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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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ROSE LEBLANC;  
OR,  
THE TRIUMPH OF SINCERITY.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Madame Vidal tells every body that she can get to listen to her, that her sons are now gentlemen, and M. Baptiste is thinking of settling at Bordeaux, and she means to go with him.—When people become rich they do not much like living in the place where they once were poor. That is why I am so much afraid that M. Andre will go and establish himself somewhere a long way off from Jurancon. Ah, you are going to be a real *madame*, Mlle. Rose, a *lionne*, perhaps, as the newspapers say, and there will be no getting near you!

Hold your tongue, Jules, you provoke me, exclaimed Rose, stamping her foot.

Ah, I am so glad to hear you tell me to hold my tongue; it shows that you are not changed yet, Mlle. Rose; but then, also, you are not married yet. If I go to Paris, as I hope to do, for my aunt has promised to get me placed with one of my cousins in a linen-draper's shop, I shall never dare to present myself before M. de Vidal.

Then it is you that will be changed, not I, my dear Jules; for who ever knew you to lack courage to push yourself any where?

Well, you are quite wrong, Mlle. Rose. For instance, I was quite unable to overcome my natural timidity, and call at the Chateau de La Roche Vidal all the time that you were staying there, though I was once in the neighborhood upon some business of my aunt's. I was dying to go and see you, but never succeeded in summoning up sufficient courage. I should have been so glad, besides, to renew my acquaintance with that charming young lady whom I saw and spoke to at Pau, and who sent me such a beautiful cresset from Betharam. She made an impression upon me that time can never efface.

Jules said this with such a sentimental air, that Rose burst out laughing; but the next moment she said, with a sigh, Mlle. de Morlaix is an angel. Jules can you tell me at what time the diligence from Brittany comes in?

At the same time as that from Bordeaux, about four o'clock. Do you expect any one to come by it?

Yes, Henri.

Ah, M. Lacaze. He is grown quite gentle since last summer; every body says he is hardly like the same person. It is ever since you went together to Betharam. You can have no idea how benign he is grown to everybody.

Do they say that? cried Rose, looking at Andre's letter, which was lying on the table.

Yes; but they also say that he looks ill, and that he has grown very thin; and it is not to be wondered at, for it must be very unwholesome to keep in one's anger as he does. I know by myself; when I don't speak, it always makes me feel quite ill.

Jules, go away, cried Rose, in great agitation, for she had just heard Henri's voice in the kitchen, and her heart beat so violently as almost to choke her. She took up the letter, for she wanted to give it to him herself. Oh! if I only knew what he says, she murmured, clasping her hands over it. Jules went away, and soon Henri came in.

Well, Rose! how are you? said he, taking both her hands.

Very well, thank you, she replied, trying to avoid his eyes.

But I say just the contrary. You are ill, Rose. What is the matter with her? said he, turning to Aunt Babet, who just then entered the room.

You had better ask herself, answered her aunt, who was a little nettled by Rose's unusually taciturn demeanour. She does not open her mouth twice in an hour. I suppose she does not care about talking to us now that she is going to marry a gentleman.

Oh, Aunt Babet! how can you say such things, when you know how glad I was to see you, and how often I asked to be allowed to come back? and the poor girl went into the garden without seeing that it was raining.

What is the matter with her? demanded Henri a second time, in a voice like thunder.

I tell you I know nothing about it; the whims and follies of the young people now-a-days are quite unbearable. In my day they either married or they did not, and you knew what to be at; but as for Rose. . . . Here she comes back; she looks quite upset. I shall leave her to you;—perhaps you may be able to make her speak.

Rose came in, and going up to the table put Andre's letter upon it. Will you read this letter, Henri? said she, pointing to it. She went and sat down near the window. Medor, who could not obtain the smallest notice from his master, laid himself down at her feet. Henri leant against the chimney piece, and opened Andre's letter. A profound silence ensued. Rose sat

with her eyes rivetted on Henri's face trying to discover there some indication of what was passing in his mind. It betrayed nothing, however. He read steadily to the end of the letter, and then turned back to the beginning and went through it again. This time he stopped reading now and then, and looked straight before him, but without changing countenance or giving the least sign of what might be passing within him.—At last he folded it up and put it in his pocket, and went out of the house. The rain had ceased and a ray of bright sunshine flitted across the valley, and the white clouds were sailing rapidly over the blue sky. Henri took off his hat, for his forehead was burning. He walked round the orchard and stopped for an instant by the meadow, and looked at the cows which were quietly chewing the dripping fragrant grass. Soon he retraced his steps, and went back into the house. Rose was still sitting where he had left her, with her head leaning on her hands, and the dog sitting before her and gazing at her with anxiety. Henri sat down beside her.

Rose, he began, try and take courage to bear what I have got to tell you. God is my witness that I would rather die than give you pain. You know well that I would do anything, and give all I possess to make you happy, but if He does not see fit that. . . .

Is Andre dead? asked Rose turning pale.

No, not dead; but he. . . . the man who loved you, the man whom you love. . . . Oh, Rose, pray for strength to bear it, for strength to say, 'Thy will be done, Lord! Rose, my own beloved child, that man loves you no longer.'

Oh, Henri, murmured Rose, in stifled accents, does he say that? is that what he says in the letter?

He is still ready to marry you, he says, if you insist upon it, but he loves some one else, ungrateful villain that he is. Oh, Rose, Rose, do not cry so bitterly; you will break my heart.

Oh, Henri, if you only knew! murmured Rose, half choking with sobs.

Poor child! you are very unhappy. I know very well how it is.

No, no; you don't understand, you don't know Henri. . . .

Oh, yes I do, only too well. Do you think I too have not suffered, I who love you with my whole soul, who would give my life to see you smile, and to hear you say, 'Henri, I love you?'

Rose lifted up her head, and let her little hands fall into the two large ones that were stretched out to her. Tears were still rolling down her crimsoned and burning cheeks, but a radiant smile was beaming on that childish face, and her features expressed nothing but happiness.

Henri, cried she, Henri! don't you understand that I love you? Oh! I am too happy!

Henri's face became as pale as death. Rose what do you mean? Speak quick, if you do not wish me to die! What do you mean?

That I love you, you, and that I love him no longer, and left off loving him a long time ago.

It is not possible. My God! it cannot be true, murmured Henri in a stifled voice, and clasping convulsively the two little hands that lay in his with such force as almost to crush them. When was it? How did it come about? Tell me every thing.

I hardly know, said Rose, laying her head on his shoulder. I hardly know myself when it began; perhaps it has always been so. I was doubtful about it before I fell ill, since the day that you carried me in your arms when the road gave way under us. But when you went to Bordeaux with the money for the substitute, I was quite sure of it. And afterwards, when I saw M. Andre again, before he went to Italy, I felt more certain than ever that I did not really love him, and that I always loved you, even when I was not conscious of it. But I did not dare to tell any body, for I had so often promised M. Andre that I would marry him. And, besides, he said he loved me. And you. . . . I don't know. . . .

You don't know! Oh, Rose, how narrowly we have all escaped being miserable. But read this.

Rose took the letter which Henri held out to her. But, before beginning to read it, she raised her eyes to his face with such a look of love and happiness that he—the man from whom sorrow had never wrung a single tear, even when his heart was breaking—felt his strong heart heave, and turned away his head to hide the tears which rose to his eyes.

Let us see, said Rose, with one of her old merry smiles, let us see what says this poor Andre, who does not wish to have any thing more to say to me. And in a low voice she read what follows:

It is to you that I address this letter, which it costs me more than I can say to write; to you, who more than any body have a right to reproach me, and to whom I have been the cause of such bitter grief; I now venture to come for counsel and guidance; and according to your decision my conduct will be ruled. In your hands

I place my fate, and that of Rose, whose happiness, as I declare before God, is dearer to me than my own. Would that I could prove it by actions instead of words. What can I say? I loved Rose, as you too well know.—What I have suffered during the last six months has made me understand what torture my love for her must have caused you. . . .

He understand! cried Henri, striking the table with his clenched fist, 'that he never will.'

And yet your heart has never been racked with remorse. . . .

How does he know? It is very well for him to talk.

You have never had to accuse yourself of ingratitude, while I—not a day, scarcely an hour passes, that I do not reproach myself bitterly with the involuntary wrong that I have done to her, who ought to be dearer to me than anything on earth. . . .

Ah! God be praised! cried Rose, interrupting herself, God be praised that he loves me no longer! What a pity that he should torment himself so much. We must write to him at once.

Go on, said Henri; finish reading this first.

Whom I promised to marry, had am still ready to marry. . . .

You see he says that, said Henri, with a slight touch of uneasiness.

Ah, you think perhaps. . . . You deserve that. . . . and she lifted her forefinger as if to threaten him.

Henri seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips in rapture.

That I am still ready to marry her if she wishes it, and if you, her friend and protector, insist upon it. . . .

And why don't you insist upon it, then? said Rose, half pouting and half smiling.

I am master of my own actions, but alas! I am no longer so of my heart. Removed suddenly as I was from the obscure and monotonous life which I had led since my childhood, circumstances brought me in contact with one who inspired me with that deep, unchangeable, irresistible love which departs only with life. God knows I have struggled and prayed, but in vain I have tried to banish her image from my mind, and to conquer the love that I always looked upon as treachery to Rose. I have no hope of ever seeing her again; I shall never be of any account in her life. The torments I suffer are not relieved by one delusive hope. If Rose calls me back to her—if you tell me to marry her—I will promise her a faithful love, and an unflinching devotion. But would she find her happiness with me? . . .

What do you say, Henri? We must write and tell him not to make himself uneasy about my happiness. Poor Andre! I am very sorry for him. Let us see what more he says.

I cannot believe that she would. It is not possible to be happy with one who suffers, and whose life is one long torment. My health gets weaker every day under the burden of grief that weighs upon me. I tremble at the thoughts of making my poor little Rose, whom I love so dearly, share my sadness, my weariness, and my misery. Oh, Henri! you who once loved her so, who love her still perhaps. . . .

You see, cried Rose, how truly he guesses.

He need not be a magician to find that out, said Henri.

Ah, well! I know I thought you had quite left off loving me.

You were a little fool. But now let me finish the letter.

Henri took it. It was as long as letters are wont to be when the person who writes is sometimes at a loss what to say. Andre offered to give Rose half the fortune that had come to him so unexpectedly, and begged his former rival to try and make her happy, since he was no longer able to do so.

Do not hate me, he added. I deserve that you should, I know I do; but if suffering may expiate a man's faults, I have a right to your forgiveness.

Rose was much touched by these last words.

Henri, said she, we must write him a very kind and comforting letter. We will tell him that you forgive him with all your heart. You do, don't you, Henri?

It is not very difficult now, he replied with a smile.

We will tell him also not to trouble himself about my happiness, and that we thank him with all our hearts for what he offers to give us; but that we do not require it. We shall be rich, you know, Henri. Uncle always told me so.—Oh, how pleased he will be, poor dear uncle! I forgot how happy it will make them. How I wish that Andre could be happy also! I wonder who it is that he loves.

Why, Rose, do you mean to say that you do not guess? replied Henri much surprised.

Well, you at all events are not a witch! . . . Why, Mlle. de Morlaix, of course.

My good angel! Is it possible? Oh, how nice it would be, if they were to marry. They would be so happy together. They would read as long as the day is long. Only I wish for her sake that he cared more about animals, for she is very fond of them. Give me the letter.

What are you going to do with it?

Give it to me; I have an idea in my head.

Such being the case, Henri had not another word to say; the letter was made over to Rose.

CHAPTER XVIII.

One morning, when Mlle. de Tournesfort and Alice were sitting at breakfast in the little sitting room in the turret, where Andre had so often the year before watched Mlle. de Vidal at her studies or her work, two letters were brought in by an old grey-headed servant, and handed to his young mistress, who, as she took them from him little foresaw the influence they were to have on the whole of her future life. Coming from different places, arriving at the same moment, little had the writers of those letters guessed the effect they were destined to produce. One was from Rose Leblanc. It had been penned on the day when she insisted on taking from Henri the one he had received from M. de Vidal, and was the result of the idea which had so suddenly occurred to her mind. She had been at great pains to write it, and had spent nearly a whole day in its composition. Henri had been banished from the parlour, Medor repulsed, and Jules Bertrand, who had called to offer his congratulations on her approaching marriage, warned off the premises. Once achieved, she looked upon this specimen of epistolary style with no slight amount of complacency. It seemed to her a successful effort, which could never be equalled, and had, therefore, better not be repeated. She lived on her own consciousness of its merits, and vowed she would never write another if she could possibly help it. This *chef d'œuvre* was as follows:—

My Sweet Angel,—When one is very happy, it is natural to wish every body else to be happy also, and more especially those one loves. Well I am so very happy, so very joyful, that I would give the world to make others as happy as myself. And, in the first place, I must tell you, my sweet angel, the good news; and that is, that I am going to be married, and not to M. Andre at all, but to Henri, who has loved me dearly all along, and whom it turns out that I have been fond of also all the time I thought I hated him.

