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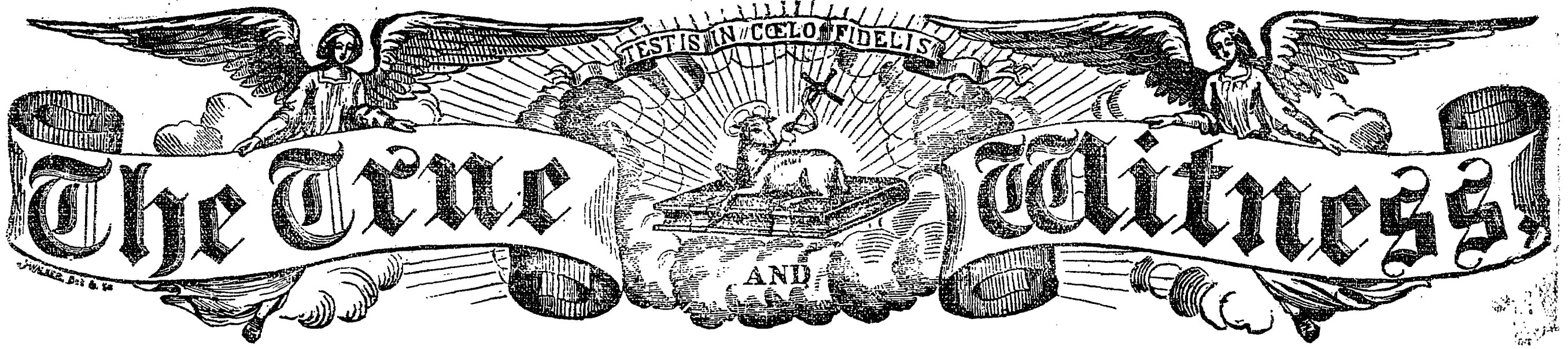
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 7.

CLARA LESLIE.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

CHAPTER XIII.—FESTINE, TARDE.

"Oh, thou dost soothe the heart; thou Church of Rome, By thy unwearied watch and varied round of service in thy Saviour's holy home! I cannot walk the city's sultry streets, But your wide porch invites to still retreats, Where passion's thirst is calmed, and care's unthankful gloom."

Father Newman.

The door was thrown open at this moment by the footman, and a pompous 'Yes, miss,' having followed Clara's question whether Mrs. Temple was at home, and extracted a smile from both the friends, she ran up stairs without being announced, and in an instant had softly opened the door of the drawing-room and put her face playfully through it. However, she seemed to have discovered something within, for she as quickly drew it back, and turned round to Elizabeth, who followed a little less quickly than herself, with such an altered expression, that she could not help exclaiming,

'What's the matter, Clara?'

'Somebody's there,' whispered Clara, coloring high between excitement and surprise; 'somebody in a long black kind of habit.'

The door was gently opened at the moment, and Mrs. Temple, half smiling at Clara's excuses, assured her she was not intruding, and led her in.

The 'somebody in the long black kind of habit' rose as they entered; a white heart was sewn on his breast, and he wore sandals instead of shoes. He was young, fair-haired, with mild blue eyes, and, notwithstanding his foreign dress, evidently English.

Mrs. Temple introduced him instantly as Father Raymond, and Clara thought there was a peculiar expression in her manner as she added, 'This is my friend, Miss Leslie.'

Father Raymond did not seem infected with stiffness; for he bowed with so sweet a smile and such graceful kindness and dignity, that Clara's heart was won almost before he opened his mouth, though she could scarcely make out whether his manner was some peculiar interest in herself, or his own indwelling Christian charity. Her heart beat high, and she scarcely knew how to answer the few words he addressed to her. How many times had she longed to see a Catholic priest!—and, for the first time in her life, there was one before her. There was a mixture of awe and curiosity and interest in her feelings; but when he rose to take his leave, which he did almost immediately, and she had caught the last glimpse of his figure down the street, nothing seemed left but a glimpse of vague *serrement de coeur*,—a sense of vacuum and longing which she could scarcely define.

'Catherine, dear Catherine,' said she earnestly as Mrs. Temple re-entered the room, 'who is that priest?'

'He is a Passionist Father,' said Mrs. Temple; 'he came to see my aunt this morning.'

'A passionist?' replied Clara. 'Is he a convert?'

'Yes, my dear Clara,' replied Mrs. Temple, 'and his name was once Mr. De Grey, I believe.'

'De Grey?' interrupted Clara, in a tone of deep feeling. 'Ah, something told me it was him. Oh, that I had but known it. He must have recognised my name. Catherine,' she added, 'shall you see him again?'

'I do not think so,' replied Mrs. Temple; 'he only came just to see my aunt, and he may be off to any part of the country, or even the world, at any moment. But why Clara? Do you know him?'

'O Catherine,' she replied, 'he was my brother Alan's Oxford friend—the one who taught him to love Catholic truth. He joined the Church of Rome three months before he did.'

'And do you think it would have done you any good to have known it?' said Mrs. Temple, smiling and looking at Charles's flushed cheeks, and sparkling eyes; 'would he have helped to have made you more than calm and recollected my dear child?'

Clara heaved a long sigh.

'No,' said she after a moment; 'it has been all arranged for the best. I don't think Mr. Wingfield would have liked me to have had any intercourse with him, and I could not have asked after Alan; it would have done no good.' She remained silent a moment, then looked around the room. 'Where is Elizabeth, Catherine?'

'I think she is gone to her room,' replied Mrs. Temple. 'Perhaps she thought we wanted to be alone.'

'She is always kind,' said Clara; and, drawing a little stool close to Mrs. Temple's chair, she sat down at her feet, and laid her head down in her lap, while the former looked tenderly at

her, and stroked down the little bit of her hair that could be seen beneath her cap.

'What is this nun like coiffure for?' said she playfully.

'Oh?' replied Clara, coloring and laughing—'I want to take my bonnet off when I go to the poor people so I wear this dress in the morning, and then in the evening I put on all my finery, and make the agreeable to Mildred's smart company.'

Here a fit of coughing stopped Clara.

'You know, Clara, you really ought not to be out this raw day with that cough,' said Mrs. Temple anxiously.

'It really does not hurt me to go out,' replied Clara, the moment she could speak; 'if I give in once, I shall never be let go to church, perhaps be shut up till summer; and then what will my poor people do?'

'Clara, Clara,' said Mrs. Temple, 'you will be ill; and then Lent will be here, and you will be allowed only once a week not to eat meat.'

'O Catherine,' said Clara, 'once a week! But, really, do not let me waste our time in talking about my cough; I came here to know when you expect Mr. Wingfield in town. I do so want to see him.'

'What, again?' said Mrs. Temple, laughing; 'why, it was but last week you saw him, and you know he does not come to town oftener than once a month.'

Clara sighed deeply.

'I am not good to-day, Catherine, I believe,' said she, after a pause; 'my head is running on that Mr. De Grey, or Father—what?—Raymond, I think, you called him? I could not be afraid of him.'

'You mean you are afraid of Mr. Wingfield,' said Mrs. Temple. 'I thought you had got over that.'

'I get over it for a little while, and then he gives me one of his dry looks, or he writes me a note a little less affectionate than usual, and then I am as frightened as ever. I do so fear to intrude upon him, he has so much to do; and as it is, Mrs. Wingfield must feel as if she had no husband, he is so taken up with others. Then I read in spiritual books that 'one must be very open with one's director,' and I fancy he thinks me a great fool for telling him all my follies. I envy those who can go to their directors at all hours, and live in the same place with them;—and Clara heaved another long sigh.

Mrs. Temple looked at her with an expression of mixed sorrow and compassion.

'He says frequent confession is not according to the spirit of the Church of England,' proceeded Clara, 'and yet he puts books into my hands as my guides which tell me that the saints, who are to be my models, confessed every day. Somehow I don't think he understands me; and then, as others, I am sure he does in a great measure, and I force myself to think it is all very good for me, and a means God is using to check my eagerness. Catherine,' she added earnestly, 'is it not usual to confess every week in the Church of Rome?'

'I believe every one who pretends to any religious strictness of life does so,' replied Catherine.

'And then Mr. Wingfield tells me,' replied Clara, 'that I could never find a Roman Catholic priest that would satisfy me. They merely see their penitents in the confessional, have no intercourse with them at all afterwards, and would never even give me as much time and individual attention as he does. Somehow I cannot believe it; for if they do so, their books are as misleading to people aspiring to perfection amongst them as amongst us.'

'I don't think Mr. Wingfield is quite correct,' said Mrs. Temple, 'in all he tells you on that score. My aunt, I believe, confesses every week;—and I know she sees a great deal of her priest. Indeed he is to her as a father and a friend, and all the Roman Catholics I ever met speak in the most grateful and trusting way of their priests, as if they were their truest friends, and sympathized in all their sorrows; but I see my aunt and others have this feeling for the priesthood generally, and though they have of course their own confessor, they don't seem so bound to one man as we do, Clara.'

'And what a beautiful character your aunt is!' exclaimed Clara, with glistening eyes; 'so calm, so recollected, so patient, so gentle. Ah, every thing comes out of Rome, and every thing good goes there.'

She had scarcely uttered these words, when she blushed even to tears, and hid her face.

'Poor Clara!' said Mrs. Temple; 'you must not talk so, my dear child.'

'But it is true, it is true,' answered Clara. 'And then they will tell me I am ungrateful; and I am; and I can't help it. I shall have to tell all these feelings at my next confession, and then Mr. Wingfield will sigh and look grave; and yet I cannot persuade myself I have committed a great sin, though I confess it as such, and I

I know Mr. Wingfield thinks it so, I cannot be contrite for it, or persuade myself to feel I have offended God by it; it is just as if I had only offended and grieved Mr. Wingfield.'

'But you resolve not to do it again,' said Mrs. Temple.

'Oh, yes,' replied Clara; 'but I always do. It is too strong for me. There is a spirit at work within me, and I know not what it wants. It does not want to go over to Rome, for I think that would be wrong; but it wants a—it wants—I don't know what it wants.'

'I do not think you do know what you want,' said Mrs. Temple. 'O Clara, dearest, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.'—'Our one aim must be self-control in those sad days.'

'Yes, I do know one thing I want,' proceeded Clara; 'I want to get rid of this load of infirmity that presses me down. I struggle, struggle on, and I make no progress. Every confession is more terrible than the last one, for I have just the same faults to tell over and over again. How can Mr. Wingfield be otherwise than disappointed with me? Sometimes there seems no efficacy in Sacraments, I break all my resolutions.'

Mrs. Temple gently laid her hand on the head of the agitated girl, for she spoke in such an accent of sorrow, almost despair, she would have touched any one's heart.

'Dear child, do not speak so. Others may see improvement where you do not.'

Clara shook her head and remained silent, while Mrs. Temple mused painfully on thoughts she could not impart to Clara.

'What makes me unable to persuade myself I am wrong in these kind of discontented thoughts, Catherine? I know, as a fact, it is wrong to be discontented with the situation God has placed me in; I believe my place is to obey those whom He has set over me. I know I remain in the Anglican Church on their authority, because they tell me, and I therefore believe it, that the Anglican Church has the Sacraments. I know all this as a matter of fact; but yet, though I ask pardon with my lips of God whenever I have indulged in an outburst of my discontented feelings, I always feel within me as if I were doing an unnecessary thing, and He was not displeased with me all the while. It is quite different when I ask pardon for any other fault. I am then, as it were, humiliated, and abased to the very earth with shame and sorrow, and I feel as if God had turned away from me, and could only be reconciled by tears and penance. Why is this, Catherine?'

An expression Clara did not understand passed over Catherine's face. She did not answer for some time, but kept on playing with the soft hair she was stroking down. At last she said,

'Ask Mr. Wingfield, Clara.'

Clara looked puzzled, but said nothing, and a long silence succeeded.

'People say Mr. Morris is going to leave London,' said Mrs. Temple, at last.

Clara almost started.

'Surely not?' said she. 'What shall we do without him?'

'He will be a great loss to his parish,' said Mrs. Temple; 'but I do not think he is very comfortable with his rector. They say he is rather afraid of going too far.'

'I daresay,' said Clara; 'he is too good for most people. What will poor Fanny Hickey do without him?'

'It will be a sad trial for her to lose him,' replied Mrs. Temple. 'He seems to be a most devoted person.'

'Fanny says he is out among the poor till ten every night,' replied Clara, 'and then he is never in bed till two or three in the morning—he spends the night in prayer, and then he is up very early again. I do not know how he lives through all this fatigue.'

'Does he come often to see Mrs. Clark?'

'I met him there this morning,' said Clara. 'I always ask Mrs. Clark all he has said to her, and then I take my hints how far I may venture thereupon. I think he is preparing Mrs. Clark gradually for confession. But where can he be going?'

'People say various things,' said Mrs. Temple. 'Clara soon rose to go, but luncheon was ready, and Miss Dalton came in to say so, and then led the way to the dining-room, though we must not stay with them here. There was much talk about 'outward things,' such as frontals, and super-frontals, and super-altars, and candlesticks, and Pugia's work, and medieval work, and Miss Lambert, and what was catholic and uncatholic, and stoles, and surplices, and reredos, and the different gentlemen who acted the part of confessors to the Puseyite portion of the Anglican Church, and Mr. Morris. And then Elizabeth told her how kind he was to Fanny Hickey, and how he had sat up a night there; and she, poor thing, in a fit of delirium, had not recognized

him, and kept calling out wildly for 'Mr. Morris.' She did not want her mother, she wanted Mr. Morris; and then she had found out all of a sudden that his arm was under her pillow, and he was by her side, helping to support her; and then Elizabeth laughed heartily, and Clara and Mrs. Temple joined, for such scenes seemed new and strange to Anglicans (common as they are in Catholic countries) however much they may admire those who perform them. We will not trouble our readers with a long account how afterwards there was an adjournment to Mrs. Temple's private room, where, in a recess, a red curtain was drawn across a bow window, and on its being thrown aside appeared the oratory, beautifully fitted up with a crucifix and two silver candlesticks. The frontal of the little altar had already assumed its Septuagesima hue, a deep violet, trimmed with silver lace. Nor shall we linger long to say how Elizabeth remembered that St. Perpetua was in the Calendar for the next day, and that therefore they must say 'the first Vespers of St. Perpetua' and Clara, who had instantly hunted out the little 'Hora Diurna' which lived in her pocket, almost stamped in her fume at finding out that her beloved St. Thomas Aquinas had been turned out of the Anglican Calendar, when St. Perpetua and Felicitas had only a commemoration in the Roman Breviary on that day.

'To turn out St. Thomas Aquinas the angelical doctor!' exclaimed she. 'What bigotry and prejudice!'

'Gently, Clara,' said Mrs. Temple; 'let us give even the Reformers their due. Do you know when St. Thomas Aquinas lived?'

'No,' said Clara, a little confused.

'Nor do I,' replied Mrs. Temple; 'but we shall soon see.' And Clara followed her to the bookcase. 'You are right,' she added, smiling, when she had discovered in Alban Butler what she wished. 'He was born in the thirteenth century.'

But Clara was now utterly absorbed in a new discovery.

'What have you got there, you curious child?' said she, looking over her shoulder. 'O Clara, indeed this is not for you; and, with a long sigh, Clara let her take Newman's *Development* out of her reluctant hands.

'O Catherine,' she exclaimed, 'are you allowed to read such books?'

'Some are obliged to read them,' said Catherine gravely; 'only thank God that you are not, dear Clara. And now let us say Vespers.'

'Fabricate them?' said Clara with a shrug. 'Let us see,—Common of many Martyrs,—no; it must be "Commuone Virginum." But stay, they were neither of them virgins. Here it is; the collect, "Da nobis, quesumus Domine, &c. And now what are we to do about the hymn?—We can't say it in Latin, unfortunately, and there is no translation, I believe.'

'Won't this do?' asked Elizabeth, producing a translation of some hymns from the Parisian Breviary. 'This is so beautiful and very appropriate, and there are two copies of the book; and she read aloud:

'Fear no more for the torturer's hand, Nor the dungeon dark that bound thee; The choir of heaven about thee stand, Bright-shining names surround thee,' &c.

'I think that will do,' said Mrs. Temple. But Clara had another demand still.

'Let me look over the collect, or I shall get into a mess, and find out there is something about the intercession of the saint. I think it will do however; and now,' added she coloring, 'am I really to be reader?'

No one else knew Latin enough to venture upon it: and at last, Nones being said for the Feria, they got through the first Vespers of St. Perpetua, with the help of the English Psalter and Clara's translation of the Latin antiphons, &c., which she did very fluently.

'Mr. Morris declares the Breviary is inspired,' said Elizabeth, when they had finished.

'O Elizabeth, what a mine of almost unfathomable beauty it is!' said Clara, who had meanwhile sobered down into a quiet and gentle Christian maiden, instead of the wild kitten she had just been. 'It is really very like inspiration.'

'I scarcely know it enough to say any thing about it,' replied Elizabeth. 'How long have you been in the habit of using it? Alan Leslie, continued she, looking at the title-page of Clara's pet *Hours*; 'Oxford. Circumcision; 1845; and then here is the name,—Clara; Patronage of our Blessed Lady; 1845.' I did not know you had another brother. But what is this Latin below? I beg your pardon, dear Clara,' she added, looking up at her sorrowful face.—'I have been indiscreet; for the tears stood in her eyes.'

'No,' replied Clara. 'I thought you knew that I found this in my room the night my darling brother left us to be received into the Church of Rome. I found this written below my name in his hand; and she read aloud:—'O Oriens!

splendor lucis eternæ, veni ad liberandum nos jam noli tardare.—(O Orient Splendour of eternal light, come and deliver us; do not now delay). 'Oh,' she took the book and kissed it, then, clasping it between her hands, went on in more earnest tones: 'O Emmanuel, Rex et Legifer auster, expectatio Gentium,—too long hast Thou tarried,—veni ad docendum nos viam prudentiam!'

CHAPTER XIII.—ATTEMPTS.

'Faith of our fathers! Mary's prayers Shall win our country back to thee.... Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith! We will be true to thee till death!'

Father Faber.

Lent was fast approaching, with its long forty days of retirement and fasting. There are many perhaps who will remember their Anglican Lent. Holy times they were, though mingled, as all things out of the Catholic Church must always be, with much self-will. They will perhaps remember the care with which they hid from parents and friends any symptom of the self-discipline they were exercising; they will not have forgotten the fighting over every ounce of bread ordered, or every pound of meat, and the murmurings wherewith they found out that some one else had been allowed to do more than they. Then the increasing difficulty of getting through each week in succession; the feebleness of their voices, the coughs, almost suffocating them in their attempts to conceal them in church; the daily increasing and decreasing flesh,—till, the last great week being arrived, all reserve was thrown off, 'One week would never hurt any one!'

Doctors were disregarded; friends were laughingly told never to mind, for it was almost over; hours were spent in church; homes were quite deserted. 'Easter was coming, and then it would not matter.' The doctors avoided in the street like a pestilence, for fear of discovering the lengths their patients were going; and then when the great day did come at last, just getting through the long morning service, scarcely attending to the joyous Easter sermons from fatigue, sickness, and exhaustion, and when Easter Monday arrived, being found in bed instead of at the early Communion at Margaret Chapel—utterly unable to eat the Easter food placed before them. And then came the grave looks of friends, the graver visits of doctors, the disgust with which friends viewed a system which they considered as mere self-will, and the reproaches cast upon the spiritual guides who had advised and sanctioned practices in which they had no experience, and concerning which the Church of England had no definite rules. In those days, even 'sound protestants' were fain to admire the superior wisdom of the Church of Rome, who, not content with bidding her children 'fast and abstain,' gave authority to each Bishop to lay down rules for his diocese, in which the difference of climate and habits of the people were carefully considered, and all were taught how to use fasting and abstinence without incapacitating themselves for their appointed work in life.

Many, perhaps, especially in these still later times, will remember all this, and more, and not think it exaggeration when they find such ardent young people as our heroine persevering in making herself very ill by the time Easter came.

