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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XVIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1868.

No. 57.

THE STORY OF A CONSCRIPT.

(From the Catholic World.)

We were covered with blood, and looked like butchers.

'Load!' cried the sergeant. Then I saw blood and hair on my bayonet, and I knew that in my fury I must have given some terrible blows.

We descended a little stair way which led to one of the gardens of Klein-Gorschen, and entering a house, the sergeant barricaded the door leading to the fields with a heavy kitchen table; then he showed us the door opening on the street, telling us that there lay our way of retreat.

The sergeant opened the window and fired at two or three Prussian hussars who were already advancing down the street. Zebede and the others standing behind him stood ready.

Beyond a column of the enemy were debouching from the road and marching on Klein-Gorschen. This column evidently designed cutting off our retreat on the village, but hundreds of dismounted soldiers like us had arrived, and were pouring in from all sides; some turning ever and anon to fire, others wounded, trying to crawl to some place of shelter.

The Prussians halted, and the firing ceased on both sides. Our squares and columns began to climb the hills again, opposite Starsiedel, and the defenders of the village rushed from the houses to rejoin their regiments.

But the battle was not yet over, for the Prussians, flushed with victory, were already making their dispositions to attack us at Kaya; reinforcements were hurrying to them, and it seemed that, for so great a general, the emperor had made a gross mistake in stretching his lines to Leyzig, and leaving us to be overpowered by an army of over a hundred thousand men.

As we were reforming behind Brenier's divisions, eighteen thousand veterans of the Prussian guard charged up the hill, carrying the shakos of our killed on their bayonets in sign of victory. Once more the fight began, and the mass of Russian cavalry, which we had seen glittering in the sun in the morning, came down on our flank; the sixth corps had arrived in time to cover it, and stood the shock like a castle wall.

We were retiring, when something passed along our front like a flash of lightning. It was Marshal Ney surrounded by his staff, and his eyes sparkled and his lips trembled with rage. In a second's time he had dashed along the lines, and drew up in front of our columns. The retreat stopped at once; he called us on, and, as if led by a kind of fascination, we dashed on to meet the Prussians, cheering like madmen as we went.

Our battalion was now in the second line, and the enemy's shot passed over our heads; but a horrible din made my flesh creep; it was the rattling of the grape-shot among the bayonets.

In the midst of shouts, orders, and the whistling of bullets, we again began to fall back over heaps of dead; our first divisions re-entered Klein-Gorschen, and once more the fight was hand to hand. In the main street of the village nothing was seen or heard but shots and blows, and generals fought sword in hand like private soldiers.

This lasted some minutes; we checked them again, but again they were re-enforced, and we were obliged to continue our retreat, which was fast becoming a rout. If the enemy forced us to Kaya, our army was cut in two. The battle seemed irretrievably lost, for Marshal Ney himself, in the centre of the square was retreating; and many soldiers, to get away from the mêlée, were carrying off wounded officers on their muskets. Everything looked gloomy, indeed.

I entered Kaya on the right of the village, leaping over the hedges, and creeping under the fences which separated the gardens, and was turning the corner of a street, when I saw some fifty officers on the brow of a hill before me, and behind them masses of artillery galloping at full speed along the Leipzig road. Then I saw the Emperor himself, a little in advance of the others; he was seated, as if in an arm chair, on his white horse, and I could see him well, beneath the clear sky, motionless and looking at the battle through his field-glass.

My heart beat gladly; I cried: 'Vive l'Empereur!' with all my strength, and rushed along the main street of Kaya. I was one of the first to enter, and I saw the inhabitants of the village, men, women, and children, hastening to the cellars for protection.

Many to whom I have related the foregoing have sneered at me for running so fast; but I can only reply that when Michel Ney retired, it was high time for Joseph Bertha to do so too.

Klmpfel, Zebede, Sergeant Pinto, and the others of the company had not yet arrived, when masses of black smoke arose above the roofs; shattered tiles fell into the streets, and shot buried themselves in the walls, or crashed through the beams with a horrible noise.