And the best of it is, that M. Andre does not care for me, and does not wish to marry me.—And this is all so very pleasant, that I can hardly believe it has really come to pass. And now I must tell you all about it. But first, I hope you will not think me a deceitful girl, and that I was pretending to like M. Andre when I did not.—You see, when once I had promised to be his wife, I felt it was my duty to love him, and I tried hard to do so. But still, if you had said to me when I was with you at La Roche Vidal, 'Come, Rose, with your hand upon your heart, do you really care for Andre?' I am sure I should have told you the honest truth. Whether I did at one time really like him, I can hardly say, but indeed I think I did. I am sure I must have been fond of him when he was going to draw for the conscription, and Henri scolded me for talking to him. But then, no sooner were we engaged than it seemed as if I had left off caring for him. And when he went away, and Henri had saved my life and taken care of me when I was so ill, I soon found out who it was I really loved. I tell you all this that you may understand how it all happened, and that I was not deceiving any body on purpose, when I pretended to like him. It was true, you see, at one time; and then, afterwards, it left off being true; and at last it was not true at all. Like the pretty landscapes on the window, when it freezes in the winter; early in the morning they are quite distinct; then, a little later, they are half gone; and about noon nothing of them remains. You who are so clever, and understand about everything, can explain it all, I dare say. Henri says that it was a trial Almighty God sent to teach him not to be so passionate and jealous.—And I dare say this may be true; for he never goes into a passion now, and as to jealousy, why, dear me, he will never be jealous again as long as he lives; though he did say the other day that Jules Bertrand was a little jacksack, because he kissed my hand when he wished me joy; and he tore up a paper with some very fine verses M. Firmin had written about 'The Rose of the Pyrenees.' But I don't care now. If he was to be ever so cross again, and beat me, or shut me up in a tower like Blue Beard, I had rather marry him than twenty M. Andres, though I am sure I should be sorry to say anything uncivil about a cousin of yours, my sweet angel. But I must tell you that M. Andre wrote himself to Henri to say that he did not care for me; that he was attached to somebody else, whom he would love as long as he lived, but whom he never hoped to marry, and that he would marry me, if I insisted upon it. But I suppose he felt

pretty sure I should not. And then he very civilly offered to make over to us all his fortune, which was very handsome behaviour on his part. But, thank God, we do not at all want for money though we are much obliged to him all the same for his kindness. I send you his letter to read, my sweet angel, that you may see that he has not behaved ill to me. If it is wrong in me to do so, pray excuse my foolishness. One must not be too hard upon people. It is not his fault, poor man, if he likes somebody else better than me; and, as it happens, it is a great blessing. It would have been very tiresome if it had been the other way, you know. As Henri says, 'We have been very near being miserable for life, just for want of understanding each other.'—How I wish every body would understand every body, and every body would be happy. I am sure a king and a queen could not be so happy as Henri and I. There is only one thing I care for now, and that is that you, my sweet angel, should be happy also. Every day in my prayers I will beg of Almighty God to make you so.

Your grateful little friend and servant,

ROSE LEBLANC.

The other letter was from Colonel de la Ferroniere. He gave in it a very bad account of Andre's health. A young man who had been travelling with him in Italy, and had become much attached to him, wrote to Rome to communicate to his friend's relatives the apprehensions he entertained with regard to his health, and the deep depression of spirits which was either the origin or the result of his illness.—Obliged himself to return to Paris, he could not forbear from urging on Colonel de la Ferroniere the necessity that some friend or relative should supply his place, and relieve the solitude of Andre's existence. M. de la Ferroniere expressed his regrets that he did not see what arrangement to suggest on this point. M. Baptiste Vidal, who had just assumed the management of a commercial enterprise in Boulogne, and his aged mother, much too infirm to travel, could not be expected to leave home. And even had they been able and willing to do so, added the Colonel,—I greatly doubt if, after the first moment of pleasure which he would have in seeing them, our dear invalid would have found much enjoyment in their society. You, my dear Alice, who, together with a feeling heart, possess that peculiar intelligence which understands and hits upon the best remedy for every kind of suffering, will perhaps be able to advise me on this subject. If it was not for the duties of my position, which claim me to my post, I would at once set out for Rome; but this is, alas! out of the question.

Dear aunt, Alice said, read these two letters; and whilst Mlle. de Tournesfort was looking for her spectacles, and then slowly perusing first Rose's elaborate though artless composition, and then the Colonel's hurried note, she knelt down by her side, leaning her forehead against the back of her chair. A tear trickled down the old lady's withered cheeks, as she folded up the letters and took off her spectacles. Two arms were thrown round her neck, and a faltering voice said in her ear, 'Let us start for Rome to-morrow.'

So we will my dear child, was the good woman's answer.

There was not a tenderer heart in the world than that of uromantic Mlle. de Tournesfort. Sentiment had never rippled its surface, but sensibility dwelt in its inmost core. And real sorrow, whatever its source, was always sure to awaken her sympathy.

Two days elapsed, and on the third the aunt and niece were on board the steamer from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia,—the former somewhat uneasy at the suddenness with which she had acted on the impulse of the moment, and undertaken so long a journey with so little advice from any one but her own heart and the Cure of the village, who had assured her it would be a work of mercy to go and visit the poor young man, whom the late Baron loved as a son,—and the latter absorbed by the thoughts of the task before her, and vague hopes and fears as to the ultimate results of the step she had taken.

On a lovely afternoon in February, just as one of Rome's glorious sunsets was illuminating the sky with its gorgeous hues, and throwing a red light on the domes, towers, cypresses of the Eternal City, Alice arrived in Rome, her hands clasped together her lips moving in voiceless prayer, even as if entering a church. As she passed through its streets, the words of Jacob in the desert where angels had visited him rose spontaneously in her mind. 'This is the house of God, this is the gate of heaven; and from each cross, each altar, each sanctuary on the way, a voice seemed to reply, 'God's peace be with you.'

At that very hour Andre was sitting on one of the long wooden benches in St. Peter's, his head sorrowfully sunk upon his breast, his forehead on a marble paleness, and his cheeks flushed with the hectic hue of a consuming fever. As the



light was beginning to wane, he saw two women enter by the principal door, and walk straight to the tombs of the Apostles, where they both devoutly knelt. He watched them as they passed along the nave, with the sort of anxious sick curiosity which so often attends incipient disease. After losing sight of them, he rose and slowly went towards the entrance door. As he was lifting up, with an effort almost too great for his strength, the massive curtain which hung before it, he saw close by his side the two women he had been watching a moment before, and he drew back to make way for them. Alice turned round to thank the courteous stranger, and their eyes met. She saw him stagger, and held out her arm to support him. 'Lean upon me, Andre,' she quietly said.

'Come with us,' Mdle. de Tournefort added. 'The carriage is close at hand.' And hurrying forward down the steps, she made a sign to the coachman to advance. Andre passed his hand over his eyes and brow, and murmured in broken accents, 'If this is a dream, for mercy's sake do not awaken me.' 'It is no dream,' Alice whispered, and then with great simplicity said, 'It is for you we are come.'

They slowly descended together the long flight of steps in front of the church. The glories of the sunset sky were fading into twilight's grey, and the cold chill of evening pervaded the air. Mdle. de Tournefort was waiting for them in the carriage. When her companions had joined her, she bade the coachman drive to their hotel; and Andre leant back exhausted with emotion and scarcely able to speak. As they drove by the obelisks in the Piazza of St. Peter, Alice's eyes fixed themselves on one of the sentences, written in letters of gold on the Egyptian marble:—'Vincit Leo de Tribu,' the Lion of the tribe of Judah has conquered. She repeated these words in a low voice, as if speaking to herself; and they remained impressed in her recollection as a memento of Christ's eternal triumph over suffering, persecution, and death.

Andre accompanied Mdle. de Morlaix to the hotel where they had engaged rooms, and spent the evening with them. Alice, who had been struck from the first moment she had seen him again with his paleness and the alteration in his appearance, was still more uneasy on noticing the feverish excitement which succeeded the languor she had at first observed in his manner. Wearing by the emotion he had gone through, the look of his eyes and the tone of his voice betrayed the restless uneasiness of disease. It was evident that he was taking pains to disguise his weakness, and to deceive himself as well as them as to the state of his health. In taking leave of his companions that evening, he begged to be allowed to call upon them early the following day, in order to escort them in the first visit to the Vatican.

During the night the weather became rainy and cold. One of those sudden changes in the atmosphere took place, from which even the climate of Italy is not exempt. This, however, did not keep Alice at home on the following morning. At an early hour she was on her way to mass, at the church of the Trinita del Monte. The sky, so bright and so serene the evening before, was now obscured with clouds, and a cold sharp wind blew from the mountains partially covered with snow. The beggars followed her with loud clamorous vociferations. She felt oppressed with a grief which resembled remorse, and kept asking herself if it had been right to come to Rome, and awaken in Andre the hope of earthly happiness, at a time when his earthly career was tending to a close, and his thoughts ought rather to be directed to the happiness of heaven, than to the joys of this life. 'And yet,' she mentally ejaculated, 'is it not possible, if disappointment and sorrow have had their share in causing this illness, that it may not be too late for happiness and peace of mind to save him?—Ought I to have abandoned him to loneliness and depression, in order to detach him from existence? and is it wrong to run the risk of riveting the links which bind him to earth by cheering his remaining days with the light of love and happiness?'

This trying question, so important in its practical results, so difficult to solve by the dictates of human prudence, was in her mind all the time she was in church, and fervent were her prayers for light and guidance. When she came out upon the steps which command the magnificent view from the heights of the Monte Pincio, the majestic spectacle which displayed itself before her eyes took her by surprise. Dark masses of clouds were rolling along the sky in the direction of the sea, and the sun shining brilliantly the while on the intervening plains. Gleams of stormy light were illuminating here and there domes and cypresses, the old walls, the towers, the broken columns, and the palaces of the city which was lying before her at the feet of St. Peter's glorious shrine, the outline of whose cupola stood out on matchless grandeur against the blue sky on the opposite side of the horizon.

At that moment she felt the sublime moral greatness of Christian Rome. She understood the sort of influence that it is capable of exercising on men's hearts and minds; and into her mind came at once the thought which threw a light on the path she was about to tread. A deep feeling of thankfulness took possession of her soul. Leaning against the wall, but prostrate in spirit at the feet of Him who had led her to His chosen home on earth, she blest Him for the mercy which was disclosing to her at the same time the nature of the task she had to perform and the means of accomplishing it. 'Yes,' she murmured, as her eyes lingered on the wonderful scene before her, 'yes, here it may be possible to enjoy life and prepare for death; to love as Christians only can love, and to part without overwhelming anguish; to learn from the saints how to live, and from the martyrs how to die. To inhabit Rome, to study and to love it, must bring the soul into close communion with the other world.'

faith and her love, her duty as a Christian and her tenderness as a woman, led her to adopt. On her return to the hotel, Alice found Mdle. de Tournefort sitting over the fire, and bitterly complaining of the far- famed climate of Italy. 'Andre is not come yet, I suppose?' said Mdle. de Morlaix.

'I have written to him on no account to venture out on foot to-day. Going backwards and forwards from one house to another would be the worst thing in the world for a young man whose lungs are in a most delicate state.'

'Indeed I have been thinking so ever since we arrived,' answered Alice, with a sigh. 'It might have been wise to remain at home,' said Mdle. de Tournefort, in a gruff kind of voice, which was evidently put on in order to disguise the feelings of sensibility which she did not wish to give way to; 'but as we have been guilty of the folly of coming to Rome, I cannot but think...'

'What? what do you think?' said Alice, anxiously watching for the next word. 'Well, I think that M. de Vidal should move into this hotel. We can be of some use to him then, and he sadly wants looking after.'

'Oh, my dear aunt, you will suggest it to him, I hope. He would not perhaps venture to propose it.'

'I have suggested it,' the old lady testily replied; 'you don't suppose he made any objection, do you? They are at this moment getting his room ready.'

'I am so glad,' said Alice, turning her head away. Mdle. de Tournefort held out her hand to her. Both were deeply moved, and there was no need of words to express their feelings.

