from God; we will not resign them to man." Speaking to you thus, if you repulse these petitioners, you abdicate the privileges of Parliament, forfeit the rights of the kingdom, repudiate the instruction of your constituents, blige the sense of your country, palsy the enthusiasm of the people, and reject that good which not a minister, not a Lord North, not a Lord Buckinghamshire, not a Lord Hillsborough, but a certain providential conjuncture, or rather the hand of God seems to extend to you. Nor are we only prompted to this when we consider our strength; we are challenged to it when we look to Great Britain. The people of that country are now waiting to hear the Parliament of Ireland speak on the subject of their liberty; it begins to be made a question in England whether the principal persons wish to be free; it was the delicacy of former Parliaments to be silent on the subject of commercial restrictions, lest they show a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation. On the contrary, you have returned thanks for a partial repeal made on a principle of power; you have returned thanks for a favor, and your exultation has brought your characters as well as your spirit in to question and tends to shake to her foundation your title to liberty; thus you do not leave your rights where you found them. You have done too much not to do more; you have gone to far not too go on; you have brought yourselves into that situation, in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country, or publicly restore them. It is very true you may feed your manufactures, and landed gentlemen may get their rents, and you may export woolen, and may load a vessel with braize, serges and kerseys, and you may bring back directly from the plantations, sugar, indigo, speckle-wood, beet root, and panellas. But liberty, the foundation of trade, the charters of the land, the independency of Parliament, the securing, crowning, and the consummation of everything, are yet to come. Without them the work is imperfect, the foundation is wanting, the capital is wanting, trade is not free, Ireland is a colony without the benefit of a charter and you are a provincial synd without the privilege of a Parliament.

Sir, we may hope to dazzle with illumination, we may sicken with addresses, but the public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease—never! so long as the Parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country; so long as this shall be the case, that very free trade otherwise a perpetual attachment, will be the cause of new discontent; it will create a pride to feel the indignity of bondage; it will furnish a strength to bid your chain, and the liberty withheld will poison the good communicated.

The British minister mistakes the Irish character; had he intended to make Ireland a slave he should have kept her a beggar; there is no middle policy; win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand; greatly emancipate or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war; the claims of the one go against the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore, are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland—they judge of us by our nations, by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty; they judge of us with a true knowledge of, and just deference for, our character; that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

I shall her of ingratitude; I name the argument to despise it and the men who make use of it. I know the men who use it are not grateful, they are insatiate; they are public extortioners, who would stop the tide of public prosperity, and turn it to the channel of their emolument; I know of no species of gratitude which would prevent my country from being free, no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation, nothing is an object of gratitude, except the thing stolen, the charter spoiled. A nation's liberty cannot, like her treasures, be mated and parcelled out in gratitude; no man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honor, nor nation of her liberty; there are certain unimpaired inherent, invaluable properties, not to be alienated from the person, whether body politic or body natural. With the same contempt do I treat that charge which says that Ireland is insatiate; saying that Ireland asks nothing but that which Great Britain has robbed her of, her rights and privileges; to say that Ireland will not be satisfied with liberty, because she is not satisfied with slavery, is folly. I laugh at the man, who supposes that Ireland will not be content with a free constitution; and would any man advise her to be content with any less?

That there are precedents against us I allow—not of power, I would call them, not precedents; and I answer, the English pleading with precedents, as they answered their kings, when they urged precedents against the liberty of England; such things are the weakness of the times; tyranny of one side,

the feebleness of the other, the law of neither; we will not be bound by them; or rather, in the words of the declaration of right, "no doing, judgment, proceeding, or anywise to the contrary, shall be brought into precedent or example." Do not then tolerate a power—the power of the British Parliament over this land, which has no foundation in utility or necessity, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God—do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind.

Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a century, that power which shattered your loom, banished your manufactures, dishonored your people, and stopped the growth of your people; do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woolen or an import of sugar, and permit that power which has thus withered the land to remain in your country and have existence in your pusillanimity.

Do not suffer the arrogance of England to imagine a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland; do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of justice and the high court of parliament; neither imagine that, by any formation of apology, you can palliate such commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting with their curses in your grave for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create and can never restore.

Hereafter, when these things shall be history—your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden re-orientation, commercial redress, and miraculous armament—shall the historian stop at liberty, and observe that here the principal men among us fell into mimic traces of gratitude—they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people changed, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar, and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go—assert the law of Ireland—declare the liberty of the land.

I will not be answered by a public lie, in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his legs; he may be naked; he shall not be in iron; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, and declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.—*American Gael.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Mother Mary Ryan, of the Sacred Heart Convent, Roscrea, sister to the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese of Killoree, died on the 7th ult., in the 48th year of her age, and 21st of her religious profession. A Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul, was celebrated on the 9th ult., in the Convent, at which her brother, Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Coadjutor Bishop of Killoree, presided. Immediately after Mass had concluded, his Grace pronounced the absolution, and the remains of Mother Ryan were deposited in the little cemetery of the Convent, amidst the prayers and tears of the sorrowing Community, amongst whom she had labored for the long period of 18 years.

The new Dominican Church, Drogheda, is now nearly completed, and for beauty and finish and style of architecture is one of the finest structures in the town. Two altars have just been erected, built by Meyer & Co., Munich, and gorgeously painted and gilt in the highest style of art. The Rosary Altar in the west transept shows on the front panel in relief the Blessed Virgin and Child, figures of St. Dominic and St. Catherine in kneeling postures on either side. The carvings of these figures are magnificent. The Altar of St. Joseph in the east transept is also of great beauty—the carved figures representing the death of St. Joseph, Christ, and the Blessed Virgin, with Angels surrounding.—The Hon. Miss Preston, Gormanstown Castle, and Miss Mathews, Mount Hanover, have presented elaborately worked altar cloths.

The Very Rev. Canon Patrick Vincent died at the parochial residence, Carrickmore, Termonamungan, on the 7th ult., at the great age of 90 years.

Mrs. Mitchell-Henry, who was on a tour through Egypt with her husband, Mr. Mitchell-Henry, M.P., died at Cairo on the 5th ult., after 16 days' illness of dysentery.

The Hon. Mrs. Latouche, died on the 2nd ult., at her residence, near Dublin, at the great age of 92 years. The deceased lady was fourth daughter of Cornwallis, 1st Viscount Hawarden, by his third marriage with Anne Isabella, daughter of Mr. Thos. Monck, and sister of Charles Stanley, 1st Viscount Monck. She married, in 1806, Mr. Peter Latouche, of Bellevue, county Wicklow, who died in February, 1820. Mrs. Latouche's mother died in July, 1851, aged 92 years. The funeral took place on the 8th ult.

The following sales took place in the Landed Estates Court, Dublin, on the 5th ult.—Estate of Lydia Pim, owner and petitioner.—The lands of Ballymurnmore, barony of Arklow, containing 194a. 1r. 25p., held under fee-farm grant under the Renewable Leasehold Conversion Act; profit rent and estimated annual value, about £256 15s. Sold at £5,850 to Mr. A. D. Kennedy, in trust. Estate of Arnold William White and Robert John Porcher Broughton, trustees for the sale of the estate of William Wilson Campbell, deceased.—The lands of Tomnahealy, Clonsilla, and Barrage, containing 326a. 0r. 18p., or thereabouts, situate in the barony of Gorey, held under fee-farm grant; net rental, £313 8s. 9d. Sold at £6,300 to Mr. J. Hogan, solicitor, in trust. Estate of Netterville E. Abbott, owner; Theobald Billing and Rev. Charles Townsend, petitioners. Houses and premises (in owner's possession) in the town of Athlone, held with the other premises under fee-farm grant (indemnified from head rent); estimated letting value, £30. Sold at £405 to Mr. Burgess.

The tenant's interest in the valuable farm of Kilmannadon, situated one mile from Enniscorthy, was set up at public auction in the Market House, Enniscorthy, on the 4th ult. The farm contains sixty Irish acres, over 98 statute measures, and is held under lease from the Earl of Portsmouth, dated 1st of August, 1869, for the life of Lord Lynton, or the concurrent term of 31 years, from the 25th of March, 1869, at the yearly rent of £75. There is a good dwelling-house and out-offices on the land. It was knocked down to Mr. Armstrong, for Samuel Deathe, Esq., of Ballinacolin, at £1,040. On the 7th ult., Mr. H. Owen Lewis, M.P., for the borough of Carlow, addressed a vast concourse of the electors and townsmen in the hay-market, the chair being taken by Patrick Bourke, Esq.; T. O. The Foresters and Grange bands were in at-

tendance, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, but the weather was rather unfavorable. Mr. Lewis's address gave much satisfaction. Speaking of the Gladstone pamphlet, he said:—"I have been invited by Mr. Gladstone in my country as an Irishman—my religion as a convert to the Catholic Church—my political honesty as a member of Parliament—my loyalty as a faithful subject of her Majesty. I have spoken strongly; but no words can express the score, the indignation, the anger, the contempt with which I hurl back upon Mr. Gladstone's unworthy and calumnious assaults upon my country, my religion, my political honesty, and my loyalty."

The Mayo Telegraph of the 5th ult., says:—"Mr. O'Connor Power's lecturing tour in the North has proved a complete success. All classes and creeds, attracted by his great fame for eloquence, flocked in numbers to hear him, and the patriotic Catholic clergy of the diocese of Belfast showed themselves anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them of listening to so brilliant an alumnus of the famous Seminary of St. Jarlath's. All sections of the press are alike unanimous in expressing unqualified admiration for Mr. Power's lectures. Mayo has a right to be proud of her distinguished representative."

The deaths registered in the Dublin Registration District during the week ending 5th of December, represent an annual mortality of 26 in every 1,000 of the population by the census of 1871. The births registered during the week amounted to 173, and the deaths to 153. The average numbers in the corresponding week of the previous ten years were—births, 165, and deaths 169. In the suburban district of Rathmines the annual ratio was 15 per 1,000; in Donnybrook it was 26; in Blackrock 14; and in Kingstown 11 deaths per 1,000 of the population by the census in 1871.

A despatch dated Ennis, Dec. 11, says:—"The storm and floods of this morning and throughout the night, reached the highest climax of the season. At early dawn the inhabitants were amazed at seeing the whole country one broad sheet of water. The mountain floods had come down in torrents, filling streams and rivulets, which, combined with the force of an incoming tide, strengthened by a strong north-west wind, covered the fields, and banks of the river in every direction. The town of Ennis was inundated in several parts to an extent of 3 feet deep. Mill Street, Church street, the Club House, Constabulary Barracks, Victoria-road, Mill View, and other places, were for hours impassable. To-night, owing to the State of the roads, none of the mail cars arrived in time, and it is rumored that in and about Tullagh much damage has been done."

On the 6th ult., the remains of Miss Ryan of the Island Gardens, St. Mary's, Limerick, were conveyed for interment to the new cemetery of Mount St. Lawrence, accompanied by a numerous and respectable funeral procession. This aged woman resided all her life in that locality, and at the time of her death, she had reached her 102d year.

The Irish Times of the 7th ult., says:—"The scarlatina epidemic which some two months ago made itself felt with fatal severity in a considerable number of cases amongst children, but which it was hoped had been almost banished, has again broken out with alarming virulence. The gentleman who is acting for the Dispensary Doctor (laid aside from overwork) reports that the health of the town was never since the last cholera so low, whilst it most assuredly admitted that the country districts are not in a much better condition. No special cause why the neighborhood should be visited with disease has been pointed out, but that it is present in an aggravated form just now cannot be doubted. A few cases of scarlatina have made their appearance in the Coleraine Workhouse, which has for a long time been kept singularly free of disease in almost any form, and fears are entertained that it may spread."

The Cork Examiner, of the 12th ult., says:—"A few days ago, there passed through Killarney one of the most imposing and novel funeral processions which has been witnessed for many years. The remains which were borne to their last resting place were those of Jeremiah Mangan, who had been sportsman to Sir John Godfrey, D. L. of Killoccoman Abbey, Milltown, for the last dozen years. After the hearse, the remains were followed by the horse which the deceased was in the habit of riding when attending the meets. On the back of the horse were placed by Sir John Godfrey, the deceased's scarlet coat, the hunting-cap, the whip, the boots and spurs. Next, followed by Sir John Godfrey and his brothers, were a few of the Milltown beagles. Then came the deceased's son and a host of gentlemen and inhabitants of Milltown and Killarney. Conspicuous amongst those present were several gentlemen who attended at the meets, or at the stag hunts in Killarney, at which "the red coated" deceased was ever known to be present in the chase. Altogether the cortege, which was as respectable as it was extensive, was a novel and an affecting one. The remains were deposited in Kilmacmillin graveyard."