At the same time, our soldiers rush in through the lanes, over the hedges and fences, turning from time to time to fire on the enemy. Men of all arms were mingled, some without shakos or knapsacks, their clothes torn and covered with blood; but they retreated furiously, and were nearly all mere children, boys of fifteen or twenty; but courage is unborn in the French people.

The Prussians—led by old officers who shouted 'Forward! Forward!'—followed like packs of wolves, but we turned and opened fire from the hedges, and houses. How many of them bit the dust I know not, but others always supplied the places of those who fell. Hundreds of balls whistled by our ears and flattened themselves on the stone walls; the plaster was broken from the walls, and the thatch hung from the rafters, and as I turned for the twentieth time to fire, my musket dropped from my hand; I stooped to lift it but I fell too; I had received a shot in the left shoulder and the blood ran like warm water down my breast. I tried to rise, but all that I could do was to seat myself against the wall while the blood continued to flow, and I shuddered at the thought that I was to die there.

Still the fight went on. Fearful that another bullet might reach me, I crawled to the corner of a house, and fell into a little trench which brought water from the street to the garden. My left arm was heavy as lead; my head swam; I still heard the firing, but it seemed a dream, and I closed my eyes.

When I again opened them, night was coming on, and the Prussians filled the village. In the garden, before me, was an old general, with white hair, on a tall brown horse. He shouted in a trumpet like voice to bring on the cannon, officers hurried away with his orders. Near him, standing on a little wall, two surgeons were bandaging his arm. Behind, on the other side, was a little Russian officer, whose plume of green feathers almost covered his hat. I saw all this at a glance—the old man with his large nose and broad forehead, his quick glancing eyes, and bold air; the others around him; the surgeon, a little bald man with spectacles, and five or six hundred paces away, between two houses, our soldiers reforming.

The firing had ceased, but between Klein-Gorschen and Kaya I could hear the heavy rumble of artillery, neighing of horses, cries and shouts of drivers, and cracking of whips. Without knowing why, I dragged myself to the wall, and scarcely had I done so, when two sixteen pounders, each drawn by six horses, turned the corner of the street. The artillerymen beat the horses with all their strength, and the wheels rolled over the heaps of dead and wounded. Now I knew whence came the cries I had heard, and my hair stood on end with horror.

'Here!' cried the old man in German; 'aim

younder. between those two houses near the fountain.'

The two guns were turned at once: the old man, his left arm in a sling, canted over the street, and I heard him say, in short quick tones to the young officer as he passed where I lay:

'Tell the Emperor Alexander that I am in Kaya. The battle is won if I am re-enforced. Let them not discuss the matter, but send help at once. Napoleon is coming, and in half an hour we will have him upon us with his Guard. I will stand, let it cost what it may. But in God's name do not lose a minute, and the victory is ours.'

The young man set off at a gallop, and at the same moment a voice near me whispered:—

'That old wretch is Blucher. Ah, scoundrel! if I only had my gun.'

Turning my head, I saw an old sergeant, withered and thin, with long wrinkles in his cheeks, sitting against the door of the house, supporting himself with his hands on the ground as with a pair of crutches, for a ball had passed through him from front to side. His yellow eyes followed the Prussian general; his hooked nose seemed to droop like the beak of an eagle over his thick moustache, and his lock was fierce and proud.

'If I had my musket,' he repeated, 'I would show you whether the battle is won.'

We were the only two living beings among heaps of dead. I thought that perhaps I should be buried in the morning, with the others in the garden opposite us, and that I would never again see Catharine; and the tears ran down my cheeks and I could not help murmuring:

'Now all is indeed ended.'

The sergeant gazed at me and, seeing that I was yet so young, said kindly:

'What is the matter with you, conscript?'

'A ball in the shoulder, mon sergent.'

'In the shoulder. That is better than through the body. You will get over it.'

And after a moment's thought he continued:

'Fear nothing. You will see home again.'

I thought that he pined my youth and wished to console me; but my chest seemed crushed, and I could not hope.

The sergeant said no more, only from time to time he raised his head to see if our columns were coming. He swore between his teeth and ended by falling at length upon the ground, saying:

'My business is done. The villain has finished me at last!'