From that moment Alice and Andre began to lead a life which partook of the soothing influence which belongs to the scenery and climate of Rome. It was wholly independent of the habits and social cares of a worldly existence, but in perfect harmony with the disposition of their hearts and the tone of their minds. To those who enter into the spirit which pervades Christian Rome, prayer becomes almost as habitual as thought. Sensible objects are continually calling into play, without fatiguing or overburthening them, the intellectual powers and the imaginative faculties. A keen perception of the beauties of nature and of art mingles itself with religious emotions, and lends a charm to the various and daily recurring practices of piety, which seem to arise out of every object which the eye rests upon in this strange city, where memory and faith are continually bringing the reminiscences of the past and the thoughts of the future to bear on the present; where Christian and Catholic tradition holds its unbroken course through the lapse of centuries, from the catacombs to the basilicas, from the tombs of the martyrs to the galleries of the Vatican.

The betrothed lovers were often seen in the churches where the devotions of the Stations and of the Forty Hours attract a numerous and fervent crowd, kneeling amongst the beggars on the rough uneven pavement strewn with leaves and flowers, and offering up prayers at the privileged altars.

'How young they are! How pretty she is! How ill he looks,' whispered the old women, who paused a moment, with their beads in their hands, to gaze on the youthful strangers.

'Ab, poverello!' they sometimes ejaculated; 'he has not long to remain in this world; that is evident. But he is so devout; he loves the Blessed Virgin so dearly. No doubt he will go straight to heaven; and that santarella, who follows him like his shadow, or rather like his guardian angel—she looks much more like a spouse of Christ than a fianzata of this world.'

and, would you not exaggerate, universally are of the agricultural peasantry. The exceptions are so exceedingly few as only to prove the rule. Unquestionably no Protestant country clergyman, if he is an honest man, will say that there is one upon a hundred marriages. It is the universality of this evil practice which leads to the numerous cases of illegitimate births.

It is the same elsewhere. Oleridge, no bad judge, speaks of the 'free independent inhabitants of the interior of Norway.' He adds, 'I don't include the people of the seaports in my praise of the Norwegians. I speak of the agricultural population. If that country could be brought to maintain a million more of inhabitants, Norway might defy the world.' Perhaps so. But meanwhile the morality of that 'free agricultural population' (tested by the fact of illegitimacy) is lower than that of any other part of Europe, with one single exception. This fact was published years ago by Mr. Laing. Alas! if that eating cancer of immorality could only be cured, Norway might justly be placed amongst the highest of European populations. But what boots that a land is able to 'defy the world' if it be the slave of the flesh and the Devil?

And what of the *Spectator's* remedy—education? Of its good effects it speaks confidently, yet is obliged to insert the condition 'ultimately.' A fortunate qualification: 'For one country in Christendom there is which, we believe, ranks in respect of purity even below Norway, and that is exactly the one in which education (in the sense in which the word is used by the *Spectator*), is most universal, and it must be admitted, most successful. For no man gets on in the world better than the Scotch peasantry.

In Scotland, we presume, the 'ultimate' effects of education have not had time to develop themselves. That is certainly unlucky, because in it the experiment has not only been tried longer than in any other country of Europe. Hitherto the morality of Scotland has gone on declining more and more in each generation since the system of national education was instituted. The *Spectator* assures us that 'ultimately' it must produce a contrary effect. It is much to be hoped. But one would be glad to know when the 'ultimate' effect is to begin to show itself. And meanwhile it is an unpleasant prospect for other countries if they have only 'education' to trust to, because it would appear that they will have to sink to the abyss of immorality in which Scotland is now plunged before the 'ultimate' effects begin to be seen. At least one thing is certain, that however confident the *Spectator* and the modern theorists whom it represents may be in the success of their plan, it is impossible to mention any one country in the world in which it has yet succeeded. Not a pleasant consideration for a generation which boasts of bringing everything to the test of experiment. Specially because all the world knows that there are countries where another experiment has been tried with perfect success. The purity of the Irish peasantry is the marvel of the world. It is far more beyond the average of European population than that of Scotland is below it. Now to what cause will any one attribute this? I will give the answer of Sir Charles Forbes, late Physician to Her Majesty's household. He was a Scotchman and a Protestant, without the least leaning towards Catholicism, and he published, some years ago, a tour in Ireland. He speaks throughout as every other traveller has spoken of the marvellous purity of the Irish peasantry. Upon that he is no stronger than others—for instance, Sir E. Head, one of the most anti-Catholic writers we know. But Dr. Forbes, not content with facts, gave reasons. He tells us, that before he went to Ireland he had heard much of the morality of the peasantry; that in Dublin he saw some statistical returns of the proportion of illegitimate births, and was disappointed, he tells us, to find it so large. But when he knew more of the country he understood that. In Ireland, he says, there are a few Protestant districts, many Catholic districts and some where the two religions are mixed. Then he says that he ascertained that where the whole population is Protestant there the illegitimate births are as numerous in proportion, as in England. Wherever it is wholly Catholic, there are none at all. In mixed districts the proportion of illegitimate births varies exactly with the proportion of Protestants to Catholics. This, he says, is the state of facts for which we have to account. He examines several theories proposed for the purpose—the theory of race—of early marriages—of education, &c.—and after showing that none of these will agree with the notorious facts, he says that he is convinced the real cause is the effect of the confessional. If he had said of the Catholic Religion instead of one most important part of it he would no doubt have said true.

And the same is borne out elsewhere. There is a general notion that purity is a Northern virtue. This it was so (comparatively) in the time of Tacitus seems certain. But in our day Catholic Italy ranks in this matter with Catholic Ireland. Here we can speak personally. We have made somewhat particular enquiries in several districts in the north of Italy from persons of different classes, and the state of facts which we ascertained was just the same as exists in Ireland. We are well aware how general the contrary opinion is in England. But with all possible respect for our country we cannot admit that the general opinion of English people upon a subject of which they know nothing is to weigh more than the testimony of every one (what-ever may be his own politics or religion) who has any means of knowing the facts. We obtained the testimony, among others, of Protestant Clergymen of high character, but without the least tendency to the Catholic Church, and they spoke of the morals of Italian peasants exactly as Sir Charles Forbes speaks of the Irish.

Against this there is only one fact to be set. There is no doubt a class of Italian nobility who seek the acquaintance of English travellers; because they have lost caste among their own countrymen, and who have as little morals as they have religion. If this were any proof against the morals of Italy it would be easy to apply the argument to Ireland itself, as indeed Sir Charles Forbes shows. It is not the Irish but the Irish Catholics whose standard of morality is so high.

The facts then stand thus. Purity as a virtue which the world highly prizes as the cement of society. It has been obtained upon earth, and obtained not by a few exceptional individuals, but by great communities, say by whole nations, and maintained for many centuries together. But, as far as experience goes, it has been obtained only by one means, i.e., by the Catholic religion. Where that has prevailed the people have been pure. Where it has been swept away the national purity has gradually declined and corrupted, as Catholic traditions and Catholic discipline surviving Catholic Faith have gradually died out.

The same time less educated. The fact is Scotland and the Reformation has been a fact in its appeal. The father it has reaped from the sun, the colder and colder it has got. Where it is hastening to it is hard to say, unless, please God it should turn towards a perihelion by the revival of the Catholic religion. God grant that it may, as they tell us sometimes happens to comets, fall into the sun and be absorbed by it.

I have mentioned above what Oleridge said of Norway. It is worth remarking that the special object of his praise was the religion of the agricultural districts of Norway. He referred to it as a case in which he would persecute 'a parcel of fanatic missionaries, if they should attempt to disturb the fervent and undoubting Lutheranism of the free independent inhabitants of the interior of that country.' But then, to be sure, he seems for the moment, at least; to have been thinking of 'religion' only as it affects worldly interests, and enables a country to 'defy the world.' For that purpose it should seem a religion which is able to control the morals and rule the heart and life is not necessary—the fervent and undoubting Lutheranism of that free country seems to be somewhat akin to 'muscular Christianity' as we know it nearer home.—*Weekly Register.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONSECRATION OF THE COADJUTOR BISHOP OF KILLALOE.—On Sunday, June 22, the imposing ceremony of the consecration of Most Rev. Dr. Power as Coadjutor Bishop for the Diocese of Killaloe, took place in the Catholic Church, Nenagh. In order to convenience those who might wish to witness the proceedings, special trains were started from some of the surrounding towns to Nenagh, of which a good many persons availed. Long before the hour appointed for the commencement of the ceremony, the sacred edifice was crowded almost to excess. The attendance of clergymen was exceedingly large, nearly two hundred being present. There were also ten bishops assisting at the ceremony, namely: Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Lord Archbishop of Cashel; Most Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert; Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry; Most Rev. Dr. Butler, Lord Bishop of Limerick; Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Lord Bishop of Waterford; Most Rev. Dr. Deane, Lord Bishop of Cork; Most Rev. Dr. Keane, Lord Bishop of Cloyne; Most Rev. Dr. M'Evilly, Lord Bishop of Galway; and Most Rev. Dr. O'Hea, Lord Bishop of Ross. The Very Rev. Monsignor Woodlock, Rector of the Catholic University, was also present. Almost all the parish priests and Catholic clergymen from the neighboring parishes, and for several miles around were present. The Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel, officiated. The ceremony was not entirely concluded till about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Immediately after the first gospel of the High Mass, Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry, ascended the altar and delivered a most impressive sermon, in which he traced the history of the episcopacy from the time of the first Apostles down to the present moment, and in which he eulogised the coadjutor bishop elect with his usual eloquence. At 4 o'clock P. M. all the clergy present were entertained at a splendid dinner by the Most Rev. Dr. Power, the new Coadjutor Bishop of Killaloe.

His Grace the archbishop of Cashel has been pleased to transfer to the Rev. John B. Hanly from the curacy of New Inn to that of Caherconlish, and to send Rev. John Clancy as coadjutor to Rev. John Ryan, P. P., New Inn, Caher.

The Limerick Reporter announces that the Hon. and Very Rev. William Plunket, who has been attached for several years to the Convent of Mount St. Alphonsus, and who, since the lamented death of the late Very Rev. Father Ross, had been Rector of that magnificent convent, has been removed to the Convent of Bishop Eaton, near Liverpool, of which he has appointed Rector. The hon. and very rev. father took his departure on June 14, en route for Bishop Eaton. The Very Rev. Father Bridget is appointed Rector of Mount St. Alphonsus.

The Rev. Thomas Fenelon begs most thankfully to acknowledge the receipt of £5, the generous contribution of John Grace, of Gracetield, towards the improvements now being made in the chapel of Ballylilan. His amiable and charitable lady likewise subscribed to the same object on a recent occasion.

His native town Monaghan, will honor the Hon. C. G. Duffy with a banquet on the evening of the 5th of July. From every part of the country—as well as from neighboring counties—many will be present to co-operate in paying this tribute of respect to the genius of Charles Garrahan Duffy. The banquet will be provided in the Western Arms Hotel.—*Ulster Observer.*

Numerous excursions have been made to visit the Niagara and Sacramento at Queenstown. About five hundred persons from Cork went together to view the ship. On approaching the Niagara some of the passengers raised a cheer. Immediately after triple huzzas sprang up the shrouds and gave three hearty hurrahs, while the band played up 'Patrick's Day.' The steamer was provided with a German band, but the performers did not know any American national air, and so they complimented the strangers by playing 'Garryowen.'—*Munster News.*

It is stated, generally in Queenstown, that a fleet of 12 or 15 of the largest vessels of the United States' Navy will visit different ports in Ireland during the month of August. They are expected, in the first instance, to rendezvous in Bantry Bay.

The attendance at the Dublin International Exhibition on Saturday, June 24th, (though 'half-crown day') was most numerous, and many who had stopped away in consequence of the amended catalogue not being published, visited the exhibition for the first time. The corrected and enlarged catalogue is now in the hands of the public, and we are happy to say that it has been brought out in excellent style, and that the errors in it are few and far between. The arrangements in the several departments are now completed, and the Exhibition may be said to be in perfect working order. On Saturday the splendid band of the 11th Hussars was in attendance, and performed in excellent style.—Miss Linda Scates, on the concertina, assisted by her father, Mr. Joseph Scates, on the pianoforte, played a serenade by Regondi, a fantasia on airs from 'Marta,' and selections from 'Faust,' in the concert hall to the delight of a crowded auditory.—The total number of persons who visited the Exhibition on Tuesday was 5,953.—*Freeman's Journal.*

On June 27th C. H. Hemphill, Esq., Q. C., Chairman for the county Louth, held his Quarterly Sessions Court here. In his address to the Grand Jury, it was his pleasing duty again to congratulate Drogheda on the continued immunity from crime which each recurring quarterly calendar exhibits. In the criminal business there was only one case—for larceny—to dispose of.—*Drogheda Argus.*

A man named McMahon, who resided in the vicinity of Patrick's well, and who attended on Saturday, June 24, at Rathkeale Court house as a witness for his brother in a seduction case, dropped dead in the hall of the court just as his name was called.