Just before Lent began, Clara had written to Mr. Wingfield, inquiring her rule for Lent.—The letter had been neglected in the press of business, which at that moment overwhelmed him. About the end of the second week in Lent, she received the following note, when she had begun to act upon her own fancy about fasting, thinking that he did not intend to answer her:

'MY DEAREST CHILD,—It was only this morning I recollected that I had not answered your inquiries as to your Lenten diet. I have had so much to occupy my thoughts and harass me lately that you must forgive my seeming negligence. I think, as you have been suffering from a cough during the winter, you had better go and call on Dr. Carter, in Portman Square, and put yourself under his directions for the ensuing Lent. I have no doubt Mrs. Temple will kindly take you there some day very soon. I do not wish you to read the *Life of St. Philip Neri*. There is much in it that would harm a mind like yours. I send you a little book on the Penitential Psalms, which I hope will be of use to you during the present season. I hope to be in London some time in Holy Week; most likely on Easter-even. I will answer your other questions when I see you. God bless this holy season to your soul's good!

'In Him ever your very affectionate— C. R. WINGFIELD.

'Greatest haste.'

Mrs. Temple put this note into Clara's hand one morning as she came out of church; and that afternoon the two friends were on their way to Portman Square.

'Now, Catherine,' said Clara, 'you know you may as well go up, and see Mrs. Carter, for I am going to talk to Dr. Carter alone.'

Mrs. Temple looked as if she intended to be beforehand with Clara nevertheless; but Dr. Carter happened to be at home, and Clara was shown directly into his study.

He was a tall, reserved-looking young man, with a deep unhealthy colour in his cheek, and the same gentle self-possessed manner which a certain party in the English Church learn to acquire. He greeted her with a kind smile.

'Well, Miss Leslie, I hope you are well. I could almost be sorry to see you.'

Clara assured him, with a blush, that she was quite well, and quite strong, and then unfolded her errand.

'Mr. Wingfield could not give one a more painful task,' said he earnestly. He then cross-questioned her what she had been accustomed to do; and then came the usual scene of half-concealment of maladies, making light of pains, and smiling entreaties to be permitted to go on as she had begun, till Dr. Carter reluctantly allowed it, saying, 'You know, Miss Leslie, if you feel the smallest diminution of strength, you must come directly and tell me, else I could not give you leave to do so much.'

'Thank you,' said Clara, with the greatest alacrity, and one of her bewitching smiles, delighted to have gained her point; 'I am sure I shall not be ill.' And our readers should have seen the hop, skip, and a jump with which she joined Mrs. Temple at the door and descended the steps into the square. 'Catherine, I may do just what I like,' said she exultingly.

Mrs. Temple shook her head.

'Have you fairly told him every thing, Clara?' 'Every thing—every thing,' said Clara merrily; 'and now the leave is given, and no one can take it away. O Catherine!' she proceeded stopping her as she was going to turn up Berkeley street, 'we are close by, and I am so in want of a little prayer-book. No one has such pretty ones as Burns.'

Mrs. Temple hesitated; but there was no resisting Clara when she was determined to gain a point. 'She got over every one,' as Mildred emphatically said. 'Every one but Douglas,' as Clara added. And to Burns's they went.

'You know I have never been here since he went over to Rome,' said Clara; 'so my curiosity burns, and my fingers itch.'

They entered the shop. It looked larger and more ornamented than before. Anglican books were still lying about, but Richardson's publications were intermixed with them. A young man at the counter looked knowingly as they entered, and on Clara's asking, in a somewhat conscious voice, for a prayer-book, answered rather smartly in a comic tone.

'A Catholic prayer-book, ma'am?'

Clara coloured high, and had almost answered 'Yes'; but truth, — or, as she deemed it then maidenly dignity, — in spite of herself, prevailed, and she said, in a tone of mingled hauteur and embarrassment,

'No, I want an English prayer-book.'

The answer was, there was none, and she was turning away with an annoyed look, when she was caught by a beautiful print of the Madonna hanging up near the door. So intently was she riveted by it that she scarcely heeded Mrs. Temple's malicious observation,

'You deserved it, Clara, for insisting upon coming here.'

The man saw her pleasure, and, approaching, so civilly asked her into the back-shop to look at a picture there, that she soon forgot her pique, followed him in, and was delighted as she had been displeased in the display of Overbeck's prints, French lithographs, German steel-engravings, and crucifixes that were heaped before her. She was soon loaded. She must have this, she could not do without this, and 'This would do for her illuminating so nicely,' and 'This would hang over her bed,' &c.; so that a long time elapsed before she rejoined Catherine, who meanwhile had been sitting reading in the outer room. She did not seem in a hurry, and Clara lingered over the books, dipping into one, and examining Catholic prayer books, and books of controversy, till she was caught by one which she quietly paid for and pocketed. It was 'Rest in the Church.' She did not observe till afterwards that Catherine was doing almost the same; but hers was a different volume. It bore the title 'Loss and Gain,' — a title which Clara did not think at all interesting.

'Who is this by?' inquired Catherine, pointed to the book she had been engaged in.

'I believe it is by a Mr. Leslie, a convert,' replied the man.

Clara turned pale, but she said not a word; and Catherine almost fancied she had not been heard or seen what was going on as she paid for the pamphlet and hid it in her bag, so intent did she seem over a pile of books.

We must not detain our readers much longer over the particulars of this Lent. One day in Passion week, Clara by hazard met Dr. Carter in the street. There was no time for escape, and he could not but see her pale face; as she laughingly confessed to Catherine afterwards, 'she felt as if she would drop all the while.' He shook his head, and declared he must look after her, in spite of her vehement assertion of being 'quite well,' and 'quite strong,' a thing Mrs. Temple quietly told her afterwards was a falshy.

Mildred looked anxious, but said nothing; Douglas either could not or would not remark any thing; Mrs. Temple, every time she saw her, remonstrated to no effect, — she had leave; and Dr. Carter knew better than any one else. Palm Sunday came on; and Clara actually bewitched Douglas into letting her attend Margaret Chapel all the week, under the pretence that the prayers at eleven cut up all her morning.

There were many who will remember the one footstep that left the Chapel on Maunday Thursday when the Communion Service began, the few solitary worshippers who 'hungered on from the eleven o'clock service on Good Friday till five o'clock, when the evening Service was read. They will remember looking up at the painted glass of the Crucifixion above the altar, and thinking the altar, with its purple covering, strip of all its ornaments, looked very dismal. How beautiful must be the service of the 'Three

Hours' they had so often heard of abroad; how much more heart-stirring must it be than their solitary attempt at imitation as they knelt on in that darkened chapel with its heavy galleries, and felt in their hearts a kind of undefined yearning after something which was not there! They then scarcely knew what this vacuum was; but they learnt afterwards to know it was the want of the presence of the Lord of Hosts, without Which gorgeous cathedrals are but a wild, and with Which the merest barn is heaven on earth, the home of Nazareth, throughout the measureless extent of the Catholic world. At least so thought Clara, as she knelt on in meditation at the foot of the cross during those long silent hours of that Good Friday; the stretch of her mind unbroken by anything but by her own watching the hands of her little watch go round as she counted the hours wherein the Son of God hung on the saving rood in that long agony; and felt, when they had at last slowly marked the hour of three, and she had contemplated the last great cry Wherewith He had given up His spirit to His Father, that the worst was over, and she might, during the three hours that yet remained, think that His pain was over, and He was hanging on the bloody tree, stiff and cold, with her, the Mother of Sorrows, watching below, and the loved disciple, and the Magdalene! And then came the same read service, and the lecture describing again in thrilling language what she had just been contemplating. It did not suit her feelings, for they were spent and exhausted. — She would have delighted in that harrowing description in the morning; but now she wanted to be told of what was then going on, — the taking down from the cross, and the contemplation of that lifeless form, marred and wan, in the arms of the pale and tearful mother. She wanted to be told of the weeping Magdalene and the beloved disciple: she wanted to watch on beside them, the taking out of each bloody nail, to count the thousand precious wounds, and wash them from the clotted gore in her warm tears; she wanted to embalm the still corpse in her sighs, to see the precious ointment poured around His form, and to watch with lighted lamps that never might beside the open sepulchre. She scarcely listened; it seemed to tear open just healed wounds, and she longed for the still quiet of the Easter-eve, which to her was set in. She turned from the thoughts that evening sermon suggested, as soon as possible, and returned to her own contemplations; and long after, when dusk was stealing on apace, Clara Leslie still knelt, dreaming on in silence. At last she remembered the time, and hastened home, to eat a hurried meal and go to her chamber. Even Mildred and Douglas seemed to be affected. Each one had spent that day in quiet; each one was looking forward to the morrow. And the morrow came with its preparations and its quiet half gladness.

(To be continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONSECRATION BY CARDINAL CULLEN.—On Sunday last the Catholic Church of Donnybrook was consecrated by Cardinal Cullen. The ceremony of the consecration commenced at 11 o'clock, and was followed by High Mass, with musical service by Gounod; and, altogether, the services lasted until after two o'clock. The admission was by ticket. There was a very crowded congregation, which included the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and numbers of Catholic citizens of note. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. Mr. Burke, who made special allusion to the past and the present of that particular locality. In former times he said the immediate vicinity of the place had been too often remarkable for scenes of vice. That had given place to a different state of things, and the site was now consecrated to religion. The new edifice is a handsome one, reflecting much credit on the architect and the builder, Mr. Meade. The Cardinal on leaving was cheered by the very numerous assemblage outside.

THE NEW INDUSTRY FOR IRELAND.—It is a generally acknowledged fact that Ireland does not lack the natural means to become an important agricultural and manufacturing country so much as it does that persistent energy on the part of its inhabitants as a nation which is necessary to the accomplishment of the desired end. The cultivation of flax as a staple produce has been tried with greater success than the slow increase in the annual production which lead the statist to suppose. Numerous and exhaustive experiments have proved that the soil of Ireland is eminently adapted to the culture of tobacco; and yet it is a debatable question whether in the event of the Government legalising the growth of this plant in commercial quantities, Irishmen would fully avail themselves of the advantage or encourage the introduction of English capital for the purpose. The subject of Ireland's commercial regeneration does not cease to occupy both the philanthropic and practical mind and we all look forward with no small amount of hope to a time when the many thousands of acres of uncultivated soil will be made to yield wealth in proportion to the great natural advantages they possess. Perhaps the anti tobacco theories urged against the use of our favourite narcotic have in a measure prevented the subject of its cultivation in Ireland receiving the attention at the hands of our legislators which it undoubtedly deserves. But notwithstanding this, we had hoped to see the question fully discussed during the session now drawing to a close.

It is very properly urged by certain gentlemen who have agitated the question that protection to our colonies can no longer remain a reasonable excuse for prohibiting the cultivation of tobacco at home, and the argument as to the expense and difficulty of collecting duty upon home grown produce is well met by reference to the experience we have had in other dutiable articles, such as hops and spirits. We have also before us the experience of France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany, where an inland duty is collected upon beetroot sugar and other articles of growth and manufacture.

Beet sugar, which possesses no properties likely to offend the refined sensibilities of gentlemen belonging to the anti tobacco league which would in Ireland yield a larger return to the grower than flax, is the new branch of industry—new only so far Great Britain is concerned—to which we desire to draw attention.

We are prompted in that desire by two circumstances; one the publication a few months since of a very able pamphlet by Mr. A. Baruchson of Liverpool upon the 'History and Progress of the Manufacture of Beetroot Sugar,' and the other the recent completion of a very extensive sugar refinery in Dublin, the first and only refinery that Ireland can boast of.

Mr. Baruchson in his little history, shows incontestably the value and importance of the trade in beet sugar, and incidentally expresses surprise that no effort has as yet been made by an association of capitalists or by private individuals to develop the agricultural resources of Ireland in connection with such manufactures as that of beet sugar. On the

other hand, Messrs Bowley and Company have not only set an example which should stimulate their countrymen to enterprise both in this and other branches of trade, but have partially provided the very means by which a crop of beetroot, easily cultivated, may be rendered extremely profitable to speculators.

It is even stated that a beet crop in Ireland would yield on the average nearly half as much more per than in France, the soil and climate being more favourable for the growth of beet, while improvements in agriculture united to British capital would increase the product on still more and more.—Grocer and Oil Trade Review.

LANDED PROPERTY IN IRELAND.—He who desires so to understand the condition of Ireland, must realize to himself the full import of the historical fact that all the rights of landed property rest on the confiscations not, be it remembered, upon confiscations of remote antiquity, like those which followed the Normans into England—but upon confiscations following a conquest which has been never wholly fought out—a strife which is still continued in many a varying form. Of the ancient Irish families that existed before the landing of Strongbow, but two or three retain their estates. But even of the Anglo-Norman knights who landed with Strongbow, the representatives who still hold their properties are very few. Almost the entire property of the island is derived either from the settlement of Ulster by James the First, or Cromwellian settlement of the rest of the country. The latter is the title of by far the greater portion. Probably no man at the Irish bar has ever seen a devolution of title that did not commence with a patent granting and forfeited estate. Lord Clare estimated in the Irish House of Lords, that in the course of the seventeenth century the whole soil of Ireland had been confiscated at least once, considerable of it three times.—(Butt on Land Tenure.)

Harvest operations are progressing rapidly throughout the counties of Dublin, Wicklow, Wexford, Kildara, Meath, Mayo, and Galway. Reports as to the probable abundance of the harvest vary, and bad weather is recorded as during a week past retarding somewhat the saving of the grain crops. There can, however, be no doubt, and the opinion is given from considerable personal observation, that the crops of wheat, oats, barley, and potatoes of the present autumn will be above the average. For green crops of every description the rain which recently fell very generally throughout Ireland proved most advantageous, and the after grass all over the country looks most verdant and almost luxuriant. The undoubted scarcity of harvest hands is driving away the Irish prejudice long existing against machinery, and in many places where it was never heard before the reaping machine is found doing its work rapidly and well. No longer are crowds of harvest reapers found thronging the quays of Dublin and Waterford to take steamer for England to assist in cutting down the crops; they are so sought after that recently near the latter port the novel sight was presented of a number of farm labourers being conveyed out of town on jaunting cars to a country estate to assist in the harvest.—Times Dublin Cor.

FLAX GROWING AND SPINNING LABOR FOR THE PEOPLE.—It was an unwise course for the farmers of this and other counties in Leinster to give up, many years ago, the cultivation of flax. It was, we may say, an imitation of the act which deprived of life the bird that layed the golden eggs: it cut off a source of certain profit, and extinguished a branch of agriculture which gave a great deal of labour to the working classes. But the increase of cotton spinning in England alarmed the linen manufacturers in Ireland, and most of them gave up the business, and consequently the price of flax was reduced, and its cultivation abandoned.

Ulster, more resolute, persevered in growing flax, and in the worst of times, determined to sustain the linen manufacture. The result has been that the trade increased, that the towns flourished, and the people can now show more prosperity than is to be seen in many parts of Ireland. No doubt Ulster possessed advantages which were not to be met in any of the other provinces. She had the custom of tenant right, resident landlords who sympathized with the population, and a liberal banking system, which gave aid to every every enterprising merchant and manufacturer.—Dundalk Democrat.

REPORT ON THE FLAX CROP.—Mr. Donnelly has issued his annual report on the flax crop, and the valuable statistics which he furnishes enables us to ascertain the extent to which this important crop has been sown in the different provinces and counties of Ireland. It is gratifying to find that there is on the whole an increase of 11,986 acres over last year. In fact the quantity of flax sown this year is greater than there has been sown in any year since 1851, with the exception of 1864, when the area under the crop reached the unusual extent of 301,693 acres. The increase in this year's crop is wholly confined to Ulster. Leinster shows a slight improvement; but Munster and Connaught have fallen considerably short of last year's returns. This is chiefly attributable to the difficulty which the people in these districts experience in finding a market for the flax. They are also more or less in the position of experimentalists with the crop, and they are as yet unable to grow or prepare an article that will bring the high prices obtained in the Northern markets. A little perseverance and industry will, however, enable them to overcome these obstacles.

The potato blight has appeared in the neighborhood of Enniskillen; but, as yet, has done little harm beyond a softening of the tubers which deteriorates their nutritive quality.

It is stated that a beet crop in Ireland would yield on the average nearly half as much more per acre than in France, the soil and climate being more favorable for the growth of beet, while improvements in agriculture, united to British capital, would increase the production still more.

The Ulster Observer of Saturday, Aug. 18th, says: 'The stormy weather we had lately here is most unfavorable to agriculture, and the growing crops, particularly oats and flax, are laid to a great extent.'

ARREST FOR ALLEGED FENIANISM.—On Thursday last Constable McOrdy, of Plumbridge Station, County Tyrone, arrested a man named James Hamilton, a private belonging to the 75th Regiment, on a charge of Fenianism. It appears that the prisoner was on furlough in the locality, and his demeanor, for some time past, was such as to rouse the suspicions of the police, yet he still managed to avoid any infringements of the law until the day in question, when he was arrested for calling himself a Fenian and cursing the Queen and royal family. Next day he was brought before Major Cole Hamilton, J.P., who remanded him for eight days, when it is expected that evidence will be produced to establish more closely his connexion with the Fenian conspiracy.

DISCHARGE OF FENIAN PRISONERS.—Mr. O. J. O'Donnell, divisional magistrate, attended at Kilmalham Prison on Wednesday, for the purpose of taking the recognizances and perfecting the saries of bail for Thomas Devane, saddler and harnessmaker, late of Roscommon, who was forthwith discharged from custody.

The Lord Lieutenant has directed that Mr. Corbett son of Mrs. Corbett, of Upper William-street, who has been a prisoner since last February in the county Limerick Jail, under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, shall be released.

SENTENCES ON PRIVATE HARRINGTON.—On Tuesday morning the sentence of Private Harrington, found guilty of coming to the knowledge of an intended mutiny and not giving notice of it to his commanding officer, was read by Major Knipe, as brigade major, before the assembled troops in the Royal Barracks. It was, that the prisoner be marked with the letter D, and suffer penal servitude for life.

DEPARTURE OF FENIAN PRISONERS FROM BELFAST.—On Saturday the remainder of the Fenian prisoners, to the number of twenty-three, including those who were arrested in Belfast, and who had been confined in Belfast jail for some time back under the Habeas Corpus Act, were removed via the Ulster Railway to Dublin. It will be recollected that thirty four were removed on Thursday. The prisoners on Saturday were escorted on foot through the town, accompanied by a number of the Belfast police force. They were marched through Carrick hill, Millfield, Mill street, and Barrack street, and were followed by a large number of sympathizers from those localities, who cheered them lustily. At the railway station a great number of persons from the neighborhood of the Ponnd assembled, and the police experienced great difficulty in preventing them from forcing an entrance into the terminus.

Mr. John Wallace, of Mortalstown, Kilsnane, co. Limerick, who was arrested for Fenian proclivities has been by order of his Excellency discharged from Limerick jail, on giving bail, which has been entered into before D. B. Franks, Esq, the esteemed and popular resident magistrate of Bruff. Report has it that the police authorities strongly opposed his discharge, but that his Excellency paid no attention to their communication, but acted on the justice and humanity of the case submitted to obtain his discharge; and in this instance, where a highly respectable young man was in custody without sufficient proof to connect him with the organisation, no charge whatever, except the simple fact of being once seen in the company of Captain Dunn, of Charleville, late of the Federal army, but now in New York, the hostile interference was most unjustifiable and highly reprehensible, and we unhesitatingly say that, should such be true, it is a case which should be brought before Parliament at its next sitting. The liberty of subject of the Queen is too sacred to be infringed upon, nor should, in any instance, the bounds of duty be over-stepped, as had been apparently done in Mr. Wallace's case.—Limerick Reporter.

RELEASE OF STEPHEN LEE.—The Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to issue an order for the discharge of the above person, who was committed to Armagh prison on the 26th February last, under the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. William M. Miller, Esq, R.M., attended at the prison on the 24th inst., and Lee, on giving his own security in 10l. to keep the peace for three years was liberated. Lee is the last of the four persons who were committed to this prison on the charge of Fenianism.

On Friday Mr. O'Donnell, Chief Magistrate, proceeded to Mountjoy prison, and admitted to bail Mr. Hollywood, of Dublin, and Mr. Francis Donnellan, of Limerick, who were both in custody under the Suspension Act. Both prisoners were held to bail in 100l. each, with two securities of 50l. each.