He gazed at the hedge opposite, where a Prussian volunteer was stretched, cold and stiff, the old sergeant's bayonet yet in his body.

It might have been six in the evening. I was cold and had dropped my head forward on my knees, when the roll of artillery called me again to my senses. The two pieces in the garden and many others posted behind them threw their broad flashes through the darkness, while Russians and Prussians crowded through the street. But all this was nothing in comparison to the fire of the French, from the hill opposite the village, while the constant glow showed the Young Guard coming on at the double-quick, generals and colonels on horseback in the midst of the bayonets, waving their swords and cheering them on, while the twenty-four guns the emperor had sent to support the movement thundered behind.

The old wall against which I leaned shook to its foundations. In the street the balls moved down the enemy like grass before the scythe. It was their turn to close up the ranks. I paid no further attention to the sergeant, but listened to the inspiring strains of 'Vive l'Empereur!' ringing out in the monotonous silence between the reports of the guns. The Russians and the Prussians were forced back: the shouts of our troops grew nearer.—The cannoners at the pieces before me loaded and fired at their utmost speed, when three or four grape-shots fell among them and broke the wheel of one of their guns, besides killing two and wounding another of their men. I felt a hand seize my arm. It was the old sergeant.—His eyes were glazed in death, but he laughed scornfully and savagely. The roof of our shelter fell in; the walls bent, but we cared not, we only saw the defeat of the enemy and heard the nearer and nearer shouts of our men, when the old sergeant gasped in my ear:

'Here he is!'

He rose to his knees, supporting himself with one hand, while with the other he waved his hat in the air, and cried in a ringing voice:

'Vive l'Empereur!'

They were his last words; he fell on his face to the earth, and moved no more.

And I, raising myself too from the ground, saw Napoleon, riding calmly through the hail of shot—his hat pulled down over his large head—his grey great-coat open, a broad red ribbon crossing his white vest—there he rode, calm and imperturbable, his face lit up with the reflection from the bayonets. None stood their ground

before him; the Prussian artillerymen abandoned their pieces and sprang over the garden-hedge, despite the cries of their officers who sought to keep them back.

I saw no more, our victory was certain; and I fell like a corpse in the midst of corpses.

XIV.

When sense returned, all was silent around. Clouds were scudding across the sky, and the moon shone down upon the abandoned village, the broken guns, and the pale upturned faces of the dead, as calmly as for ages she had looked on the flowing water, the waving grass, and the rustling leaves. Men are but insects in the midst of creation: lives but drops in the ocean of eternity, and none so truly feel their insignificance as the dying.

I could not move from where I lay in the intensest pain. My right arm alone could I stir; and raising myself with difficulty upon my elbow, I saw the dead heaped along the street, their faces shining like snow in the moonlight. The sight thrilled me with horror, and my teeth chattered.

I would have cried for help, but my voice was no louder than that of a sobbing child. But my feeble cry awoke others, and groans and shrieks arose on all sides. The wounded thought success was coming, and all who could cried out loudly. And I heard, too, a horse neigh painfully on the other side of the hedge. The poor animal tried to rise, and I saw its head and long neck appear; then it fell again to the earth.

The effort I made reopened my wound, and again I felt the blood running down my breast. I closed my eyes to die, and the scenes of my early childhood, of my native village, the face of my poor mother as she sang me to sleep, my little room, with its niched Virgin, our old dog Pommer—all arose before my eyes; my father embraced me again, as he laid aside his axe at his return from work—all rose dreamily before me.

How little these poor parents thought that they were rearing their boy to die miserably far from friends, and home, and success! Would that I could have asked their forgiveness for all the pain I had given them! Tears rolled down my cheeks; I sobbed like a child.

Then Catharine, Aunt Gredel, and Monsieur Goulden passed before me. I saw their grief and tear when the news of the battle came.—Aunt Gredel running to the post office to learn something of me, and Catharine prayerfully awaiting her return, while Monsieur Goulden searched the gazette for intelligence of our corps. I saw Aunt Gredel return disappointed, and heard Catharine's sobs as she asked eagerly for me. Then a messenger seemed to arrive at Quatre-Vents. He opened his leathern sack, and handed a large paper to Aunt Gredel, while Catharine stood, pale as death, beside her. It was the official notice of my death! I heard Catharine's heart rending cries and Aunt Gredel's maledictions. Then good Monsieur Goulden came to console them, and all wept together.