The census of Ireland for 1871 has reached as far as Galway, which forms the subject of the portion of the returns last issued. There were in Galway Co., in 1871, a total population of 248,468 persons, against 440,698 persons in 1841. The number of inhabited houses in 1871 was 45,564; in 1841 it was 73,326. The total valuation of houses and land in Galway County in 1871 was £439,521, and in Galway Town £324,452. The town of Galway is tenanted by 4,102 families, living in 3,365 houses.—The total population of the town of Galway in 1871 was 19,843, and of these 8 were between 85 and 90 years of age. No centenarian is recorded, but the unusually large number of 64 persons, including 19 males and 36 females, are enumerated in the county population as having attained the age of 100 years and upwards. As the total population of the county Galway, excluding the county of the town and comprising a total of 228,615 persons, the enormous proportion of 228,615 persons were of the Roman Catholic religion. Protestant Episcopalians are set down as numbering 6,549; Presbyterians, 443; Methodists, 223; all other denominations not exceeding 85. The capital of the county exhibits pretty much the same proportions, in the religious differences of its population. No less than 30,239 of the people could speak Irish only in 1871, while 109,464 spoke Irish and English. From 1851 to 1871 nearly 90,000 persons emigrated from Galway.—The number in 1870 was 2,845. The total area of the county is 1,565,352 statute acres, of which 230,902 are under tillage, 794,740 under pasture, and 23,910 under plantation; while 426,690 acres are classed as waste, bog, and mountain.—There are in the county 21,784 farmers, occupying 39,427 holdings. Of these 7,965 are under five acres; 7,433 are between 5 and 10 acres; 10,230 are between 10 and 20 acres; 4,893 are between 20 and 30 acres; 1,410 are between 40 and 50 acres; and 1,644 are between 50 and 75 acres. There are 18 holdings above 1,000 acres in extent; 22 above 1,200; 22 above 1,500; and 13 above 2,000.

Two very important actions against railway companies for alleged negligence were decided adversely to the defendants. In one case Slattery v. the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Company, the Court of Common Pleas affirmed a verdict for £1,250 damages, obtained by the widow of a law clerk, as compensation for the death of her husband, who was run over while passing over the line near the level crossing in the Landed Estates Court Station, by a locomotive engine in the Westland road. The plaintiff had two trials of the case, and in both the verdict succeeded. The finding for the sum mentioned

above has now been upheld, the Court ruling against the defendants on the two points raised, namely, whether the jury were justified in the evidence in attributing negligence to the defendants, and in holding that the deceased was not guilty of contributory negligence. One of the learned judges expressed some doubt on the latter point, but upon the whole concurred in the judgment given for the plaintiff. In the second case—Tilson v. the Midland Great Western Railway Company—the plaintiff, who was dreadfully injured by falling between two carriages of a train on which he was passenger, was held liable for the sudden starting of the train after it had stopped before reaching the platform. On the other hand, a number of the employees of the company gave testimony that the train did not stop and start again, and their evidence suggested, if it did not prove, that the accident was caused by the plaintiff's impetuosity to alight before the train drew up at the station. The special jury who had to decide between the litigants adopted the plaintiff's version of the transaction, and as to the defendant's version that he was fearfully mangled, awarded him the substantial damages of £300. Chief Justice Monahan, who tried the case, refused to rescind execution, stating that the question at issue was altogether for the jury, and that they had determined it.—Dublin Freeman.

GRAND STORM ON SATURDAY NIGHT.—A vessel bound from Newry to Belfast with a cargo of timber was wrecked in Ballyvaughan Bay during the gale on Saturday, and the captain and mate lost. Another seaman got jammed between two logs of timber, but was ultimately rescued and conveyed to the Downpatrick Infirmary, where he lies in a very precarious state. Another vessel was capsized in Dundrum Bay. She was bound to Whitehaven in ballast. No particulars have been received as to whether any lives were lost in this case. In Dublin the gale was much felt. For some hours the weather was dreadfully severe. Fortunately, there was a forewarning of the high wind, and the shipping in the port was made secure. Coasting vessels remained in at the quays.—Dublin Irishman, Dec. 12.

FLOODS IN THE KING'S COUNTY.—During the past week the downpour has been so incessant that all agricultural operations had to be completely suspended. The rivers are all well swollen, and the new sown wheat and oats in low-lying lands are entirely submerged.—Id.

RETURN OF A CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. James M'Gee, P.P., arrived in Castlebar on Saturday evening from America. He collected upwards of £1,500 during a sojourn of about twelve months.—Id.

CRIMINAL INFORMATION.—The Court of Queen's Bench delivered judgment on Saturday on the motion instituted some time ago by Mr. Leopold Cust, agent of the estates of Mr. Smith Barry, M.P., in the counties of Tipperary and Cork, for a criminal information against Mr. Richard Hayes and Mr. James Carew, two of the Town Commissioners of Tipperary, for conspiracy to compel him to quit the county and for libel, and on the subsequent motion for attachment against Mr. Hayes for inflammatory speaking after the proceedings in the Queen's Bench had been commenced. Mr. Hayes besides being a Town Commissioner of Tipperary, is also an attorney. The Court held that the case had not been sufficiently established for a criminal information for conspiracy, and in reference to that they discharged the conditional order. With reference to the charge of libel, they made the conditional order absolute, and they also granted the attachment, but directed that neither the criminal information should be acted on, nor the attachment issue, if the defendants paid the entire costs of the proceedings, and gave them till the first day of next term to take their choice of the alternatives.

Lord Emly on Ireland.—Lord Emly's discovery that the only substantial grievance of which Ireland can complain is the defective condition of the educational system of the country, has been coldly received by the English Press. The Times observes that the statement that the Irish middle class is not educated up to the work of the country sounds rather paradoxical when one thinks of the facility with which Irishmen obtain everywhere places open alike to Englishmen and Scotchmen, and also fulfil the duties respectively. In reference to Lord Emly's proposal for the removal of the grievance, the Daily News observes that the difficulty which will probably arise in reference to it is that which has hitherto shipwrecked all schemes of Irish education—that of Denominationalism. Denominational schools cannot be national, and national schools cannot be denominational.

An important seizure of arms was effected on the 4th ult., at Cork, on the premises of B. F. McCarthy, on Duncan street. A body of police, acting on private information, proceeded to the premises, and on searching a hay-loft over the stables, they found 22 rifles—fourteen being of the old pattern, and eight breechloaders—also 15 ordinary bayonets and four sword bayonets. They likewise found a box containing military pouches, cartridges, and caps, the frames of two revolvers, a bullet mould, and some gunmakers' tools.

The Lord Chief Justice on Monday, fixed next Monday week for the trial of a breach of promise case in which a Deputy Lieutenant of Leitrim seeks to recover £10,000 damages from a Miss Hubery. The defendant has married another gentleman of the same County since the issue of the writ.—Cork Herald, 5th ult.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable of the softening influences of humanitarianism is the extent to which that principle has diminished racial hatreds. There was a time when the prevalent method of viewing foreigners was summed up in the pithy saying of Punch's rough, "Bill, there's a stranger, save art a brick at him." Thank Heaven, we have survived all this, and can chronicle the gathering of St. Andrew's Benevolent Society, which took place last night, with as much pleasure as if it were an Irish and not a Scotch one. Some sixty gentlemen of the Scots nation residing in Dublin, and including some of our most respectable citizens, met to celebrate with becoming festivity the Caledonian "St. Patrick's Day." It is to be added that the society is not one solely, or even mainly, devoted to conviviality. Scotchmen are, it is true, the canniest and the most successful men; but there, as we need scarcely say, poor Scotchmen, and unfortunate Scotchmen, and sick Scotchmen. To aid and help these humbler members of the Scottish community in Dublin is the raison d'être of the St. Andrew's Society, and a better and nobler object never enlisted generous sympathizers. The poor man, or the sick man, or the unfortunate man is always an object of pity, but he is especially so when he is far away from home and friends, a stranger in a strange land. There is no nobler character in Holy Writ than the Good Samaritan, who was the prototype of such associations as that of St. Andrew's. To that association we wish God speed, and we hope that it may prove fully competent to the high and holy task it has undertaken—a task similar to that attempted for poor Irishmen by similar St. Patrick's societies in every city in the world.—Dublin Freeman.

GREAT BRITAIN.

POPE'S PEACE.—THE LEAGUE OF ST. SEBASTIAN.—The "United Kingdom Anti-Papal League" have just discovered a most tremendous mine. The Standard says: "On the 18th inst. Mr. James Johnston, the Secretary of the United Kingdom Anti-Papal League, whose headquarters are at Edinburgh, addressed a petition to Mr. Disraeli, revealing the existence of a 'terrible conspiracy' for the same time blaming the late Prime Minister for 'having in his possession full details of this conspiracy' and 'with holding information that would be to his country's good.' The conspiracy in question"—so say the address and petition—"is the world-wide Popish League of St. Sebastian, which, under the Pope's sanction, was begun in London in 1871, and has now branches all over the world wherever there are Papists." It is avowedly a military league for raising soldiers to fight for the restoration of the Pope's temporal power, and according to the official organ these conspirators (for they have a newspaper of their own called the Crusader, published in London) they are bound by a vow "to seek first the kingdom of God and His glory, in the person of His Vicar, knowing that all things else are included therein." This conspiracy is avowedly for the purpose of raising soldiers and creating war, therefore each taker of this vow swears to fight for the Pope. On behalf of the members of the Anti-Papal League, Mr. Johnston requests that Mr. Disraeli "will be so good as to acknowledge receipt of this, that our countrymen may have evidence that the information herein contained of a world-wide conspiracy by Papists against Her Majesty's laws has been communicated to him. Mr. Disraeli replied that he "had the honor to receive the address of the United Kingdom Anti-Papal League." Mr. Johnston then sent a copy of the same address to the late Prime Minister, who replied as follows:—"Accept my thanks for your having reminded me by your communication of the existence of the Society of St. Sebastian, as to which I will make further inquiry with reference to the discussion now in progress."

THE OLD STORY AT EXETER.—That English Protestants are gullible to an extreme with regard to anything calculated to gratify their religious vanity is well demonstrated every May in Exeter Hall. At one time the "conversion of the Irish" was a favorable and a good money-raising cry at the May meetings, but the demand for the abolition of the law-established Church of Ireland, and the well-known failure of all inducements to the poor of Ireland to forsake their religion, have extinguished, to a very great extent, Exeter Hall hoastings as to what Protestant money and soup can do and have done in Ireland. Indeed for some years past it has become quite evident that even Exeter Hall fights shy of the Irish Mission movement, on the ground that it can no longer be believed in except by those so stupidly credulous and ignorant as not to be capable of seeing and understanding palpable facts. One of those specimens of English imbecility is most undoubtedly Peter, W. H. Peters, of Exeter. Easily swayed Peters, we really must pity you. Simple Peters so fully believes in the genuineness and the success of the work in which the Irish Society for the Promotion of Protestant Scriptural Education among the Catholics of Ireland, that he contributes nearly all the money which the friends of the society can manage to raise in Exeter. At a meeting of the society held at Exeter, the other day, it had to be acknowledged that the total sum collected during the year was £39 15s. 3d., and that £26 of this was given by the simpleton we have just named. Peters gave more than twice as much as all the rest of the 35,000 people of Exeter contributed. A Rev. W. Hackett attended as a deputation, and represented the operations of the society in Ireland as being satisfactory from a Protestant point of view—particularly so in the south of Ireland. He spoke of a parish in Munster where, through the influence of the society, Protestants had increased in number from 45 to 400, and boasted that at Kerry nearly 2000 Catholics had become Protestants. Of course he took care to avoid mentioning the names of any of the "converted," or of the towns where they resided. This is a vagueness that only Exeter Hall could tolerate. Perhaps some of our Irish readers will be able to tell us how much truth there is in this boast. We should like to see the Rev. proselytizer make such an allegation before a Kerry audience.—The Universe.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH NATION.—A public meeting was held at the Town Hall, Woolwich, last evening, for the purpose of hearing an address from Mr. Edward Hine, who has come to the conclusion that the lost Ten Tribes of Israel, who disappeared after being carried into captivity by the Assyrians 725 B.C., are about to be revealed in the English people. He stated that the Jews of the present day are descended from the tribe of Judah, and are not to be confounded with the Israelites who according to prophecy, were to remain a holy people even after they were lost, destined to break the yoke of their oppressors, and after many years of wandering, to settle in the western islands with a lineal descendant of King David upon the throne for ever; that they should so multiply that they would have to occupy other countries, becoming the chief of nations a power incapable of defeat, a country distinguished for its Christian character, its missionary labours, and its philanthropy. Having quoted very many passages of Scripture in proof of these predictions he declared that they must have been fulfilled, or the Bible was not verified, and that there was no known nation upon the earth which corresponded with the Scripture except the English. He stated also that by historical researches the so-called Anglo-Saxons, whom he believed to be the lost tribes of the children of Israel, had been distinctly traced to the spot where the Israelites disappeared, the cities of the Medes, but that they could be traced no further. He advanced a great number of identities in proof of his argument, and even referred to the structure of English churches and various phrases in the Book of Common Prayer as evidence of our Israelitish descent.—Times.

LOSS OF THE COSPATRICK.—TERRIBLE DETAILS.—LONDON Dec. 29.—A telegram received by the vessel's owners confirms the reported burning of the emigrant ship Cospatrick. The Superintendent of the Brazilian cable at Madeira also telegraphs that only three persons are known at present to survive—the second mate and two seamen. These were picked up by the British ship Scythre after having been ten days in an open boat, subsisting part of the time upon the flesh and blood of others who died whilst in the boat.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—The Herald's special has the following in addition to what has already been learned of the disaster to the Cospatrick: She took fire and was totally destroyed on Tuesday the 17th of November. Of the passengers lost four are cabin and 424 steerage, who had emigrated under the Government regulations for Australia. The Government emigrants were for the most part agricultural laborers who left England in consequence of the operation of the recent labor strike. Many of them were married and accompanied by their families. The Cospatrick had been employed for many years past in carrying British troops to India. The last voyage of the Cospatrick prior to her fatal trip was when carrying coolies from Calcutta to Demerara. She was built in the time of the all-steam ships, built by the old East India Company; valued at \$60,000. The name of her captain is Alexander Elamie. He is about 38 years of age, a native of Aberdeen in Scotland, and is a married man, having one or two children. He took command of the Cospatrick about 1869, when his brother-in-law left her to take out a steam corvette to the Sultan of Zanzibar. The captain of the Cospatrick was a remarkably careful navigator, almost proverbially so, such a quality being possible. The Herald's informant attributes the fire to the pipes of emigrants who are in the habit of smoking between the decks, the English Emigration laws being flexible in that respect, conferring but a little power on masters to punish violation of them.