Thomas Baines, the person accused of tampering with soldiers, especially in Liverpool and other English cities, has been again before a Dublin magistrate. Two pirates of the 61st Regiment gave evidence against him of a very damaging character. He was again remanded, at the request of his counsel.

EMIGRATION OF ALLEGED FENIANS.—By the City of Manchester, which sailed on Monday, two alleged Fenians, named John Hynes and Michael Fitzharris, proceeded to New York. The parties had been confined at Mountjoy prison, having been arrested after the suspension of the Act, the former in Dublin and the latter in the county Cork. Hynes comes from the county Westmeath, and Fitzharris belongs to Carlow.—Cork Daily Herald.

Arrangements, it is understood, are in progress for removing all the political prisoners in custody under the writ of Habeas Suspension, from the several counties to Dublin, where they will be divided between Mountjoy and Kilmalham Prisons; or if possible they will be all transferred to Mountjoy Prison, their further custody in Kilmalham necessitating an extra military guard as well as seriously interfering with the usual discipline of the prison.—Discharges on bail are daily taking place from both prisons, so that the aggregate number is now much reduced.

William Kearney, the self-accused murderer of the man George Clarke, shot at night on the banks of the Dublin Canal during the Fenian disturbances, and, it is more than suspected, in connexion with that conspiracy, has been, after a long period of remand, fully committed to stand his trial for the crime with which he charged himself.

THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.—Mr. Reardon has given notice that he will, next session, introduce a bill for the repeal of the Act of Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland and to restore the constitution of 1782; also for the permanent appointment, or during the pleasure of the crown, of the royal princes of England to the vicereignty of Ireland, at a suitable income, to be paid out of the revenue of Ireland.

THE UNITED STATES CONSUL IN DUBLIN.—A correspondence which has passed between Mr. W. B. West, the United States Consul at Dublin, and a Mr. P. J. Condon, an American citizen who had been detained in Mountjoy Prison, is published in the New York papers. Mr. Condon sought his release, which he obtained on the ground that he was a naturalized American; and it is charged against Mr. West that in procuring the release of Condon he accepted terms from the British Government which were degrading to him as an officer of the American Republic — that he 'played the part of a flunkey to the Lord Lieutenant.'

ORANGE DISORDERS IN MOIRA.—A correspondent from Moira as follows: 'On Saturday evening, the 18th inst., an Orange mob collected here on the street with files and drums, marching up and down playing party tunes, from eight until ten o'clock or so. Some of them were drunk, and cursing the Pope, and keeping up as much confusion as they possibly could disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of the town. This is quite a usual thing here, and the authorities do not interfere in any way on such occasions. There are a great many people who complain very much of the annoyance they feel at such proceedings. As there is a magistrate residing here, and a number of police stationed here also, it would be well if these authorities would exercise their power before anything more serious be the result of proceedings which, they are allowed to be carried on, only tend to create animosity, and excite party feeling among different classes of her Majesty's subjects.—Belfast Northern Whig.

While the procession, which accompanied the Lord Lieutenant on his arrival in Dublin, was moving through Westland-row, on Thursday, Aug. 23, Inspector Doyle, of the G division, arrested a man in the crowd, on the allegation that he had been making use of seditions expressions. The prisoner was removed to Chancery-lane station, where he remains.

The following appears under the head of 'Information Wanted' in one of our Irish exchanges:—Of John and Jane Havin, who left Newbliss, county Monaghan, about 1845, and went to Canada. When last heard of, were in Kingston, Upper Canada. Any information respecting them will be thankfully received by their brother, Thomas Havin, stonecutter, Pontack Inn, Christian street, Liverpool.

The Ulster Observer says, with regard to the cholera:—'No fresh cases have taken place since our last. Returns from the dispensary medical officers were received by the Sanitary Committee at their meeting, yesterday, to that effect. We are happy to add that the patients who remained under treatment are in a convalescent stage.' The sanitary officials continue to whitewash, disinfect and cleanse Ballymacarrett and some lanes off Hercules street. It is a matter of congratulation that the dreadful epidemic, the appearance of which some days since spread a panic through the town, has disappeared without causing more than a few deaths.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.—One of those messages which usually bring sad tidings from sea was picked up on the Ballygeary strand. The document is written with pencil, in a seemingly steady hand, and was conveyed in an uncorked oil-flask. The paper is partly besmeared with oil, which makes some of the writing illegible. As well as it can be read, it runs thus:—'My dear father and mother—I now continue to let you know that I am not alive in the 'Monster of the Sea.' We sailed, P. P. C.' By giving this publicity, friends may identify the initials P. P. C.—The oil has so disfigured the writing that we are inclined to think the 'Monster of the Sea' should be read the 'Monarch of the Sea.' This bit of paper is written on measures only on three inches and a half, and was originally a visiting card, from which the name of Mr. Floyd or Mr. Lloyd has been erased. Though there was no cork in the bottle, not a drop of salt water got into it. There was another small bit of paper in the bottle, with some two words on it, but it was torn in the taking of it out and thrown away by the finder, thinking it was useless. The original document is in the hands of the coast-guard.—Wexford People.

A Drogheda correspondent of Dublin paper, says of the cholera:—'There appears to be no doubt that this fearful malady has at length made its appearance in this town, where, in 1832 and 1849, so many persons fell victims to its ravages. A woman named Maria Flaherty, thirty years of age, a native of Dublin, and wife of a shoemaker, was seized with the illness on the 14th inst., after her return from Liverpool. She was attended by Dr. Ellis, who pronounced the case a decided one of Asiatic cholera. It appeared that the woman came over from Liverpool on the night of the attack, and she resided in a room in which two families were situated, numbering fourteen individuals. She died at three o'clock this morning, and was interred in the Chord burial ground two hours afterwards.'

DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR CANADA.—The London-derry Sentinel of the 31st says:—'The screw iron troop ship Tamar embarked yesterday at Portsmouth the 1st battalion of the 17th Regiment, which had arrived by special train from Aldershot, and sailed in the afternoon for Devonport. The 17th will disembark from the Tamar at that port, and the 13th Regiment will afterwards embark and proceed to the ship to Queenstown, where they will find place on board of the 53d, which the 'Tamar' will then convey to Quebec. The 60th, screw iron troopship, will proceed from Portsmouth on Monday next to Queenstown, to embark there the 61st Regiment for conveyance to Quebec. The Post says that yesterday a squadron of the 13th Hussars, on its march from Coventry to its headquarters at York, received orders by telegraph to sail, and the whole regiment, and possibly another cavalry regiment, will proceed as rapidly as possible to Canada, embarking at Liverpool.

THE TENANT AND TENANT RIGHT.—The Lord Lieutenant, in replying to the address presented to him, on Saturday last, by the Corporation of Dublin, alluded to the subject of tenant right in the following terms:—'I can assure you that there exists amongst her Majesty's present tenants the most earnest desire to promote the welfare of Ireland, and they will consider themselves, indeed, fortunate if any measure that they may find it possible to propose shall have the effect of securing to the tenant a compensation for bona fide improvements without infringing on the rights of property.'

This so far is very satisfactory; for remember it was not a deceitful Whig who was speaking, but a Conservative, who generally means what he says. The Tories, having pledged themselves to legislate on the Irish land question, are sure to bring in a Bill on the subject in the next session of parliament.—They are making preparation, we have no doubt for the great work. The different clerks of poor law unions have received circulars this week from the poor law commissioners, requesting to be furnished, in obedience to an order of the House of Lords, with a return of the number of notices of eviction, &c., served on the relieving officers of each union, from the year 1860, to the end of 1865.

We presume that it was Lord Derby who directed these returns to be obtained. If we are correct in saying so, it is a proof that the new Premier is resolved to commence his labors on the land question, well prepared to show the tenants the better side, and to prove that no country could improve or continue loyal or peaceable whilst the landlord had power in his hands, first to rackrent and plunder the tenants, and then to expel them from their holdings and convert them into daring rascals or miserable paupers.

If Lord Derby takes the question in hand, as he promised, the country may rely upon it, that it will be dealt with in a straightforward, satisfactory manner. The wretched and deceitful Whigs only sported with the question.—Dundalk Democrat.

NEW BRECK-LOADING RIFLE.—The inventor's interview with the Emperor Napoleon.—A clever Corkman, Mr. Henry Craig, son of Mr. John Craig, the late manager of the Cork branch of the Bank of Ireland, has invented a breech-loading needle-gun on a new principle. Into the merits of the invention we cannot at present enter, not having seen it practically tested; but from the approval the weapon has received from no less an authority than the Emperor of the French, it is likely to take a prominent place among the many rifles of the day. Mr. Craig, desiring to submit this invention, as well as others, of a less warlike nature, to the Emperor, went to Paris a few days since with that object in view. He applied for an interview, and next day he received a letter from the Emperor's private secretary, appointing a certain hour for his attendance. The secretary stated in his communication that, owing to the many engagements of his Majesty, he could not promise Mr. Craig the desired audience; but that he would himself see him, and enter into the matter with him. Mr. Craig had a long interview with the secretary, to whom he explained the principle of his gun, and the other inventions for which he had secured patents. During the interview, a gentleman, plainly and unpretendingly dressed, with a forge-cap in his hand, entered the apartment, glanced at the picture on the wall, and then hastened carelessly to the window, and looked out; in fact, appeared to be a kind of privileged visitor. Mr. Craig knew, from his likeness to portraits, that the quietly dressed gentleman was the Emperor; but as his Majesty did not desire to be known, Mr. Craig continued his explanation to the secretary. The gentleman soon approached the table, and then the secretary presented the stranger to his Majesty in due form. The Emperor at once entered into the subject of the needle-gun, the principle of which is comprehended in a moment. His Majesty expressed himself much pleased with the weapon, especially with its simplicity of mechanism, and the facility with which it was loaded; but while he thought it amongst the best of the kind that he had seen, he would, of course, pronounce no formal opinion upon it, as it should be invited to the commission which had charge of all new inventions of the kind. The Emperor was minute in his inquiries as to the other inventions, and desired that they should be referred to the appropriate departments. Nothing could be more simple, courteous, and kindly than the manner of Mr. Craig's reception by the Emperor; and the smallest official in any public establishment in London would have considered his dignity compromised had he received Mr. Craig with half the courtesy his Majesty displayed, or taken a title of the trouble to ascertain the value of the inventions; and we may add that the facilities with which the required interview was granted may serve as a lesson to the red-tape of our government departments, who seem to regard an inventor as a person to be snubbed and repelled, and eventually extinguished by the application of a accession of official wet blankets.—Cork Examiner.

The emigration from Queenstown for the week ending August 18th, has somewhat exceeded that of the previous week—the number being 690; previous week, 500.

We understand that authority has been received from Dublin Castle to release, on bail, Mr. Alexander O'Leary who was arrested in this city under the Habeas Corpus Act in March last. The bail bonds, it is expected, will be perfected in a few days, and Mr. O'Leary will be restored to his family. Mr. M. J. Collins, solicitor, forwarded the memorial in this case.—Cork Examiner.

Count on souls, those who leave Ireland and retain their native purity and those who, leaving it, fall away into the slough of indifference, and on which side will you find the balance? The credit stands on Lucifer's side of the ledger not on the Archangel Michael's. I am seriously afraid. If you seek through the byways of Liverpool or London, New York or Philadelphia, Montreal or Toronto, or anywhere else to which the humber of my countrymen have fled for refuge, you will find a considerably larger number foreigners with the goats than with the sheep. It is my candid opinion that of every five of our people who carry their household gods from Ireland there, on a moderate average, become corrupted themselves instead of evangelizing those among whom their lot is cast. Father Nugent, of Liverpool, has drawn up an official report which puts this beyond contradiction. So has Bishop Lynch, of Toronto. I can aver for my own part that it is lamentably true of New York.—New York Cor. of Dublin Irishman.

His Excellency the Marquis of Abercorn has ordered the discharge of Thomas Devane, of Nenagh, harness maker, from Mountjoy prison on completing the usual securities before Mr. Fleming, R. M., Nenagh. Devane had been arrested on suspicion of Fenian proclivities by the Nenagh police, and discharged for the want of evidence. He was subsequently arrested on a Wodehouse warrant.—Tipperary Advocate.

CAUTION AGAINST ILLLEGAL SOCIETIES.—We understand that in the Catholic churches of this town the officiating clergymen have publicly cautioned their hearers against the artifices of an individual, formerly in Her Majesty's service, but now ostensibly the emissary of an illegal society, who is endeavoring to persuade young men to become members of the confederacy he represents. They were warned that if, after this timely notice, they brought themselves within the meshes of the law, they need not expect the sympathy of any Catholic clergyman. It is to be hoped that the police will keep a sharp look out for the person to whom the clergymen referred to.—Northern Whig.

FATAL OCCURRENCE.—At 7, Aug. 23.—As the Rev. Mr. Weldon accompanied his sister to the residence of his brother, Sir A. C. Weldon, Bart., Kilmoroney, Athy, on Monday last, and whilst going down a steep hill at Dunamice, near Stradbally, the horse (a young one) took flight, and after running some distance upset the vehicle and broke his leg. Miss Weldon was thrown under the carriage, and the injuries she sustained were so severe that she died on Tuesday evening at Dr. Percival's residence, Stradbally, where she was conveyed after the occurrence. Her brother had a most miraculous escape, not even sustaining the slightest injury. The horse having broken his leg was immediately shot. The above occurrence has created a deep feeling of regret, as Sir A. C. Weldon is much esteemed and respected in the locality.

The Commissioners appointed by the Lords of the Treasury to inquire into the condition of the Curragh of Kildare, have announced their intention of holding a court at Newbridge on Friday, the 14th of September and following days.

DEATH OF THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.—It is with deep regret we have to announce this sad event, which took place on Monday afternoon at the shooting box of the Master of the Rolls in Scotland, where he had arrived for the grouse season a few days before in the apparent possession of excellent health. On Sunday he complained of faintness, and soon after he was attacked with a stroke of paralysis, which terminated his honored life shortly after one o'clock on Monday. In the death of the Right Hon. Thomas Barry Cusack Smith the public have sustained a great loss, and the poor tenant farmers of Ireland a tried and sincere friend. A more just and able judge never sat in the Court where he so long and so worthily presided since the 20th of January, 1845, when he succeeded the Right Hon. Mr. Blackburne, the present Lord Chancellor. The news of the demise of the Master of the Rolls will be heard with regret by all who knew him either in his public capacity as a judge or in private life. He was called to the Bar in Easter Term, 1812, and was at the time of his death in his 54th year. Judgeships were hereditary in the family. His grandfather Michael Smith, was a judge—his father, William, a Baron of the Exchequer, and himself Master of the Rolls. We believe his grandfather filled the same office. It is stated that the remains will be brought to Dublin for interment.—Freeman.

The mastership of the Rolls has been offered to Baron Fitzgerald, but he has respectfully declined it. It will next be offered to Baron Hughes.

THE CHOLERA.—The presence of such a dread visitant upon our shores demands a few words of notice. As yet it has stricken down but a few victims, chiefly in Dublin and Westport, but if it follow the track of its predecessor in 1832, it will be more extensive. According to the Cholera map published by Sir Dominic Corrigan (in order to prove that it is not contagious) it made its presence known in each of the four provinces; but whilst it was very heavy in the more densely populated province of Ulster. Tyrone county seems to have escaped almost entirely. Part of this desirable absence of the disease we may attribute to the love of lime-wash which pervades Ulster—and although Davis said whitewash was the fittest thing that could be put on a cottage (from which opinion we differ) it has its valuable uses.

But we do not think that there is reason to fear the same prevalence of the cholera now which it formerly had. The writings of Panin and others show that there was a race of Buccacchi whose habits and habits would foster, if not almost generate disease. Squads of these unpleasant objects used to perambulate in beggar-gangs the country which was most severely subjected to the ravages of the cholera. The dread of the disease will do one good act: it will quicken our local authorities to the existence of shocking nuisance.—Dublin Irishman.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The jubilant and magnificent ceremonial, then, which has just welcomed Cardinal Cullen on his return with his new honours from Rome, would doubtless not have been allowed by the suppressing policy of a former day, even if it had been thought of under it. Upon the first whisper of such an attempt the police would have been on the watch, all the arrangements would have been unearthed, all the avenues penetrated, every carpenter or upholsterer who was discovered nailing the dais or hanging the yellow curtains would have been put into gaol for months, and this jubilant scene would have been simply prevented. And what good in the world would the prohibition have done? Would it have gained one Roman Catholic to Protestantism? Not one, any more than the celebration of it has gained one Protestant to Romanism. What would it have done, then? It would simply have perverted a day of popular pleasure and rejoicing into an occasion of bitter religious strife and resentment. This honours done to Cardinal Cullen has, so far as we can judge, been a very natural and innocent festivity; it has done nobody whatever any harm. What can be more proper than that the Irish portion of the Roman Church should have its share of the honours

of that Church; and, if it gets them, what can there be more legitimate than a public congratulation of the fortunate Ecclesiastic who has been chosen for them? A large and popular communion ought to be allowed its full natural expression of feeling without any jealous or angry comments; such expressions not only give pleasure at the time, but promote permanent good; they attach people to the country which sympathizes with such liberty, and they tend to make the Irish better citizens and more contented men.—Times.

THE DEFENCES OF ENGLAND.—Professor A. W. Newman writes to the Star that he thinks England is in great danger from three quarters—from Ireland, from India, and from the exposure of our colonies and mercantile navy to attack, and from this danger our present military and volunteering system cannot be trusted to deliver us. 'The voluntary principle seems to me,' he says, 'a total mistake. The public defence should not rest on private fancy. Training to arms should be a universal compulsion; then it would fall extremely light upon all. The religious and educated would secure that its circumstances should not be demoralising. Our habits would quickly adapt themselves to definite holidays without derangement of business. The militia should be, as in old days, strictly under local authority, not under the Crown. The poorest should be trained as well as the richest, the Irish as well as the English—though I do not say that the last is immediately possible. The arms should ordinarily belong to the local arsenal. Our present system of volunteers is aristocratic, and plays into the principle of centralisation and imperial ambition. But the idea of a true militia is, that of a local institution for local defence, in which rich and poor unite. If all Englishmen within certain ages were trained to arms, no regular army could be needed for home defence, and the army might be brought down to its real minimum. It ought to be, so far as the United Kingdom is concerned, only a normal school to maintain weapons and skill in the highest state, and furnish commanders and instruction to every locality. From such institutions an army ten times as powerful as England has ever put into the field could be rapidly extemporised; and—so obvious would this be—nobody would dream of invading us. If our present volunteers encountered real war, the large slaughter of gentry would for ever forbid reinforcement on such a footing.'

We observe that an itinerant lecturer of the Murphy stamp has lately been spouting at street corners in various towns in Cornwall, his alleged object being to condemn and expose the Catholic Church. Under this guise he has taken the opportunity of disseminating the most indelicate ideas, couched in very coarse language. So intolerable has this nuisance become that some of the inhabitants of Penryn have caused the lecturer—George Reynolds—to be summoned before the magistrates for using indecent language in the public streets, contrary to the bye-laws of the borough. The report of the hearing of the case has not yet come to hand; but we shall be much disappointed if the hideous abomination be not checked by some bench of magistrates.—Weekly Register.

DISEASE AMONG STOCKS.—It is useless longer to conceal the fact that an epidemic disease is spreading over the Wold district among sheep and pigs. By some this is stated to be rinderpest, but others deny its identity with the cattle plague. Among sheep, Mr. Jordan, of Raabourne, appears to have been the chief sufferer, but the disease is more widely spread among pigs, and from inquiries made on Monday, farmers on various parts of the Wolds could be heard of as having lost from 20 to 50 pigs by a mysterious disease which they cannot understand. It is also stated that the veritable rinderpest is reappearing here and there among the cattle. After an interval of some time, another case has occurred on the farm above named, and it is stated several reappearance have occurred during the late wet weather in the East Riding. Farmers look with some alarm on this aspect of affairs. The magistrates have declared the following to be 'infected places'—The farm of Mr. A. Ingleby, of Thongumbald, South Holderness; the farm of Mr. W. Richardson, of Paul; and the farm of Mr. John Mitchellson, of Cameron, all in the East Riding.