A man named Leahy was lately drowned in a small lake at Kibrahe, situated within about three miles of Killarney. He entered the water to bathe, and was lost in a spot the depth of which was greater than he expected. A wife and four young children were dependent upon him for support. On Friday evening, June 23, his remains were recovered by Mr. Moran, agriculturalist to Lord Castlereagh, and Sub-Constable Sberman.

During the week ending July 1st, 71 persons were admitted provisionally into our union; 15 into the house hospital, and 37 received outdoor relief.—*Waterford News.*

The barque 'Canada,' from Quebec, with timber, anchored in Passage Beach, on Saturday evening, June 24; opposite the Rowing Club quay. The crew were making all things snug for the night, before proceeding to rejoice their friends ashore, when one of them who had been employed aloft, fell from the yardarm of one of the masts and was instantly killed. The poor fellow who thus lost his life, just on arriving at his own door, was by birth a Dutchman, named Andrew Swanson, but had been living at Queenstown, where he had been married in the early part of this year. Coming up by Queenstown he waved his cap in response to his wife's handkerchief from shore. In half an hour afterwards he lay on the deck a corpse.—*Cork Reporter.*

By an official return just issued, it appears that there are now confined in Irish prisons under sentence of penal servitude, 1,423 males and 476 females; total, 1,899. Of these thirty-eight are for life; twenty seven of the prisoners so sentenced having committed crimes less than murder or manslaughter.

EVICTOR.—The Tralee Chronicle of Yesterday has the following:—'On yesterday, being the Feast of St. Peter and Paul, the town presented an unusually crowded appearance. At about 11 o'clock, all the available police in the district were marched, cap a pie, through the streets. For a while their destination was a secret, and the current gossip was that the Fenians landed in Dingle. Later in the day it was discovered they went to Dingle, where a steamer waited to convey them to one of the Blasquet Islands, for the purpose of assisting in the ejection of about 60 families. The island is situated about 11 miles from Dingle, and on the demise of the late Miss Clarissa Hussey, became the property of Samuel M. Hussey, Esq.'

The number of civil bill cases entered for hearing at the late Tralee Quarter Sessions was 256, of which 140 were defended. There were ten ejectments, four insolvent petitions, and was twelve criminal cases.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN WYNN, OF HAZLEWOOD.—Tuam, Tuesday, June 10.—At ten o'clock last night, the above-named gentleman departed this life at the Palace, Tuam, the residence of Lord Plunket. He arrived there in the afternoon of Friday last, from Boyle, accompanied by his two daughters, and appeared to be in the enjoyment of excellent health, but on Saturday morning he was found in bed quite insensible and completely prostrate from a sudden and severe attack of apoplexy, which had seized him during the night, and from the effects of which he never rallied.

It is with much regret we record the demise of Mr. John James Cassidy, of Carrickmacross which took place on Saturday last, after a week's illness. Mr. Cassidy was well known in this part of Ireland as a sporting character, and was so much the life and soul of those social meetings of which he formed a part, that it is quite unnecessary to point out the blank which his death has caused, and which will not be filled up for a long time by any one possessing such a fund of genuine wit and humor. He was so much a portion of the every day life of Carrickmacross, that people never thought that death had anything to do with one like him, and they can hardly yet credit the fact, that he passed to that bourne from which no traveller returns. But gay and generous, and amusing though he was, death has visited him, and claimed him as his victim. Mr. Cassidy had been aiding Mr. Kenney's movement to collect a monster meeting at Mullacrew on last Saturday, and had travelled over a good deal of the country in forwarding the good cause. He was expected to be at Mullacrew, stating that he had been on the hill on that day 39 years, when his friend Alexander Dawson had first appealed to the men of Louth to assist him in breaking the chains that bound them. But Mr. Cassidy expired on the very day on which the meeting assembled. He had been just a week ill, and he received every attention from Dr. Fleming, and the consolations of religion were administered to him by the Rev. Mr. Hughes. He was exceedingly pious, and when he found his end approaching he bowed in humble submission to the will of heaven, and died a most edifying death. May the turf press lightly on his breast, and may God have mercy on his soul.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

The Attorney-General has made the following legal appointments, consequent upon the death of the late lamented Mr. Edward Johnstone:—Mr. Charles Coates, Crown prosecutor for the county of Wicklow, has been transferred to the county and city of Waterford; Mr. William Ryan and Mr. William Anderson have been appointed Crown prosecutors for the county of Wicklow; Mr. Henry Devitt has been promoted from the office of supernumerary Crown prosecutor for the county of Wexford to that of permanent Crown prosecutor for that county.

We are glad to learn from a statement made in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel, in reply to a question of Mr. Blake, that Dr. McLeish, medical officer of the Mullinawat district, has been appointed resident physician and governor of the Waterford District Lunatic Asylum, in the room of Dr. Barton, appointed to the Castlebar Asylum.

Patrick Murray, aged about 26 years, a very active and useful quay and river watchman, was drowned on Monday last, whilst swimming on the Ford, whether he had been promoted recently to the works there by the Harbor Commissioners. Singular to relate, Murray was an excellent swimmer, although he was drowned in five feet of water, within view of seven or eight persons employed at the dredge boat, the engineer of which vessel came speedily to the rescue, and diving brought up the body before it was cold. Medical aid was sent for, but life was found to be extinct.—*Waterford News.*

The progress of the woolen manufacture in Ireland has lately attracted much attention, and become an object of great public interest. We are, therefore, gratified that the entire process is illustrated in the Exhibition, whence it forms one of the greatest features of the magnificent display opened to the public this year. We have the greater pleasure in making this announcement from knowing that the hitherto comparatively unsatisfactory position of this branch of industry in Ireland has been mainly owing to the absence of the improved machinery which has worked so great a revolution in the trade in England and Scotland.

On Tuesday morning, an infuriated cow belonging to Mr. Michael M'Carthy broke loose, and running down Mary Street, upset a woman named Catherine Devlin, and a boy named Patrick Kane, inflicting considerable injury on both, especially on the latter. The animal then proceeded along the Mathew Bridge up Patrick street and George street, followed by an immense crowd, many of them policemen, some of whom had their bayonets drawn, but were at such a distance from the object of their pursuit that there seemed more likelihood of their doing injury to the bystanders than of their succeeding in arresting the career of the infuriated animal. The chase continued up William st. (the cow upsetting numerous apple-stalls, and coming into unpleasantly near contact with some of the superintendants) and along toward the Fair Green, where a capture was effected. The Kane and Devlin were taken to Barrington's Hospital, where their wounds were dressed. No other person sustained any serious injury.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

For the past few weeks fever has been very prevalent in Killybeg and the surrounding country. The malady is not of an aggravated type. Dublin, with its immediate suburbs, contains 350,000 inhabitants. The calendars are exceedingly light, affording marked contrast with the records of guilt and violence published in the London newspapers.



On Saturday, 17th ult., about seven o'clock in the evening, the peaceable inhabitants of Beeston...

We have received several complaints of the annoyance caused every night by bodies of Orangemen who congregate at St. Mary's market...

On the night of June 23 the country for miles round Camlough village, County Armagh, was the theatre of much excitement...

On Thursday night, June 29, a fire of a most alarming nature broke out in a wood, the property of George Birch, Esq., of Monalich...

A man named Denis Sheehan, who had a horse for sale at the last fair of Dungarvan, on June 29...

SALE OF THE O'DONOGHUE'S PROPERTY.—It has been well known to many persons for a long time in Dublin and elsewhere...

At the Chasabel quarter sessions, lately, a case of breach of promise of marriage came on for hearing...

On Monday, June 26th, one of the Drogheda quay porters, feeling drowsy, bethought himself of taking a siesta...

A Clonmel paper has the following:—Two boys were fighting in Inishtown on Wednesday...

'Come back! come back!' the polis cried. As Lord Ullin to his daughter: 'You'll bide a wee,' the lad replied...

He didn't. The boy swam to the other side, and made for the hill, after again waving his hand in token of a long and affectionate farewell...

Speaking of the crops and the general appearance of the country in that district, the Carlow Post says: Hay making has been going on in these districts for some time...

The Dublin Freeman, Saturday, June 24, says:—An unexpected event has disappointed the slender hopes of Toryism in the city of Cork...

GREAT BRITAIN.

KENILWORTH.—On June 25, the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, held his visitation, according to Pontifical rite...

The 'London Review' Church Commission.—No. IX.—Roman Catholics and Dissenters in London.—There are few questions upon which there exists a greater variety of opinion...

Formerly, for the accommodation of the whole of the Roman Catholics of this parish, there was but one small chapel near the High-street...

the Poor Clares' Convent in Edmond-terrace, the Franciscan Convent in Portobello-road, the Sisters of Jesus, & Holland-villas...

It might be imagined from this account of the Roman Catholic institutions in Kensington, that a general rush had been made upon that parish...

Such being the increase of the Roman Catholics in Kensington, let us now inquire how it has arisen. No doubt a vast number of families holding a respectable position in society have immigrated into the parish...

In the Church of England National Schools, &c. 2,400. By Protestant Dissenters 2,000. By Roman Catholics 1,200. Total 5,600.

By this it will appear that the large parish of Kensington, with its 75,000 inhabitants, out of the gross number, 5,600, of the children of the laboring classes...

The Lord Chancellor personally announced his resignation in the House of Lords on the 5th in the following address: The Lord Chancellor then rose and announced that he had resigned his office...

rious to promote all those legal reforms which yet remained to be carried into effect. He added that the appellate jurisdiction of the House was in a satisfactory state...

HARVEST PROSPECTS.—At present prospects are far from being favourable, and I don't know how to account for the bad appearance of the crops...

The crops in South Wales are, upon the whole, making favorable progress, and on many farms the wheat is in full ear.

DEATH OF SIR WM. LAWSON, BART.—It is our painful duty to announce the demise of one of our few remaining old English Catholics, Sir William Lawson, Bart., of Brough Hall, Catterick, Yorkshire...

The death of Dr. Ferguson is announced to have taken place on Sunday last at his residence, Ascot Lodge, Wingfield, near Windsor...

Two very distressing deaths by drowning happened on the 22nd ult. in Morecambe Bay, near Lancaster. Three gentlemen from Tyldesley, named Daniel, Jas., and Henry Charleston, brothers, were on a visit to Morecambe...

We have to-day to record one of those sudden and fatal accidents which, when they occur, excite one feeling of sympathy throughout the whole community. Intelligence has been received in London of the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot by a most appalling accident...

The trial of Dr. Pritchard for poisoning his wife and mother-in-law in Edinburgh has been brought to a close. It was proved by the domestic servants of Dr. Pritchard that in the month of February, Mrs. Pritchard had been frequently sick...

his suspicions to Dr. Pritchard, as he did not think it safe to do so. It was proved that at various dates, from November, 1864, to February, 1865, the prisoner had purchased, in unusually large quantities, tincture of aconite, tartarised antimony, tartar emetic, and lanthanum...

The number of brewers in the United Kingdom is 2,508; the number of persons licensed to sell beer to be drunk on the premises is 41,622 in England...

A workman in a brewery at Stamford, England, lately met with a fearful death. He was sitting in a drowsy state on the edge of a tub, containing malt liquor, at a temperature of 150 degrees...

A stable boy at an English town, a few weeks ago wished to reduce his weight five pounds, so as to ride a horse at a race. He wrapped himself in flannels and a great coat, started out on a hot day to sweat himself down; but after walking two miles he fell down and soon died...

Antiquarian readers will be sorry to learn the fall of the ruins of the Priory of St. Augustine, situate in the quiet village of Blythburgh, Suffolk, which occurred a short time since...

On June 26, at the flowing of the tide, there was picked up on the beach inside the West Pier, Granton, a soda-water bottle, firmly corked and containing a small piece of paper, which was written in pencil on one side...

The London Times, in alluding to the termination of Parliament, thinks the verdict is greatly unanimous in favor of the present Parliament, as compared with a great mass of its predecessors...

UNITED STATES.

The assessors of revenue have reported to the Department of Agriculture 1,704 woolled factories in operation in the United States. Only 764 have reported the total number of pounds of wool used during the year...

HANGING AT WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN.—A man named Wm. Bell was executed at Waukesha, Wisconsin, on Friday for the murder of a woman by the name of Ruth Briden...

An aged citizen of the North End, states that seventy years ago this month, Mrs. Spooner was hung at Worcester for murdering her husband...

James Jenkins, of Dorchester, Mass., hanged himself on Monday last week through melancholy and mortification on account of being arrested for drunkenness...

The Wool Crochet of the U.S.—It is announced that from statements received at the Agricultural Bureau it appears that the present wool crop of the country is less than one hundred million pounds per annum...