Toward morning, a heavy shower began to fall, and the monotonous dripping on the roofs alone broke the silence. I thought of the good God, whose power and mercy are limitless, and I hoped that he would pardon my sins in consideration of my sufferings.

The rain filled the little trench in which I had been lying. From time to time a wail fell in the village, and the cattle, scared away by the battle, began to resume confidence and return. I heard a goat bleat in a neighboring stable.—A great shepherd's dog wandered fearfully among the heaps of dead. The horse, seeing him, neighed in terror—he took him for a wolf—and the dog fled.

I remembered all these details, for, when we are dying, we see everything, we hear everything, for we know that we are seeing and hearing our last.

But how my whole frame thrilled with joy when at the corner of the street, I thought I heard the sound of voices! How eagerly I listened! And I raised myself upon my elbow, and called for help. It was yet night; but the first grey streak of day was becoming visible in the east, and star off, through the falling rain, I saw a light in the fields, now coming onward, now stopping. I saw dark forms bending around it. They were only cold shadows. But others beside me saw the light; for on all sides arose groans and plaintive cries, so feeble that they seemed like those of children calling their mothers.

What is this life to which we attach so great a price? This miserable existence, so full of pain and suffering? Why do we so cling to it, and fear more to lose it than aught else in the world? What is it that is to come hereafter that makes us shudder at the mere thought of death? Who knows? For ages and ages all have thought and thought on the great question, but none have yet solved it. I, in my eagerness

to live, gazed on that light as the drowning man looks to the shore. I could not take my eyes from it, and my heart thrilled with hope. I tried again to shout, by my voice died on my lips. The pattering of the rain on the ruined dwellings, and on the trees, and the ground, drowned all other sounds, and, although I kept repeating, 'They hear us! They are coming!' and although the lantern seemed to grow larger and larger, after wandering for some time over the field, it slowly disappeared behind a little hill.

I fell once more senseless to the ground. When I returned to myself, I looked around. I was in a long hall, with posts all around. I was in a bed, and beside me was an old gray-mustached soldier, who, when he saw my eyes open, lifted up my head and held a cup to my lip.

'Well,' said he cheerfully, 'well! we are better.'

I could not help smiling as I thought that I was yet among the living. My chest and arm were still with bandages; I felt as if a hot iron were burning me there; but no matter, I lived!

I gazed at the heavy rafters crossing the space above me; at the tiles of the roof, through which the daylight entered in more than one spot; I turned and looked to the other side, and saw that I was in one of those vast sheds used by the brewers of the country as a shelter for their casks and wagons. All around, on mattresses and heaps of straw, numbers of wounded lay ranged; and in the middle, on a large kitchen table, a surgeon major and his two aids, their shirt-sleeves rolled up, were amputating the leg of a soldier, who was shrieking in agony. Behind them was a mass of legs and arms. I turned away sick and trembling.

Five or six soldiers were walking about, giving drink to the wounded.

But the man who impressed himself most on my memory was a surgeon with sleeves rolled up, who cut and cut without paying the slightest attention to what was going on around; he was a man with a large nose and wrinkled cheeks, and every moment flew into a passion at his assistants, who could not give him his knives, pinners, lint, or linen fast enough, or who were not quick enough sponging up the blood.

They had just laid out on the table a Russian carbineer, six feet in height at least; a ball had pierced his neck near the ear, and while the surgeon was asking for his little knives, a cavalry surgeon passed before the shed. He was short, stout, and badly pitted with the small-pox, and held a portfolio under his arm.

'Ha! Forel!' cried he cheerfully.

'It is Duchene,' said our surgeon, turning around. 'How many wounded?'

'Seventeen to eighteen thousand.'