(Boston, Dec. 29.)—A London special despatch from Madeira, to the Morning Journal gives additional particulars of the burning of the emigrant ship, Cospatrick. The fire broke out at midnight, November 17th, and within half an hour enveloped the vessel nearly its entire length. The scene was one of the wildest confusion, but two boats succeeded in getting away, each of which contained thirty persons. These remained alongside the ship until the 16th of Nov., when her hull was completely burnt out, and she sank. The two boats then started for land. They kept together for two days, when a gale arose, and they became separated. One of them has not since been heard of. The other was fallen in with by the British ship Scythre. At that time it contained five living persons, two of whom died before the Scythre reached land.

A FACETIOUS SHERIFF.—It is now more than half a century since there resided in a sea-port town in the North of England a much respected and eminent attorney, who was ever on the qui vive for fun and good humor. His jokes were frequent, and he was noted all over town for his eccentricities and habitual pleasantry. Being a wealthy man, he frequently contributed to public and private charities, and was a welcome visitor to the abodes of the poor as well as the rich. I well remember the time when this facetious gentleman filled the office of sheriff, and when he indulged his penchant for the humorous by the summoning of four remarkably queer juries to "well and truly try" persons at the Court of Quarter Sessions for the town and county in which he then resided. At first, at the spring term, our facetious sheriff summoned a fat jury—twelve of the most portly, ponderous men he could find—and when they were called on by the clerk of the court to take their seat in a jury-box it was found almost impossible to cram them into it. And when, after much hard squeezing and grinning, they were shut up in the box, they became literally a packed jury, and no mistake. The second jury summoned by this droll official was the very reverse of his first panel—twelve of the leanest and lankiest men he could find all over town—men with long legs and long faces, who seemed as though they had been fed on water-gruel, and never tasted roast beef in the course of their lives. The third jury summoned by our facetious sheriff for the September term consisted of twelve barbers, whose shaving shops were near the court house; and in so placing those barbers on the jury all the barristers who attended court had that day appeared with their wigs undressed and uncombed—a funny spectacle for the officers of the court, the learned recorder, and all others who happened to be present on that memorable occasion.—But in his selection of a jury for the December term of the court of Quarter Sessions our good-humored sheriff capped the climax of his official drollery by summoning twelve men who squinted so awfully at the learned recorder when he attempted to make the first charge to them that the learned judge could not help joining in the general laugh, and exclaiming, in seeming anger:—"This is, indeed, too bad, Mr. Sheriff!" But the latter only remarked, in a very serious and amusing tone:—"Twelve good and lawful men, your Honor." And here let me add that I never heard of "The Facetious Sheriff" serving more than one year.—Exchange.

THE LATEST THING IN SPIRITUALISM.—The latest new thing in Spiritualism is that Lady Dilke has been revisiting this mortal state. She came back, it would seem, with a purpose. Her object was to object. She was cremated at her own wish, but did not like it, and hopes it will not be done again.—She assures us it was painful, very painful, and she enters her protest against similar dealings with human bodies in the future.

At Southampton, recently, a statement was made to the borough magistrates, by one of the visiting justices, to the effect that on Tuesday evening, about eight o'clock, screams as from children were heard at Cross-house, an exposed point of the Itchen, a tidal river. Some workmen proceeded to the spot, and by the aid of lanterns, they found a couple of men in the water having charge of two children, one aged nine and the other thirteen years, whom, although it was such an inclement night, they were ducking in the stream. On being remonstrated with, they said they were only performing the rites of baptism; but a policeman was sent for, and they were taken into custody. On their reaching the station-house a woman appeared, who said she was the mother, that her husband had died at Salt Lake City, and that the man in question, with her consent—one being a Mormon elder—were christening her children. The officers upon duty thereupon so far recognized the rights of religious liberty as to let the defendants go.

In reply to an address from Nonconformist Ministers thanking him for his recent pamphlet, and expressing a hope that he would become "the fearless champion of true English Protestantism," Mr. Gladstone gave an assurance that, within the limits of the arguments and expostulation referred to, he should firmly abide by the propositions stated in his pamphlet.

Addressing his constituents at a meeting in Irvine, Scotland, Sir W. Cunningham said that while the French were elaborating a scheme which would enable them in three years to place in the field 1,800,000 men, and the Germans proposed to place the whole male adult population of their empire at the disposal of the Minister of War, Britain could not calculate on having a greater force than 40,000 men, and these deficient in quality, with which to resist an invasion. He was bold enough to say that in actual warfare the militia and the volunteers would be found of little or no value and in his opinion the only method by which the country could be made absolutely secure was by increasing the number and improving the quality of our soldiers. That plan involved a considerable amount of additional expenditure; the government by adopting it might bring themselves unpopularly or even expulsion from office, but he hoped they would show that of governments, as well as of individuals, it might be said, "Dulce est deorum est pro patria mori."

MR. GLADSTONE'S PAMPHLET.—The London correspondent of the Freeman states that the profits already realised on the pamphlet amount to £1,550, and that this sum will in all probability be speedily doubled.

BENDING THE PRIZE-FIGHTER A PROTESTANT DIVINE.—A new prophet has arisen among our Protestant fellow-countrymen and great is the rejoicing thereat. Not contented with their well-paid staff of "curers of souls," whose chief business seems to be to mix in fashionable life during the London season, and to be continually driving in fine coaches and attending studiously to the inner man, they hanker after and believe more in the converted colliers, &c., who, like Mr. Gladstone, endeavour to do a stroke of business in the theology line. After Mr. Gladstone the most notable amateur theologian is no less a person than the once renowned Bendigo, the prize-fighter. The conversion to Protestantism of the famed vanquisher of the giant Ben Cunnat is a thing that the Church of the Eighth Henry may well be proud of.

THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM.—Among other uncomfortable legacies which the present Government inherited from its predecessors that of "open competition for appointments to the public service" is not the least embarrassing. Although plausible enough in theory, the system is found in practice so inconspicuous and objectionable that it cannot be carried out indiscriminately without throwing the gear of the State machinery out of order, and indeed in the case of some departments, bringing the wheels to a dead lock. Already it has been found necessary to exempt certain offices from the operation of the rule, and great difficulties arise every day owing to the competition system.

to peculiarities in the constitution of the various departments of the public service which appear to have been entirely overlooked by the advocates of open competition. There are at present one or two vacancies in the Treasury establishment which, if the system is to be adhered to indiscriminately, should be filled by open competition; but no one for a moment supposes that this course will be adopted. Prudential considerations forbid the recruiting for one of the more important departments of the State by other means than that of careful selection, and the difficulty will probably be surmounted in the present instance by the transfer of trustworthy and experienced clerks from other offices leaving the inferior posts vacated to be filled on the "happy-go-lucky" plan. It is worthy of remark that the only department which has managed to escape the consequences of this reckless destruction of the palings that guarded the enclosure of the public service is the House of Commons itself, whose clerks are still appointed under the system of selection.—Pall Mall Gazette.

What cold weather does in London, however, will best be gathered from a comparison of the returns for the last four weeks with those of the four weeks preceding. In the four weeks ending the 7th of November the mean temperature was 51° deg., and the total deaths amounted to 5,450; in the four weeks ended last Saturday, the average temperature was 39° deg., and the registered deaths were 7,359. Nearly 2,000 more persons died in the latter than in the former period, and of this large increase 33 per cent. occurred among children under 5 years of age, and 49 per cent. among persons aged 40 years and upwards. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs and phthisis increased from 1,581 to 2,910 during the periods referred to; from bronchitis alone there was an increase of 525 deaths, and from pneumonia 262. The effect of age in withstanding cold weather was some years ago illustrated in the weekly returns by calculations which showed that the mortality caused by cold was twice as great under the age of 20 as it was between 20 and 40, but that after 40 the power of resisting cold became so diminished that the danger to life was double at every succeeding nine years of age. Statements of that kind are of course not intended to be taken as absolute, but as deductions made by competent authority from recorded facts they are worthy of attention and should be useful for preventive purposes.—Lancet.

DR. KENNELLY AND MAGNA CHARTA.—Dr. Kennelly has issued an address to the people of England, Wales, and Scotland, calling upon them to form a Magna Charta Association of Great Britain, the object of which is to restore Magna Charta, every clause of which he declares has been gradually repealed. He proposes to have committees formed throughout the Kingdom for the purpose. Every person who subscribes 1d. a week shall be entitled to be a member of the Association. Every 24 persons who subscribe to receive two copies of the Englishman weekly, free. "Let me have," says he, "a million subscribers, and within two years I shall have a fund in hand which will enable me to return 100 members of the middle and operative class to Parliament, and with these men acting with me, I will destroy the despotism that now exists. But why should I not have two, three, five millions of subscribers to the association? Why should I not in two years have a sum deposited in the names of the trustees for this grand League which will enable its members to return 250 members of the operative and middle classes to the House of Commons, and with these what wonders may there not be achieved! Give them to me, and I will lead them on to such a victory over class legislation as was never known in England before, and I will so crush the serpent head of despotism that it never shall revive."

UNITED STATES.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.—Having appropriated the School taxes of Catholics and thus deprived them as far as possible of the means of educating their own children, our fanatics have next introduced compulsory education. They built their magnificent school houses at the public expense and organized the infidel system therein, and then under pretence of patriotism insisted upon perverting the Faith of the rising generation of Catholics through this most sweeping and effective agency. They even boast of this method, and are loud in their expectations of the result; whenever they meet together for consultation; and yet with supreme effrontery they undertake to persuade us at the same time that no harm is intended, but simply the good of the Nation and our own. Do they not tax our patience as well as our purse. If compulsory education be the rule, and the retention of our School tax the practice, only physical opposition remains. But it is as a corollary of this tyrannical rule our own school taxes are covered over to our own schools, so as to place the issue of education fairly between Catholics and anti-Catholics we should not fear the result, but rather apprehend that the neglect of anti-Catholic parents would be found most at fault. And then, in the case of non observance of the rule, let the punishment not be penal and limited to the innocent children, but financial, and applying to the parents and guardians.—Northern Chronicle.

YANKEE TRICK.—On Thursday evening says the Mobile Register of the 14th ult. we saw an old negro greatly incensed against some of the leaders of the Republican party in this city. He lives in Baldwin county, it seems, and was induced to come over here and bring a number of voters by promise of provisions. He kept his word, and after voting with his crowd, he went down to headquarters for his rations. He was told that they had nothing except a barrel of sugar and a ham left, but as he had worked so energetically for the cause, he was welcome to them. The faithful old "people" was thankful to get that much, and soon had them pulling rapidly and earnestly for Blakeley. When he reached his cabin with the barrel and the ham, the "old ooman" was delighted, and "knewed that the 'Publican party was de friend of all de culled pussons." While he was opening the barrel, laughing and grinning, his wife was cutting the canvass from the ham, smiling as prettily as was Washington Higgins in the recent show, when his man was "nominated by acclamation." Why, look a here, Amos, dis here ham is nothing but wood," exclaimed the old woman, as her feature doubled themselves in length. Sure enough, the ham was a regular old time Yankee ham and, worse than all, the barrel of sugar was a barrel of sawdust, covered at each end with a peck or so of clear white sand. Amos says he is done "wid hem all," and knows "dat udder niggers was done de same way."

The Catholic World claims that there are at least 35,000 girls in the schools taught by aunts in the United States.

YANKEE ELOQUENCE.—Yankee eloquence continues to improve. A lawyer in Milwaukee was defending a handsome young woman accused of stealing from a large unoccupied building in the night time, and thus he spoke in conclusion:—Gentlemen of the jury, I am done. When I gaze with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe; when I behold her in the glorious bloom of the lustrous loveliness, which angelic sweetness might envy but could not eclipse; before which the star on the brow of the night grows pale and the diamonds of Brazil are dim; and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself to the terrors of an empty building in the cold; damp; dead; of night, when innocents-like hers is hiding itself among the snowy pillows of repose, gentlemen of the jury, my

words may be expounding for expression, and throw you into your arms for protection against this foul charge, which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented to blast the air name of this lovely maiden, whose smiles shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give. The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

THE MONEY OF VARIOUS NATIONS.—Mr. Archibald the British Consul-General at New York, in his report this year gives a statement of the value (in United States money) in pure metal of the standard coins of the various nations of the world, as estimated by the Director of the United States Mint. The pound sterling of the United Kingdom is of the value of 4 dols. 86 cts. The mark of the German Empire, 23.82 cents. The franc of France, Belgium, Switzerland, the drachm of Greece, the lira of Italy, and the peseta (of 100 centimes) of Spain, 19.30 cents. The Austrian florin, 47.60 cents; the Russian rouble (of 100 copecks), 77.17 cents; the crown of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, 26.80 cents; the Netherlands florin, 40.50 cents; the Portuguese milreis (of 1,000 reis), 1 dol. 84 cts.; the Turkish piastre, 4.39 cents; the Egyptian dollar (of 20 piastres), 1 dol. 0.39 cents; the rupee (of 16 annas) of India, 45.81 cents; the dollar of Central America 95.50 cents; the Brazilian milreis, 54.56 cents; the silver tael of China, 1 dol. 61 cents; the gold yen of Japan, 99.70 cents.