WHEAT CROPS.—The wheat harvest in Southern Illinois and Indiana has commenced. Our exchanges from that section speak of the yield as enormous, and the quantity as unsurpassed by the crops of any previous year...

Stephen Hiss, a worthy citizen, was accidentally shot dead in Baltimore on July 11, by a policeman who shot a mad dog...

The Worcester Spy says the niece of the late Rear Admiral Dupont's daughter of Commodore Shubric, U. S. N., is the Superior of the convent of Mercy in that city...

It is currently declared at Washington that President Johnson will recommend to the next Congress in his first message, that unless the States adopt measures or embody in their new constitutions provisions for universal suffrage they should not be admitted...



The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 28.

ECOLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

Friday, 28—St. Nazaire, Celse, &c., M.M. Saturday, 29—St. Maurice, V. Sunday, 30—Eighth after Pentecost. Monday, 31—St. Ignatius, C.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

The steamship Peruvian, which arrived on the 12th instant, has brought the latest European news. The English political news is entirely centred in the Parliamentary Elections now going on.

A FINAL NOTICE TO DELINQUENTS.

As we are now about to close the fifteenth volume of our paper, we may be permitted once more to say a few words to those who are indebted to us for their yearly subscription.

The annual Pic-Nic of the St. Ann's Congregation will take place in the Victoria Gardens, on Wednesday, 23rd August. Particulars in a future advertisement.

The reverend gentleman next proceeded to refer to the great change that had taken place in Italy within the past few years, where not less than fifty thousand copies of the bible had already been distributed.

Some people have a happy knack of making the most of everything. Be it a Bible report or a mutton pie—they improve the occasion.

It may perhaps be a great achievement (we know that it is an expensive one) to distribute in Papal Italy, 50,000 copies (in bad Italian) of a spurious and emasculated Bible.

Come we now to the main point, the moral value (estimated by the number of converts made) of this Bible distribution.

Taking then such places as China for our unit of comparison—and we take them the more readily, as we have said, because we are anxious, if possible, to find a people that can compare with Papists for perversity.

the wants of a century, was only the work of a few months. Sixteen years earlier, Mr. Gutzlaff alone, in less than twelve months, had distributed 23 boxes full of Chinese books among the people.

With Dr. Fuller's kind permission, we will continue in a future issue our unpleasant retrospect.

LANCASTRENSIS.

DOES THE FAMILY-TIE EXIST ANY LONGER IN THE UNITED STATES—OR, AT LEAST, IS IT NOT WEAKENING EVERY DAY?

Before answering this question, we must define in what consists the family-tie. It consists in the mutual respect, confidence, and tenderness of husband and wife; in parental love, filial piety; in the union of those harmonious feelings with which all the members of a true family are animated.

To our question the admirers of Yankee society answer:—In what country, more than in the United States, is woman more respected, or does she exercise more influence?

That woman is respected in the United States we positively deny, and will prove that she is not. That she exercises influence, and great influence, we readily admit.

But was woman respected in this pagan society where her charms and beauty exercised such influence? What rank did she occupy in domestic life? What protection did her natural weakness receive from the law?

It is needless to insist any longer on these de-

tails, known to all those for whom we write; we will simply ask if, in the short sketch we have drawn of pagan society, there is the least vestige of respect for woman?

And so it is, to a certain degree, in the greater part of the United States; there also the pernicious and pagan doctrine of divorce is prevalent, and mining the very foundation of their unhappy society.

We say, to a certain degree; for the evil has not reached the same degree, and is not so widely spread, as amongst the pagans of olden times, and for this we must be thankful, not to the principles of Protestantism, which are productive of the very same calamitous consequences, but to the inconsistency of Protestants.

In order that we may not be accused of exaggeration in drawing the picture of the state of Yankee society, we will quote an article, headed "Divorce Made Easy," from the New York Observer.

"One hundred and sixty cases of divorce were disposed of by the Supreme Court at New Haven, Ct., during its session of twenty-six days. This is bad for New England."

"A Boston paper says there are now one hundred and sixty-six suits for divorce upon the docket of the Supreme Court in that city. Some of these are old cases, and probably never will be tried. Others have been recently entered."

"The above brief paragraphs and others of a similar nature, which have been going the rounds of the papers, are a melancholy evidence that, in some parts of the country, exceedingly lax principles prevail in regard to the great conserving institution of human society, the marriage relation."

Now we put the question to every candid and thinking reader:—Does it not strike them that the tendency of pagan society, and that of the society of the United States, are the same?

The principle of the dissolubility of the marriage tie once admitted, its pernicious effects must be felt, more or less, on the community; for a principle can never be asserted without the people drawing the conclusions.

THE FRENCH ACADIANS.

The publication of Mr. Fillion's excellent work on the "French Colony in Canada" will, we trust, have the effect, among other things, of awakening public attention to another branch of the French race in America, who are, we fears fast dying out.

We have alluded to the efforts made by the English to pervert this virtuous people from the faith of their fathers. Such ferocious fanaticism as was evoked to attain this wicked end, although it caused their dwellings to be plundered and their Churches to be set on fire, was completely lost on a people of such deep-abiding faith as the Acadians, and it is not surprising, therefore, that we find them prefer exile, and even death, to apostasy.

CATHOLIC ANECDOTES—Messrs. Sadler & Co., New York and Montreal: by Mrs. Sadler.

This is a neatly printed little volume, bound in cloth, from the Sadlers' press. It is compiled by the facile pen of Mrs. Sadler, who is at this time the most popular and voluminous Irish writer in America.

The Catholic World for July, is the best number we have seen yet of that publication.—It contains ten splendid articles—worth certainly 5 cents a piece—50 cents the price of the magazine. The World has a most respectable and prosperous appearance. The publisher knows his business.



We have received the July number of the Dublin Review. Its contents are:—

- 1. Public School Education.
2. The Christian Schools of Alexandria.
3. The Celtic Language and Dialects.
4. Madame Recamier and her Friends.
5. Rome, Unionism, and Indifference.
6. Proposed Manual of English History.
7. Doctor Pusey's Lectures on Daniel.
8. The Mexican Empire and the Canadian Confederation.
9. Foreign Events of Catholic Interest.
10. Notices of Books.

CONVENT OF VILLA ANNA, LACHINE.—On the 11th instant a seance was held at this institution for the annual distribution of prizes. It opened with the performance of a brilliant piece of music, in which were displayed the talents of the pupils and the pangs of the teachers.

An English dialogue by the pupils of the little pensionnat was so well delivered, particularly as respects pronunciation, that many of those present thought the speakers to be English by birth, whilst with one exception they were all French Canadians.

The most touching scene of all was, however, reserved for the close. Two pupils who had carried off the prize for Sagessa and the greater number of the prizes in the superior course, made their farewell not only to their fellow-pupils, but also to their relations, by the announcement of their intention to enter the Novitiate;

The English language is most carefully taught, by several teachers, themselves English; a good musical education is also given, and the piano, the harp, and the guitar are made familiar to the pupils. The Course, French and English, embraces six years of study, and the Superior Course is completed in one or two years.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CONVENT OF KINGSTON, C.W.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Sir,—On Thursday the 15th instant, I had the good fortune of being present at one of those rare literary entertainments given by the Ladies of the Congregational Convent on the termination of the scholastic year; and I would feel that I would be wanting in my appreciation of undoubted talent, together with perfect training, did I not hasten to lay before your numerous readers a short account of the evening's proceedings.

right well did he appear to enjoy the different attractions of the evening.

The programme consisted of plays, and music both vocal and instrumental, after which followed the solemn distribution of prizes. The first play entitled, "The Pilgrim in Search of a Home" was a complete success; the young ladies, while performing their respective parts, having elicited applause of which the most talented might justly feel proud.

The second play was entitled "Rain and Sunshine," and in this also the young ladies won laurels for themselves and their teachers—their ease, gracefulness of manner and clearness of expression frequently elicited the hearty applause of the large audience.

We were also favored with several pieces of music selected from the most difficult authors, in which the performers exhibited no secondary talent, and clearly showed that the convent was still adding to the wide spread reputation which it has for years enjoyed.

The closing though certainly not the least interesting ceremony was the distribution of prizes; the first mentioned was Miss Cote, of Quebec, to whom was awarded the prize of Excellence, and the marked satisfaction with which the announcement was received, spoke eloquently of the young lady's undoubted ability and merit.

Surely it must be consoling to the ladies of the convent, although laboring for a far higher end, thus to witness the success of their labors, and also it must be a subject of pride to the citizens of Kingston to see an institution at their very door in which their children can obtain without inconvenience all the advantages and blessings of a sound education.

A VISITOR.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH BLOWN DOWN.

The readers of the TRUE WITNESS are earnestly solicited to lend a helping hand to the ladies of the Catholic congregation of Cornwall, who intend holding a Bazaar, on the 26th Dec. next, and three following days, in aid of the funds for the reconstruction of their beautiful new church, which was leveled with the ground during that fearful hurricane which swept over the country on Wednesday in Holy Week—12th April last.

Cornwall, 19th June, 1865.

ARCADES ANBO.

WIDOW BARRINGTON IN CONVERSATION WITH DOWAGER PLANGKAX. Widow B—For's come over the Parsons, at all I at all! honey, that they're a'borer trying to stale away our Saints? The diabolical rogues! Dowager F—Now! Widow B—Why, yes; didn't Archdeacon Lister, the Dane of Tear-you-oh, as they call him, say in the Pradistin church up yander, the other night, that the holy St. Patrick—glory be to his memory!—was a decent man, and a good staunch Pradistin at that? Dowager F—Now! Widow B—Well, he did you know. But I s'pose it's kase it's their own duty Saints—Hal and Bess and Will, of 'glorious, pious and immortal memory'—won't do no longer; and they want some right decent ones this time, you know, honey.

(L'Execut amb.) Belleville, July 20, 1865.

IN MEMORIAM.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ANNIE. The sorrow nor weeping can waken the dead, Nor bless their cold ashes with feelings again, Yet sweet are the tears, and consoling, we shed, For lov'd ones departed, tho' falling in vain. Then who can reproach us, if Nature's sway owing, We indulge our sad feelings by shedding a tear, When we think of the dear one whose loss we're bewailing, And look on our homestead so lonely and drear! Pure, guileless and youthful, fond, free from all art, In love's holy ties and affection she bound us—A creature endearing, she reigned in each heart, And played like a sunbeam of innocence round us. But she's gone, and forever—no more shall she bless Our souls, like a vision of light as before! She's gone, and the virtues count a friend here the less, While Heaven exalts in an angel the more! W. O. F.

ROBBERY BY SOLDIERS.—On Saturday, a man named Napoleon St. Ouge, was robbed by three soldiers at Gate St. Luc; and the sum of two dollars taken from him. The facts are as follow: St. Ouge was going along the road, when three soldiers accosted him and offered to sell some milk-pana which they had obtained by some means, fair or foul.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Between one and two o'clock Sunday afternoon, a boy about ten years of age, but whose name we did not learn, fell over a precipice near the top of the mountain, and thereby fractured his skull so as to cause instant death.

FIRE.—At a little after twelve o'clock Sunday night a fire broke out in the house No 7 Campeau street, occupied by Pierre Basil. The accident was caused by the window curtains or bed taking fire.

SMASHER BANISHER.—The Steamer Banshee has been purchased by the Canadian Inland Steam Navigation Company, and will be immediately placed on the Royal Mail Line and run until the steamer Kingston is again ready to resume her trips.

The St. Catharines Journal says:—A load of lumber passed upon the canal the other day from the Bay of Quinte, upon which the owner expects to clear \$100 per m, or exactly \$30,000 on the load.

Daniel Birn, of the Township of Fitzroy, was accidentally drowned on Monday the 10th instant, in the Ottawa river opposite Fitzroy Harbor.

The General Hospital at Toronto is encumbered with a debt of \$58,000 the interest of which consumes about the whole funded income of the institution.

A man named Douglas C. McNab alias J. Casselman, a Scotchman, has been swindling to a large extent in Upper Canada; He pretended to keep a general agency in Toronto, and wrote to several parties that he had discovered they were entitled to certain legacies by the death of friends.

The Quebec Chronicle of the 14th records a number of midnight robberies, which go to show the existence of a numerous and exceedingly well-organized body of scoundrels. The offences against property committed within thirty-six hours show that at least the parties by whom they were projected and under whose immediate supervision they must have been carried out, were no mere tyros in the art of appropriating their neighbors' goods.

From every direction are cheering reports of the crops throughout the County of Renfrew. The fall wheat has not been equalled for many past seasons, and it promises a splendid return. The cause is attributed to the steady covering of snow during the last days of winter—involvement to frost—and the succeeding excellence of the spring months diversified with showers almost every day.