The shoemaker's wife, as everybody knows, is always the worst shod woman in the parish. In like manner the ship-builder's wife appears to be the worst off in the world for ships. All the maritime nations of the earth are armed with ironclads, designed by or after, Cowper Coles, admittedly built in British dockyards. This country, apparently, is actually behind every other as to naval armament; being even in the rear of Brazil. Britannia supplies the world with ships of war in plenty, and is stunted of them herself. But while Crispina's lack of shoes is a thrift, Britannia's deficiency of ships is extravagance. It has cost her 70 million pounds. A silk purse is not to be manufactured with the ear of a certain female pachyderm. Neither are iron walls to be out of wooden heads.—Punch.

There was a time, and that not so distant, when the love of a Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin would have excited the greatest apprehensions in the Protestant public. It would have been regarded as the overthrow of a policy and an ascendancy which were necessary to the security of the Protestant faith. It would have been said, 'This is the first time since the Reformation that Rome has dared to exhibit itself in public and formally as a fountain of honour in this country, as conferring an ecclesiastical princely office; and it would have been considered that this was a severe blow to Protestantism. But though it is true that this Dublin ceremonial exemplifies a certain change of opinion in this country, it would be very incorrect to infer that this change of opinion affected religious faith, at all, still less that it contained anything in the least prejudicial to the Protestant faith. It is true, indeed, that the reign of over-bearing suppression—that Protestant ascendancy, in the interpretation which partisans and zealots have given to it, is over, and can never be recalled. A spirit of fair play has taken possession of the great mass of the nation. People will not tolerate any longer the system which, under the pretence of the interest of a pure faith punished people for their religion, cramped them by regulations and penalties, prosecuted them for expressing themselves, pushed them into corners, and excluded them from the natural arena of influence and action.—The policy of suppression is now obsolete. But the notion of such persons being influenced in their decision for or against any faith, in their conversion to or from any faith, by anything in law or statute, by any outward privileges attaching to a faith or not, or by any comparison of the revenues of the two respective creeds, is really so absurd that we need not discuss it. Those questions, which touch the deepest mysteries of revelation, are decided by considerations as separate from these external and political reasons as heaven is from earth; they belong to an inner region of the human mind, and to a sanctuary of thought into which fines and penalties, legal prohibitions and statute stigmas do not enter.

CHAMPAGNE.—It has so often been asserted that the quantity of Champagne consumed even in England exceeds what is grown in France that it is with some relief that one turns to the following official figures, which represent the maximum quantity annually consumed.—In America, 10,000,000 bottles; England, 6,000,000; India, 5,000,000; France, 2,900,000; Prussia and North, 2,000,000; Germany, 1,500,000. The other countries make up a grand total of about 30 million bottles, which are equal to 120 pieces of wine. Now, that portion of Champagne which is planted with vines yields on an average 300 pieces. The whole of the wine grown in Champagne is not Champagne, but still a sufficient quantity of that famous beverage is produced to meet the demand for the genuine article, or if only 30 million of bottles of champagne are drunk, Champagne is able to supply and supplies annually more than that number.

BLASPHEMOUS PLACARDS.—The Pall Mall Gazette says that offensive placards against the religion of Ireland are less common in Dublin than they were. It adds, however:—'Still, the Irish Church Mission shows by its last report that it spent £1,230 in printing, scattering, and posting up these handbills and broadsheets, and one is amazed that anybody should imagine a good effect can be produced by such writings on the wall as, 'Is not the Pope Antichrist and Rome the mother of harlots?' 'What is the Babylon of the Apocalypse?' Romanism is only Paganism baptized, &c. An Irish vein of humor seems to run through these mischievous productions. Thus, after the polite and cheerful remark that, 'the Papacy came not from hell; and its presence makes a hell upon earth,' a meeting is announced at which 'Roman Catholics are affectionately invited to attend.' How far they avail themselves of the invitation may easily be guessed; indeed it is a pity Government does not include in the provisions of the party Emblems Bill the posting of offensively controversial placards. That such things are displayed without causing continual 'rows' certainly speaks well for the good temper and forbearance of those whose faith is so rudely attacked. The Saturday Review once told us (in a paper on 'Costly Converts') that it takes over eleven hundred pounds to Christianize a Jew in Jerusalem. A Romanist priest has lately shown that, counting the 'Protestant Endowment,' we have to pay much more for every Protestantized Irishman. But the posting of offensively placards is surely an item in the expenditure which might well be saved.

Now that Archbishop Trench has taken up the proselyters, we have a right to ask him to look to this. It will be a great thing, should the time ever come, when peaceable citizens can walk through Dublin without having sickening blasphemies obtruded upon them.

THE CROPS OF 1866.—Mr. Turner, of Clifton, Yorkshire, gives in the Times his annual estimate of the crops. Wheat is not quite an average. Oats scarcely an average. Barley, an excellent crop, and above an average. Beans and peas, an average.—The turnip crop varies, but on the whole there will be more than an average crop. The potato crop is very promising, and very little diseased. Pastures everywhere good.

The anxiety as to British grain crops is increasing. The weather is very wet, and prices are higher in all markets.

HEALTH OF LONDON.—The Registrar-General, in his weekly return published on last Tuesday, speaking of the alarming spread of cholera in east London shown by his returns says:—'It is a peculiarity of the case that the greater part of this slaughter in seven days of 1,232 people of all ages took place within a small portion of the London area; 824 of the deaths—511 by cholera and 312 by diarrhoea—were registered in the six districts of Bethnal green, White chapel, St. George's in the East, Stepney, Mile end Old Town, and Poplar, including Bow, among about a seventh part of the population of London, and one fourteenth of its area. The attack extends all along the north side of the Thames, from the River Lea and the Isle of Dogs to the Tower of London. Limehouse Basin and the Regent's Canal are the central lines of the attack, which stretches as far north as Victoria Park. This is essentially the port of London, inhabited by its maritime population. The canals and the basin are full of foul water, and apparently connected with the Limehouse cut, the Hackney cut, and the River Lea.

DISEASE AMONG STOCK.—The rinderpest, or something so fatal, continues to break out in various parts of the East Riding of Yorkshire. Some farmers have lost sheep, and others pigs, in numbers, and here and there the disease—true rinderpest—appears among the cattle.

A correspondent of the Times points out the pleasant fact that none of our great fortresses have as yet been supplied with guns which would enable them to pierce, or even to 'rack,' the sides of ironclads. If these kinds of exposure go on we shall have to take the other side and chronicle cases in which people have succeeded in what they undertook, as thus:—'The guard was relieved this morning at St. James's Palace without serious accident or misunderstanding.' 'We have to congratulate the sheriff of—shire in having succeeded in hanging John Smith efficiently. Thanks to the excellent arrangements made on the occasion, the rope did not break, and the knot did not slip much. The criminal actually did die within the hour.' 'Several letters legibly addressed were delivered this morning to the persons to whom they were written.'—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE CAUSES OF CHOLERA.—There is probably a tendency at the present moment to confine attention too exclusively to external causes favor the propagation and increase the intensity of cholera. In the interest of the community these are of cardinal importance, and ought to occupy the first place in any etiological inquiry. In the interests of the individual, however, it is desirable that the influence of personal condition and habits should also be carefully investigated. One of the visitors in a severely infected district says:—'My view of all the cases was, that whatever might be the outer influences such as privy smells, sewers, or anything else of the like it was always some inward state without which the outward inoculates—it was the meeting of the two; the spark added to the ready prepared tinder. Some had a perfect immunity, whilst old cases all traced up again although in different houses, &c. Carelessness in food, want of personal cleanliness, neglect of the daily head to foot washing with soap and water—on which Mr. Chadwick justly lays so much stress—the indulgence in spirituous liquors and other irregularities, have a most marked effect. The lower classes are in the habit of indulging in drink and dissipation on the last and first days of the week and the cholera returns are always worst on the subsequent days. Personal predispositions should not by any means be overlooked.—Lancet.

CURIAL MARRIAGES.—A correspondent of the Church Times says there is little hope of the patrons of living, whether episcopal or lay, doing what they can to check indiscreet and unjustifiable clerical marriages by laying down the rule that a large family is a disqualification for a benefice, as directly tending to starve the parochial charities and stultify the clerical work. He therefore makes the following suggestion:—'There is a Celibate Society existing among our clergy already. Why not affiliate to it (a) clergymen who, though married, feel that the other is the better way; (b) clerics, married unmarried. The former undertaking not to perform their marriage ceremony for any priest, unless legally compelled, or even to be present at his wedding; the latter, if mothers, promising to refuse their consent to any clerical suitors for their daughters, and their daughters giving the like pledge for themselves.'

From the statistics we learn that in England and Wales last year there were 135 murders, 54 attempts to murder, and 277 manslaughters, the latter figure an increase of thirty per cent. over the previous.

The London Times states that the owners of merchant vessels are beginning to be alarmed at the difficulty they experience in finding seamen; and goes on to show that this is due to the general rise in the prices of labor and the low rates paid to seamen.

UNIONISM.—The Church Review is an organ of the 'Church Union'—a very High Church party. It contained the other day an article advocating the reception of Dissenters into the Church in whole denominations, allowing them to retain their peculiarities. It sees no reason why there may not be Methodist or Baptist orders in the Church of England, just as there are orders of Dominicans, Passionists, &c., in the Church of Rome. Nothing could more strongly illustrate the sense in which members of

the Establishment urge schemes of union. They have so little training in ecclesiastical knowledge and habits that they do not distinguish between the union of persons who agree upon doctrine, but adopt rules of life somewhat different, and a union between those who differ on fundamental principles. The Baptists, for instance, deny the validity of the baptism of persons not able to answer for themselves, and therefore rebaptise all who come to them from the Established and other sects. Yet the writer conceives a union between them and the Establishment to be somewhat like that of Dominicans and Passionists in the same Church. It is in this way that these men would make a corporate union with the Catholic Church!

UNITED STATES.

THE CHOLERA.—In Victims and its Lessons.—We are passing through a severe ordeal. Hundreds have fallen around us, and no man dares to presume that he shall certainly escape the epidemic, which spares not youth nor health nor station. Amongst its victims up to the present may be reckoned many who, humbly speaking, were the least likely to be stricken down. But there is a class of sufferers who should be styled rather martyrs than victims—were the devoted Sisters of Charity and Mercy who have fallen. Of the former we have to record the death of Sister Aloysia, Superioress of the Female Orphan Asylum—a model Sister of Charity, who devoted her whole life, from youth to the moment of her death (at the age of about 45) to the poor and the friendless. She was a lady of superior address and education, and of thorough business habits—a native, we believe, of Maryland. Then there was the gentle Sister Savina, of the Hospital, a Dublin lady whom everybody knew and liked, and who had been for over fifteen years stationed at the St. Louis Hospital. Another of these martyrs of Charity is Sister Basil, of the Hospital, the first, we believe, to fall in the glorious cause of God. The Sister of Mercy was Sister Mary de Pazzi, in the twentieth year of her age and second of her religious life—already crowned whilst entering the battle-field, gone to her heavenly spouse in the morning of her day.—St. Louis Guardian.

MORTALITY AMONGST FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE PRISONERS.—In reply to a resolution of the House of Representatives, says the Washington Union, of Tuesday, calling upon the Secretary of War for the number of prisoners of either side held, and that died during the war, he makes the following report: Number of Union prisoners South, 200,940; number of Confederate prisoners North, 300,000; number of Union prisoners died 22,578; number of Confederate prisoners died, 26,435. Out of 261,000 Union prisoners 22,500 died. Out of 200,000 Confederate prisoners 26,500 died. The Union prisoners exceeded the Confederate prisoners 61,000; yet the deaths of the Union prisoners fell below those of Confederate prisoners six thousand. Two thousand prisoners died out of every twenty-three in Southern pens. Two Confederate prisoners died out of every fifteen in Northern pens.

A PREACHER MURDERS A RANCOR PROPRIETOR.—The body cooled and served to Travellers.—From reliable sources we learn the following particulars of a tragedy which has recently taken place beyond the range, and which would be worthy of the times of the Borgias. Some time in May last, a man representing himself to be a minister of the Gospel, stopped at an Irishman's ranch situated at Tobacco Plains, on the road from Lead 2 O'Reille Lake to the Kootenai mines. Here the reverend gentleman remained quite a long time. Soon after he made his appearance, the Irishman was missed from the locality, but as his place was in remote portion of the country, and as mountaineers are proverbially of a raucous disposition, but little notice was taken of his disappearance. In the meantime the quodam preacher stepped into the shoes of his former host, became a veritable rancor, and essayed to keep a public house, asking prices to inform all squinting friends of the previous proprietor that he had bought out the Irishman, and the latter had gone to the lower country. This seemed a plausible story, and was readily believed until one day some friends of the missing man, who had been calling at the house afterwards searching for their horses, found human bones and a complete hand, upon which they discovered freckle marks. After this horrible discovery they demanded an explanation from their late host, but were informed that the remains in question belonged to an Indian who had been recently killed, and that he would burn them. No sooner was the conversation ended than the supposed ex-preacher commenced carrying out his intention to destroy the remains; but the friends of the missing Irishman, mistrusting that all was not right, deterred him, and commenced slowly questioning him, and finally drove to the wall he made such confessions as proved him to be the most guilty wretch that ever disgraced God's footstool by his presence. He had never bought the ranch, but had forged a bill of sale from his former landlord, and afterwards murdered him. Not satisfied with this, our informant tells us, he hacked to pieces, and cooked the corpse of the unfortunate man, and served it up in variously prepared dishes to the travellers stopping at his place. We rejoice that the villainous hypocrite has been hung.—Helena (Montana) Republican.

THE WAY TO STRENGTH.—At New York there have some health officers who are armed by the Legislature with very summary powers for the suppression of nuisances. This body came across an establishment prejudicial to public health in the shape of a tallow factory, kept by a Mr. Geise, who was besides worth \$300,000. Of course a man with so much money fancied he could do as he liked, and when the Commissioners ordered him to shut up his dangerous premises, he continued to work at night, with some precautions which he thought would be sufficient to make it impossible that any witnesses should be obtained to his illegal proceedings. At the same time he applied to the Courts for an injunction against the Commissioners, and in other ways prepared to fight them with his money. The Commissioners, however, who are wealthy, too, and men of character and courage, brought him up for a criminal offence before Judge Dowling, who declared that he was determined to give all the aid of his Court in preventing men, however wealthy, from bringing cholera and fever upon their neighbours; and he concluded by a disagreeable surprise to Mr. Geise in the shape of a sentence to a fine of \$500, term of imprisonment in the Penitentiary. We dare say that the suppression of nuisances after this will be rapid, especially on the part of persons worth \$300,000.

A BLOWING CAVE.—There is a natural curiosity in Georgia known as the 'Blowing Cave.' It is situated on the plantation of Colonel David Barrow, Decatur County, Ga., twenty seven miles from Thomasville, the terminus of the Savannah and Gulf Railroad. The cave is at the bottom of a small, natural basin, whose diameter will not at any point exceed thirty feet, in a perfectly smooth plain, and surrounded with a dense copse of wood. From the mouth of this cave issue strong currents of air, with a continuous roar that is heard several yards off. At certain hours of the day a hot or cold, or other light objects thrown at it, are blown six or seven feet high into the air, and at other hours of the day with a suction relatively great, the mouth of the cave draws in any such article placed near it.

THE DAVIS CONSPIRACY CASE.—The Federal Government in a new character.—Our American cousins do some extraordinary things for political purposes. A few days ago we were told, by telegraph, that the Judiciary Committee of Congress believed there was evidence to warrant ex-President Davis' trial for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln. The character of the witnesses who have given testimony against Davis may be inferred from the following facts.

A man calling himself 'Campbell' testified before Judge Holt (a special Commissioner,) implicating Davis. When his statement was read over to him before the Judiciary Committee, and he was asked if it was true, he replied, 'No, it is all false.' He was asked why he made it. He answered: 'I was informed by Mr. Conover that Judge Holt had offered a reward of \$100,000 for the capture of Jefferson Davis; that he had no authority really to do it; that now that Jefferson Davis was taken they had not enough against him to justify them in what they had done; that Judge Holt wanted to get witnesses to prove that Davis was interested in the assassination of President Lincoln, so as to justify him in paying the \$100,000.

Here is the fullest admission of sound-travelism we have ever read of. Next to Judge Holt, Conover appears to have been the principal party in making and collecting false evidence. His wife was a witness before Judge Holt, under an assumed name.—His sister-in-law was another. Oampbell was not the real name of the party referred to above. He says: 'Conover's name is Charles Dunham. Conover told me that if I engaged in it it was not going to hurt anybody; that Jeff. Davis would never be brought to trial; and that if this evidence got to him he would leave the country. Conover directed me to assume the name of Oampbell. There was a person described by that name who was supposed to be implicated in that affair, and I was representing this party. I met Conover in the first place, by the appointment of Seneval. Seneval said I could make money out of it. Money was my motive. I received \$625. I received \$100 from Conover and \$500 from Judge Holt. I got \$150 at Boston and \$100 at St. Albans. I went to Canada to hunt up a witness to swear false, who was to represent Lamar. Seneval and Conover together arranged with me to go to Canada. Seneval saw the written evidence I was to swear to after Conover wrote it.'

The man Seneval, of whom 'Oampbell' speaks, testified as follows before the Committee:— Joseph Seneval sworn: His right name is William H. Roberts. His deposition before Holt read to him and signed Joseph Seneval, he stated was false from beginning to end. Conover wrote out the evidence, and I learned it by heart. I made it to make money. I received \$375 from Holt, and \$100 from Conover. I told Conover that I was coming on here to testify to the truth; that I had not had any rest since I swore to what I did. He said I would be in a worse fix than I was now. This was on last Saturday.—He said things would be settled, and there would be no further trouble. When the false evidence I was to swear to was read over to me by Conover, Oampbell and Conover's brother-in-law (Mr. Ansen, were present. Conover told me he knew what Holt would ask me, and Conover asked me the same questions.—I gave this evidence before Holt. When I was wrong Conover would nod his head. Conover was present when I was sworn by Holt. When Conover would nod, I would then correct it as near as I could.—Oampbell, Conover, and Holt were present. Oampbell and I rehearsed at the hotel in Washington.—Conover said 'I was asked if such a sum would be satisfactory. I said it would. I can't tell how much he received. Conover was an agent of the Government to hunt up evidence.

The facts have been brought out by a member of the Judiciary Committee, Mr. Rogers of New Jersey. Not harmonizing, politically, with the majority of the Committee Mr. Rogers was not permitted to see the evidence taken until a few hours before Congress adjourned; otherwise the exposure would have been made in the House of Representatives. 'Conover,' the Government agent, it is said has escaped.—The deep villainy of the Conspiracy is altogether without a parallel.

MR. JOHNSON AT INDIANAPOLIS.—RIOT AND ONE MAN KILLED.—After leaving St. Louis yesterday morning there were demonstrations of welcome for the President at various points. At Indianapolis occurred a scene probably without precedent in our history; the chief magistrate of the Republic was rudely and indignantly refused a hearing. When Gen. Meredith introduced him to the people, there were mingled groans and cheers, and a great tumult. The telegraph gives the following account of the affair: Follow Citizens: [Cries for Grant.] It is not my intention [cries of 'Stop! Go on!'] to make a long speech, if you give me your attention for five minutes. [Cries of 'Go on! Stop!'] No, no, we want nothing to do with traitors! Grant! Grant! Johnson! and Groves! I should like to say to this crowd here to-night [cries of 'Shut up, we don't want to hear from you!'] 'Johnson! Grant! Johnson! Grant! Grant!'

The President paused a few moments, and then retired from the balcony. Hon. David Kilgore tried his powers of persuasion, but the crowd was unwilling, and the excursionists retired from the portico to their dinner.

While the President's party were at dinner the crowd continued to groan and make other distracting noises. Several disturbances occurred with lamentable results. Pistol shots were fired by which one man was wounded in the eye and another in the knee.