A cockney who lately crossed from Canada to Ogdensburg, asked his cab driver as to the population and form of government of Ogdensburg. On being informed that it was an incorporated city, whose chief executive officer was a Mayor, he inquired: "And dosthe Mayor wear the insignia of office?" "Insignia! What's that?" asked the astonished hackman. "Oh, a chain about his neck," explained the cockney. "Oh, bless you, no!" responded the other. "He's perfectly harmless, and goes about loose."

The Good Samaritans' Society, Chicago, which started under such favorable auspices, has come to grief. It was composed exclusively of ladies, and led a stormy existence for some time. Then its members divided and sub-divided until there are now four societies in existence. It is a funny commentary on the fact that some of its leaders are advocates of woman's rights, that the police had to be called in to keep the ladies from assaulting one another.

SUFFERING IN KANSAS.—The Daily Champion publishes from an advance sheet of official reports made to the State Board of Agriculture some statistics showing the destitution existing in several of the frontier counties of the State. Seventeen counties in which an aggregate of 158,000 acres had been planted in corn, produced not a bushel of this cereal. Five of these counties produced an average crop of wheat, rye, oats, barley, and buckwheat and are abundantly able to relieve any individual cases of destitution in their midst. The other twelve counties, having an aggregate population of 223,877, as shown by the State census taken last June, are all on the remote frontier, and settlements within them have all been made within the last three years. The eight in which the greatest destitution prevails have all been populated within the past year or two, and the greater part of their population settled within their limits either last spring or the preceding fall. These eight have an aggregate population of 17,496. The settlers generally had their first crop planted. They had expended all of their means in building their homes and getting in their crops. Drought and grasshoppers wrought a total destruction of everything they had planted, leaving them totally destitute. They are without either food, clothing, or fuel to sustain them until they can produce something on which to live, and must be sustained by charitable contributions of the people in other sections of the State and country at large. The Champion computes the number of destitute in the State at 20,000 to 25,000, but of these many are located in older counties, where the crops, with the exception of corn, were a fair average, and the more fortunate citizens are able and willing to help their destitute neighbors; but in eight counties the destitution is very general; almost the whole population will need more or less assistance. At least 15,000 must be assisted during the winter, and until another crop is grown.

WHAT WE SPEND FOR LIQUOR.—Dr. J. G. Holland, in Scribner's Monthly, strikes out thus boldly against whiskey:—"We consume, as a nation, \$600,000,000 a year in spirituous liquors, a sum which only needs a very few multiplications to pay the whole public debt of the country. If the tax could be entirely abated, the impetus that would be given, not only to our prosperity, but to our civilization, would soon place us in advance of every nation under heaven. Liquor is at the bottom of all our poverty. If the tax for it were lifted, there would not need to be a man, woman, or child without bread. If it could be lifted from the Southern States alone, it would not take five years to make them not only prosperous, but rich. There cannot be a more pitiful or contemptible sight, than a man quarrelling over and bemoaning his taxes, while tickling his palate, and burning up his stomach and his substance with glass after glass of whiskey. Men dread the cholera, the yellow fever and smallpox, and take expensive precautions against them, while the ravages of all of them in a year do not produce the mischief that intemperance does in a month. It is worse than a plague, worse than fire or inundation, or war. Nothing but sickness, death, immorality, crime, pauperism, and a frightful waste of resources come of it. Nothing noble is born of it. Meantime our public men are timid about it, our churches are half indifferent over it, our ministers talk about the scriptural use of wine, our scientific men dispute about the nutritive properties of alcohol, our politicians utter wise things about personal rights and amptuntary laws, and the people are going to the devil.

SOCIAL PECULIARITIES IN WYOMING.—The shooters were a queer lot. Some arant cowards, others not. Some brave under peculiar circumstances, such as a street fight or a promiscuous shooting, and sneaking when "the fother feller had the crop," or when they were tackled by anything out of their peculiar line. I asked Dave Reed, "How did you happen to kill 'Heenan'?" "Why, I fired a little Derringer I had from my pants pocket."

"But, what was the cause of it?" "Well, you see, he thought he was chief, and I knowed he wasn't; and one day I was drinking at the Star sample rooms, and he came up to me, and I seen business in his eye. I fooled him. I didn't have no six shooter slung to me. He wanted to know if he couldn't get away with me. I allowed he might if he had the drop. He allowed I was a liar, and I just showed my pocket easy against his body and turned loose. Some of the boys talked a little rough about it, but they knowed that Heenan meant to call me that day, he said so. The only difference was I had the best hand. The authorities' and Dave's chuckle implied anything but a profound respect for the powers that were in that burg. "Oh! Do you suppose them fellows dare touch me when I had such a clear case of self-defence?" "So it was. Cases like this could be told by the scores, or worse. There were many in which the coroner was killed, if convenient, and the verdict rendered. "Killed by party or parties unknown." As for highway robbery, it was thought of as taking a drink. "No one thought of going out at night with any amount of money upon the person. Toward midnight none but the most venturesome went into the streets alone," said then armed and carefully avoiding the sidewalks.

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deavor to indulge their fancy, have dis-associated themselves from angels, and who are now without any of those heavenly ties, cannot appreciate the services of God's messengers, nor venerate them sufficiently for them. We may notice here the calamity that says that angels were not revered or invoked until the 4th or 5th century, and that we have no proofs of such except in the Fathers of those centuries when the poison of idolatry had infected the whole body of Christ - as a Protestant writer gravely tells us. The assertion, indeed, is one worthy of a "Protestant," who, rather than acknowledge himself deceived, would accuse the entire Church of error. The direct proof for veneration of saints is the Scriptures. In my discourses I have carefully avoided adducing proofs from the Fathers; not indeed disclaiming tradition, but abandoning it for the present to conform with the Protestant practice of the Bible as the only and entire rule of faith. Yet when it suits, Protestants will quote the Holy Fathers; and travesty them to their own ends. In this case, however, the authority of the Fathers of the 4th and 5th centuries is attacked, and I will adduce others of the Fathers of earlier date to support them. But first take the Fathers of the 4th and 5th centuries. They do not represent that doctrine as being now, but as having been always. Again it is absolutely false to say that we have no proofs of invocation of angels and saints before the 4th or 5th centuries. Origen speaking of angels and of souls reigning with Christ, writes (against Celsus, Book viii. No. 84): "They aid those who wish to adore the most high God; they conciliate him to them; they join their own prayers to theirs; they ask together with them." Similarly in his book on prayer No. 15, he invokes his angel as follows: "Come, O angel, receive him who has been converted by my discourse from his former error," and this from a writer born 185 A.D. That is scarcely in the 4th, or in the 5th century either. St. Cyprian, who lived a little later, is scarcely less clear. We might adduce numerous other proofs from the acts of the holy martyrs - Ignatius (107 A.D.), Justin, Maximus, Theodotus, &c.

On Mass Day, a very pleasing scene was witnessed in St. Edward's Church, Westport. The Rev. Father, O'Donnell, being about to leave, delivered a most pleasing valedictory sermon, in which he summed up in appropriate words all that had been achieved by the united efforts of both Pastor and People; since his advent to the Westport Mission. He praised his congregation for the very cordial support they tendered him whenever solicited, and hoped that the same kindness would be as gratuitously extended to his successor. He also pointed out in a most impressive manner the great and inestimable good that was brought about by the introduction of The Total Abstinence Society, and made it his special request, that those who, as yet, had not joined would enroll themselves as members, and he would ever pray that God would grant them all the grace of persevering to the end in their good and pious resolutions. After which, proceeded to conclude the Sacred Mass. Immediately after the Priest left the altar a deputation on part of the Catholics and Protestants ranged themselves in the centre aisle and read the following address: - Reverend Father: It is with sentiments of sincere regret that we, your Parishioners now approach you to assure you of our deep and lasting gratitude. Hitherto our feelings have been those of joy, but to day, the news of your departure from our midst has cast a gloom over that joy and happiness, which have so long reigned in our midst. On your arrival here a wide field of labour and zeal presented itself, but you proved yourself equal to the task. With pleasure do we behold to-day three churches beautifully finished and ornamented, standing monuments which speak for themselves as evidences of your zeal and ability. During your administration among us in the exercise of the sacred ministry you have been employed in our behalf with the devotedness of a real friend, with the anxious care of a good pastor, and with all the earnestness of a true apostle. Your noble efforts in the cause of temperance have earned for you our lasting admiration. The good results which will flow from this Society, established and encouraged by your fostering care cannot be too well applauded. You have ever and upon all occasions displayed an unremitting watchfulness and solicitude for our advancement both spiritual and temporal. We cannot too highly appreciate all those gifts conferred on us. Nevertheless our hearts too full to give vent to those feelings of thankfulness due you by so many titles. You have been called to another field of labour, and be it your consolation to know that you bear with you our deepest gratitude. We shall conclude this very inadequate expression of our feelings by wishing that your future career may be full of success, of merit and of years. We trust you will accept of the accompanying purse as a slight token of our good wishes. DEAN FOLSY J. H. WHELAN OWEN KENNEDY OLIVER MCANALLY JEREMIAH DONOHUE THOMAS MARTIN MICHAEL MCANN, SR. MICHAEL GREADY, BR. ANDREW MCANN JAMES LAPPIN JOHN HAMILTON OWEN DONNELLY PATRICK HOGAN HUGH HAGAN PATRICK JORDAN JAMES MULVARDY PETER BRADY AC. AC. AC.

REPLY TO PROTESTANT ADDRESS. Gentlemen - Your very complimentary address to me is a source of sincere pleasure. It is a proof that although we may differ in a matter of so great an importance as religion yet we can live together in social harmony. Whilst I have endeavoured to discharge my duties as a Clergyman towards my fellow Catholics of this mission; I have at the same time, ever aimed to cultivate that friendly feeling which should always exist in every community. Without mutual forbearance, and without mutual regard for the feelings of others it would be impossible for us to live in peace; therefore it is the duty of all more particularly of Clergymen to promote this kind neighbourly union among all men. My efforts in the cause of temperance have been attended with happy results. You will learn with pleasure that all who took the pledge have faithfully kept it. On this occasion, the eve of my departure, I consider it my bounden duty, and a pleasant one to me, to gratefully acknowledge that your conduct towards me has at all times been courteous kind and friendly. Reciprocating your good wishes, rest assured that your kindness and friendship will ever be kept in remembrance by me. I hope to visit you from time to time and no doubt on these occasions "Fond memory will bring the light of other days around us." Please accept my grateful thanks for the expression of your good opinion, and believe me to be your sincere friend. J. O'DONNELL, Priest. I was pleased to learn that the purse presented to Rev. Father O'Donnally amounted to the handsome sum of \$475. CIVIS. ST. BRIDGETS T. A. & B. SOCIETY. The annual meeting of the St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society was held in the rooms of the Society - T. J. Donovan, Esq., First Vice-President, in the chair. After the adoption of the minutes of the preceding meeting, the Treasurer, Mr. Hoolahan, submitted the financial report: - Cash in Bank at commencement of year, \$1,647 30 RECEIPTS. Cash received for dues, &c. during year.. 657 50 Net profit on Concert..... 333 85 Net profit on Pic-nic..... 129 18 Sundry receipts..... 134 90 Interest account..... 113 00 \$1,378 74 DISBURSEMENTS. Paid widows and relatives of deceased members..... \$ 434 00 Regina..... 198 04 Band..... 95 00 Book-case..... 20 00 Benevolent fund..... 40 00 Stationery, &c..... 16 00 \$ 303 94 Balance in hand of Treasurer..... 22 35 Deposited in Bank..... 542 45 \$1,308 74 Total amount of cash in bank to credit of the Society on the 31st December, 1874 including interest \$2,180. The auditors, Messrs. Riordan, Kelly and Hennessy, having declared the accounts correct on motion the Treasurer's report was adopted. The election of officers for the ensuing twelve months was then proceeded with, with the following result. Rev. Mr. Lonergan, P.P. St. Bridget's, President and Reverend Director; T.J. Donovan, First Vice President, re-elected; Dugald Macdonald, Second Vice President; John Hoolahan, Treasurer, re-elected; M. Murphy, Collecting Treasurer, re-elected; J. Lunny, Assistant Collecting Treasurer, re-elected; P. McGee, Secretary, M. Kelly, Corresponding Secretary; F. C. Eawlor, Librarian, re-elected; Thomas Phelan, Grand Marshal; John Phelan and John O'Neill, Assistant Marshals. There is one feature in this Society which is worthy of notice - the Society is mainly an Irish one, and yet the Second Vice President (Mr. Dugald Macdonald) is Scotchman. This speaks well for the Society, where national prejudices have been sunk in the common welfare of the institution. MIDNIGHT MASS. - The great festival of Our Lord's Nativity was celebrated in St. Mary's, Williams-town, by a solemn Midnight Mass, at which assisted a large and devoted congregation, among which we noticed many non-Catholics, whose decorum, invariably the case in Glengarry, was unexceptionable. Often have we been present in this beautiful church, but never before did it appear to us so transcendently beautiful as upon this memorable occasion. The high and side altars magnificently decorated, glowing with waxen and other lights, reflected from costly vases, golden candelabra and crystal pendants; the handsome banner arching the altar; the lovely paintings; the gorgeous vestments of the Celebrant; the brilliant robes of the children attendants, presented a sight that made the heart long for a glimpse of the beauty of the city paved with gold; since earthly things can be so unearthly. In a corner of the Sanctuary, embowered amid lofty trees, covered with roses and lilies, a thatched stable, green with moss, contains the Crrib of the Divine Child who, with outstretched arms, lies between the ox and the ass; while Mary and Joseph, the Shepherds and the Magi, prostrate before Him, gaze with rapture upon the "Word made flesh." Angels figures hover around; and a brilliant star, twinkling over, above the manger, leaves nothing wanting to this lovely scene. Very many approached the holy table; and at the conclusion of the Mass, the sermon was delivered. The musical portion of the service was very good; the singing of the lady pupils of Notre Dame, as usual, attracting much admiration. At eleven A.M., High Mass was again celebrated and at eight P.M., this thrice hallowed day was brought to a close by Vespers and Benediction of the Most Adorable Sacrament. Well may we pardon the good people of Williams-town, the honest pride they take in their charming little church. Their generosity has made it what it is, and in truth, it must be confessed, seldom has simple parish church build anything more elegant or more edifying than the glorious Midnight Mass within the walls of St. Mary's, on holy Christmas night. D. F. NOTRE-DAME - WILLIAMSTOWN. - Before leaving for the Christmas holiday, the young ladies of the Convent anticipated the feast of St. John the Evangelist, patron of their spiritual director, Rev. Father MacCarthy, with a charming "Matinee Musicale," at the commencement and close of which addresses were read, the first by Miss Fraser of St. Andrews, and the other by Miss Tobin of Lancaster, Glengarry. The Detroit Tribune is the authority for the following: - They have a new test for intoxication in Canada. "When a man can pronounce 'reciprocity' without tripping, the police let him go. In Maine the test is 'Erasmus Richardson,' and 'rassias, rassas' is deemed conclusive." The Rochester Union says: "Dealers along the border are careful about buying hogs from Canada. The fatal hog cholera prevails over there to an alarming extent. Canadian dealers are also cautioned to be careful of their hogs." 1875, Dec. 29, 1874.