The London Free Press says that accounts from all parts of that county represent the appearance of the crops as being most favorable, in fact the best that the country has ever been blessed with.

The evidences of an abundant harvest are constantly increasing. Farmers in the locality of Gobourg will have at least, twice the quantity they had in former years. We have heard no complaints, so far, of weevil, midge, or grasshopper, and the season has been most favorable for producing a heavy crop of hay.

DEATH OF A CENTERBIAN.—An old Indian named Joseph Marie, died at Three Rivers, last week, at the age of 110 years.

ARREST OF A SNEAK THIEF.—This afternoon, Constable Ford very cleverly effected the arrest of a sneak thief who seems to have been operating extensively through the city, by entering front halls and abstracting overcoats and all articles conveniently at hand. He had been heard of at several places during the day, and when the Constable laid hands on him he had in his possession three fine black coats, one overcoat, one vest, and one linen coat.

RAVAGES OF THE MIDGE.—This destructive foe of the wheat crop has made its appearance in various localities in this region, and commenced its depredations with an energy that threatens total annihilation of the crop in whole sections.

On Tuesday morning, at an early hour a fire broke out in the Commercial Hotel, Paris, C.W., which destroyed that building, together with the railway stations of the Great Western and Grand Trunk. Three young women, named Mary Ann Preneval, Susan Winkham, and Jane Warrington, were burned to death.

GOLD MINES AT PORTNEUF.—The Courrier du Canada of last evening says:—We have been shown by Mons. L'abbé Provencier, this morning, some specimens of the auriferous deposit found in the third concession of Portneuf, about a league and a half from the river.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Richmond, P. Rielly, \$2; St. Catherine, J. Fitzgibbon, \$4.50; Osnott, P. Ryan, \$10; Starneshoro, Patrick Gorman, \$2; Kingston, A. Byrns, \$3; Saint Zephrin, Reverend Mr. Trahan, \$5; Saint Gregoire, Rev J. Harper, \$2.50; Asphodel, J. Ryan, \$2; Untraville, D. Kavanagh, \$2; Duode, D. J. McRae, \$2; Deschambault, Z. Bouille, \$1; Clayton, N.Y. Rev J. Sherry, \$2; St. Nicholas, Rev M. Baillargeon, \$5; Swanton Falls, Yt. Rev Mr. Cam. \$4.50; St. Isidore, Rev Mr. Tasse, \$2.50; Alexandria, 10, 1, 2, Donald McDonald, \$1; Osgoode, P. Kearns, \$2; Strathroy, B. Maginn, \$1; South Hinchinbrook, John Messon, \$5; Roxborough, A. R. McDonald, \$2; Quincy, Mass, Rev Mr. Haly, \$4; Pointe Claire, L. McNab, \$2; South Hinchinbrook, Patrick Brady, \$2; Hawkesbury Mills, P. Rodgers, \$1; Rawdon, J. Green, \$7; Lytostown, R. Walsh, \$2; Verchere, Rev J. S. Guin, \$2.50; St. Eugene, J. B. Langlois, \$1; Toronto, House of Providence, \$2; Lufatons, Rev L. Gibra, \$2; Richmond, P. Lynch, \$3; Boston, Miss R. A. Brady, \$2; French Village, M. Ling, \$2; Williamstown, Rev J. J. McQuarthy, \$1; Morrisburg, Rev J. R. Meade, \$2; St. Andrew, A. R. McMullen, \$8; St. John, Rev Mr. Larocque, \$5; St. Anne de la Posaire, J. D. Schmonth, \$7.50; Brantville, P. McMillan, \$2; Trois Saumons, J. Burke, \$5; Athol, G. McDonnell, \$5; Dunham, Rev G. Brown, \$2; South Lake, M. Kelly, \$2; Brudenell, John Oull, \$2; London, B. Henry, \$2; Alimette Island, J. Nevin, \$5; St. Johns, F. H. Marchand, \$4.50; Cherry Valley, G. Delaney, \$2.50; St. Hyacinthe, R. Nagle, \$1; Washington, Mr. Andrews, \$2; St. Constant, Rev H. Beaudry, \$10; St. Laurent, P. King, \$2; Joliette, W. B. Trumble, \$2; Leeds, T. Scallon, \$1; Lanark, J. Bain, \$2; Draville, F. N. Law, \$2; Allamette Island, Alex. McGillivray, \$2; Valleyfield, O. Rielly, \$2; Portemouth, P. Hammett, \$1; St. Joseph, J. E. Right, \$2; Hamilton, Rev P. Bardon, \$2; Mainadies, Cape Breton, Rev J. Quinn, \$4; Point Edward, P. Reynolds, \$2; St. Hyacinthe, M. Buckley, \$2.

Per M L M'Grath, Pointe Maria—R. Doney, Brechin, \$1. Per G. Murphy, Ottawa—W. Kehoe, \$5; T. Hinchinham, \$1; R. Coffey, \$1.20; J. Cummins, \$1; Nepeau, T. O'Meara, \$4. Per Rev P. Walsh, Gananoque—Self, \$2.50; Capt J. Eshugre, \$2.50. Per W. J. Ootes, East Tilbury—Self \$5; J. Finn, Buxton, \$2. Per F. G. Kent, Weston—H. Gregory, Etobicoke, \$2. Per F. O'Neill, Fitzroy—Self, \$1; T. O'Connor, \$1. Per C. O'Donoghue, Arthur—D. M'Inosh, \$2. Per C. F. Fraser, Brockville—P. Murray, \$2. Per T. Griffith, Sherbrooke—H. Mulvena, \$2. Per Rev Mr. Limoges, Stautead—Self, \$2.50; J. Boyle, \$3.30. Per Rev Mr. Lalor, Picton—W. H. Gray, \$4. Per P. Lynch, Allumette Island—Self, \$2; Rev J. C. Lynch, \$4; T. Duff, \$1; N. Kennedy, \$1; P. Gregg, \$10; Chichester, P. Bourke, \$2.50. Per J. H. O'Connell, Newmarket—J. Nelson, \$9.25. Per W. H. Mellon, West M'Gillivray—P. Moran, \$2; Marie, P. Rion, \$1. Per P. McCabe Port Hope—Self \$2; Rev J. Madden, \$2; John Nowlan, \$2. Per W. Cartmell, Thorold—A. Schwaller, \$2. Per B. Hinde, Barrie—J. Carr, \$2. Per Rev J. Murphy, Elginfield—Rev J. Gerard, \$2. Per Rev W. Flannery, Summerville—Chas. Dobson, \$2. Per Rev H. Brett, Trenton—P. Egan, Brighton, \$1; L. LeBlanc, \$2.

Per A. B. McIntosh, Chatham—Self, \$2; A. A. McDonnell, \$2. Per J. Carroll, Rawdon—T. Kelly, St. Albanese, \$2. Per E. M'Ormkack, Peterboro—Jas. Duignan, \$2. A. Williams, \$2; T. Mahoney, \$2; T. Collins, \$1; D. Brennan, \$1; Oronabee, M. Martin, \$1; Hiawatha, Jas. Hertrick, \$1; J. Doras, Oronabee, \$1; Ashburnham, T. McCabe, \$1.

In this city, on the 23d instant, of diphtheria, Charles Louis, youngest son of Mr. T. W. Kyte, aged 6 years and 6 months.

MONTEAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Table listing market prices for various goods including Flour, Ashes, Butter, Eggs, Lard, Bacon, Pork, etc. Columns include item names and their corresponding prices in dollars and cents.

TEACHER WANTED.

WANTED for the Catholic Dissident School, Parish of St. Patrick of Rawdon, a TEACHER—one who Teaches English and French preferred. For information, apply to Alexander Daly, Sec. Treasurer, if by letter, post-paid. Applications received till the 5th of August. Rawdon, July 20, 1865.

ST. ANNE'S.

Excellent Summer Lodgings are to be had at this pleasant Village. For particulars, apply at this Office, or to M. BASILE SAUVE, St. Anne's.

No. 1850. PROVINCE OF CANADA, Circuit Court. District of Montreal, vs. CHARLES GAREAU, Plaintiff;

vs. HENRY LONGPRE, Defendant.

PUBLIC NOTICE—Will be Sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, by the undersigned Bailiff, at the Store of the Plaintiff, in the City of Montreal, on the 7th day of AUGUST next, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the goods and chattels of the Defendant, consisting of Tables, Chairs, Sofas, Boots and Shoes. Terms Cash. Montreal, 27th July, 1865, P. LECLERO, B.S.O.

E. PERRY & CO.,

(Successors to D. Grinton, First Prize Trunk Manufacturers)

SOLICIT the attention of intending purchasers to their entirely new and extensive Stock, which comprises every variety of TRUNKS, PORTMANTEAUX, VALISES, HAT-BOXES, TRAVELLING-BAGS, SATCHELS, &c. &c. 375 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. July 20, 1865.

WANTED,

FOR the Parish of St. Sulpice, County Terrebonne, THREE FEMALE TEACHERS, two of them capable to teach French and English. For information apply to J. G. J. Mireau, Sec. Treasurer. July 14, 1865.

JOSEPH J. MURPHY,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor-in-Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c., OTTAWA, O.W.

Collectors in all parts of Western Canada promptly attended to. June 22, 1865.

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

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 half-yearly in Advance). Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July. July 21st 1861.

DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT.

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries, and Postage Stamps for sale at DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal, Jan. 17, 1864.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Monday, July 3.—A pamphlet containing the Emperor's notes on his recent tour in Algeria...

Imperial Printing-office. Done at the Palace of the Tuileries, June 20, 1865.

The Presse says the pamphlet contains sixty-eight pages. M. de Girardin's journal regrets that an attempt should be made to deny it that publicity which it is sure to have...

An extraordinary fatal accident from lightning is reported from Brittany. The Courrier de Bretagne says that on Wednesday last, at a place called Gony...

The editor of the Tribune Ouvriere, whose fourth number was seized the other day for a trivial 'contravention,' writes to the papers that he cannot find another printer in Paris who will venture to print another number...

It is considered not doubtful that an opposition candidate will be returned in the Bas Rhin to the seat in the Council General, vacant by the death of Marshal Magan.

Abd-el-Kader is expected in Paris on Friday. Paris, Wednesday, July 5.—The Patrie says a despatch received from Havana, dated 6th ult., announces that Guatemala has recognised the Mexican Empire...

Gossip from Paris.—The Emperor has written to inform the Queen of Spain that he will pay her a visit when he makes his autumn tour through the Basque provinces. The announcement that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales does not purpose visiting Plymouth while the French fleet will be in that harbour is commented on with deep regret...

The accounts from the manufacturing districts are satisfactory. The demand for cotton goods at Rouen is greater than the supply, and the manufacturers are compelled, in consequence of the daily rise in the price of the raw material and the difficulty of finding skilled workmen, to demand a corresponding increase in the price of their produce...

ITALY.

Rome, June 21.—The Pope has stipulated for the following conditions before signing a Convention with King Victor Emmanuel—that the Royal exequatur and the oath of allegiance be abolished in the case of the new Bishops...

June 25.—Signor Vegezzi has presented to Antonelli the reply of the Italian Ministry, which rejects the conditions proposed by the Pope for the settlement of the question of the Bishops. On Friday last Signor Vegezzi had a private audience of the Pope in order to take leave, and his mission is considered to be at an end...

June 26.—Vegezzi leaves for Florence to day. A railway accident has occurred at Corese. Two trains, filled with workmen, ran into one another, killing two and wounding 11 of the passengers...

Florence, June 30.—The Opinions of to-day, in an article upon the result of the negotiations between the Pope and Italy, says:—The Pope has rejected the demand that the Bishops should be required to take the oath of allegiance to the King of Italy, but he has consented to order them to yield to the laws and to the State...

Florence, June 30.—The Opinions of this evening declares the views of the Opinions respecting the negotiations with Rome to be inexact, and says: 'It is true that the Pope rejected the proposal for the Bishops to take the oath of allegiance, but it is not correct that His Holiness consented to order the Bishops to promise obedience to the laws and the State...

The Holy Father, says the Opinions, in order to testify to M. Thiers his gratitude for the speech which that honorable deputy delivered on the Roman question, has just forwarded to him by the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, who recently left Rome...

The telegraph from Calcutta has transmitted, in four and twenty hours, to Rome the sad news of the death of Mgr. Augustus Van Huelo, Archbishop of Amoydas, and Vicar Apostolic of Western Bengal, which took place at Calcutta on Saturday last, the 10th of June...