Our surgeon left the shed to chat with his comrade; they conversed tranquilly, while the assistants sat down to drink a cup of wine, and the Russian rolled his eyes despairingly.

'See, Duchene; you have only to go down the street, opposite that well, do you see?'

'Very well indeed.'

'Just opposite you will see the canteen.'

'Very good; thank you; I am off.'

He started, and our surgeon called after him:

'A good appetite to you, Duchene!'

Then he returned to his Russian, whose neck he had laid open. He worked ill humoredly, constantly scolding his aids.

The Russian writhed and groaned, but he paid no attention to that, and at last, throwing the bullet upon the ground, he bandaged up the wound, and cried, 'Carry him off!'

They lifted the Russian from the table, and stretched him on a mattress beside the others; then they laid his neighbor upon the table.

I could not think that such horrors took place in the world; but I was yet to see worse than this.

At five or six beds from mine was an old corporal with his leg wound up. He closed one eye knowingly, and said to his neighbor, whose arm had just been cut off:

'Conscript, look at that heap! I will bet that you cannot recognize your arm.'

The other, who had hitherto shown the greatest courage, looked, and fell back senseless.

Then the corporal began laughing, saying:

'He did recognize it. It always produces that effect.'

He looked around self-approvingly, but no one laughed with him.

Every moment the wounded called for water. When one began, all followed, and the old soldier had certainly conceived a liking for me, for each time he passed, he presented the cup.

I did not remain in the shed more than an hour. A dozen ambulances drew up before the door, and the peasants of the country round, in their velvet jackets and large black slouched hats, their whips on their shoulders, held the horses by the reins. A picket of hussars arrived soon after, and their officer dismounting, entered and said:

Excuse me, major, but here is an order to escort twelve wagons of wounded as far as Lutzen. Is it here that we are to receive them? Yes, it is here, replied the surgeon.

in our language, at which he was still more rejoiced. He called me Josephel, and said: Josephel, be careful how you swallow the medicines they give you, only take what you know.

revenues of Ireland, against the national will, are appropriated to the spiritual wants of less than one eighth of the Irish people. That in our opinion this appropriation is a national wrong, a badge of conquest and inconsistent with the first principles of justice.

national endowment is the undertaking proposed to Parliament, but it is not a labour to be performed, to use a Horatian phrase, 'upon one foot.' It may, perhaps, be safely said, after making every allowance for the exaggeration we are all prone to apply to the circumstances of our own time, that no greater task has been undertaken since the Revolution of 1688.

worthy that while the members of the Irish Church did not constitute a majority, or the principal section of the population in any of the counties or towns enumerated above, yet in the county of the town of Carrickfergus they formed a majority compared with the Roman Catholics the proportional numbers being 19.3 for the Established Church, and 11.1 for Roman Catholics.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH March 25.—It was hardly to be expected that the Roman Catholic lady would continue to allow the numerous batteries of the Church Defence Association to flash their guns upon the assailants of the Establishment without making some reply.

At length we reached Lutzen, but it was so full of wounded that we were obliged to continue on to Leipzig. Fatigue and weariness overpowered me, and I fell asleep, and only awoke when I felt myself lifted from the ambulance.

STATISTICS OF THE IRISH CHURCH.—The relative number of the principal religious bodies in Ireland according to the Census returns of 1861 were as follows: Members of the Established Church, 693,357, or 11.9 per cent. of the total population; Roman Catholics, 4,606,265 or 77.7 per cent; Presbyterians, 521,291 or 9.0 per cent; Methodists, 45,399, or 0.8 per cent; Independents, 4,532; Baptists, 4,237; Quakers, 3,695 or 0.1 per cent; persons returned under all other persuasions, 18,798 or 0.3 per cent, exclusive of 313 Jews.

THE PROTESTANTISM OF IRELAND.—It seeks to create the conscientious conviction and hereditary faith of five million people by giving to a much wealthier community a sixth of their number the property once devoted to the religious wants of the whole in order that this wealth, as appropriated and monopolized, may turn the scale against numbers and convictions.

The True Witness.