how they buy hogs from the United States, as the disease is known to have been introduced by animals brought across the border into Canada. REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Ruston, P. E. I., Rev. P. M. S. 2; Barrie, V. Rev. R. A. O'G. 2; Mount Elgin, P. K. 3; Aurora, J. T. 2; Trenton, P. K. 4; Clayton, E. L. 2; New York, J. S. 2; 2; Ulster, P. O. C. 2; St. Charles, Mich., J. S. 1; W. 2; Grand Falls, N. B., Rev. J. O'L. 2; Quebec, O. A. T. 2; Sherbrooke, Miss E. M. G. 2; Glencoe, P. E. M. 2; Maidstone, Rev. P. E. 2; Marysville, Mrs. M. S. 2; Wolfe Island, Rev. T. J. S. 4; Fredericton, N. B., J. D. 2; Clontarf, J. R. M. 3; Brinstons Corners, M. H. 2; Hastings, Capt. J. A. H. 4; Beaverton, D. J. M. 2; Belleville, P. D. 2; Windsor Mills, J. C. 1; Savago's Mill, D. K. 2; Port Lewis, P. O. 3; Clarenceville, J. M. 2; Pembroke, J. O. Sr., 3; Brockville, P. C. 2; Ottawa, T. T. 3. Per P. G. N., Perth - Glen Tay, P. D. 2. Per J. F. Brantford - Mrs. C. O. 1. Per M. W. De Cewville - Self 2; Balmoral, J. H. 2; Per Rev. D. C. Port Mulgrave, N. E. - Self, 2; St. Francis Harbor, J. G. 2. Per D. A. C. Alexandria - T. C. 2. Per P. L. Escott - Self, 1.50; J. B. 1.50; T. C. 1; Mallorytown, T. G. 1.50; O. H. 1.50; Warburton, J. G. 1; Caintown, J. F. 1.50; T. M. 1.50; J. L. 1.50; Farmersville, T. C. 1.50. MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. - (Gazette) Flour of 196 lb. - Pollards..... \$3.00 @ \$3.25 Superior Extra..... 5.05 @ 5.10 Extra Superfine..... 4.80 @ 4.90 Fine..... 3.80 @ 3.85 Strong Bakers'..... 4.75 @ 5.10 Middlings..... 3.50 @ 3.65 U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs..... 2.15 @ 2.25 City bags, (delivered)..... 2.37 @ 2.40 Oatmeal, per bushel of 200 lbs..... 5.20 @ 5.30 Corn, per bushel of 56 lbs..... 0.82 @ 0.00 Pease, per bushel of 66 lbs..... 0.97 @ 1.00 Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs..... 0.95 @ 1.00 Lard, per lbs..... 0.14 @ 0.15 Cheese, per lbs..... 0.13 @ 0.14 do do Finest now..... 0.00 @ 0.00 Pork - New Mess..... 21.00 @ 21.00 Ashes - Pots..... 0.00 @ 0.00 Firsts..... 6.85 @ 6.00 Pearls - Firsts..... 6.90 @ 6.92 TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET. - (Globe) Wheat, fall, per bush..... \$0 95 1 00 do spring do..... 0 93 0 93 Barley do..... 1 12 1 14 Oats do..... 0 43 0 44 Peas do..... 0 70 0 81 Rye do..... 0 70 0 70 Apples, per bri..... 1 75 2 25 Geese, each..... 0 55 0 65 Turkeys..... 0 80 1 40 Cabbage, per doz..... 0 50 0 80 Onions, per bush..... 8 75 1 40 Dressed hogs per 100 lbs..... 8 00 8 50 Beef, hind-qs. per lb..... 4 50 6 00 " fore-quarters "..... 3 00 4 50 Mutton, by carcass, per lb..... 0 00 0 00 Potatoes, per bus..... 0 60 0 75 Butter, lb. rolls..... 0 25 0 30 " large rolls..... 0 22 0 25 tub dairy..... 0 22 0 27 Eggs, fresh, per doz..... 0 24 0 24 " packed, do..... 0 20 0 20 Turnips, per bush..... 0 20 0 25 Beets do..... 0 00 0 00 Parsnips do..... 0 00 0 00 Hay..... 16 00 22 00 Straw..... 10 00 12 00 THE KINGSTON MARKET. - (British Whig) FLOUR - XXX per bbl..... 6.00 to 6.80 " " 100 lbs..... 3.25 to 3.50 Family " 100 "..... 2.50 to 2.75 Ex Fancy 100 "..... 0.00 to 0.00 GRAIN - Barley per bushel..... 1.00 to 1.00 Rye "..... 0.65 to 0.65 Peas "..... 0.80 to 0.76 Oats "..... 0.37 to 0.37 Wheat "..... 0.80 to 0.80 MEAT - Beef, fore, per 100 lbs..... 4.00 to 5.00 " hind "..... 5.00 to 6.00 " live "..... 0.80 to 0.80 " per lb. on market..... 0.10 to 0.12 Fork..... 7.00 to 9.00 Mutton "..... 0.68 to 0.67 Veal "..... 0.80 to 0.00 Ham " in store..... 0.17 to 0.17 Bacon "..... 0.15 to 0.16 HIDE - No 1 untrimmed..... 5.00 to 7.00 " 2 "..... 3.00 to 4.00 Lambskins..... 0.75 to 1.25 " pelts..... 0.75 to 1.25 Dekin Skins..... 0.30 to 0.50 Tallow..... 0.04 to 0.07 POULTRY - Turkeys, each..... 0.75 to 2.00 Ducks per pair..... 0.50 to 0.60 Fowls per pair..... 0.40 to 0.50 GENERAL - Potatoes bag..... 0.45 to 0.50 Eggs, per dozen..... 0.20 to 0.25 Cheese, home made..... 0.11 to 0.12 Hay per ton..... 10.00 to 13.00 Straw "..... 7.00 to 9.00 Wood, on wharf..... 5.50 to 5.75 Coal, delivered..... 7.50 to 8.00 J. H. SEMPLE, IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE GROCER, 53 ST. PETER STREET, (Corner of Foundling), MONTREAL. May 1st, 1874. 37-52 WANTED - A MALE TEACHER for the Roman Catholic Separate School of Cornwall. To a competent person a liberal salary will be paid. Testimonials as to character required. MICHAEL MCENIRY, Sec. 20-3 WANTED - For the Separate School, Perth, a MALE TEACHER, holding a Second or Third Class Certificate under the new law. None need apply unless he can produce certificate of moral character and steady habits. W. WALSH, Sec. Board of School Trustees. 20-3 WANTED - A MALE TEACHER for the Catholic Separate School, Eganville. Apply to Rev. M. BYRNE, 20-4 WANTED A TEACHER for the BEACH RIDGE CATHOLIC SCHOOL. - Wages, \$16.00 per month. Apply immediately as the School is vacant. None but a Catholic need apply. Apply to MICHAEL LEARY, of CHARLES GORMAN, School Commissioner, Westport, Ont. THE LORETTO CONVENT, of Lindsay, Ontario, ADMITTED TO BE THE FINEST IN CANADA. The Sanitary arrangements are being copied into the New Normal School at Ottawa; the Provincial Architects having preferred them to those adopted in any Educational Institutions in the United States of America. Charges, only one dollar a year - including French. Address: A. B. STEWART, 20-4, 216 to 220, St. John Street, Montreal, Quebec. Several changes were in Windsor the other day, seeking a place wherein to establish a laundry, viz

WANTED - For School Section No. 4, Township of Alfred, a TEACHER holding a Second Class Certificate, and capable of the French language. Apply, stating salary required, to the undersigned Trustees, JOSEPH MGAUVYRAN, JOSEPH CHARTRAND, Montebello, Que., Dec. 17, 1874. 19-3 MONTREAL CENTRE. TO THE ELECTORS OF THE ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF MONTREAL CENTRE. GENTLEMEN - The Election for this District having been set aside by the Court of Review, I again offer myself as a Candidate for re-election to represent this important Division in the Commons of Canada. Whilst thanking my friends and supporters for the confidence so generously placed in me on former occasions I beg to solicit once more a renewal of the expression of that confidence in the forthcoming Election. For the present, I shall merely say that, should I have the honor to be elected as your representative, I will devote my best energies to promote the interests of the Dominion generally, and of my own constituency in particular. I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, Your Obedient Servant, M. P. RYAN. Montreal, 4th November 1874. THE YOUNG CRUSADER FOR 1875. ENLARGED TO FORTY PAGES. A First-Class Monthly Magazine for Catholic Young Folks. One copy one year, postpaid \$1.50 Three " " " 3.75 Special and Lower Terms to Sunday Schools. Club Premium - A Fine Chromo - 20 x 20 inches, of our HOLY FATHER, the Pope, will be presented to every person who gets up a Club of three at \$1.50 each. Mrs. ANNA H. DORSEY Has written a NEW STORY for THE YOUNG CRUSADER, which alone is worth the whole yearly subscription. Subscribe now for 1875. Agents and Canvasers wanted. Address, Rev. William Byrne, Boston, Mass. 20-6 CONTENTS OF DECEMBER NUMBER: O'Neill's War Song (Poetry); Killshelan: a Romance; Beautiful your Home; Editorial - Ireland during the past year and at present; Ex-Premier Gladstone and the Catholic Church; Anxiety: Church and State in Canada; Woman's sphere; Mr. Daunt (Portrait); The Rights of Ireland asserted; An episode of '98; Catechism of Irish History; Did he love her; Talking; Meelan's Rock; Counsils to Young Men; The Bliss of Marriage; True Principle; Romantic Escape of an Irish Officer; The Pest of Society; Deal kindly with the Aged Ones, (Poetry); Music - She is far from the Land; Poetry - A Song for Christmas Eve; Baby's Stocking; Christmas Chimes. PRICE \$1.50 PER ANNUM. Will be sent, Post-paid, on receipt of price. Back Numbers Supplied. All communications to be addressed to F. CALLAHAN, Printer and Publisher, 35 St. John Street, Montreal. AGENTS WANTED in every town in the Dominion. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of LOUIS ST. LOUIS, of the City of Montreal, Trader, Insolvent. The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the Court House, in the Room appropriated for matters in Insolvency, in Montreal, on Wednesday, the 13th day of January next, at 11 o'clock a.m., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 26th December, 1874. 20-2 INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of DAME ANOPELETTE DAN-SEREAU, Trader of the City of Montreal, wife, duly separated as to property, of Mr. Louis St. Louis, Trader, of the same place, and from him duly and specially authorized to act in these presents, the said Dame St. Louis, doing business under the name and style of "A. D. St. LOUIS," Trader, Insolvent. The Insolvent has made an assignment of her estate and effects to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the Court House, in the Room appropriated to matters in Insolvency, in Montreal, on Wednesday, the 13th day of January next, at 11 o'clock a.m., to receive statements of her affairs and to appoint an Assignee. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 26th December, 1874. 20-2 INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of GEORGE V. LEIGESTER, An Insolvent. A First and Final Dividend Sheet of the amount of Composition due under a Deed of Deed of Composition and Discharge, made and executed on the 13th October, A.D. 1874, between the said Insolvent and his Creditors, has been prepared, subject to objection until the 11th day of January next, A.D. 1875. A. B. STEWART, Assignee. Montreal, 22nd December, 1874. 19-4 INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the matter of MALESIPPE PAQUETTE of the Village of St. Jean Baptiste, Parish of Montreal, Cabinet-Maker, Trader, An Insolvent. The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the Court House, in the City of Montreal, in the Room reserved for proceedings in Insolvency, on Monday, the Eleventh day of January next, A.D. 1875, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to receive statements of his affairs; and to appoint an Assignee. A. B. STEWART, Assignee. Montreal, 22nd December, 1874. 19-2

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE - December, 1874. - Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal. The current number commences with the continuation of the story of Valentine and his Brother which is rather spun out too much; then comes a dissertation on the *Cata of Lucre* somewhat dull. The sequel of *Alice Lorraine* comes next in order, and is well told. *The Apple of Snow*, a detail of travel amongst the Himalayas, and on the border of Chinese, Tartary will be found instructive and very interesting. The next article is a continuation and conclusion of the series *International Voyages* treating more especially of *Glory*. A political article, *The Reform* comes next in order, and after a short piece of original poetry, *Agatha*, the number closes with an article on *The French Chamber and the Separation*. ROYAL ASSURANCE COMPANY ALMAAC FOR 1874. - A very neat little Almanac, from M.M. Brault and Hurville, agents for the French Department of this flourishing establishment. Several changes were in Windsor the other day, seeking a place wherein to establish a laundry, viz

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

The Emperor of Russia has just conferred on the Marshal of France the highest rank in the Order of St. Anne. The insignia were accompanied by a letter, in which the Emperor says he had long desired to give the Marshal this special mark of esteem and regard, and that the passage of the Empress through France and the touching attentions lavished on her on its soil have given him a happy opportunity of realizing that desire.