According to the best information obtainable, a man on horseback was seen riding along the line of march, and evidently giving directions, as the men soon thereafter stretched out their ranks, and persons were observed knocking down with clubs several of the transparencies, one of which bore the inscription: 'Johnson. Welcome the President.' The holder of the transparency was thrown down and a shot fired at him. A friend came to his relief and fired at the assailant. At least a dozen or more shots were fired in quick succession. The result is that one man was shot in the heart and several wounded. The President received a few friends and retired to bed at an early hour. The crowd finally dispersed from before the hotel at about 10 o'clock, at which time the city was quiet.

THE WAR ON PREACHERS.—Satan just now seems to be waging an exterminating war upon the preachers in Missouri. Not content with putting them in prison, fining and indicting them for expounding the Word of God, the devil, seems to have taken a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, with a view of getting rid of that class of criminals entirely.—The shocking murder of the Rev. Mr. Hendley has been followed it appears, by other violent acts. In Grundy County, a gang of imps, a couple of Sundays ago, drove the Rev. Joseph Devlin from his pulpit, bared percussion caps at him, and hooted him out of church, because he had not taken the oath; and for the same reason, a few days since, the Rev. Mr. Price, while on his way from DeKalb to Clinton County, was followed by a number of outlaws, who broke into a house where he was staying over night, and so beat him with clubs and pistols that the unoffending minister had to be conveyed to his home, where a despatch says, he now lies in a critical condition.—St. Louis Guardian.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—The closing hours of the Fenian Congress at Troy were passed mainly in the discussion of political matters. The question was upon the rendering of the Fenian vote to the Radicals for a consideration, but ended only in passing a vote of thanks to Gen. Banks for the passage of the bill to repeal the neutrality. A resolution was passed directing the Senate, in case of being unable to recover the arms confiscated by the United States Government during the recent raid, to apply direct to President Johnson for them.

THE FENIANS.—The New York Herald's report of the doings of the late Congress, which, like that of the rest of the press, is somewhat meagre, puts the receipts of the Fenian Treasury since the last Canadian raid at \$49,000—none of which is to be drawn without the President's signature. But as appropriations are to be made for the wives and families of Fenians captured or killed in Canada, out of this money, the balance applicable to the military object does not seem to be large.

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We beg to remind our Correspondents that no letters will be taken out of the Post-Office, unless pre-paid.
The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "JOHN JONES, August '63," shows that he has paid up to August '63, and owes his Subscription from that date.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 21.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER—1866.
Friday, 21—Ember Day. Fast. St. Matthe, Ap.
Saturday, 22—Ember Day. Fast. St. Thomas de V. B. C.
Sunday, 29—Eighteenth after Pentecost.
Monday, 24—Our Lady of Mercy.
Tuesday, 25—SS. Cornelius and Cyprien, M. M.
Wednesday, 26—St. Linus, P. M.
Thursday, 27—SS. Cosmas and Damien, M. M.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A very significant pamphlet, important as showing the light in which recent events on the Continent of Europe are regarded by the Catholic and Conservative party in France, has just appeared in Paris, under the title of *La France et la Paix*. It is from the pen of the Marquis of Larochejaquein, the inheritor of the glorious name, as well as of the noble principles of a noble and glorious ancestry; and it no doubt fairly represents the views of the best and soundest portion of French society on some of the great political questions of the day.

The writer strongly condemns the Italian policy of the Emperor. Venice should, according to his idea, have been re-established as a free Republic, especially since that Republic was destroyed by the first French Revolution, and by its great General, blotted out from the list of nations by the Treaty of Campo Formio. The Venetians themselves, though unanimous on the question of throwing off the yoke of Austria, are by no means unanimous on the question of annexation to the dominions of Victor Emmanuel; and would prefer the restoration of their ancient autonomy, to the fate now in store for them as a Province of Piedmont. As to the so-called Italian Kingdom, the Marquis is of opinion that it, in so far as France, and French interests are concerned, is a gross blunder. It may be the rival, but never can be the friend or cordial ally of France.

On the side of Prussia, the prospect, according to the same writer, is by no means reassuring.—War betwixt the said Power and France he looks upon as inevitable. Sooner or later, it must be decided on the battle-field whether France or Prussia is to be the great military Power of the future in the Old World, whether the present generation is to witness a second Rossbach, or a second Jena. This opinion is we believe, general in France, and is held in common by men who differ widely from one another on all other political questions. The susceptibility of the French on matters affecting their national greatness, and their military supremacy, is too acute to brook the ascendancy of Prussia.

The Roman question remains still in suspense, but speculation is rife as to what to what the Holy Father, as to what Victor Emmanuel and the Revolutionists will do, when the French shall have abandoned Rome to the tender mercies of the latter, and left the Vicar of Christ helpless and defenceless—humanly speaking—in the hands of his foes. The downfall of the Papacy, the final discomfiture of the "Man of Sin" are events now confidently expected by the more enthusiastic section of Protestantism; whilst the *Times*, less enthusiastic, looks forward hopefully to a reconciliation betwixt the Sovereign Pontiff and Victor Emmanuel, under the terms of which the Pope shall contentedly subside into the subject of the latter, and barter the independence of the Holy See, and consequently of the Catholic Church, for a comfortable stall in the Vatican.—This is the object of those Protestants who hate in Popery, not so much its dogmas, or its spiritual side, as its independence of the civil power, as its claims to be a kingdom in itself, not subject to the State. A well broken in, docile Catholicity, acknowledging itself subordinate to the temporal power, submitting its faith, its discipline, its property, and the appointments of its Ministers to the civil magistrate, would find much favor as a convenient instrument of despotism, as a useful because servile political tool, in the eyes of that section of the Protestant community of which Cavour was the representative on the Continent, and of which the London *Times* is the mouthpiece in the British islands. According to

the views of this party, the Pope is only dangerous so long as he is independent; as the creature of the civil magistrate, as the humble servant of the State, the Pope would be not only no longer dangerous, but a very useful adjunct to the political machine, a valuable wheel, to be kept well oiled, and carefully greased. Thank God! however, to this vile position—that of an Anglican Primate, or of a Patriarch of Constantinople—the Pope will never voluntarily descend. He may for a time be stripped of the independence of a sovereign, even of his personal liberty; there will remain to him, as to his sainted predecessors of the first centuries, the independence of persecution. Better freedom in the Catacombs, than a gilded dungeon in the Vatican.

The Fenian Congress has passed off, without having allowed any certain knowledge of its policy to transpire. Many of the United States papers speak of another raid upon Canada as certain to occur in the course of the coming autumn; and argue that it is not the duty of the U. States Government to stand betwixt Irishmen and Great Britain. They forget, however, that the Fenians in the United States are their own fellow-citizens, subjects in fact of the laws of the United States; and that every government is bound to stand betwixt its own subjects, and communities with which it is at peace. Disguise it as they will, a Fenian raid means an armed attack by United States citizens, sanctioned by the U. States government, upon the people of Canada, with whom the government of the U. States does not even pretend to have any cause of quarrel. In this light it will be looked upon in Great Britain.

In Canada the constant and heavy rains still continue, causing incalculable injury to the still outstanding crops. The Lower Province will be the chief sufferer by this unprecedented spell of wet weather.

Recent telegrams by Atlantic cable announce a hitch in the negotiations betwixt Austria on the one hand, and Prussia and Piedmont on the other. The cause is said to be connected with the Venetian debt, but details are not given. In the meantime Prussia has countermanded its orders for the withdrawal of its troops from Bohemia, and another war may be the consequence. It is hard to believe that, crippled as she has been Austria, would provoke another appeal to arms were not she assured of the support of France. Probably Louis Napoleon is at work again, and this fresh difficulty is the first symptom of his intrigues.

CHURCH OF THE "GESSU."—We are authorized to state that there will be nencforward, at 8 a.m. on Sundays, and all other Festivals of the Church, a Low Mass, with instruction delivered in the English language; and that at 8 p.m. of the same days, there will be given also in the same church, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and another instruction, also in English.

A good many years ago, Mr. C. Hemans, son to the gifted poetess, made abjuration of Protestantism, and was received into the Catholic Church on making profession of the Catholic Faith. He has lately, so we learn from the Protestant press, renounced the latter, and returned to Protestantism, connecting himself with the Anglican sect; and for this change he gives his reasons, in a letter published in the London *Guardian*, and thence transferred to their own columns by many of our Protestant contemporaries. These reasons our Catholic readers will of course be anxious to see, and we give them therefore in Mr. Hemans' own words.

Mr. Hemans, it should be premised, had for some years been living in Rome, and studying the monuments of Christian antiquity in which the Holy City is so rich. In these monuments, so carefully preserved by the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome, and in which, according to the testimony of many of the most eminent archaeologists of the day, all the peculiar doctrines of the Papal or Romish Church can be discovered, and which it would be the obvious interest of the said Church under whose absolute custody they are, to destroy, mutilate, or falsify, if their evidence were hostile to her claims, Mr. Hemans, found, or fancied that he found, the condemnation of two doctrines—to wit, the Supremacy of the Pope as successor of St. Peter, and the *cultus* of Our Blessed Lady; therefore—though the logical link betwixt this premise, and his practical conclusion is not by any means apparent—therefore, he joined the Anglican sect of the great Protestant body. This, we say, seems to us a happy instance of the *non sequitur*; for it by no means follows that because a gentleman ceases to be a Catholic, and thereby becomes a Protestant, that he becomes a Protestant of the Anglican pattern in particular. If in ancient Rome all the old roads met, so from modern Rome there are many roads besides that which has its terminus at Lambeth; with this preface, we proceed to lay before our readers the letter, wherein writing apparently to some Protestant minister, a friend of his, Mr. Hemans sets forth the reasons which determined him to leave Rome:—

Rev. and Dear Sir:—In reference to the step I have lately taken in leaving the communion of the Roman Catholic Church, it has seemed to me that,

as in regard to such solemn questions the experiences of every mind may be worthy of attention, a simple statement of my motives may not be uninteresting. Having been induced, during the many years spent by me at Rome, to examine into the evidences of Christian antiquity in the range of catacomb monuments, and having approached that study with a strong sense of the value of these primitive records as the incorrupt and pure expression of the mind of the ancient Church, I have been finally led to see that between the picture of a past reality there presented, and the actual religious practice of Rome exists an opposition affecting essentials—an irreconcilability, in short, which I believe no amount of ingenious erudition, nor argumentation or sophistry, can either explain away or harmonize. Without entering into controversy, for which I have neither taste nor vocation, I may indicate two points especially which I believe to be condemned, in their Roman Catholic acceptance, by the testimony of those ancient monuments—the idea of an absolute earthly headship to which all rights and prerogative, converge in the successor of St. Peter; and the worship, under whatever modification, of creatures, implying, of course, that so prominent in the Roman system, of which the Blessed Virgin is the object—totally wanting the support, and repugnant to the sense, of the evidences deducible from the range of catacomb art and epigraphy.

"I must own that other considerations, for instance, in regard to the Papacy as an institution of government, spiritual and temporal, and the principles lately avowed by it, in a manner so emphatic, have had their weight with me in leading to a decision so important; but it is above all, that body of monumental proofs so strikingly illustrative of the past, and which Rome herself is so wisely careful to preserve, and studious to investigate, that has so influenced me as to cause my abandonment of a religious profession in which I no longer found peace of mind or intellectual satisfaction. Not the less do I still appreciate and value much that is beautiful, holy, and useful in the system, I have thus declared myself against, and I must continue to believe that Rome has a great task assigned to her for the furtherance of Christian civilization. Much, however, that presents itself to the attention, in the course of a long residence at that centre, leads—at least has led me—to the painful conviction that it is rather the zeal for the interests of a potent system than a pure uncompromising love of truth, by which her ecclesiastical policy is animated, though assuredly many pure and true loving minds are perhaps, ever will be, found among her adherents.

CHARLES J. HEMANS.

The logic of the above is as that of the Dublin thief who objected to the verdict given against him on the strength of two witnesses, who swore to having seen him steal the article with whose theft he was taxed; the prisoner objected on the grounds that he could bring a dozen witnesses who would swear that they had not seen him steal the article in question. So with Mr. Hemans' objections to the evidence of the catacombs. All that he can say is, that he has not found therein that historical evidence of the Supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, and of the antiquity of the *cultus* with which the Catholic Church to-day honors her who played so important a part in the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Trinity and therefore in the Redemption of the human race, as did the Blessed Virgin Mother of God—which others, equally competent, and equally clear-sighted with himself, have not failed to discover. We will say more. The reasons assigned by Mr. Hemans for his rejection of the Catholic Church, and his putting on of Protestantism, are not only illogical but false, though no doubt unconsciously false. By his own showing Mr. Hemans never was in principle, or formally, a Catholic at all, even when he admitted and believed materially all Catholic doctrine: since he always acted upon the principle that the truth of the claims of the Church must be judged from the truth of her doctrines; whereas one who is really or formally a Catholic must assert the direct contradictory of this: to wit—that the truth of any particular doctrine must be judged of from the Church propounding. In a word; the formal difference betwixt a Catholic and a Protestant belonging to any particular denomination is this:—That the former determines or concludes to his religion and his doctrine by, or from the Church; that the other determines or concludes to his Church from its doctrines. The one argues: This must be true, because the Church so teaches; and the Protestant—and to this category Mr. Hemans belongs, and must always have belonged—argues in this wise: This body is not the true Church, because the doctrine she teaches is false. The moment that a man, consciously or unconsciously, adopts this latter mode of argument, he implicitly denies the infallibility of the Church as the sole divinely appointed teacher of all truth, and becomes to all intents and purposes a Protestant.

And this leads us to the consideration of an error, very common even amongst the more educated and more intelligent class of Protestants, as to the process of conversion. They seem to think that that process, intellectually considered, consists in a conviction on the part of the convert, or convert to Romanism, of the truth of the several doctrines which the Roman Catholic Church teaches; that he, for instance, first convinces himself of the truth of the doctrine of the Trinity, say, or of the Real Presence, of the existence of a Purgatory, of the high office and privileges of Our Blessed Lady, and all other so-called Romish doctrines; and that he, having first learned to believe the truth of these doctrines, becomes subsequently, and consequently, a Catholic or Romanist.

Now this hypothetical or imaginary process is not only incorrect, but is the direct contradictory of that which actually takes place, and must take place, in every case of real conversion from Protestantism to Catholicity. Of course the Grace of God is, in the eyes of Catholics, the all important, and supernatural factor in the work; but there is also a human or natural factor, to

wit, the intellectual conviction of the historical truth of these two propositions:—

(1.) That, in order to insure the promulgation of His teachings in their integrity, and the due administration of the Sacraments, the person known in history as Jesus Christ appointed a Church, or special body of teachers, whom He commissioned to teach all nations, and with whom He promised to be present all days, even to the end of the world; thus, by implication, assuring to the Church or body so appointed, infallibility in its teachings, and indefectibility.

(2.) That the body known in history as the Roman Catholic Church, consisting—as *ecclesia docens*—of the Bishops as successors of the Apostles, in communion with the Pope as successor of St. Peter—is that infallible and indefectible Church.

From these two propositions—the truth of which can be tested by natural reason, since they lie in the natural or historical order—the convert concludes to the truth of all those supernatural propositions or dogmas which the Roman Catholic Church propounds; but as to the truth of which, as lying in the supernatural order, natural reason is as impotent to form a judgment, as is a blind man to judge of color, or one deaf to judge of sounds.

Our readers will now understand in what sense we mean to assert the falsity of the reasons by Mr. Hemans assigned for his renunciation of Catholicity, or relapse into Protestantism. Just as he who takes the Bible into his hands with the intent of thereby testing the truth of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, is formally, though perhaps unconsciously, a Protestant already, since he virtually admits by the application of his test that he is not certain of the infallibility of the Roman Catholic Church, and thereby implicitly asserts her to be fallible; so he also, who consults ancient monuments to test the antiquity of doctrines which, if the Roman Catholic Church be what she claims to be, must have been held from the beginning, even though they were not so clearly or explicitly defined then as they are now, in the third and fourth centuries when no heretics had impugned them, as in the nineteenth when they are assailed from all quarters—is, even though unconscious that he is so, a Protestant at heart, since he admits, by his very act of search, that his Church may be error on points of doctrine, and is therefore not infallible. Mr. Hemans, we say, may have held all the several doctrines of the Catholic Church; the beauty and the solemnity of her ritual, the marvellous adaptation of all her doctrines, ceremonies, and external *cultus* to the wants of the human heart and of the human intellect, may have for a time enchanted him into the belief that he was a Catholic; but a Catholic, formally, he never was; for a Catholic is one who believes all that the Catholic Church believes and teaches, *because—and for no other reason than this*—because the Catholic Church to-day so believes and teaches.

He therefore who admits even the possibility, of the infallibility of the said Church upon any question of faith or morals, ceases *ipso facto* to be a Catholic, even though he should not reject as false anything that she actually believes or teaches; for to assert the fallibility of the Church *in posse*, is as much an act of Protest against her infallibility, that is to say against her sole grounds for challenging acquiescence in her teachings—as it would be to assert her fallibility *in esse*. He who in either manner asserts the fallibility of the Church, *i.e.* denies her infallibility, is to all intents and purposes a thorough Protestant.

George Brown, the *Leader*, and other orthodox Protestants of the same stamp, feel the utmost confidence in the generosity of the majorities towards the minorities in Upper and Lower Canada under the approaching Confederation. As far as the treatment that may be expected by the Catholic minority in Upper Canada from the Protestant majority is concerned, we must confess we do not share their security. With a rabid Orange Association, sworn to Protestant ascendancy, (which means gentle reader in as many words, Catholic depression) in full swing, we shrewdly suspect, that the path of "the inferior creed" will not be devoid of thorns. What manner of justice it will be, may best be seen from Protestant notions of right and wrong towards Catholic institutions, as developed in *re-generated* Italy under the honest king. Dr. Fuller looks for "a great change" in Italy, from the distribution of not less than fifty thousand copies of the Bible. We suspect he is not far wrong. We had always thought that the excesses of Reformed England under the Elizabethian, and subsequent regimes were attributable to the "lethargy and enslavement," of the Chief Superintendent's, "Dark Ages," that priest quattering—recusant-hunting, monastery-robbing, and Church confiscations were amongst those little amenities of civilized society that had been handed down to us from the "Ages of Catholic ignorance and superstition." We find we were mistaken. Protestant approval of Italian liberalism deceives us on that point, and proves that nineteenth century morality is not one whit better than that of its predecessors. To confis-

cate Church property (a modern euphemism for sacrilege, and pillage, and plunder) is as rife now in Italy in this age of enlightenment and Protestant Progress as it was in England under "the blessed Elizabeth," or for the matter of that, during the incursions of the Danes; and appears to be held in equal reverence by the Briton of the present day, as it was by his Danish forefathers of the Saxon Heptarchy. The *Sweyns* of the eleventh century could not believe more piously in Church spoliation than do the English *swains* of the present year of grace. However Protestantism may have changed in her general dogmatic, there is one dogma, which she has never relinquished. That Church property, *provided it be Catholic*, may be stolen by every "Honest Man" as much an article of her creed to-day, as it was during that resurrection from the lethargy and enslavement of the "Dark Ages" that occurred so resplendently under the uxorious Henry, and virgin Elizabeth of Reformation notoriety. What school of ethics Protestantism has studied in, we know not, but certainly its thesis on *Honesty en rapport* with Catholicity is somewhat of the lowest. A writer in the *Times* as quoted by the *Leader*, who styles himself with evident self-gratulation "An orthodox nineteenth century Protestant Englishman," declares in the face of the nineteenth century enlightenment, that "of course" he delights in the destruction of the Italian convents; a declaration which certainly as an orthodox 19th century Protestant Englishman, does him both as a Protestant and an Englishman infinite credit. This doubtless is "the great change" in Italian ethics which Dr. Fuller in his *Orange* speech anticipates with so much pleasure, and which the worthy Chief Superintendent for U. C. calls a resurrection of the mind from the lethargy and enslavement of the Dark Ages. It certainly would be a momentous change, and a most decided resurrection from the lethargy and enslavement of the commonest morality, to find sacrilege and robbery, *of course* rejoiced in by an orthodox nineteenth century Italian, and a change and a resurrection, on which we beg leave beforehand most respectfully to congratulate the Church of England, Rector and the Methodist divine. Query: Were the Lower Canadian Catholics immediately after Confederation to confiscate all the Protestant church property in Montreal, would the worthy Rector of Toronto and the Methodist Doctor deem it, (even though done "pro bono publico") as a great change and a decided resurrection?