THE POPE AND THE SACRED COLLEGE.—The following is the reply made by the Pope on Saturday, the 17th instant, to the address presented him by Cardinal Mattei, in the name of the Sacred College:—'The sentiments which Monsignore Cardinal Mattei has expressed in the name of the Sacred College are always dear to me, and the more so at this moment, as the times are difficult, both for those who govern and those who are governed...

SPAIN.

Madrid, July 5.—The Correspondencia of this evening, and other Madrid journals, assert that the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy will very shortly take place, without prejudicing the interests of Catholicism.

A telegram received here from St. Idelfonso states that the Queen has not relinquished her projected visit to the Basque Provinces. The Epoca asserts that Senor Isuriu will replace Senor Mon as Ambassador at Paris.

Paris, July 5.—The Patrie of this evening says the Queen of Spain has received an autograph letter from the Pope respecting the recognition of Italy. The letter contains nothing unfavorable to the project of recognition. His Holiness trusts that Spain will continue to protect the exalted and permanent interests of Catholicism.

Madrid, June 23.—To-day, in the Congress, Marshal O'Donnell delivered a speech, defining the policy of his administration. The Government, he said, had decided upon recognizing the Kingdom of Italy, and on preserving amicable relations with foreign Powers.

Madrid, June 27.—To-day in the Congress the Minister for Foreign Affairs brought forward the Bill authorizing the Government to ratify the Treaty of Commerce with France.

AUSTRIA.

VENICE, July 5.—The Abendpost contradicts the statement of some journals that a modification of the charter of the National Bank of Austria is intended. The same journal also denies that Barons Hubner and Bach have made efforts at Rome to prevent an understanding between the Papal and Italian Courts...

The expected imperial message relative to the Ministerial crisis was not delivered to-day in the Upper House of the Reichsrath, which was numerously attended.

RUSSIA.

A CONSPIRACY FRUSTRATED.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Independence Belge gives an interesting account of the causes that led to the condemnation and banishment to Siberia of three Russian gentlemen lately. The prisoners were named Serno Solovieritch, Yetchnikoff and Wladimiroff, and were all connected, in various subordinate positions, with the government...

His Lordship, accompanied by the Rev. Neil McLeod, Rev. Dr. McGregor, Messrs. Malcolm McNeill and Alexander McKinnon, students, left Antigonish to-day for Arichat, to attend, on the 17th instant, at the literary exercises which usually take place at the close of the scholastic year, in the male and female Academies of Arichat...

two friends. The trial of these gentlemen has extended over a space of about three years, and they were sentenced on the 17th to perpetual banishment to Siberia with the loss of all civil and political rights. Even this is a commutation of their original sentence, under which they were condemned to hard labor for the first twelve years of their exile...

An official telegram from Alexandria, dated to-day (28th), estimates the number of deaths hitherto to 1,034 the great majority of which belong to the native population. On the 25th 184 persons died out of a total population of 160,000. Large numbers of inhabitants were leaving the town.

Arrangements have been made here that persons coming from Alexandria are to be subjected to a week's quarantine, reckoned from the day of arrival. Ships are to be ventilated and fumigated; clothes, furniture, and bedding thoroughly cleaned; and goods and letters exposed to the treatment customary in Italian ports.

THE SCOURGE AT MECCA.—The Mussulman festivals of the Kurban-Bairam took place during the first twenty days of Lay, when 600,000 pilgrims annually assembled in Mecca and upon Mount Ararat to celebrate their pilgrimage with the usual religious ceremonies. The mode of life, utterly opposed to all rules of dietician prudence, pursued by these crowded masses for ten to fifteen days at the holy places, yearly entails a number of diseases, to which many are sacrificed...

THE CHOLERA.—Two Hundred and Fourteen Cases in one day at Alexandria.—Trieste, June 30.—Trieste papers publish advices from Alexandria, stating that there were two hundred and fourteen cases of cholera the day before yesterday, and at Cairo seventy cases. The epidemic was considered to be assuming a less alarming character. The Austrian Lloyd's steamer arriving at Smyrna was subjected to a quarantine of five days on account of one of the passengers suffering from cholera.

A HORRIBLE STORY OF THE SANITARY CONDITION OF ALEXANDRIA.—Seven Hundred Carcasses of Cattle in the Nile Canal.—The Italian steamer Principe Tommaso and the Austrian steamer Marco Polo are now in the Theresa Lazaretto. Their passengers (152 in number) are lodged in the Lazaretto quarters as well as circumstances permit. All are perfectly healthy, and notwithstanding the great overcrowding in both vessels—the Italian steamer having brought one hundred and seventy-three passengers to Alexandria, while the Marco Polo was crammed with one hundred and five—not a single case of serious illness occurred during the voyage...

NOVA SCOTIA.—His Lordship the Bishop of Arichat, accompanied by the Rev. Neil McLeod, P. P., East Day, O. B., and the Rev. Hugh Gillis, of Antigonish, arrived in town on the afternoon of June 29. His Lordship, during a period of four weeks' absence, visited nearly the whole of the Island of Cape Breton. Satisfactory arrangements have been made during that time for the commencement of new churches and the appointment of pastors to several important missions. The Bishop, we learn, is highly satisfied with the religious progress being made in that portion of his diocese; while we are equally glad to find him in the enjoyment of excellent health, and hope that a life so apostolic may be long preserved us...

His Lordship, accompanied by the Rev. Neil McLeod, Rev. Dr. McGregor, Messrs. Malcolm McNeill and Alexander McKinnon, students, left Antigonish to-day for Arichat, to attend, on the 17th instant, at the literary exercises which usually take place at the close of the scholastic year, in the male and female Academies of Arichat. We understand that His Lordship intends, afterwards, to pass over to the County of Guysboro', to visit the important missions of said county, and to instal, early in August, in the church of St. Ann's, Guysboro', the Rev. Michael Tompkins, who has lately arrived home from the Grand Seminary, Quebec. We are informed that several clerical changes are soon to take place in our Diocese...

UNITED STATES.

Sunday, the 9th of July, will ever be a memorable day for the Catholics of Baltimore. The demonstration was one of the most imposing ever made within the limits of the city. As had been previously announced, that day was selected for the laying of the corner stone of St. Martin's Church, corner of Fayette and Fulton streets. At an early hour in the afternoon the Catholic societies attached to the various parish churches of the city assembled at their usual places of meeting. At half-past two o'clock the societies of St. Michael's (German) congregation preceded by the Chief Marshal, Captain Christian Bitter, took up the line of march for St. Peter's Church, Poppleton street. On the way they were joined by the societies of the several intermediate parishes. Arriving at the ground, the societies were ranged around the large platform erected for the occasion, each society depositing its banner near the stand. Immediately after vesting, the clergy proceeded by the archiepiscopal cross, went in procession to the spot designated for the Grand Altar, and which was marked by a large wooden cross erected the previous day...

The ceremonies here commenced the Most Rev. Archbishop officiating, assisted by Very Rev. E. B. Cookery, D. D., V. G., as subdeacon. After the blessing of the holy water and the recitation of certain prayers, they returned in the same order to the platform, where his Grace addressed the assembled multitude, which at this moment could not have numbered less than thirty-five thousand souls.—Baltimore Mirror.

OPENING OF A NEW COLLEGE.—A new college will open in Meadville, Pa., on the first Monday of September next, under the auspices of the Right Rev. Dr. Young, Bishop of Erie. The object of this new institution is twofold, viz.: To educate youths for secular pursuits, or for the ecclesiastical state. Institutions of this kind are never too many, especially in a great Republic like this whose security, no doubt, can only stand on the enlightened mind of the people. 'For, as a learned writer has remarked, true and solid knowledge never was, and never can be, hurtful to the peace of society. It is ignorance, or what is far worse than ignorance, false knowledge, that is terrible to the States. They are the ill-taught, the blind and misguided, that are prone to be seized with groundless fears and unprovoked resentments; to be razed by incendiaries, and to rush desperately on to sedition and acts of rage.'

CATHOLIC v. PROTESTANT EDUCATION.

The New York Express, commenting on the commencement of St. John's College, Fordham, says: 'While the Congregationalists, and Presbyterians, and Methodists, and Baptists, are spending their energies upon Politics,—the Roman Catholics are exclusively devoting theirs to their Religion, and hence are making astonishing progress, as they now have nearly a free field, and little competition, in religion. Many Protestant Ministers deem it of far more importance to win a negro Suffrage Republican than to make a Christian, but the Roman Catholics reason otherwise, and set down their Religion as of more importance than politics. We are seeing the result of two systems now, in all parts of the United States.'

The Express last week, briefly recorded what was done at St. John's College, Fordham—an institution which has sprung up within ten years to be a 'Yale, a Cambridge, or a Dartmouth' the creation of a century or over. Few Protestants know what St. John's is, or where Fordham is,—while Cambridge, and Yale, and Dartmouth, are known everywhere, by everybody,—but St. John's nevertheless, is now exercising a far greater influence over society than either. The Express appends the address of the Archbishop to the Graduating Class—to show how the Catholics confine their addresses to their classes—whereas, if the President of Yale, or Cambridge, or Dartmouth, had been speaking, in all probability, we should have an address to the graduating students upon 'Copper heads,' 'Negro Suffrage,'—de omnibus rebus, quibusdam aliis.

THE POLITICAL TRAGEDY OF THE 7TH JULY.—Words were wasted that would attempt to express what millions of American hearts feel in regard to the political execution that took place in Washington on Friday the 7th inst. In the very heyday of triumph for the Federal Union—when the last hostile sword is sheathed, the last musket thrown down, the last soldier honestly yielded, or fled the country,—the Government makes political issue of life or death against three hard-brained boys and a poor woman that kept a boarding house for indigent guests in Washington. We call it a political issue. A military issue it cannot be called, for the war, and all its vulgar parade is over—except the tardy paying off and mustering out of troops, and ovals to all Generals. All the usurped, or assumed, or debated 'war-powers' had fallen with the close of the war. Pile Holt on Hunter, and on Holt pile Bingham with Burnett, and it changes not the fact. A hundred pairs of epaulettes on carcasses that, during the war, ran away from the front of Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, &c., and got themselves put in charge of prisons, and on Military Commissions—or never smelt powder at all—can't change it! The war is over! All the powers that were claimed as 'war-powers' fell, or by the most extravagant extension of unconstitutional interpretations, ought to have fallen with the war.

With others, we were resting in an assured conviction that Mr. President Johnson intended to set aside the action of the Military Commission of which Gen. Hunter was President, and Joe Holt manager, on the ground that it was wholly unwarranted by law. We had information—delusive it seems—that President Johnson had intimated such a purpose.

The contrary result is shocking beyond measure. The only explanation of it is that the laws of the land, by which alone these unhappy people ought to have been tried, would not have executed the bloody vengeance of death upon them.

To call these political murders, and to prove them such, it is not necessary to enter into the question of the degree of guilt, or exemption from guilt, of any of those that were hanged. We rest the charge on the fact that the Military Commission that pretended to try them was an unlawful and utterly incompetent body. At the mines of Colorado, and other wild and unsettled regions, what are called Vigilance Committees, are a necessity sometimes. Society is not regularly organized, and men must protect themselves. The rude justice that they execute we are prepared sometimes to defend, sometimes to excuse. But, there has been no palliation for Military Commissions to sit on the trial of any one for life or liberty in Washington. If military persons or camp-followers, are to be tried for military offences, then not a Military Commission—of home guard officers in slipshod uniforms—but a Court Martial, of officers girt with their swords, should try them by the Articles of War—and not otherwise. Military Commissions, in places where the ordinary Civil and Criminal Courts are sitting undisturbed, are but conspiracies of lawless men, and hangings done at their bidding are murders of persons, who if accused of crime, have a right to be tried by the law of the land—a jury of twelve impartial men, before a court known to the laws.

Congress had no right to erect these Commissions to sit on cases of life and liberty where the courts known to the laws are in operation. But even the feeble and unconstitutional sanction of Congress for such Military Commissions, was wanting in this Washington case. Those Commissions Congress enacted only during the war. The war is all over.

On the morning of this political execution a writ of habeas corpus was served upon General Hancock. After delay the monstrous return was made to it, that General Hancock was acting under the following order: Executive Office, July 7, 1865. To Major Gen. W. S. Hancock, Commanding, etc.; I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby declare that the writ of Habeas Corpus has been heretofore suspended this writ and direct that you proceed to execute the order heretofore given upon the judgment of the Military Commission; and you will give this order in return to this writ.