In well-informed political circles, in which this intelligence began to circulate to-day, it has been much discussed—much more so, indeed, than such compliments usually are. It is remarked that the Emperor of Russia has performed this graceful act of sovereign friendship after having refused to recognize the Government of another Marshal, and that this compliment emphasizes more strongly the distinction existing in the eyes of the Russian Sovereign between the two Chiefs of a Provisional Executive Power.

Comparisons are drawn between the expressions of high consideration which accompany this distinction and the haughty terms in which Russia explained its refusal to recognize the Spanish Government. It is remarked, moreover, that a distinction conferred on the occasion of the attentions paid to the Empress on French soil is addressed, as it were, to the entire nation and adds to its significance.

Some persons regard it also as an approbation and encouragement given to the spirit of Order and Conservatism of which the Marshal personally is the authorized representative in France.

A bill has been presented in the French Assembly for freeing education from State control. Bishop Dupanloup supported it on the ground that "it was based on the principle of liberty." It was warmly opposed by M. Challemeil Lacour, who declared that the only result of the law "would be the benefit of the insubordinate Catholic party." Bishop Dupanloup, replying to this, charged M. Lacour with having placed Catholics outside the pale of the law. The debate created intense excitement; at its end the bill was passed to a second reading.

In the French Assembly a bill has been read a second time by which all foreigners born in France become liable to the conscription if they have not performed military service in their own country. It is further enacted that every one born in France of a foreign father also born in France is a Frenchman, unless within a year of his attaining his majority he claims a foreign nationality.

PARIS, Dec. 30.—Duchesse Porcelot Norman, who signed a letter to the French Archbishop offering to kill Prince Bismarck, asserts that the alleged conspiracy was only a joke. He says he signed the letter while intoxicated.

The Cologne Gazette gives the following paragraph: "The diplomatic body in Paris is excited by the unwelcome discovery that it is under police espionage. The two military attaches of the German Embassy, Major Bulow and Captain Thersheim, had long had a French-Swiss servant, who seemed extremely regular and trustworthy, but rather simple and ignorant. On Herr Bulow entering this servant's room one day during his absence, he found concealed in an illustrated paper lying on the table a detailed daily report of his master's actions addressed to M. Lombard, Commissioner of the secret branch of the Paris Police. The honest son of Helvetia was of course at once discharged, and his masters have made a strong remonstrance to the Duc Decazes against the amiable attention with which the French police have favoured them."

A Clever Dog.—An ancient widow was walking the other day in the Avenue du Maine, Paris, with her dog which appeared in the Rue de la Gaite, and shortly returned carrying a piece of bacon, which he buried in some soft earth. "Your dog is clever," said a passer-by. "Poor thing!" said the widow, "she has young ones, and this develops her instincts." So saying, the widow uncovered the bacon, and placed it in a capacious pocket. Presently the dog reappeared with a pair of socks. This seeming to be a sign of over anxiety for the welfare of her young, the passer-by pointed out the widow to the police, who found in her pocket a cake, a pair of small boots, a knife, the piece of bacon, a sausage, a book, and some other matters. The poor dog was sent to be slaughtered, and the widow taken to the police station.

SPAIN

A NEW DEPARTURE.—MADRID, Dec. 30.—General Martini Compas has pronounced in favor of Prince Alfonso, son of ex-Queen Isabella, and with two battalions of soldiers at Murvitor, in the Province of Valencia. A portion of the Republican army of the Centre has been withdrawn from pursuit of the Carlists to march against him.

Despatches from Spain state that Prince Alfonso has been invited to visit the Army of the North. The ships in the harbour of Santander have hoisted the Royal flag. Marshal Serrano acquiesces. The Minister of the Interior has sent the following despatch to the Governors of the Provinces: "Alfonso the XIIIth has been unanimously proclaimed King by the Army, Nation, and Ministry. A regency has been formed under the presidency of Conopse Del Castillo, without a portfolio. We hope your patriotism will induce you to firmly maintain the great interests confided to you."

The Alfonsists consider that Carlism has received a death blow. Ex-Queen Isabella has received the following despatches:—"All the towns have responded enthusiastically to the proclamation. (Signed) "PRIMO DE RIVERA, "Capt.-General of Madrid. "We pray your Majesty to transmit the news to your son. We congratulate you on this grand triumph achieved without bloodshed. This telegram is signed by General Primo de Rivera and Conopse Del Castillo. Isabella in response to the despatch of General Primo de Rivera, sent the following telegram: "The King proceeds to Spain immediately." Alfonso has telegraphed to the Pope asking his blessing and promising that he will, like his ancestors, defend the rights of the Holy See. King Alfonso's ministry is announced as follows: Castro, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Cardenas, Minister of Justice; Jovellar, Minister of War; Salverra, Minister of Finance; Womlas, Minister of Marine; Robedo, Minister of the Interior; Drowio, Minister of Commerce and Agale, Minister of the Colonies.

taken from them to do duty in the ambulance during the campaign of Iran that the English raising company at Vera was compelled temporarily to close their establishment. From whatever source money may flow to Don Carlos, he seems like the Pope to have an unbounded command of it. French and English as well as Spanish gold circulates freely about the Pretender's camp, and although the people are clamouring for peace, there are people enough who make the best of the war to hush up, discontent and stifle the cry of distress. A large portion of the frontier population have from time immemorial been trained to a loose, lawless life. They are smugglers by habit and instinct, and the war has given all kind of contraband impulse, which it never could hope to attain in normal times.

What is said of Navarre and Guipuzcoa is equally true of the mountainous region of Aragon and Catalonia. There is probable employment for men of enterprising character all along the Pyrenees, and colonial and other goods are cheapened for the benefit of the northern population, at the expense of a Government, which is never at a loss to recover itself by overburdening the rest of the nation. The agricultural wealth of the country is inexhaustible, and this year both the harvest and vintage have given splendid results throughout the South of Europe.

BELGIUM

EFFECT OF THE INFIDEL PASS.—A Belgian correspondent points to a remarkable fact, in connection with the recent great increase of members of the Catholic Club at Louvain. In former years Liberal (i.e. semi, or altogether infidel) newspapers used to be allowed in the reading-rooms, and persons were not wanting to prognosticate the total ruin of the club if the habit was continued, while others prophesied its downfall if the literature provided was solely Catholic. The committee decided to banish the infidel papers; and the result has been that in one year the club has more than doubled its members. The fact speaks for itself.

ITALY

THE REVOLUTION.—The intention of Government to pass an extraordinary measure for preservation of peace and protection of property argues the apprehension of danger from the designs of the disaffected. It is notorious that the members of the secret societies have been of late particularly active and bold. The following Circular, which appeared in the *Diritto*, would seem to show that the arrests at Florence, Naples, and the Villa Rufi have not extinguished the hopes of the revolutionists.—"On January 25, 1875, the Home Minister has been informed that a Circular was directed to the Presidents of Democratic Societies within the kingdom recommending them to hold themselves ready and willing because the moment for revolution is at hand. It is added that the signal for the insurrectional movement would be when General Garibaldi would present himself in the Chamber of Deputies for the purpose of moving a severe censure on the Ministry. You are therefore requested to institute immediately the most opportune investigations in order to ascertain how much truth there may be in these informations, and to report thereon with the utmost solicitude, employing meanwhile all such measures of watchfulness and precaution which you may deem most convenient, and which shall be found necessary. (Signed) THE PASSEPORT." The authenticity of the foregoing document was denied by the *Opinione*, but the *Diritto* re-affirmed its genuineness. As the *Diritto* was neither sequestered nor persecuted for publishing such a circular it may be taken for granted that it was not a forgery.

NEW CHARITY IN ROME.—As all the schools and institutions of benevolence in Rome are now more or less administered by Government in a mode little calculated to promote the interests of religion and morality, the Catholics are endeavouring as well as they can to create new schools and asylums under control of good Catholics. It has been proposed by Father Claudio Maria Gandet, the Procurator-General of the Brethren of St. John of God, with consent of his General, Giovanni Maria Alfieri, to found a vast asylum to receive those objects of charity who cannot enter the existing institutions. The first will be for boys under the age of 13 years who may be afflicted with chronic ailments, such as scrofula or its kindred disorders. The second division will be assigned to the use of persons over 18 years of age, who may be paralyzed, deaf, blind, or incurably infirm. A portion of this second division will be set apart for old men without ailments, but who may have no means of gaining a living by work. The third division will receive aged or infirm priests of all nationalities who may require a home. There will also be a place for men of broken fortune who knew better days, but who by calamities may be reduced to indigence. This new asylum will be located in the country near Rome, in a healthy situation where the boys may have the benefit of pure air and exercise in the cultivation of the land attached to the asylum, and where their religious and moral education may be carefully attended to. The Holy Father has already given to this scheme his special patronage and blessing. Cardinal Antonelli has given to it warm encouragement. The new asylum will be somewhat like that at Marseilles, and will afford a refuge to many poor persons in Rome who used formerly to receive parochial alms, but since 1870 have found this source of charity diverted in various ways to serve the purposes of the Italian Government.

GERMANY

BERLIN, Dec. 4.—Yesterday the Dowager Marchioness of Lothian and Lady Herbert of Lea arrived at Munster to congratulate, in the name of a number of English ladies, the Westphalian Countesses and Baronesses recently fined for using seditious language in an address to the Bishop of Paderborn. They were received at the station by a deputation of the Catholic portion of the Westphalian nobility, and immediately proceeded to the mansion of Count Nesselrode, where they delivered a written address to the Countess. The mansions of the Catholic nobility were decorated with flags.—*Times Cor.*

The second fact mentioned in the telegrams relates to the arrival of certain English ladies at Munster to congratulate the Westphalian Countesses who have been fined for sending an address to the Bishop of Paderborn. "The mansions of the Catholic nobility," says the telegram, "were decorated with flags." This statement, so insignificant in itself is startling as measuring the change in the feeling of the Roman Catholic laity towards the ecclesiastical laws. When they were first passed, little or no active sympathy was shown by the laity towards the clergy. The Prussian Roman Catholics had always been favoured by the Government, and they were apparently not disposed to embroil themselves in a political quarrel, merely to please the priests. Under any circumstances, their wives would probably have done their best to draw their husbands into active opposition; but the inertia of a husband on ecclesiastical questions is very hard to overcome, and the Westphalian ladies might have sent a good many addresses to imprisoned bishops before the Westphalian nobility would have shown any inclination to support them in offering resistance to the Government. It is easy to understand the bitter resentment which filled these men's minds when they learned that their wives had been brought up as criminals and punished for sending an address to an imprisoned bishop. It was the one step, perhaps, by which Prince Bismarck could be sure of driving the nobility into an alliance with the clergy. Probably the same temper which prompted the persecution of the Westphalian ladies will equally prompt him to prosecute the husbands for decorating their houses in honour of a violation of

the law. Under this sort of discipline, the lay Roman Catholics will not be long in forgetting that there was ever a time when they regarded the cause of the clergy as something distinct from their own.—*Roll Call Gazette.*

THE ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE.—BERLIN, Dec. 22.—The Archbishop of Cologne has again been fined 30,000 thalers, and will probably be imprisoned again before long.

APPEAL.—BERLIN, Dec. 29.—Count Von Arnim appealed yesterday to the Kammergericht from the sentence in his case. The German Government is still unable to find out the name of the Papal delegate in Posen. The Deans either deny the right of the courts to question them, or ask for time to prepare their answers. So many of the priests banished from the province have returned that it is stated in future the authorities intend to try imprisonment instead of expulsion. The Island of Rugen in the Baltic has been selected as the place of confinement.