FINIS.

On Saturday, the 21st inst., His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston accompanied by the Revd. Father Pracheusky, S.J., from Fordham, arrived in Williamstown, for the purpose of being present at the devotion of the "Forty Hours" adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament.

Next morning, His Lordship celebrated High Mass; the Very Revd. Canon Fabre, of the Cathedral, Montreal, and the Revd. Mr. MacCarthy assisting as Deacon and Sub-deacon.

After the first Gospel was sung, the Rev. Father Pracheusky entered the pulpit and preached on the dogma of the real presence of Jesus Christ in the blessed Eucharist. The sermon being ended, Mass was resumed, and at the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, the Litany of the Saints was intoned; immediately after which a procession, headed by the cross-bearer and acolytes, was formed. His Lordship bore the Sacred Host, over which, as is usual on such occasions, was carried by six gentlemen, a magnificent canopy of gold, while six others followed with lighted tapers in handsome gothic lanterns. During the procession, as well as during the Mass, the choir, under the direction of the zealous and gifted lady who since the establishment of this parish, some twelve years ago, has presided at the organ, executed some very choice and appropriate music.

Monday and Tuesday at ten o'clock, Grand Mass was offered up; and each evening the "Adoration" terminated by a Solemn Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

The splendid new altar, the princely gift of John Hay, Esq., appeared to great advantage, blazing with wax lights, and ornamented with the choicest flowers, natural and artificial, most tastefully arranged by the ladies of the Convent.—Besides the sermon on Sunday morning, the Rev. Father Jesuit delivered three other discourses on the same subject—the Real Presence. It would be difficult to give a synopsis that would do anything like justice, or convey even a faint idea of the able manner in which he treated this sublime dogma. Suffice it to say, that never have we heard more profound reasoning, such force of argument, more convincing proofs, or more beautiful language. The Rev. Father was listened to with the most marked attention, and we feel convinced, his elegant discourses have made a lasting and salutary impression on all who had the good fortune of being present thereat. During the Devotion, His Lordship and nine other Rev. gentlemen kindly assisted in hearing confessions.

Nearly one thousand persons received Holy Communion, and several the Sacrament of Confirmation. Thus for the fifth time, has the dev-

tion of the "Forty Hours Adoration" of Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of His love, the grandest, the most holy, the most encouraging, and certainly the greatest of all the devotions of the Church, been celebrated in our midst, with the happiest and most gratifying results.—Com.

St. PATRICK'S HALL.—At a meeting held last week by the stockholders in the above-named national institution, the undermentioned gentlemen were elected as Directors:—Messrs. M. P. Ryan, Ed. Murphy, J. W. McGaurran, Dr. Hington, C. J. Cusack, and Luke Moore. The President of the St. Patrick's Society B. Devlin, Esq., is of course a Director, ex officio.

CHANGE OF TIME IN THE DEPARTURE OF THE RICHELIEU COMPANY'S STEAMERS.—On and after Monday next, 17th instant, the Quebec boats, for the remainder of the season, will leave at six o'clock, p.m., instead of seven.—See Adv.

ROMAN LOAN.

Subscriptions for the Roman Loan will be received at the "City & District Savings Bank," Great St. James Street, No. 6, every day between ten and three o'clock, by the undersigned, and temporary receipts delivered; in exchange for which debentures, bearing interest from the 1st October next, will be given on or before that day.

ALF. LAROCQUE, Agent for the Roman Loan. Montreal, 16th Aug., 1866.

ROMAN LOAN.

AMERICAN ISSUE—FOUR MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

To insure the Treasury of the States of the Holy See complete independence during the negotiations pending between the Governments of France and Italy for the liquidation of the Papal State debt, His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., by Pontifical Act of the 11th April 1866 decreed the emission by subscription of the loan now offered to the public.

Although former loans have commanded nearly par, His Holiness, in view of the present condition of monetary matters, not wishing to impose a sacrifice upon those willing to assist him in surmounting his present temporary embarrassments, as well as to present inducements to capital has decided to issue this loan at sixty six (66) dollars for the one hundred dollar gold bond.

The Bonds, payable to bearer, are of 500 francs, or one hundred dollars (gold), each bearing 5 per cent. interest per annum, in gold, the coupons payable semi-annually, on the 1st of April and the 1st of October, in Paris or in New York, Philadelphia and New Orleans, at the current rate of exchange. The issue being at 66 dollars (gold) will give more than 7 1/2 per cent. interest on the investment. From 1870, \$12,000 will be annually appropriated for the purchase of the bonds; and the amount of interest of those cancelled will be applied to the further reduction of the debt.

It is believed that this loan will commend itself to capitalists generally, and undoubtedly will to all good Catholics having at heart a desire to prove that His Holiness never addresses himself to them in vain.

No investment can present greater security than one guaranteed as this is, by the pledged faith of a State which has always punctually fulfilled every engagement of its Pontifical Head.

Subscriptions received and Coupons paid at the following Banking Houses. Messrs. EDWARD BLOUNT & Co., Paris, France. Messrs. DUNCAN, SHERMAN & Co., Nassau street, corner Pine, New York.

Messrs. DEXEL & Co., 34 South 3d street, Philadelphia. Mr. JOHN B. MURRAY, No. 18 Nassau Street, New York.

AND IN MONTREAL, BY Mr. ALFRED LAROCQUE, Agent, &c., (at the Montreal City and District Savings Bank.)

Apostolical Nunciature } in France. PARIS, May 20th, 1866.

Mr. Robert Murphy, Paris: Sia—Messieurs Edward Blount & Co., entrusted with the emission of the new loan that the Holy Father has just ordered by his Sovereign decree of the 11th of last April, have apprised me of the offers that you made them to place the bonds of the aforesaid loan in America, and of the motives that they have for believing in the success of your efforts.

Receiving this intelligence with great satisfaction, I myself desire, Sir, to encourage you in your good intentions and to entreat you to omit nothing that may facilitate your attainment of so just and useful an object to the Government of the Holy Father as that you propose. To this end you are specially invited to call, above all, on our Most Rev. and Right Reverend the Archbishops and Bishops, and on the venerable members of the Clergy, whose moral support is indispensable in order to obtain numerous subscribers among the faithful. And I by these letters, which you may exhibit to the Most Reverend Prelates and to all Ecclesiastics, myself earnestly entreat them to have the goodness to receive you with all kindness and to lend you all the aid that circumstances may require for the more successful accomplishment of the enterprise. For this purpose I declare to them that you are, under the orders of Messieurs Edward Blount & Co., alone authorized to negotiate the bonds of the Pontifical loan in America, and I add thereto that the subscription is for the immediate account of the Government of the Holy Father.

It would, Sir, be especially agreeable to me to earn the names of those persons who have either subscribed to the loan or aided the subscription.

With the hope that your efforts may speedily be crowned by the most ample success, I am happy to assure you, Sir, of my sentiments of the most distinguished consideration. The Apostolical Nuncio in France. (Signed), FLAVIO, Archbishop of Myra.

On Tuesday night last, Lieut.-General Napier left the St. Lawrence Hall for Toronto, to resume command of the Western Military Division.

ARRIVAL OF TROOPS.—The Moravian arrived yesterday having on board detachments for the different regiments on service here. The greater part of them belonged to the Royal Artillery. The Quebec Barracks at Hebelaga have been made ready for the reception of two troops of the Dragoons now expected. The remainder will be sent West.

The York Battalion left Toronto for the front on Saturday to relieve the Ontario Battalion, at present on service at Thorold.

A movement has been set on foot in Toronto for organization of a home guard for the defence of that city in case of any emergency.

DINNER AND PRESENTATION TO LIEUT.-COLONEL DEVLIN.

Tuesday night last week, the officers of the Prince of Wales Volunteer Regiment dined together at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, for the purpose of presenting to Lt. Col. Devlin a testimonial, on the occasion of his resignation of the command of the regiment.

Capt. Robinson presented a very handsome service of plate to Col. Devlin.

The service of plate consisted of four pieces, a handsome jug, a cup and bowl of silver gilt inside, the bowl supported by masks, and the whole very beautifully ornamented. The following is the inscription: "This jug, with goblet and tray, is presented to Lieut.-Col. Devlin by the officers of the 1st or Prince of Wales Regiment of Volunteer Rifles of Canada, on his resigning the command, as a mark of their high estimation of his personal worth and in appreciation of the many services rendered during the period he commanded the Regiment. Montreal 1866"

This beautiful service is from the manufactory of Messrs Lyman & Savage. The presentation of the cup was accompanied by the following address:

Presented to Lieut.-Col. Bernard Devlin, by the Officers of the 1st or Prince of Wales Regiment, Volunteer Rifles of Canada, on his resigning the command.

Dear Sir,—The officers of the old Prince of Wales Regiment cannot part with you without, in some manner, expressing the deep regret they feel at losing you as their commanding officer. During the past five years the officers and men of the Regiment felt their interests secure in your hands—feeling that you were one of themselves, one who had been in the Regiment over twelve years, and who, having joined as Captain—by regular promotion, not promotion by favoritism or by official influence, but the result of long and faithful service and the right of seniority, assumed the command of the Prince of Wales Regiment. Your promotion was hailed with satisfaction, not alone by your brother officers, but also by every man in the regiment; and now, after five years experience under your command, our regiment, composed of all the nationalities and religions which are to be found in our community, have tried hard and failed to find one solitary instance in which your conduct gave ourselves or our men the slightest dissatisfaction or cause of complaint; but in looking back over the past five years we find every month of the sixty marked by some gratefully remembered service rendered by you to some of ourselves or our men—just and impartial towards all, lenient in exacting your own rights, strict in discipline and in everything regarding the perfect performance of our public and private duties as volunteers, precisely in your genuine hospitality, you have endeavored yourself to the whole regiment by your considerate, kind and gentle demeanor, and we can only feebly express our regret—our deep and heartfelt regret—at your leaving us.

But, Dear Sir, be assured we shall never consent to lose our claim on you, you will ever be our Col.-Comd'g.—commanding our respect and admiration, and our gratitude, our respect, for your personal worth as a liberal minded gentleman whose character and reputation stands high in the community, and who holds a high position in the legal profession for ability and learning. Our admiration for the very great sacrifice, both of time and money, which you have made to encourage and support, through many years past, the Volunteer movement generally, and to keep the old Prince of Wales Regiment's second to none. Your sacrifice of your personal feelings as a father and a husband, who left your home, when those nearest and dearest to you were prostrated by sickness, when the hand of death was already seen dimly—beckoning away members of your household from the family circle for ever, and not knowing but that the passing breeze was bearing away in its flight the last sigh of some of those loved ones. You were among the very foremost to forget business, home, self, and family, and with your faithful Regiment at your back, you rushed forward at the call of duty to the front, to meet on her threshold the foes of our common country, ready to sacrifice your valuable life in defence of her soil, and to preserve the glorious liberties we enjoy under our flag. Do not feel surprised if we but tamely express our gratitude to you for your great kindness to us when serving on the Frontier.

Little, indeed, can we now do but try to express our deep feelings in words. And yet we would fain give you some more substantial mark of what we feel towards you. We beg that you will allow us to offer you a slight token—a souvenir—of our respect and friendship. We feel you will accept it as it is intended its value intrinsically is but little, but it will serve in some slight degree to mark the high esteem and affectionate regard in which you are held by the officers of your old regiment; and in after years it will be to you a token of remembrance from those who, losing you as their respected commanding officer, can never cease to look upon you as a faithful friend.

With our fervent prayers for the continued happiness and prosperity of your amiable wife, your family and yourself, we beg leave to subscribe ourselves, Dear Lieut.-Col. Devlin, Most faithfully yours, Signed by the officers.

St. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.—At last, the great cross has been safely lodged on the top of the spire of St. Michael's Cathedral. The work was completed about 11 o'clock yesterday—the day which, in the Catholic church, is known as the 'Festival of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.' The covering which was put on to protect the cross from injury in the hoisting has now been stripped from it; so that it does not appear to advantage yet. The cross is 15 feet high—cross-beam 7 feet. It is of massive oak, covered with copper and gilded, and weighs about 1,500 lbs. The top of it is 276 feet from the ground. The ceremony of unveiling the cross will take place after the celebration of a pontifical high mass in the Cathedral to-morrow forenoon. A couple of hours after the cross was placed in its final position yesterday, a terrible hurricane suddenly arose and many feared that the topmost pillar of the spire would give way. This pillar (to which the cross is attached) perceptibly moved and rocked during the onset of the blast. A number of bolts had been driven in, fastening the cross, but the work of bolting was by no means completed when the hurricane came on. It stood the test, however—thanks to the energetic efforts of Mr. J. P. Waggoner, the contractor, and his two assistants Messrs. Humphry and Asselin.

About noon yesterday a serious disturbance occurred on the street cars while passing down Yonge street, the aggressors being two men, named Andrew York and Paddy O'Brien; who entered the cars in an intoxicated state near the College Avenue. They had no sooner taken a seat in the car than they began cursing and swearing in the most violent manner, their abuse being specially directed against everything British. Their language was so outrageous as to cause a number of the lady passengers to leave. Their obstreperous conduct was at last brought to its height by an attempt to wrest the control of the car from the driver. York rushed to the front of the carriage and seized the reins, when a scuffle ensuing, he laid hold of the whip and began a violent attack upon the driver accompanying his blows by anathemas upon Canada and the man. At this stage of affairs Father Prox, of the St. Michael's Cathedral, who was near the scene, handed his cane to the Conductor, and he laid its weight plentifully on the head of his opponent, while O'Brien was ejected by the driver and several spectators, who had congregated to witness the unusual proceedings. The raffians were at last got rid of and left

on the street. York followed the cars and continued his boisterous conduct. He was at last seized by Constable Corbett, near the corner of Crickshank and Yonge street where he was continuing in a tirade of disloyal sentiment. When brought to the station he had his wounds dressed by Dr. Winstanley. No sooner had this operation been performed, at an expense of two dollars to the city, than he tore the bandage off, swearing that he would bleed to death rather than wear a Canadian badge on his head. His companion, O'Brien, escaped in the melee and has not yet been secured. York is a bricklayer, and served a term in the American army, taking up his residence in this city after that time. O'Brien was arrested on suspicion of Fenianism in June last, but shortly afterwards discharged.—Toronto Globe.

THE REPORTED SEIZURE OF FENIAN ARMS.—As we surmised yesterday, the report that a large number (eighteen cases) of Fenian firearms were seized by the authorities at Sarnia, on Monday night, is incorrect. It is true that the arms were seized, but they did not belong to the Fenians. It seems that a private speculator shipped a quantity of rifles to Canada for sale, and owing to some misapprehension on the part of those in authority, they were judged to be Fenian war material, and accordingly seized, but the seizure was cancelled as soon as the true state of the case came to be known.—London Free Press.

FENIAN PRISONERS DISCHARGED.—Seven more of the Fenian prisoners incarcerated in the Toronto gaol since June last were released on Thursday last, on their own recognizances, there being no evidence in the hands of the Government to warrant their further detention.

BRANTFORD ALARMED.—It is said that Brantford and vicinity is swarming with strange characters, whose sneaking movements and vagabond appearance indicate that their mission is no benevolent one. The authorities are very seriously alarmed, and the Home Guard have been ordered on duty, and will patrol the town to-night. Close watch is being kept on certain suspicious persons.

THREE MEN DROWNED.—About noon on Thursday, a boat, painted white with blue or green stripes, two sails up, and carrying three men, was observed going down the river as if from Longue Pointe. When it arrived between the Island of St. Therese and Pointe aux Trembles it capsized, and instantly everything disappeared. At the time it was capsized it was steering in the direction of Pointe aux Trembles. Nothing is known as to the ownership of the boat, nor who were the men in it, but any one wishing for such information respecting the sad catastrophe as may at present be had, can apply to Dr. Perrault, Pointe aux Trembles. Neither the bodies or the boat have yet been recovered.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—Says the Carleton Place Herald:—The weather continues extremely wet and unfavorable for sowing the late grain. And it appears to be a general complaint all over the Province. To make matters worse the potato rot has set in during the last week, and whole fields are said to be destroyed.

POTATO ROT.—We are sorry, says the Goderich Signal, to have to announce that the potato rot has made its appearance in this section, and is doing great damage to the crop, which in some places will be a complete failure. The extreme wetness of the season is assigned, with reason we think, as the cause.

RAIN, RAIN, RAIN.—The Goderich Signal says:—Not for years have we seen such a wet season. After a fine clear spell, lasting but a few days, constant showers saturated the earth, and, as we write, our streets are literally flooded, the rain descending in a cold, constant penetrating stream, just as though it were November. Immense damage must have been done to live crops, and the sowing of fall wheat will be delayed far beyond the usual period.

An excursion party from London, on board the 'City of London,' for a visit to Cleveland, Ohio, met with a disappointing reception. When the news got abroad at Cleveland that a Canadian excursion party had arrived, the resident Fenians got up a demonstration. They visited the steamer, brandishing loaded revolvers with a view to incite the Canadians to battle. On Saturday the Fenians gathered in strength and all seemed anxious to provoke a fight. They were loud in their threats of what they intended to do during the ensuing month, when they would revisit Canada and make sure work this time. Towards the afternoon the captain of the City of London was advised by the U. S. Marshall to put out at once, notwithstanding a heavy storm; which hint he acted upon. The affair passes poorly of the power or desire of our neighbours to suppress the murderous element rampant in their midst, when a pleasure party cannot be protected from insult and outrage.—Hamilton Times.

Birth.

In this City, on the 13th inst., the wife of J. A. Raifer, of a son.

Died.

In this city, on the 12th inst., Catherine Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Dowd, aged 18 years and 10 months.

On Thursday, the 13th inst., Jane, third daughter of the late Thomas Logan, aged 22 years and 6 months.

At Ste. Marie de la Beauce, on the 14th instant, at the age of 77, Marie Panet, widow of the late Hon. J. T. Taschereau, in his lifetime one of the Justices of the Court of King's Bench, and mother of Judge J. T. Taschereau, and of the Rev. E. A. Taschereau, V.G., of this city.

At St. Raphael, on Monday, Sept. 17, 1866, Barbara, youngest daughter of Duncan and Mary McPheron, in the 24th year of her age.—R.I.P.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, Sept. 18, 1866. Flour—Pollards, \$3.40 to \$3.75; Middlings, \$4.50 to \$5.00; Pine, \$5.40 to \$5.65; Super., No. 2, \$4.10 to \$6.35; Superfine, \$7.00 to \$7.10; Fancy, \$7.00 to \$7.10; Extra, \$7.00 to \$7.25; Superior, \$7.50 to \$7.75; Bag Flour, \$3.90 to \$4.10 per 112 lbs. Eggs per doz, 60c to 60c. Tallow per lb, 90c to 10c. Butter, per lb.—Choice Dairy, 16c to 17c, according to quality. Middle Dairy, 15c to 16c. Wheat—per 100 lbs, \$3.77 to \$4.92; Oats—U. C. Spring ex cars \$1.30. Ashes per 100 lbs, First Pots, at \$5.70 to \$5.72; Seconds, \$5.20 to \$5.30; First Pearls, \$5.80 to \$5.90.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

Sept. 18, 1866. s. d. s. c. Flour, country, per quintal, 17 6 to 20 0 Oatmeal, do 12 6 to 15 0 Indian Meal, do 8 6 to 9 6 Wheat, per min., 0 0 to 0 0 Barley, do, per 50 lbs 0 0 to 0 0 Peas, do, 4 6 to 5 0 Oats, do, 2 3 to 2 6 Butter, fresh, per lb. 1 3 to 1 6 Do, salt do 0 11 to 1 0 Beans, small white, per min 0 0 to 0 0 Potatoes, per bag 4 6 to 5 0 Onions, per minot, 0 0 to 0 0 Lard, per lb 0 10 to 1 0 Beef, per lb 0 5 to 0 7 Pork, do 0 8 to 0 9 Mutton do 0 4 to 0 5 Lamb, per do 0 4 to 0 5 Eggs, fresh, per dozen 0 9 to 0 10 Turkeys, per couple 5 6 to 12 6 Apples, per brl \$5.50 to \$6.00 HAY, per 100 bundles, \$8.00 to \$8.50 Straw 3.00 to \$4.50

Berley and other late grains are suffering considerably in the Eastern Townships on account of the almost incessant rains. The potato blight has almost made its appearance.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP'S SCHOOL, MONTREAL.