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

The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "JOHN JONES, August '63," shows that he has paid up to August '63, and owes his Subscription from that date.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1868.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

APRIL—1868. Friday 24.—St. Fidele de S. M. Saturday 25.—St. Mark. Sunday 26.—Second Sunday after Easter, Holy Family. Monday 27.—St. Leo P. D. Tuesday 28.—St. Hermengild, M. Wednesday 29.—St. Peter, M. Thursday 30.—St. Catherine of Sienna, V.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were well received at Dublin, and assisted at a banquet given on the evening of the 16th inst., in their honor by the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Abercorn. Amongst the invited guests were several dignitaries of the Catholic Church in Ireland, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop Dr. Cullen, and the President of the Catholic College at Maynooth.

The Fenian trials in London were to have commenced on Monday last before the Lord Chief Justice, in the Court of Queen's Bench. Meetings of the Liberal party have been held in London and elsewhere throughout England: the general tone of those meetings seemed to be in favor of the disendowment of all religions, and the conduct of Mr. D'Israeli in clinging to office after the adverse vote of the House of Commons, was strongly censured. The case of ex-Governor Eyre is again before the public, he having been arrested by a warrant from the Bow Street magistrate, on a charge of having illegally proclaimed martial law in Jamaica, on the occasion of the negro outbreak and massacre at Morant Bay.

A rumor, but unhappily not confirmed, had reached London to the effect that the British captives at Magdala had been released, and that its object having been obtained the expedition was about to be recalled. Latest despatches however represent Gen. Napier as still advancing, and as having reached within sixty miles of Magdala, where it is thought Theodore will offer battle.

A report was current that Garibaldi had left Capri for Naples, from whence it was inferred that a storm was brewing. The correspondent of the British papers writing from Rome as usual circulate alarming reports of the Pope's health. All however was quiet in the Holy City up to latest dates.

The impeachment farce in the United States is not yet brought to a close: people are weary of it, and seem inclined to treat it as a very poor or rapid burlesque upon the memorable trials of the first Charles of England, before the Parliament, and of Louis XVI. before the Convention.

The trial of the Clerkenwell Fenians has commenced in London. That of Burke will follow in Dublin the Prince of Wales after having been installed on the 18th as a Knight of St. Patrick, has been entertained with a grand review of all the troops in garrison.

Our Canadian winter is drawing to a close and already some steamers are in port.

The examination of the prisoner Whelan, charged with the murder of Mr. McGee was resumed in the Police Court Ottawa, on the 16th inst. Mr. O'Reilly appeared for the Crown, and the case of the prisoner was watched over by Mr. Buckley of Ottawa.

A. J. Turner deposed that he knew prisoner, who owned a revolver. That he had often heard prisoner use threatening language respecting Mr. McGee: that prisoner was a Fenian, but witness did not give any information of the threats that he had heard, as he thought prisoner was only blathering.

Mr. John McGee, half brother of the deceased, identified prisoner as one of two men who on the night of 1st January last, about 1.30 a.m., called at Mr. McGee's house in Montreal, and under the assumed name of Smith gave information of a design to burn the house. In consequence the deceased applied to the Police for protection. This was confirmed in part by Chief Constable McLaughlin of the Montreal Police.

Etienne Roy, a Messenger of the House had seen the prisoner's face somewhere. John Downs had seen prisoner loitering about the House on night of the murder. Patrick Buckley another Messenger had seen the prisoner hanging about the galleries on the same night. Several other witnesses also testified to the same effect.—Francis Kilby met prisoner in a drinking house about 5 a.m., or a few hours after the murder. Spoke about it, and prisoner turned to the counter and took a drink. When this was over noticed that Whelan had a smile on his face: he had on also a dark coat and light pants. Elizabeth Tiernay, a servant where Whelan boarded, deposed that he was out on the night of the murder but could not say at what hour he went out, or when he returned. Saw him in the course of the morning, when prisoner washed himself, and took no breakfast. Other witnesses were examined as to the boots which the prisoner had on, on the night of the murder, and John Doonan identified the pair produced in Court, as having been cleaned by him for prisoner the morning after the murder. There was not much mud on the boots.