Andrew Johnson, President. This is worse than Andrew Johnson's inaugural when he became Vice-President. It would rejoice us to have proof that he was as irresponsible for his acts on the 7th of July, as he was for what he tried to do on the 4th of March. It is horrible! In time

of peace the habeas corpus suspended? The habeas corpus suspended by the Executive, and not by Congress, which alone has the constitutional power? And, not suspended generally, within a certain district, and for a specific time, but 'this writ' specially and apart from the general operation of the laws, is suspended—no! is declared to be suspended, by Andrew Johnson. Was the people of our day of the sturdy sort of freedom of their ancestors, there would be an inquest in regard to the conduct of the official functionaries in this matter—pending, on judicial trial, perhaps, in the suspension of something more solid than the habeas corpus proves to be in these States. But, we are less than those that were before us, and those that are to come will be still less than we!

We are informed that Mrs. Surratt, who seems to have been a kind-hearted and imprudent hostess, died protesting: 'God knows I am innocent!' By yielding to the corrupt and brutal dictation of the ruffianly Joe Holt, who managed the job, Andrew Johnson has stained his name with the political murder of a poor helpless woman, whom, on a careful reading of the whole testimony, we believe to have been ignorant of the entire plot of the madcap Booth, and his foolish dupes. One million of voters, who, last Thursday, thought kindly of Andrew Johnson, now loathe the mention of his name. Mr. Johnson has much to do, and that quickly, not to lose all freedom on the regards of the honest masses.—N. Y. Freeman.

It is stated that Mrs. Surratt, before Booth was captured, and while she was at the Capitol prison, was offered a free and unconditional pardon for herself and son, if she would accompany an officer in a buggy and point out the road which Booth had probably taken. She protested that she had no idea which road he took and had no knowledge of his intention to assassinate the President when he visited the house and positively refused to accompany the officer, as she could not be of any service.

The Beloit Journal recommends pulverized marble for destroying the cucumber bug. The elements composing marble, chalk, gypsum, plaster of Paris and lime, are much the same, all containing the metal calcium, and whichever can be most conveniently obtained may be used with effect.

The work of confiscating the property of wealthy rebels was inaugurated in Richmond on July 10, much to the consternation of the people of that city, by the seizure of the famous Tredegar Iron Works by government agents. Descriptions of a large amount of other property liable to be confiscated have been notified to pay no more rent to the rebel proprietors.

A land-slide on the Redwood River has brought to light a coal bed which is three feet thick, 350 feet wide, and nobody knows how long. It makes quite an excitement in that region, but will probably prove to be drift coal. This coal mine is about 110 miles west of St. Paul, and within a mile of the Minnesota River.

The Western newspapers are in ecstasies about a young lady on Rock Prairie, seventeen years old, who drives her father's reaping team, and frequently takes a load of grain to market, (fifteen miles), and sells it. She plays the piano, sings charmingly, does the honors of the drawing-room with dignity, can make a loaf of bread, or play 'Bridget' in ma's kitchen, with equal readiness. She is valued at her weight in gold to a sensible young man.

The grape crop in Western Illinois is very heavy this season, especially in Hancock County, where the estimated yield of wine will be nearly one million gallons, against about two hundred and fifty thousand last year, when the crop was almost an entire failure. Almost every farmer in that county has a vineyard.

An immense grain elevator is going up at St. Louis to cost \$350,000. It will contain one hundred bins, with a capacity of 10,000 bushels each—and accommodate 40,000 barrels of rolling freight.

The wheat harvest in Southern Illinois and Indiana has commenced. Exchanges from that section speak of the yield as enormous, and the quality as unsurpassed by the crops of any previous year. To add to the satisfaction of the farmers the weather has been as favorable as they could desire, and the new crop has been harvested in the very best condition. From all parts of the country we have the same glowing accounts of the Western crop. Corn and oats will be more than a average return, and fruit has never promised a more prolific yield. This, therefore, is likely to be a year of plenty, its cornucopia overflowing with abundance.

They kill pigs by steam in Chicago. A great iron claw, with five fingers, hook out the pigs which are quarrelling in the pen below, and lifts the porkers to a globe near by, and then plunges them into scalding water. By the machine fifty porkies are killed, scalded, scraped, cleaned, split and hung in rows ready for salting, all within an hour.

Nashville, Tenn. people are so fond of liquor that the annual fines for the drunkards reach about \$30,000.

Gen. Magruder has gone to France, and is expected to join his family, now in Switzerland. He will probably endeavor to obtain a position in the French army in Mexico.

There were more than one hundred persons prostrated by sunstroke in Cincinnati and vicinity on the Fourth of July. Several cases proved fatal.—The mercury marked one hundred degrees in the shade.

A despatch states that the town of Menton, Md., was nearly destroyed by fire on the night of the 4th. Not a store, shop, or hotel was left standing, and many families were rendered destitute. The day had been enthusiastically celebrated, and the fire occurred from the explosion of a rocket in the upper story of a store.

FAMILY SORROW.—At a farm-house in the county of Wayne, a precocious and inquisitive juvenile who had been to the Post Office, rushed into the house with a Lyons Republican in his hand; when the following dialogue ensued:—

Juvenile—Pa, what do these figures and letters mean, stuck on the edge of the Republican with a little strip of yellow paper? Pa—Why that's the name by which it is directed to me.

Juvenile—Yes, I know about the name, but here it says 8Jun57. What does that mean? Pa, a little figdety—Why that, my son, is some mark the printers have—they understand it.

Juvenile—Don't you know what it means? Pa—Never mind, don't you be too inquisitive. Well, any how, Old Toby, who was in the Post Office, said it meant you hadn't paid for your paper in almost five years, and you had better sock up, and was as able as any man in the township, and printers couldn't live without money any better than any other men.

Mother—There, John, I've told you a hundred times it was a shame that you didn't pay for your paper. I declare, I blush for shame everytime I take up that paper and think how faithfully it comes and supplies us with news, and how you keep the printers out of their dues, I hope now that drunken old Toby and your own children talk about it, you'll be ashamed of yourself and pay up. You ought to make the Editor a present of a turkey to pay interest. John slipped out of the house and was gone an hour. When he returned he looked ten years younger as he informed his wife he had asked the Postmaster to frank a letter and had enclosed eight dollars—paying up old scores and something in advance. John slept soundly that night, without the nightmare in which he always fancied himself ridden through the air by a printer's devil. He has never been troubled with it since.



MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER is rapidly sending to oblivion a host of toilet waters which have long been a disgrace to the dressing room...

The relaxing heat of summer leads behind them a long train of evils. The most universal of these are general debility, and its sure attendant, looseness of spirits.

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THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his Friends and Customers for the liberal patronage extended to him during the last 15 years, wishes to inform them of the extension of his SHOW ROOMS and STOCK during the past winter, in order to supply the increasing demands of his business...

PURGATION AND INVIGORATION.—By means of BRISTOL'S SUGAR COATED PILLS, these two processes are made one and inseparable, and this cannot be said of any cathartic in existence.

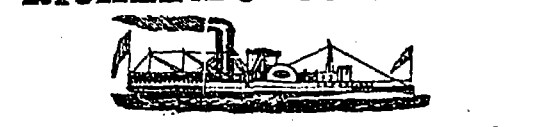
AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

ARE the most perfect purgative which we are able to produce or which we think has ever yet been made by anybody. Their effects have abundantly shown to the community how much they excel the ordinary medicines in use.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing directions for the use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints:—Constiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache, arising from foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and Pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Diseases which require an evacuant medicine.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine. J. F. Henry & Co., Montreal, General Agents for Canada East. June, 1865.

RICHELIEU COMPANY.



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ON and after MONDAY, the 1st May, and until otherwise ordered, the STEAMERS of the RICHELIEU COMPANY will LEAVE their respective Wharves as follows:—The Steamer MONTREAL, Captain Robt. Nelson will leave Richelieu Pier (opposite Jacques Cartier Square) for QUEBEC, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at SEVEN o'clock P.M., precisely, stopping going and returning at the Ports of Sorel, Three Rivers, and Batiscan.

The Steamer EUROPA, Capt. J. B. Labelle, will LEAVE every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at SEVEN o'clock P.M. precisely, stopping, going and returning, at the Ports of Sorel, Three Rivers and Batiscan.

The Steamer COLUMBIA, Capt. Joseph Duval, will LEAVE the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Three Rivers, every Tuesday and Friday, at TWO o'clock P.M., stopping, going and returning, at Sorel, Matigon, Riviere du Loup, Yamachiche, and Port St. Francis, and will LEAVE Three Rivers for Montreal every Sunday and Wednesday, at TWO o'clock P.M., stopping at Lanoraie.

The Steamer NAPOLEON, Capt. Charles Daveluy, will LEAVE the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Sorel every Tuesday and Friday, at THREE o'clock P.M.; stopping, going and returning, at St. Sulpice, Lanoraie, Berthier, Petit Nord and Grand Nord, and will leave Sorel every Sunday and Wednesday, at FOUR o'clock A.M.

The Steamer CHAMBLY, Capt. F. Lamoureux, will leave Jacques Cartier Wharf for Chambly every Tuesday and Friday, at THREE o'clock P.M.; stopping, going and returning, at Vercheres, Contrecoeur, Sorel, St. Ours, St. Denis, St. Antoine, St. Charles, St. Marc, Belœil, St. Hilaire, and St. Mathias, and will leave Chambly every Saturday at 3 o'clock P.M., and Wednesday at noon, for Montreal.

The Steamer TERREBONNE, Captain L. H. Roy, will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Terrebonne every Monday and Saturday at Four P.M., Tuesday and Friday at 3 o'clock P.M.; stopping going and returning at Boucherville, Verannes, Bout de l'Isle & Lachenaie; and will leave Terrebonne every Monday at 7 A.M., Tuesdays at 5 A.M., Thursdays at 8 A.M., and Saturdays at 6 A.M.

The Steamer LETOILE, Captain P. C. Malhot, will leave Jacques Cartier Wharf for L'Assomption every Monday and Saturday at 4 P.M., Tuesday and Friday at 3 o'clock P.M.; stopping going and returning at St. Paul L'Hermitte; and will leave L'Assomption every Monday at 7 A.M., Tuesdays at 5 A.M., Thursdays at 8 A.M., and Saturdays at 6 A.M.

This Company will not be accountable for specie or valuables, unless Bills of Lading having the value expressed are signed therefor. For further information, apply at the Richelieu Company's Office, 29 Commissioners Street. J. B. LAMERE, General Manager. OFFICE RICHELIEU COMPANY, June 26, 1865.

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OPEN YOUR EYES.—To the fact that Patent Medicines are doing more good in the country than most people are willing to admit. What a solace it is to know that, when disease makes a sudden and unforeseen attack, you have a remedy at hand, a family physician in the house as it were.

BE IT KNOWN WHAT IS SAID BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA.

Gentlemen,—It is with the most grateful feelings that I give you the particulars of the cure effected upon me by the use of the BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA bought from you.

I am now entirely recovered, free from pain of every kind, and feel as if I had taken a new lease of life. I can with confidence recommend the SARSAPARILLA and the PILLS to any one suffering with the same troubles.

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ESTABLISHED 1861.

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I remain your obedient servant. J. G. KENNEDY, MERCHANT TAILOR, 42 St. Lawrence Main Street, 12m.

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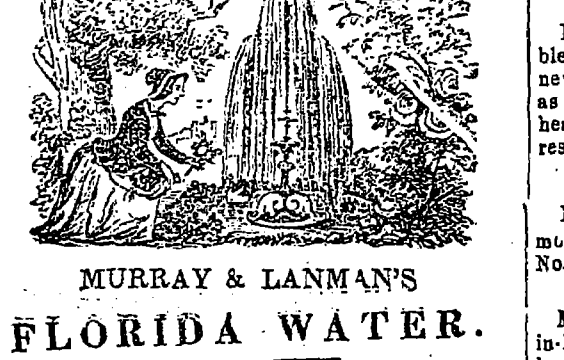
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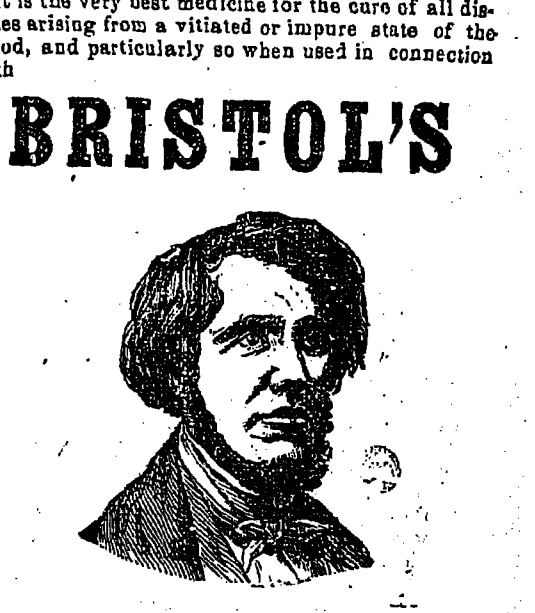
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