THIS School is under the direction of the Gentlemen of the R. C. Bishop's Palace.

The Course of Study is exclusively commercial. Although the French and English languages are nearly on the same footing, Mathematics, Book-keeping, Forms of notes, Letters, Receipts, &c., are taught only in English.

Pupils may be admitted even at the age of six; the juniors have a special rule to follow; their teacher is a clergyman, and they receive, simultaneously with elementary education, the special religious cares required by their age.

Pupils from other educational institutions must furnish certificates of good conduct from the Directors of the same. The course embraces three years for those who can read French and English and write when admitted; a fourth year is required for special studies.

Parents receive, at least every two months, a report of the conduct, application and success of their children.

All pupils above eight years old must attend the religious exercises in the Cathedral, on Sundays and Holidays.

Immorality, insubordination, habitual laziness and frequent non-attendance without just cause, render pupils subject to expulsion. Parents must make known the cause of the non-attendance of their children.

Besides the Director, four Professors (three laymen and one clergyman) are connected with the teaching. HOURS OF SCHOOL AND OF STUDY.

FOR YOUNG PUPILS OF THE PREPARATORY CLASS. Class A. M., from 9 to 11 o'clock. P. M., from 2 to 4 o'clock.

FOR ALL OTHER PUPILS. Study A. M., from 8 to 9. P. M., from 1 to 2 o'clock. Class " " 9 to 11. " " 2 to 4 " Study " " 11 to 12. " " 4 to 5 " Holiday on the afternoon of Tuesday and Thursday.

TERMS. For Pupils who attend study, per month, \$1.25. For Juniors who do not attend study, per month, \$1.00.

N.B.—Each pupil must provide his own writing desk and chair for study. Tuition is payable monthly and in advance.

For everything concerning the school, apply to the Director, at the Parlor of the school, St. Margaret St., No. 35, on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, from 8 to 10 A.M.

A. M. D. G. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, MONTREAL. PROSPECTUS.

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

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

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

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

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

TERMS. For Day Scholars, \$3.00 per month. For Half-Boarders, 7 00 " For Boarders, 15 00 " Books and Stationery, Washing, Bed, and Bedding as well as the Physician's Fees, form extra charges.

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

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

SCHOLASTIC YEAR, TEN MONTHS.

TERMS PER MONTH: Board and Tuition in the English and French languages, \$7.00. Music, 2.00. Drawing and Painting, 1.50. Bed and Bedding, 0.50. Washing, 1.00. Bed and bedding, washing, may be provided for by the parents. No deduction for pupils removed before the expiration of the term, except in case of sickness. Uniform for Winter, Dark blue. Summer, Shepherd's Plaid. Payments must be made invariably in advance.

NEW IMPORTATIONS. Just Received at the FASHIONABLE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT, 60 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

Owing to the great panic in the money market, I have been enabled to purchase for cash, several lots of goods, suitable for Gentlemen's Wear. J. G. KENNEDY guarantees to supply thoroughly good suits, equal to any Clothier in Canada, and 15 per cent below any Tailor's price.

KENNEDY'S ECLIPSE VEST KENNEDY'S SYSTEMATIC COAT KENNEDY'S REEFING JACKET KENNEDY'S BUSINESS SUIT KENNEDY'S OVERCOATS J. G. KENNEDY invites Gentlemen to inspect his new stock, which contains a large assortment of new patterns for fall and Winter. J. G. KENNEDY, MERCHANT TAILOR, 60 St. Lawrence Main Street, 12m. May 11.

G. & J. MOORE, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF HATS, CAPS, AND FURS, CATHEDRAL BLOCK, NO. 269 AND 376 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

Cash paid for Raw Furs.

WANTED, BY A YOUNG LADY, producing First Class Testimonials and Diploma, a SITUATION as SCHOOL TEACHER, or Assistant Teacher; would be willing to go to the country. Address, Teacher, Box 1864 P. O., Montreal, Sept. 19. 3w.

REGIOPOLIS COLLEGE. THE CLASSES in this INSTITUTION will re-open on the 5th September. Boarders to enter the preceding evening. For terms of admission apply to, REV. M. STANTON, Director. Kingston, 27th August, 1866.

MASSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE.

THE RE-OPENING OF THE CLASSES OF MASSON COLLEGE, at Terrebonne, will take place on the 4th instant. The public will remember that this College is one of our Commercial Institutions which has been always highly patronized on account of its teaching, direction and special attention which its able Professors give to the moral and domestic education of the Students.

TERMS: Board and Tuition—\$30 per annum, payable quarterly in advance. Music—Piano—\$2 a month. Drawing—\$0 per annum. September 6, 1866. 4w

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL. Nos. 6, 8, and 10 St. Constant Street.

THE above institution will be reopened for the reception of pupils on Monday the THIRD OF SEPTEMBER next, at nine o'clock A.M.

The course of instruction comprises a thorough English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education. For terms and other particulars, apply at the SCHOOL. W. DORAN, Principal. August 22, 1866.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH ACADEMY OF MADAMEISSELLE LACOMBE & MISS CLARKE.

Will resume its Course of Studies, ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, AT NOS. 30 AND 32 ST. DENIS STREET, Near Viger Square.

Mrs. Clarke continues to receive PUPILS as BOARDERS. Montreal, 30th August, 1866. 1m

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS KINGSTON C.W.

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

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

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

PROVINCE OF CANADA, In the Circuit Court for the District of Montreal. No. 4121. The tenth day of September, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

PRESENT: The Honorable Mr. Justice Berthelot. Jean Bte. Mongeais, of the Parish of Ste. Magdeleine de Rigaud, in this District, Esquire, Bourgeois, Plaintiff;

vs. Jean Bte. Castonguay, of the same place, Saddler, Defendant.

IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of Messrs Moreau & Oulmet of Counsel for the Plaintiff, in as much as it appears by the return of Pierre Knillien Watier, one of the Bailiffs of the Superior Court for Lower Canada, acting in the District of Montreal, written on the writ of summons in this cause issued, that the Defendant hath left his domicile in this part of the Province of Canada heretofore constituting the Province of Lower Canada, and cannot be found in this District of Montreal; that the said Defendant by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the English language, in the newspaper of this City called the True Witness and twice in the French language, in the newspaper of this City called Le Minerve be notified to appear before this Court, and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiff within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendant to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiff will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment, as in a cause by default. (By the Court.) HUBERT PAPINEAU & HONEY, C. C. O.

SPECIAL NOTICE. DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT, Corner Craig and St. Lawrence Streets.—W. Dalton respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he keeps constantly for sale the following Publications:—

Frank Leslie's Newspaper, Harper's Weekly, Boston Pilot, Irish American, Irish Canadian, Comic Monthly, Yankee Notions, Nick-Nax, N.Y. Table T, Staats Zeitung, Criminal Zeitung, Courier des Etats Unis Franco-Americain, N. Y. Herald, Times, Tribune, News, World, and all the popular Story, Comic and Illustrated Papers. Le Bon Ton, Mad. Demore's Fashion Book, Leslie's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, and Harper's Magazine.—Montreal Herald Gazette, Transcript, Telegraph, Witness, True Wit; ness, La Minerve, Le Pays, L'Ordre, L'Union National, Le Paroquet, La Science and Le D'edricheur.—The Nouvelle, Dime Novels, Dime Song Books, Joke Books, Almanack, Diaries, Maps, Guide Books, Music Paper, Drawing Books, and every description of Writing Paper, Envelopes, and School Materials, at the very lowest prices. Albums, Photographs, and Prints. Subscriptions received for Newspapers and Magazines.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Aug. 27.—When the troops of the Camp of Chalons were reviewed for the last time before breaking up and returning to their respective quarters, Marshal Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely addressed them in a speech which to ordinary apprehension contains nothing extraordinary, but in which some words were surprising at the ready acquiescence of the Emperor Napoleon in M. de Bismarck's arrangements to detect the germ of a future collision. This interpretation seems forced and far-fetched, for the Marshal used no language but that which was suited to such an occasion. On handing their colors to the Carabiniers and Cuirassiers, he entrusted them, he said, to their patriotism and their devotedness. "You read upon them the names of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, and Moskova, which recall the glory of your fathers, and tell you, their descendants, what France has a right to expect from you. Respect and love these noble emblems. Know how to die in their defence. Let them be for you the emblems of valour, of discipline, and of devotion to your Sovereign and your country. And be certain, they will ever guide you to victory, and with hands erect you will show them to the enemy, with the sacred cry of *Vive l'Empereur!*"

Perhaps the speaker might have contented himself with alluding generally to the martial renown of the French army, without specifying any particular instance. Marengo was gained over the Austrians; Austerlitz, the battle of the three Emperors, over the Austrians and Russians; but why remind Prussia, flushed with recent victories, and believing herself invincible, how low she was brought by one of the most sanguinary victories which the first Napoleon ever won—how prostrate she lay at the feet of the man whom she had defied? This marked allusion to Jena by the Commander-in-Chief of the Camp of Chalons, in a speech said to be penned by the Emperor, will not evoke any very agreeable sentiments in the breasts of the Prussians, in their present temper, towards the French. In his order of the day the Marshal also told the troops that they had given an additional proof how absolutely the Emperor may count on their spirit and devotedness. They have shown that they were troops of *élite*, full of energy, possessed of solid instruction, and observant of the strictest discipline; and they have left nothing to be desired either in all their movements in the field or in any of their minutest details.—*Times Cor.*

Respecting the Empire of Mexico the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* (a journal which is not likely to propagate news unfavorable to France) is the authority for the statement that those in Paris whose opinions command the highest consideration are under the impression that the despatches which the Emperor Maximilian has sent to Mexico will lead to the abdication of the Emperor Maximilian. Neither more money nor more men can be obtained from Europe, and both are unfortunately necessary to carry on imperial rule. Should the Austrian Prince retire, France would have to protect French interests and make arrangements with the Republican Government, which might find financial aid and political support in the United States. The same authority adds that the Emperor of Austria, who never sincerely approved of the Emperor Maximilian's assumption of imperial rule on the American continent, is reported to have counselled his return. The Emperor Charlotte has pleaded with great enthusiasm and much cleverness the cause of Mexico in Paris; but neither the Emperor nor his advisers are disposed to make France support further sacrifices. The French Government was informed long since by his Excellency the American Minister, Mr. Bigelow, of the views of the United States as to the difficulty of establishing an empire on American ground as the United States could never acknowledge such a form of rule.—*Weekly Register.*

Commercially speaking, the firm of Napoleon, Maximilian, and Co. (the sleeping partners need not be named) have embarked in a disastrous speculation, and the wisest thing they can now do is to pass the money expended to profit and loss account, and forget the whole affair as soon as possible. No prophetic eye is needed to foresee the state of anarchy and misery into which Mexico will soon again fall, and whence escape is hardly to be hoped until, at some future day, the United States shall extend their sway southwards, and put an end to a spectacle long a scandal to civilization.—*Times.*

The *Paris* says:— "It has just been decided that the command in chief of the army in course of formation in Mexico will be given to a French General. Several officers, perfectly acquainted with the country, have offered their services to the Emperor Maximilian, under the sanction of their Government; but the selection has not yet been finally decided on."

London, Sept. 11.—The *Times* Paris letter, published to-day, says that the Emperor Maximilian is expected to return from Mexico to Europe by way of the Atlantic. Chinese intelligence, via Shanghai, 25th July, brings the news that two French Bishops and seven Priests have been martyred in the Corea. No particulars are yet known. The details are probably similar to those of the martyrdoms of numerous other holy missionaries and native converts, who for so many years have glorified the Faith by their heroic deaths.—*Weekly Register.*

HOARSE BRER.—The Paris *Constitutionnel* announces that the police have just discovered in the Rue des Jardinières a clandestine slaughter house for horses, which daily passed its products on the market as beef. The commissary found under a shed a horse partly cut up and two others still living. A journeyman butcher found on the premises was arrested, and seals were placed on the doors.

A letter from Lyons mentions that the yield of the new wheat is the most serious question of the moment, that the price of bread has increased, and that the weather in that and the neighboring departments is still inclement. In the south-west of France the crop is, at the most, but an average one. In the Gironde it is below the ordinary yield. It is better in the west and north-west. In the north it is good, and above the average; in the north-west ordinary; but in the east and south-east there will be a deficit. In the centre it is hardly an average one; but in the Beauce, the Sarthe, Perche, and Mayenne the results are good. The average price cannot be accurately fixed until the stock of wheat and flour of the preceding year, and the production and requirements of other countries, are well ascertained. The letter adds:— "In Spain the yield is exuberant, and speculators are waiting only for a fresh rise in France to throw Spanish grain on the French markets. Russian wheat is coming in regularly; but, with the uncertainty as to quantity and quality of the new crops in France, the prices quoted at the ports do not yet seriously affect the markets of the interior."

ITALY.

PEDROVONT.—General Menabrea, the Plenipotentiary of King Victor Emmanuel, has been for several days at Vienna, and the negotiations for peace between Austria and Italy are taking, as it is reported, a most favorable turn. The cession of Venetia is to be unconditional, though Italy will, of course, have to bear the charge of the public debt of the ceded province; but not one word is said about war indemnities or about compensation for the expenses sustained by Austria in works of fortification. The strongholds of the Quadrilateral and the Lagoons are to come into the hands of Italy intact and free of cost. Even on the 'rectification of frontiers' Austria appears disposed to accept a compromise. The Italians will not for the present obtain the Trent district, but the line will be drawn somewhere above Riva and the adjoining district, so as to make Garda an exclusively Ital-

ian lake. It is not unlikely that the influence both of France and Prussia has been brought to bear on the Court of Vienna, so as to incline the Emperor Francis Joseph and his advisers to reasonable terms; but, for our own part, we believe that the Emperor, who, from the very outbreak of the war, foresaw the necessity of eventually parting with Venetia, and expressed himself to this effect, was also resolved, of his own spontaneous impulse, that the inevitable cession should be made with a good grace. His withdrawal from Italy, he must be aware, is final for himself, for Austria, and for Germany.

Gen. Menabrea has been instructed to apply to the Court of Vienna for the restitution of the Iron Crown of Lombardy, which the Austrians removed from the sanctuary of the Cathedral of Monza at the time of their retreat from Lombardy after the battle of Magenta, in 1859. The Italians, it is well known, when they crossed the Ticino under Charles Albert, eleven years before, and drove Radezky from Milan, had Monza and the Iron Crown at their discretion; but that Iron Crown of Alboin, that circlet hampered out of the nails of the Crucifixion, agreeably to tradition, and at all events that undeniable relic of so many centuries—a diadem laid successively on so many heroic brows, from Charlemagne to the first Napoleon,—was looked upon by the Italians as some thing too sacred to be touched by profane hands, and was left by them on the spot where it was first laid by Queen Theodolinda full thirteen hundred years ago, not to be moved from its shrine until it was wanted for the consecration of the man, whoever he might be, who should have the good fortune to restore the old kingdom of the Longobards. The Austrians could not, of course, be actuated by such scruples.—The Emperor Francis Joseph continued after Villafranca and Zurich to style himself King of Lombardy-Venetia, and Alboin's sacred circlet was removed to Vienna with a feeling akin to that of the Moor of Africa, who treasures up the door-key of the house which was his forefathers' home at Grenada four hundred years ago. The hard lessons of experience, and the difficulties of her present position must have greatly softened the heart of Austria, and inspired her with more generous feelings.

What we have said of the Iron Crown applies equally to the treasures of art and antiquity of which the Austrians were lately described as stripping the archives, churches, museums, and arsenals of Venice. The coats of arms of the old Doges, the Ambassadors' Reports, and other documents of a purely local importance would be mere trash to the Austrian, but would leave the Venetian very poor indeed. Her books and pictures and parchments are inalienable property, the household gods of the Queen of the Adriatic; they constitute the chief pride of that wise Conservative Government which formed in the Middle Ages the connecting link between ancient Rome and modern England; and they may serve one day to vindicate the memory of St. Mark's Republic. If there is to be sincere and cordial peace between Austria and Italy, it is necessary that Austria should not only withdraw from Venetia, but that she should leave behind her no worse remembrance than those of the irredeemable past. The work of the present pacification should be one of mutual reparation, amends and restitution. There should be on both sides readiness to meet the adversary half-way, to speed negotiation by mutual concession, to 'split the difference' where a point in dispute is not otherwise to be overcome. It is easy to see when Austria and Italy lay aside their mutual enmity, but not so easy to foretell when they may have need of each other's friendship. The horizon in Europe is as yet anything but clear. New storms may arise boding no good to States like the Austrian Empire or the Italian Kingdom, which can only live by calm and repose. Should the ill-will which is still too evidently lurking in Frech and Prussia, hearts long to a new collision on the Rhine, it would be well for Austria and Italy, if they could have sufficient faith in each other, to come between them to a compact of strict neutrality. Any temptation on their part to join in the fray would be sheer madness. Victory itself could give them nothing, for Italy has already gained all she could rationally aspire to; Austria has lost what she can never hope to recover.

The territory of Venetia, which is now about to be given up to Italy, comprises, according to official accounts, nine provinces, with their capitals, 82 districts, 94 communes, and 2,435,980 inhabitants.

Florence, Aug. 29.—*La Nazione* of to-day denies the rumours of negotiations between the Italian and the Papal Governments, and adds:— "No overture have been made to Italy for entering into negotiations."

We gather from the correspondence of the Catholic journals abroad, that complex negotiations are in progress between Paris and Florence on the subject of the Pontifical States and on that of Venetia.—France is trying to couple the two questions together. Italy is striving to keep them asunder.—France is wishing to get out of the cession of Venetia (if she can) some guarantee for the future integrity of the Holy Father's remaining dominions.—Florence resists this; and this is what has retarded the negotiations, and caused a species of disgrace to overtake General La Marmora.

The General has sustained a defeat more crushing than the disaster which he encountered at Custozza. He is, it seems, by no means a thorough partisan of Italian unity or an irreconcilable foe of the Church's temporal claims. He is, it would appear, favorably disposed to an arrangement whereby the remaining Papal dominions shall be secured to the Holy Father, and he is willing to yield to France on this point as he yielded to Austria on that of the Tyrol. Signor Ricassoli, foreseeing what was likely to happen, informed the King that he wanted to resign, and meant to betake himself to the 'party of action' and agitation. He was a man likely to keep his word. The King, who is brave in the field, but destitute of firmness in council, gave way. He retained Ricassoli in office, and threw overboard La Marmora. Ricassoli then formed a coalition with Cialdini (the butcher), and their first acts were to pardon those who were undergoing their sentences for the affair of Aspromonte (when the cry was 'Rome or Death'), and to hold out the right hand of fellowship to Mazzini as they had already done to Garibaldi.

These proceedings on the part of the Florentine Cabinet prove that it is resolved, so far as in it lies, to resist all mixing up of the Roman question with that of the cession of Venetia.

What, then, will be the course of action taken by France? Will she yield once more to Italian demands and Italian insolence? We do not think so. The language held in influential quarters forbid us to suppose that the revolutionists are on the eve of another triumph. The proposal is all but certain of putting the cession of Venetia to the decision of the inhabitants in a plebiscite. It is in the nature of a menace to Italy. We are further assured that France will make such use of her rights over Venetia that the plebiscite shall be a *bona fide* expression of the wishes of the people. And there exists reliable proofs that what Venetia really desires is not amalgamation with Italy, but independent existence under the protection of France. Venetia wishes alliance and amity with Italy, but not to be merged in her nationality. We vouch for the truth of none of these reports, but we do for their existence is a sign that events were in preparation. Two things are beyond a doubt. One is, that France is dissatisfied in the highest degree with the turn which matters have taken in Italy; the other, that if France does guarantee the freedom of the Venetian plebiscite, its result will be what we have stated. Universal suffrage, as everybody knows can refuse nothing to Napoleon III.