MOVED HIM.—The other morning a nice young man got into a car on the Dayton Short-line Railroad, and saw to his delight the only vacant seat in the coach was by the side of a young lady acquaintance. He reached for that seat with joyous strides and her eyes answered his delighted looks. But just as he got there, an elderly party from the other end of the car waltzed up the aisle and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the lady. "How is your brother?" he asked, "is he able to get out?" "Oh, yes," she said. "Will he be very badly marked?" he continued; and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested. "Oh, no," said the fair creature, "with the exception of a few small pits on his forehead, you would never know he ever had it." "Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man went on, while the old gentleman broke out in cold perspiration. "Not at all," she replied; "I had been vaccinated, you know." The seat was vacated instantly, two young hearts beat as half a dozen, and the prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part of the car, while a gray-haired old man scowled upon them from the hard accommodation of the wood-box.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC is now ready for delivery, gratis, to all who call for it. Among the problems of high science which the Doctor presents in it, is the startling assertion that the friction of the sides upon its axis, retards the earth's rotation upon its axis, or holds it back with a force of 6000 millions of horse powers. Hence it is easy to see that without some counter force, the globe must rotate slower and slower, until its revolutions wholly cease. Then with perpetual night on one side, and a degree of cold far below any now known, we should have on the other a "fervent heat" from the sun, which would melt the rocks and make the mountains run like water. But we need feel no alarm. He shows a counter pose which nearly balances this resistance, and will maintain, substantially, the present mundane condition, through ages upon ages yet to come.

FALSE MODESTY.—For people to allow disease to become seated upon them, rather than consult a Physician, or to suffer as many do for years with the different kinds of piles, without going at once to the Druggist for Fowle's Pile and Humor Cure, which is an infallible cure.

BURNETT'S COCAINE for the hair has stood the test of time and competition. It has established a reputation for purity and efficacy in every quarter of the world. For twenty years it has been a favorite with the people, and a leader with the trade. The name "Cocaine" has become a valuable property. We have established our sole right to its use in several suits at law, thus protecting the public and ourselves from imposition.

FOWLE'S

PILE AND HUMOR CURE

For Internal and External Use WARRANTED A SURE AND PERFECT CURE.

For all kinds of Piles, Leprosy, Scrofula, Tetter or Ring-Worm, Salt Rheum, and all diseases of the Skin.

ONE BOTTLE WARRANTED TO CURE ALL CASES OF PILES, FROM ONE TO THREE BOTTLES IN ALL CASES OF HUMORS. This remedy has been faithfully tested and found to be an almost infallible cure for the above named diseases. Its success has been so universal that the Proprietor guarantees a cure to those who will use his medicine, or in case of failure to refund the money paid. Since it was first introduced he has received many thousands of testimonials, proving its efficacy for the cure of the awful diseases it is recommended for. The Pile and Humor Cure is entirely vegetable in its composition, and can be used in perfect safety in all cases. There is no danger of its driving the humor in, as it cures on the surface, and the patient's bodily health continually improves while under this treatment.

Price \$1 per Bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

BAZAAR

THE Ladies of St. Mary's Church, Williamstown, have the honor to announce a Grand Bazaar, to come off in January, 1875, for the benefit of the New Church about to be erected at Lancaster, in honor of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, and under the invocation of St. Joseph. Contributions, in money or otherwise, will be thankfully received by the Rev. Father MacCarthy, or any of the undersigned Ladies:

- MRS. ANNE TORIN, Lancaster.
MRS. WM. M'PERSON, "
MRS. WHITE, "
THE MRSSES M'DONALD, "
THE MRSSES O'NEILL, "
MRS. BOWDEN, "
MRS. GEORGE M'DONALD, Cornwall.
MRS. DUNGAN M'DONALD, Williamstown.
MRS. ARCH. FRASER, Fraserfield.
MRS. ALIX SHANNON, 44 St. Famille Street, Montreal.
Williamstown, Nov. 5th, 1874.

THE LINDSAY LORETTA CONVENT.

IS NOW OPEN with a good attendance. This is said to be the finest Convent in Canada. Parents leaving their daughters there to be educated, can see and judge for themselves. Charges moderate only \$100.

T. J. DOHERTY, B.C.L.,

ADVOCATE, &c., &c., No. 50 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. [Feb. '74]

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of D. A. LAFORTUNE, of the City of Montreal, Grocer and Trader, Insolvent. I, the Undersigned, L. Jos. Lajoie, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, No. 97 St. James Street, in the City of Montreal, on Tuesday, the second day of February, 1875, at 1 o'clock p.m., for the examination of the insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee. Montreal, December 29th, 1874.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—HEALTHFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps' has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. —*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Sold by Grocers in Packets only, labelled, "James Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle Street; and 170, Piccadilly; Works, Easton Road and Camden Town, London." MANUFACTURERS OF COCOA.—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Easton Road, London."—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide.*

EAST INDIA HEMP,

And What We Know About It.

Instead of devoting a column to the merits of this strange and wonderful plant, we remain silent and let it speak for itself through other lips than ours, believing that those who have suffered most can best tell the story. We will here quote word for word from letters recently received, simply adding our testimony to the rest, in saying that when this plant is properly prepared, we know that it positively cures consumption, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours.

St. Mary's Church, Allegheny City, Pa., Nov. 10, 1874.

The East India Hemp has been taken by Rev. Matthias Binder, O. S. B., and Rev. Sebastian Arnold, O. S. B., both assistant pastors of this church, and so far has given relief to both. They suffered from affections of the lungs and bronchial organs. We have recommended, through charity to sufferers, the Cannabis Indica to different persons, and continue the same in good conscience, knowing the effects by experience. Please send inclosed check for twelve bottles of syrup, pills and ointment. We shall inform you in due time what further success the medicine shall meet with. Yours truly, REV. FERDINAND WOLFE, O.S.B., 87 Washington Street.

CHINA GROVE, Rowan Co., N. C., Oct. 21, 1874.

Send one dozen Ointment and one of Cannabis Indica. When Mr. J. W. Fisher brought his wife to me for examination, I found her in the incipient stage of tuberculous consumption. Then it was I concluded to make a fair trial of Indian Hemp, and now there is a general demand for those remedies. The Ointment excels everything and anything of its kind I ever saw or tried; in many cases it acts like a charm. Fraternally yours, P. A. SIFFORD, M.D.

RIDGEVILLE, Caswell, N. C., Sept. 12, 1874.

Inclosed is \$10 for more of the Indian Hemp. I can truly say that this medicine has done me more good than all the doctors, and I had several of the best in the country. My cough is a great deal better, and my chills and night sweats are gone. You may look for several orders soon, as many have seen the effect of this medicine on me. W. A. FULLER.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 30, 1874.

Your treatment for consumption has so improved my condition, that the inquiry comes every day from my friends, What are you taking? Several are talking of sending for some of your medicine, and James Huff desires me to order for him \$9 worth of the Hemp. WM. HUNT, North High Street.

P.S.—It is my opinion that an agent at this place would sell considerable for you. W. H.

DEERED, Franklin, Tenn., Sept. 12, 1874.

Send three more bottles of your consumption and bronchitis cure. My son began taking the Hemp last night three weeks ago, and he is improving rapidly. The last ten days have made him look and act like another person. I have great hopes. J. M. BRATTON.

DEEP RIVER, POWERSHICK, IOWA, Jan. 3, 1874.

I have just seen your advertisement in my paper. I know all about the Cannabis Indica. Fifteen years ago it cured my daughter of the Asthma. She had it very bad for several years, but was perfectly cured. JACOB TROUT.

N. B.—This Remedy speaks for itself. A single bottle will satisfy the most skeptical \$2.50 per bottle, or three bottles for \$6.50. Pills and Ointment, \$1.25 each. Sent at our risk. Address: CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia.

Le CREDIT-FONCIER DU BAS CANADA,

Capital, \$1,000,000. PRESIDENT.....C. J. COURSOL, Q. C. VICE-PRESIDENT.....M. C. MULLARKY.

THIS COMPANY IS NOW IN FULL OPERATION. It advances money only on first mortgage and only to the extent of half of the value of the property mortgaged.

The longest term granted for the repayment of its loans is twenty years, and the shortest is one month. It lends to Fabriques, Municipalities and Corporations, according to the laws by which they are governed.

The Company is authorized to receive funds on deposit. Interest at the rate of six per cent. is allowed on deposits of six months, and seven per cent. for deposits of twelve months.

For the transaction of business, apply directly to the Cashier. Office open daily from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., No 13 St. LAMBERT St. MONTREAL. J. B. LAFLEUR, Cashier. 6m10.

Montreal, 23 Oct., 1874.

A Gem worth Reading!—A Diamond worth Seeing!

SAVE YOUR EYES! RESTORE your SIGHT! THROW AWAY your SPECTACLES! By reading our treatise on the PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY of the EYE, EIGHT, Tells how to Restore Impaired Vision and Overworked Eyes! How to cure Watery, Inflamed, and Near-Sighted Eyes, and all other Diseases of the Eyes. WASTE NO MORE MONEY BY ADJUSTING RUBB GLASSES ON YOUR NOSE AND DISRUPTING YOUR FACE. Receipts of 100 pages. Mailed Free. Send your address to us.

Agents Wanted

For Gentlemen or Ladies. \$5 to \$10 a day guaranteed. Full particulars sent free. Write immediately to DR. J. BALL & CO., (P.O. Box 2075) 2075 North Liberty Street, New York City, N.Y.

P. N. LECLAIR, (Late of Alexandria) PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND OBSTETRICIAN, 616, ORAIG STREET.

CONCERNATION HOURS.—9 to 10 A.M.; 12 to 2 P.M.—14

THE VISITATION HOSPITAL LOTTERY OF ST. EUSEBE.

Approved by His Lordship Mgr. Guignes, Bishop of Ottawa; and under the patronage of the members of the Clergy for forwarding the work of the construction of the Visitation Hospital at Wright, Ottawa County.

CONDITIONS AND ADVANTAGES OFFERED. Farm at Wright, annual rent \$1,200.....\$6,000 House in Wright Village.....1,500 Farm.....1,500 Two Good Horses.....300 Four Lots, each of \$100.....300 One Buggy.....400 A Buggy.....120 Five Watches of \$20 each.....60 Ten Watches of \$12 each.....120

In all 800 objects, many of considerable value. SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.—An annual Mass on the Feast of St. Eusebe will be said in perpetuity for the benefactors of the work.

PRIZES OF TICKETS.—Fifty cents. Responsible Agents wanted, with commission of one ticket on ten.

The money must be forwarded to the Secretary, Treasurer who will pay it over to the Committee. Monthly deposits will be made in a Savings Bank. The drawing will take place during the year 1874, and will be announced in the public journals. It will be conducted on the plan adopted by the Building Societies, and will be presided over by three priests appointed by the Bishop of Ottawa.

Property given as prizes by the President will be distributed by him to the winners.

Persons wishing to buy or sell tickets will communicate with the Secretary-Treasurer. Deposits of Tickets will also be made with the cashiers of the Clergy and other persons who may be wanting to interest themselves in the work.

EUSEBE FAUER, Pt. Missionary Apostolic, President. OMER BROUILLET, Secretary-Treasurer. Wright, P.Q., 8th Dec., 1873.—81 C.A.C.

\$5 TO \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted!

All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, making more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but two cents. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine [30th, Oct. '74, 11-52]

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEWS,

EDINBURGH REVIEW, (Whig.) LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, (Conservative.) WESTMINSTER REVIEW, (Liberal.) BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, (Ecological.)

AND BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, REPRINTED BY THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., 140 FULTON ST., NEW-YORK.

By arrangement with the English Publishers, who receive a liberal compensation.

These periodicals constitute a wonderful miscellany of modern thought, research, and criticism.—The cream of all European books worth reviewing is found here, and they treat of the leading events of the world in masterly articles written by men who have special knowledge of the matters treated. The American Publishers urge upon all intelligent readers in this country a liberal support of the Reports which they have so long and so cheaply furnished, feeling sure that no expenditure for literary matter will yield so rich a return as that required for a subscription to these the leading periodicals of Great Britain.

TERMS: About one third the price of the originals. For any one Review.....\$4 00 per annum. For any two Reviews.....6 00 " " For any three Reviews.....10 00 " " For all four Reviews.....12 00 " " For Blackwood's Magazine.....4 00 " " For Blackwood and one Review.....7 00 " " For Blackwood and two Reviews.....10 00 " " For Blackwood and 3 Reviews.....13 00 " " For Blackwood and the 4 Reviews.....15 00 " "

Postage two cents a number, to be prepaid by the quarter at the office of delivery.

Circulars with further particulars may be had on application.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., 140 FULTON ST., NEW-YORK.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS

In re CONSTANT & CO., of Hochelaga, Parish and District of Montreal, Insolvents.

The Creditors of the said Insolvents are hereby notified that Louis Fauron Constant de Chatigny, one of the said Insolvents, has deposited in the Office of the undersigned Assignee a Deed of Composition and Discharge, purporting to have been executed by the majority of his Creditors, representing the three-fourths in value of the liabilities of the said Insolvents, subject to be computed in ascertaining such proportion, and if no opposition to such Composition and Discharge is made within three judicial days after the last publication, which shall be the fifth day of January next, the undersigned Assignee shall act upon such Deed of Composition and Discharge according to its terms. Montreal, 23rd December 1874. CHS. ALB. VILBON, Assignee.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS

In the matter of ALFRED HOULE, of the city and district of Montreal, Tinsmith & Plumber, Insolvent.