As to the Roman question, while France demands of the Italians fresh guarantees in favor of the Holy Father, she also demands of his Government those administrative and legislative reforms which she has never ceased to urge with such persistence for years past. What France means is, simply, the adoption of

the Code Napoleon by the Pope's Government. This is the Emperor's price for saving Rome. Rome, on the other hand, agrees to certain changes, but requires peace and security to make them in, and above all, requires the independent and free management of her own affairs.—*Weekly Register.*

The Liberal Roman Committee wish to detain the Holy Father at all hazards, though they aim at his detronement, and they have ordered their secret police to watch his movements, and to kill the horses in his carriage rather than let him escape. This underground conflict of parties and passions, involving such weighty issues, gives the situation here a dramatic interest, which enchains the observer. Not the least striking of its results is the change in the tone of the Liberal Italian journals in reference to the Pope, and the growing moderation of their language. Something of this may be observed even in the organ of the secret committee, the *Roma dei Romani*.

Cardinal Antonelli is better, and tells every one that he has no intention of abandoning office; but he is visited every day by Cardinal Martel, who attends as an apprentice to be initiated in the mysteries of Roman politics.

There is some excitement among the party of action. A revolutionary club at Rome lately resolved to send off assassins to Paris to kill the Emperor, and the design has been discovered by the French police.

It is said in diplomatic circles that Baron Hubner was recalled to Vienna for exceeding his instructions, and giving assurances to the Pope which Austria will not and cannot keep.

The secret journal *Roma dei Romani* mentions a toast proposed by Baron de Charrette, Commandant of the Zouaves at Valletta, to the health of Henry V. and the extinction of the race of Bonaparte. The statement is true in the main. The Zouaves gave a grand dinner at Valletta on the 25th of July, St. Henry's day, and invited Monsignor Ruggieri, delegate of the province, to partake of their hospitality. Monsignor Ruggieri was indiscreet enough to accept the Baron's toast, and showed a sort of approval of it by inviting him to a return dinner at the delegate's palace. The French Ambassador has complained of these proceedings, and requires that Monsignor Ruggieri shall be reprimanded and Baron de Charrette punished. The Pontifical Government complied with one part of this demand by censuring the delegate; but it cannot bring itself to punish the soldier, and the affair is still in suspense.—*Cor. of Pall Mall Gazette.*

GERMANY.

PRAGUE, Aug. 25.—Peace was yesterday concluded between Prussia and Austria. The German War of 1866 is at an end. It is exactly ten weeks to-day since the heads of the Prussian columns stepped over the Prussian frontier. Within that time Saxony, Hanover, Hesse, a great part of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, the whole of Bohemia, Moravia, and the duchy of Austria north of the Danube, have been overrun by the troops of Prussia. The army of General Benedek has suffered the defeats of Sadowa, Podoll, Muzschegratz, and Gitschin at the hands of Prince Frederick Charles; those of Nachod, Skalitz, and Trautenau at the hands of the Crown Prince. The decisive disaster of Koniggratz, the direct result of the union of the Prussian armies on the field of Bohemia, and drove its shattered legions to cower for refuge behind the earthworks of Olmutz, where they would have probably remained besieged till the end of the war had not General Benedek, by a daring flank movement, in the face of his victorious pursuers, retrieved his reputation for generalship, and carried his quickly reorganized troops to aid in the defence of the capital.

It is understood that a list of the offences committed by the Prussians during the occupation will be prepared and submitted to the Cabinets of Europe. (*ubi bono?*) No one expects civility from an enemy in possession. General Faulkenstein has found it necessary to warn officers that they have no right now to demand supplies from the people, and that they must get what they want from the Prussian stores; but it is not easy to cause ordinances to be respected in outlying districts, and most men will take what they want when they can, just as the Prussians took all the horses they liked when they entered Prague. The officers and privates pay for what they take, but there is an official tariff of prices, and the Praguers complain that the exchange is against them.—*Times Military Cor.*

According to the latest intelligence from the seat of war the fatal entry of the troops into Berlin cannot take place before September 8, and will perhaps have to be postponed even a few days later.—The cholera continues its ravages among those spared by the bullet and sword. Of the 34,000 inmates of the Prussian hospitals there are only 24,000 wounded, the rest being laid up with disease. Of the wounded one-half are Austrians. The total of the Austrian prisoners of war, both wounded and others, in Prussia is about 30,000 while the Austrians cannot boast of having captured more than 391 Prussian rank and file, with five officers.

There are at this moment under treatment in the Prussian hospitals more men by one-third than the whole army we sent the Crimea; four times more than the troops engaged at Inkerman. There are no less than between 33,000 and 34,000 under treatment, so we perceive the most perfect organization cannot check the disease. Well might the King of Prussia say to the deputations which waited on him that the success of his arms had exceeded all expectation, and thankful may His Majesty be, as he says he is, to the Providence that smiled on his legions at the Bistritz.—*Times.*

LOSSES DURING THE LATE WAR.—The loss of the Second Prussian Army, under the Crown Prince, amounts altogether to 67 officers and 1,129 men killed, 261 officers and 5,542 men wounded, two officers and 1,835 men missing. Out of these losses the Guard Corps alone contributes 20 officers and 232 men killed, 51 officers and 1,439 men wounded, one officer and 634 men missing. According to official statements there remain at present in all the military hospitals under Prussian management still between 33,000 and 34,000 sick and wounded. The number of the former is stated at about 12,000. The proportion of wounded Austrians in the Prussian hospitals to wounded Prussians is stated to be about two to one—or about 13,000 Austrians to about 7,000 Prussians. The Berlin *Volkzeitung* says, that at the lowest calculation the victims of the late short and bloody war are reckoned at no less than 20,000 to 24,000 killed on the spot or since died from their wounds, to which may probably be added an equal number of both parties who have died from illness, chiefly the cholera.

BRALIN, September 11th.—A report is current in Government circles that the King of Prussia has decided to place the Prince Royal of Prussia over the late Kingdom of Hanover, as Vice-Royal, and that His Highness will soon take up his residence at the palace in the city of Hannover.

RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 10.—The Eastern question seems to be looming in the future. Russia shows signs of moving on more to obtain the control of the Danubian Principalities, and probably eventually of Constantinople.

Moscow, Aug. 27.—At a banquet given by the American Legation, Mr. Fox proposed the following toast:— "Each time when danger has threatened Russia American sympathies have been with her. If American hearts were visible we should behold them as united to Russia as are hers the Russian and American flags. May this bond be strengthening for ever by our blood!"

A lady's home dress ought to last a long while; she never wears it out.

MY SISTER.

My Sister! There is wealth of tender meaning in those words, which none can comprehend but those who have known 'and lost' a sister's love. Twice had death put forth his hand, snatching the little cherubs God gave to be my brothers; and, remorseless and relentless, death bore our angel mother to the vale of shadows. He came twice again, and gathered those who bore the name of sister; leaving the last lone nestling, the youngest of the five, to wander through the bleak world upon faltering wing, and with a saddened song.

When I ask Memory what my mother was like, she sighs but does not answer. If I say 'tell me of that gentle sister who once, like sunshine, gladdened our home,' she holds up a dim, shadowy picture; but in vain I seek to trace the lineaments. There is a chord in my bosom that echoes to a faint, far away music of that sister's voice. She must have been something like the angels, for she went to dwell with them, and I may not know her till I become what she is.

But Memory talks to me of one pure and lovely—pure in spirit, lowliness of heart— who walked by my side. In feature and form I am said to have resembled her; but my spirit was not as hers was. A hasty passionate temper could never have dwelt in her heart. 'No guile was found in her lips.' She had that 'charity that suffereth long and is kind.'—'Ye compassion and love were the attributes of her nature, and truly she wore 'that ornament which, in the sight of God, is of great price, even a meek and quiet spirit.' In the statutes of the Lord was her delight, and her trust in her Redeemer. A modest, beautiful flower, born to blush for a time and shed the precious fragrance of a lovely example. But earth was not her home; her cheek grew pale and her step weary; and one springtime, when the little wild flowers she loved so well—meet emblems of her own short sweet life—were blooming, she laid her head upon her pillow and waited for deliverance. For some she languished; but when patience had wrought its perfect work, the wish to live became extinct. The desire 'to depart and be with Christ, which is far better,' was formed; so He said, 'It is enough, come up higher.'

I looked back over nearly eight years to that summer day, the eighth of July, 1853, when I walked by her side, her hand clasped in mine, down to the brink of the dark, rolling river, and waited and watched with her there, for the angels were coming to bear her away to a beautiful land, the inhabitants whereof never say, 'I am sick;' where no pain is, neither sorrow; but joy and gladness for evermore. She told me there that in death she fulfilled her mission; she would be another treasure added to those already gathered, 'where neither moth nor rust corrupt,' and death may not despoil, to lure those who love her so well to seek more earnestly to find them again, burnished and brightened by the hand of a crucified Lord.

Loved and loving ones gathered near to bid her God speed and farewell; and as she pressed parting kisses on their lips, with what anxious look and pleading tone she sought from each the promise to follow her to the blessed abode of the redeemed, and bade me bid and cheer them on the long, rough pilgrimage. The words I would have spoken were forced back by the great grief that seemed crushing my heart. Hand in hand in years ago, we had turned our childish footsteps into the 'narrow path.' Side by side we had pursued the way, and tried to restrain our hearts from evil; had told each other our experiences and 'taken sweet counsel together,' and now she was leaving me to struggle alone—alone!

The hours wore slowly on. We watched as the shadows grew darker and darker; while my hands were more closely clasped, an awful Presence entered our midst, and his chill breath cooled the cheek of suffering. Quietly, then, as the silent finger pointed to midnight's solemn hour, he 'loosed the silver cord,' and released her pure spirit, which soared away home, to rest and heaven.

The springtime came again, and the joyous birds warbled their sweet anthems round the lone sleeper; but she waked not to list to the old, loved songs.—The violet forget-me-not bloomed beautiful as ever; but after waiting in vain her caresses, grew pale with watching, and died beside her grave; while the sweet birds, still repeating their plaintive lays, hid away in quest of a more genial clime under Southern skies.

And again they come on their missions of love, but our hearts are still, sad and lonely. 'Tis true, Time wraps a kindly mantle round the desolate heart, and other changes have come o'er my life.—'Though I can now look up and say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done,' yet more each day I miss that gentle being: from my side. Each nook and thought I ever cherished, each unkind word I ever spoke, each loving act left unperformed, stings my soul with a silent reproach. I can only pray, 'God forgive me, as she did, and make me more like her.'—*Witness, Nashville, Tenn.*

A MISSIONARY SIX YEARS OLD.—I never read any missionary story that impressed me so much as the following. I am going to tell you, my dear children, just as I read it. In a voyage of exploration and discovery on the coast of Africa, landing on a little island, near that which is mentioned on the charts by the names of Fernando Po and Annobon, some missionaries met on a rocky, not far from the shore, a cross rudely constructed, and all around, in the attitude of prayer a group of negro children, directed by a white child. They were nearly all the same age, and were reciting in bad Spanish the Angelical Salutation or *Hail Mary*. Great was the surprise of the Catholic missionaries to meet in those regions, were they thought the idea of the cross was unknown, an altar raised to the cross. On seeing those good priests wearing their stonies, child cried out in Spanish; *Priests! there are priests!* and all the little negroes turned toward the missionaries. The latter approached the child and asked him to conduct them to the house of his parents. 'I have none,' answered the child, sadly. Then he told how being cast on that shore by a shipwreck, he was separated from his parents, whom he never saw again. Picked up by some negroes, who had brought him up with their children, he had taught the latter the prayer his mother taught him to say morning and night on his knees, and they came together to kneel before that cross. 'They are, then, Christians?' demanded the missionaries. 'Christians!' repeated the child, much amazed; 'I cannot tell you; they see me kneel down, and they do the same. They repeat the words of the prayer I have taught them; but I do not know whether they understand it, and I do not understand their language. Still I have taught them to make the sign of the cross, and they never fail to do it when they pass before the cross.' And that cross—who raised it? 'It was I; I remembered those I had seen from place to place in my own country.' Finishing his recital, the poor child could not restrain his tears and sobs. The missionaries asked his name; he remembered neither his own name nor that of his country; neither did he know the name of the shipwrecked vessel. One thing only he had not forgotten: his *Hail Mary!* Well, dear friends, when will it be that little missionaries such as this charming child of whom I have told you may be found amongst you?

TACT NECESSARY IN NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.—It is not enough to think and to know. It requires the faculty of utterance, and a peculiar kind of utterance. Certain things are to be said in a certain manner; and your amateur article writer is sure to strengthen in any manner but the right. Perhaps of all styles of writing there is none in which excellency is so rarely attained as that of newspaper writing. A readable leading article may not be a work of the loftiest order, or demand for its execution the highest attributes of genius; but whatever it may be, the power of accomplishing it with success is not shared by thousands of clever fellows. Thousands of

clever fellows, fortified by Thackeray's opinion, may think that they could write the articles which they read in the morning journals; but let them take pen and paper, and try. We think it only fair that professional authors should have the credit of being able to do what other people cannot. They do not claim to themselves a monopoly of talent. They do not think themselves capable of conducting a case in court of law as cleverly as a queen's counsel, or of getting a sick man through the typhus fever as skillfully as a practised physician. But it is hard that they should not receive credit for being able to write better articles than either the one or the other; or perhaps it is more to the purpose to say, than the briefless lawyers and patientless medical students who are glad to earn a guinea by their pens. Men are not born article writers any more than they are born doctors of law, or doctors of physic; as the ludicrous failures which are thrown every day into the rubbish baskets of all our newspaper offices demonstrate past all contradiction. Incompetency is manifested in a variety of ways; but an irrepressible tendency to fine writing is associated with the greater number of them. Give a clever young medical student a book about aural or dental surgery to review, and the chances are ten to one that the criticism will be but little else than a high flown, grandiloquent treatise on the wonders of creation. A regular 'literary hack' will do the thing much better.—*North British Review.*

A WORD TO BOYS.—Boys, listen! The first thing you want to learn to develop what force there is in you, is self reliance; that is, as regards your relations to man. If I were going to give a formula for developing the most forcible set of men, I should say, turn them upon their own resources, with their minds well stored with moral and religious truth when they are boys, and teach them to 'depend on self and not on father.' If a boy is thrown upon his own resources, at fifteen, with the world all before him where to choose, and he fights the battle of life single handed up to manhood, and don't develop an average share of executive ability, then there is no stuff in him worth talking about. He may learn 'to plow and sow, and reap, and mow,' but this can all be done with machines and horses, and a man wants to be something better than either of these. Wipe out of your vocabulary such a word as *fail*, give up wishing for improbable results, put your hand to the plow, or whatever tool you take to, and then drive on and never look back. Don't even sight your person to see if it is straight; don't be consistent but simply true; if you go to see a reed shaken by the wind, it is pretty likely you will never see anything of more consequence.

TO BOYS LEARNING.—Aspiring apprentice, a word or two in your ear. If you desire success in any manner pertaining to this life or the coming, you must have a purpose—a determination, that, God helping you, you will achieve success. You may be poor, friendless, unknown—your clothing scant, your stomach half filled—your place may be at the foot of the ladder; no matter.—Whatever your position may be, do your duty in it stoutly and perseveringly; with your eye fixed far ahead and upward.

Keeping the purpose before you that you will rise, be obedient to your employer, attentive to your business, obliging to your shopmates, and courteous to strangers; and seize every opportunity to improve your head, your mind, and your workmanship. Do everything well—no slighting, no hiding defects, aiming always at perfection. Watch those who are skillful, and strive to equal and excel them. Secure the friendship of all by deserving it. Allow no opportunity of rendering a service to pass without improving it, even if it cost you some labor and self denial.

Be of use to others, even if in a small way; for a time may come when they may be of service to you. A selfish man may get ahead faster than you; but selfishness is contemptible, and you need not envy success; when you achieve your object nobly, you will enjoy it and be respected.

Always bear in mind that character is capital. To gain this you must be so scrupulously honest that you would be at willing to put live coals into your pocket as a penny that is not yours. Never run in debt; do without what you cannot at once pay for, even though you should suffer somewhat. No matter what the amount of your earnings may be, save a portion every week, and invest it in a savings bank of good standing; it will stand you in good stead some day.

Better temporary abstinence and constant plenty afterwards, than unreserved present comfort and future perpetual want. Never lie, openly or covertly, by word or action. A liar may deceive his fellows—God and himself never. Conscious of falsity, a liar can have no self respect; without self respect, reputation cannot be achieved.

With a noble purpose as the end of all your actions, and with action becoming your purpose, your success is merely a question of time—always provided you have some brain and abundant common sense.—*The American Printer.*

'Ma, is Mr. B respectable?'—'Certainly, my child, why do you ask that question?'—'Because he wears such poor clothes.'—'You should not judge people by their clothes; none but silly people do that.'—'Then everybody's silly, ain't they, ma?'

A story is told of a Welsh jary, who, when a learned counsel had opened his case, and concluded by saying, 'Now, gentlemen, I will call before you witnesses who will bear out the statement I have made; replied unanimously, 'Oh, Mr. Williams, you need not give yourself the trouble—we believe you.'

A quack advertises a compound that will cure everything, from a bad character to a bad temper.

That young man who drinks, bets, swears, gambles, and idles away his time, is on a *lois* place of the ice.

A good character is a coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer, protection to the oppressed, and inspiring the oppressor with awe.

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same.—*The Postman.*

Got any ice at the end of your table, Bill?—No, but I have got the next thing to it.—What's that?—A severe cold.

Ma, do you know why horses don't wear hats?—No, Johnny.—Because it would give them a *hostile* appearance.

A pretty girl and a wild horse are liable to do much mischief; for the one runs away with a fellow's body and the other runs away with his heart.

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular.—Because, she replied, it is so very singular that they don't get married.

Philosophers have widely differed as to the seat of the soul but there can be no doubt that the seat of perfect contentment is in the head; for every individual is thoroughly satisfied with his own brains.

The *Louisville Democrat* announces the melancholy fact that Gen. Cass was slain by the jawbone of an ass. Does our ally neighbour mean to insinuate that the general has talked himself to death?—*American Paper.*

During the play of 'Romeo and Juliet,' a scapegrace, named Romeo, was stuck fast in the pit. At the moment when Juliet exclaims, 'Romeo, where art thou?' up gets Romeo No. 2: 'Here I am in the pit; I had only a shilling and couldn't come into the boxes!' The house was in a roar. The scene almost was worth the amount.

A fellow was doubting whether or not he should volunteer to fight the Mexicans. One of the flags waving before his eyes, bearing the inscription, 'Victory or Death,' somewhat troubled and discouraged him. 'Victory is a good thing,' said he, 'but why 'Victory or Death?' Just put it 'Victory or Cripple,' and I'll go that.'

Rev. I. Moore, late Agent American Bible Union writes—"I have used Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Hair Dressing, and it has also been used by my wife. We unqualifiedly pronounce them the best preparations we have ever used—in which declaration many friends join us." Sold by all Druggists. Depot, 198 Greenwich st., N.Y.

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An architect proposes to build a Bachelor's Hall which will differ with most houses in having no Eves.

FOR THROAT DISORDERS AND COUGHS. Brown's Bronchial Troches are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy. They have been thoroughly tested, and maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired. These Lozenges are prepared from a highly es- senced recipe for alleviating Bronchial Affections, Asthma, Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, and Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND VOCALISTS will find them beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech. Sold at 25 cents per box, by all dealers in medicine. September, 1866. 2m

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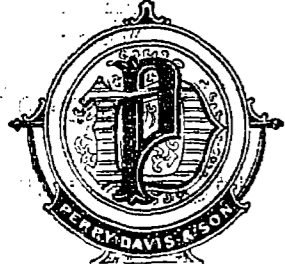
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PROVINCE OF CANADA, District of Montreal, IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, No. 101.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that an action for separation as to property (en separation de biens) has been instituted the thirty-first of March 1866, by Dame Domitille Renaud, of the Parish of Montreal, said District, wife of Moise Chartrand, Carpenter and Undertaker, of the same place, against her said Husband under No. 101, and returnable the 12th of April same year before the Superior Court in and for the District of Montreal. J. O. GAGNON, Attorney for Plaintiff. Montreal, 10th September, 1866.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; it is a delightful perfume; always headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

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