An Insolvent. The undersigned, Andrew B. Stewart, of the City and District of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, Merchants Exchange Building, in the City of Montreal, on Thursday, the fourth day of February (next A.D. 1875) at the hour of Three of the clock in the afternoon, for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend. Montreal, 11th December, 1874. A. B. STEWART, Official Assignee.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS

In the matter of THOMAS WENTWORTH, of the City and District of Montreal, Tinsmith and Plumber, Insolvent.

An Insolvent. The undersigned, Andrew B. Stewart, of the City and District of Montreal, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, Merchants Exchange Building, in the City of Montreal, on Thursday, the fourth day of February (next A.D. 1875) at the hour of Three of the clock in the afternoon, for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend. Montreal, 11th December, 1874. A. B. STEWART, Official Assignee.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS

In the matter of THOMAS WENTWORTH, of the City and District of Montreal, Tinsmith and Plumber, Insolvent.

DR. M'LANE'S Celebrated American WORM SPECIFIC, OR VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS. The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an are semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; t each very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccup; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with starting of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE Will certainly effect a cure. A universal success which has attended the administration of this preparation has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it should prove ineffectual: "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult should warrant the supposition of worms being the cause." In all cases the Medicine to be given in STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH THE DIRECTIONS.

We pledge ourselves to the public, that Dr. M'LANE'S Vermifuge DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; and that it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

Address all orders to FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURGH, PA. P. S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from other than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders distinctly, and take care not to be misled by cheap imitations. We will forward per mail, post-paid, to any part of the United States, one box of Pills for twelve three-cent postage stamps, or one vial of Vermifuge for fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra.

MYLES MURPHY, COAL AND WOOD MERCHANT, OFFICE AND YARD: 136 ST. BONAVENTURE STREET, MONTREAL. All kinds of Upper Canada Fire-Wood always on hand. English, Scotch and American Coals. Orders promptly attended to, and weight and measure guaranteed. Post Office Address Box 85. [Jan. 27]

REMOVAL. JONES & TOOMEY, PAINTERS, HAVE REMOVED TO 28 ST. JOHN STREET (Corner of Notre Dame Street.) Where they are prepared to receive orders for HOUSE PAINTING, GRADING, DECORATING, GLAZING, SIGN WRITING, WINDOW SHADES, WIRE SCREENS, GLASS GILDING, ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, &c. Sign Writing a Speciality.

JOHN BURNS, PLUMBER, GAS & STEAM FITTER, TIN & SHEET IRON WORKER, &c. Importer and Dealer in all kinds of WOOD AND COAL STOVES AND STOVE FITTINGS. 675 CRAIG STREET (TWO DOORS WEST OF BLEURY.) MONTREAL. JOBBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

P. F. WALSH & CO., DEALERS IN BOOTS AND SHOES WHOLESALE AND RETAIL 177 & 179 St. Lawrence Main Str., (One door South of Market, between Blacklock's and Gendron's.) MONTREAL.

CURRAN & COYE, ADVOCATES, 212 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Wm. E. DORAN, ARCHITECT, 191 St. James Street, 191 MONTREAL. MEASUREMENTS AND VALUATIONS ATTENDED TO.

THOMAS H. COX, IMPORTER AND GENERAL DEALER IN GROCERIES, WINES, &c., &c. MOLSON'S BUILDING (Near G. T. B. Depot), No. 181 BONAVENTURE STREET, July 24, '74. MONTREAL.

T. CULLEN, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, 101 St. Joseph Street, WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY Repaired with Despatch. All work warranted. [10-4]

JOHN HATCHETTE & CO., LATE MOORE, SEMPLE & HATCHETTE, (SUCCESSORS TO FITZPATRICK & MOORE), IMPORTERS AND GENERAL WHOLESALE GROCERS, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS, DOMINION BUILDINGS, MCGILL ST., MAY 1, '74. MONTREAL. [37-52]

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT, o. 59 St. BONAVENTURE STREET MONTREAL. Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at Moderate Charges. Measurements and Valuations Promptly Attended to. "FITS and EPILEPSY" POSITIVELY CURED. The worst cases of the longest standing, by using Dr. Hobbard's Cure. A bottle sent FREE to all addressing J. E. DIBBLEE, Druggist, 814 Sixth Avenue, New York. [19-124]

A REPRESENTATIVE AND CHAMPION OF AMERICAN ART TASTE! Prospectus for 1875—Eighth Year. THE ALDINE, THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA, ISSUED MONTHLY. "A Magnificent Conception, Wonderfully Carried Out."

The necessity of a popular medium for the representation of the productions of our great artists, has always been recognized, and many attempts have been made to meet the want. The successive failures which so invariably followed each attempt in this country to establish an art journal, did not prove the indifference of the people of America to the claims of high art. So soon as a proper appreciation of the want and an ability to meet it were shown, the public at once rallied with enthusiasm to its support, and the result was a great artistic and commercial triumph—THE ALDINE. THE ALDINE, while issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary or timely interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light, and graceful literature; and a collection of pictures, the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number, affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of THE ALDINE will be most appreciated after it is bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness, as compared with rivals of a similar class, THE ALDINE is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The possessor of a complete volume can not duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes for ten times its cost; and then, there is the chromo, besides!

The national feature of THE ALDINE must be taken in no narrow sense. True art is cosmopolitan. While THE ALDINE is a strictly American institution, it does not confine itself entirely to the reproduction of native art. Its mission is to cultivate a broad and appreciative art taste, one that will discriminate only on grounds of intrinsic merit. Thus, while placing before the patrons of THE ALDINE, as a leading characteristic, the productions of the most noted American artists, attention will always be given to specimens from foreign masters, giving subscribers all the pleasure and instruction obtainable from home or foreign sources. The artistic illustration of American scenery, original with THE ALDINE, is an important feature, and its magnificent plates are of a size more appropriate to the satisfactory treatment of details than can be afforded by any inferior page. The judicious interspersions of landscape, marine, figure, and animal subjects, sustain an unabated interest, impossible where the scope of the work confines the artist too closely to a single style of subject. The literature of THE ALDINE is a light and graceful accompaniment, worthy of the artistic features, with only such technical disquisitions as do not interfere with the popular interest of the work.

PREMIUM FOR 1875. Every subscriber for 1875 will receive a beautiful portrait, in oil colors, of the same noble dog whose picture in a former issue attracted so much attention. "Man's Unselfish Friend" will be welcome in every home. Everybody loves such a dog, and the portrait is executed so true to the life, that it seems the veritable presence of the animal itself. The Rev. T. de Witt Talmage tells that his own Newfoundland dog (the finest in Brooklyn) barks at it! Although so natural, no one who sees this premium chromo will have the slightest fear of being bitten. Besides the chromo, every advance subscriber to THE ALDINE for 1875 is constituted a member, and entitled to all the privileges of

THE ALDINE ART UNION. The Union holds the originals of all THE ALDINE pictures, which, with other paintings and engravings, are to be distributed among the members. To every series of 5,000 subscribers, 100 different pieces, valued at over \$2,500 are distributed as soon as the series is full, and the awards of each series as made, are to be published in the next succeeding issue of THE ALDINE. This feature only applies to subscribers who pay for one year in advance. Full particulars in circular sent on application enclosing a stamp.

TERMS. One Subscription, entitling to THE ALDINE one year, the Chromo and the Art Union, \$6.00 per annum, in advance. (No charge for postage.) Specimen Copies of THE ALDINE, 50 Cents. THE ALDINE will, hereafter, be obtainable only by subscription. There will be no reduced or club rates; cash for subscriptions must be sent to the publishers direct, or handed to the local canvasser, without responsibility to the publishers, except in cases where the certificate is given, bearing the fac-simile signature of James Sutton, President.

CANVASSERS WANTED. Any person wishing to act permanently as a local canvasser will receive full and prompt information by applying to THE ALDINE COMPANY, 58 MAIDEN LANE NEW YORK.

HEARSES' HEARSES' MICHAEL FERON, No. 23 St. ANTOINE STREET. BEGS to inform the public that he has procured several new elegant and handsomely finished HEARSES, which he offers to the use of the public at very moderate charges, and M. Feron will do his best to give satisfaction to the public. Montreal, March, 1871.

1874. PREMIUM LIST OF ELEGANTLY BOUND CATHOLIC BOOKS SUITABLE FOR ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGES, CONVENTS, SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES, PRIVATE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, AND ALL CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS. Persons ordering will please take notice that we have marked before each book the lowest net price from which No Discount will be allowed, as the following List of Books with its Special prices has been made expressly for the Premium Season of 1874. When ordering give price and style of Binding. D. & J. SADDLER & CO., Catholic Publishers, 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

- This list is an abridgment of our Premium Catalogue. The Complete Premium Catalogue will be forwarded free of Postage on receipt of address. Father Jerome's Library, 32mo, paper covers, 12 vols in box..... 1 00 per box. Father Jerome's Library, 32mo, fancy cloth, 12 vols in box..... 1 60 per box. Catholic Youth's Library, first series, paper bound, 12 vols in box..... 1 68 per box. Do do do fancy cloth..... 2 64 per box. Do do do fancy cloth, full gilt..... 3 24 per box. Catholic Youth's Library, second series, paper bound, 12 vols in box..... 1 68 per box. Do do do fancy cloth..... 2 64 per box. Do do do fancy cloth, full gilt..... 3 24 per box. Catholic Youth's Library, third series, paper bound, 6 vols in box..... 0 84 per box. Do do do fancy cloth..... 1 32 per box. Do do do fancy cloth, full gilt..... 1 62 per box. Catholic Youth's Library, fourth series, paper bound, 6 vols in box..... 0 84 per box. Do do do fancy cloth..... 1 32 per box. Do do do fancy cloth, full gilt..... 1 62 per box. Sister Eugenie's Library, containing Sister Eugenie, God Our Father, &c., fancy cloth, 4 vols in box..... 2 40 per box. Do do do fancy cloth, full gilt..... 3 20 per box. Faber's Library, containing All For Jesus, &c., &c., fancy cloth, 8 vols in box..... 6 72 per box. Little Catholic Boy's Library, 32mo, fancy cloth, 12 vols in box..... 1 32 per box. Little Catholic Girl's Library, 32mo, fancy cloth, 12 vols in box..... 1 32 per box. Catholic Pocket Library, 32mo, fancy cloth, 13 vols in box..... 1 43 per box. Sister Mary's Library, 24mo, fancy cloth, 12 vols in box..... 2 00 per box. Brother James' Library, royal 32mo, fancy cloth, 12 vols in box..... 2 00 per box. Parochial and Sunday School Library, square 24mo, first series, fancy cloth, 12 volumes in box..... 2 40 per box. Parochial and Sunday School Library, square 24mo, second series, fancy cloth, 12 volumes in box..... 2 40 per box. 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St. Agnes Library, containing Life of St. Agnes, St. Margaret, &c., &c., fancy cloth, 5 vols in box..... 3 00 per box. Young Catholic's Library, first series, fancy cloth, 12 vols in box..... 3 60 per box. Young Catholic's Library, second series, fancy cloth, 12 vols in box..... 3 60 per box. The Irish Library, containing Irish Soldiers in Every Land, &c., &c., fancy cloth, 4 vols in box..... 2 40 per box. Maguire's Library, containing Irish in America, &c., &c., fancy cloth, 3 vols in box..... 3 00 per box. Do do do fancy cloth, full gilt..... 4 00 per box. Irish Historical Library, containing Irish Rebellion of '98, fancy cloth, 4 vols in box..... 2 40 per box. Grace Aguilars Library, containing Mother's Recompense, fancy cloth, 5 vols in box..... 4 00 per box. Canon Schmid's Tales, gilt back and sides, fancy cloth, 6 vols in box..... 2 00 per box. Library of Wonders, Illustrated, gilt back and sides, fancy cloth, 5 vols in box..... 1 25 per box. Fabiola Library, containing Fabiola, St. Bernard, &c., &c., fancy cloth, 6 volumes in box..... 4 00 per box. Do do do &c., &c., full gilt, fancy cloth, 6 vols in box..... 5 00 per box. Calista Library, containing Calista, Catholic Legends, &c., &c., fancy cloth, 10 volumes in box..... 5 00 per box. Do do do full gilt, fancy cloth, 10 vols in box..... 6 70 per box. Conscience Tales, gilt back and sides, fancy cloth, 10 vols in box..... 6 60 per box. Do do do fancy cloth, full gilt back, sides and edges, 10 vols in box..... 7 50 per box. Carleton Library, containing Willy Beilly, &c., &c., fancy cloth, 7 vols in box..... 4 60 per box. Gerald Griffin Library, containing Collegians, &c., fancy cloth, 10 vols in box..... 6 70 per box. Do do do fancy cloth, full gilt..... 8 40 per box. St. Aloysius Library, containing Life of St. Aloysius, St. Therese, &c., &c., fancy cloth, 12 vols in box..... 10 00 per box. Firebrand's Library, containing "Orphan" of Moscow, Life of Christ, &c., fancy cloth, 10 vols in box..... 4 00 per box.

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