On the 17th the examination was continued. Evidence was adduced to show that on the night of 1st and 2nd January, the prisoner about 5 a.m. was bearer of a letter from Mr. McGee to the Chief Constable. More important was the following, which we give in full:—

Ed. Armstrong, sworn.—Recollect last Saturday morning, examined the yard in rear of McKenna's facing on Wellington street; I had my attention called to these premises from hearing that a shot had been fired from that neighborhood on the Thursday night preceding the assassination; on the verandah at the head of the steps leading to the rear of the empty building next McKenna's, I saw, on Saturday, foot marks in the snow; I went into the house which is vacant, and passed through till I came to the door at the head of the stairs; I found all the doors open; going down stairs into the hall, I found a slab of wood, about three or four feet long; the square end of it rested against the door, and as the door opened the stick slid up; it offered no resistance to a person wishing to enter from the outside, but just kept the door shut; the hall door, on Sparks street, was not locked and a person could quickly push it open and pass through the empty building and yard; it is quite open; I searched the front room on the second floor particularly, and found there a piece of newspaper, a piece of red blotting paper, and other pieces of paper, now produced; the tissue paper among them appeared to be soiled with powder stains; there were scraps of writing on the papers; I watched the tracks on the verandah at the head of the stairs until Detective O'Neill came with a pair of boots; the boots and tracks fitted exactly in every portion—could not have fitted closer; the left foot track leading into the yard was very distinct, and this was more particularly measured; the one leading out was not so distinct; the boot now produced I recognise as the one compared with the tracks; the nail marks in the heel of the boot produced were marked distinctly in the snow on the verandah; from the front windows up stairs I could see Trotter's clearly; the house next to McKenna's must have been vacant some three months; I remarked the window sill in Mrs. Trotter's where the bullet mark was; the shot could have been fired from Mrs. Kenna's door; the hall door of Mrs. Trotter's is in the west of the empty house; the window sill is only about fifteen inches from the door, and is east of it.

To Mr. Buckley.—My attention was drawn to this house on the Tuesday morning after the murder; I do not think it snowed after the murder; when I looked at the verandah on Saturday, there only remained this patch of old snow which was abraded; the rest was almost clear of snow; there were two foot marks plain as if made by one entering the door; one as of a person leaving but not so plainly marked; the verandah runs the whole length of the block but is boarded off in rear of each house; the lower part of the building is tenanted by Offord, shoemaker, but the upper part is altogether untenanted; the bullet mark at Trotter's traverses the window sill from east to west.

G. H. Perry, sworn.—I am a civil engineer, the plan produced is of Parliament Buildings and grounds with Wellington, Sparks, Queen and Albert streets, with intervening blocks as far as Buckley's studies and eastward from Sappers' Bridge to O'Connor street; the Hon. Mr. McGee's track as described by witness was 1430 feet from the Parliament Buildings to Trotter's; by going through the building at Offord's to the rear into Wellington street from Trotter's would be a distance of some 900 feet, while, round by O'Connor street, the distance would be 1230 feet; from the Parliament Buildings to Buckley's door was 1620 feet, so that Buckley had only 190 feet further to go than Mr. McGee; from the vacant house to Trotter's was 120 feet by the rear way Wellington and Elgin streets; to Russell House was 1180 feet; along Sparks street to Russell House 930 feet; by O'Connor, Queen and Elgin streets to Russell House, 1710 feet distance on map; to Buckley's from Trotter's door to the rear of the premises at McKenna's would be 170 or 175 feet, and, adding the yard, would make it about 318 from Trotter's door to Wellington street; this would be passing through the vacant house.

Detective O'Neill, sworn.—Examined boot tracks closely; there were two visible; quite as one showed as if the person was in a hurry; the other was disfigured; fitted one of the boots produced to the track; it corresponded; the snow appeared to be old; to have been there all winter; snow went off the same day, a thaw having set in.

Cross examined.—It snowed heavily next morning; the old snow remained; the left foot was the one which corresponded most closely; know one of Mrs. Cowan's sons; he is not full grown; they lived next to Mrs. McKenna's; had a verandah next to hers which did not communicate.

To Mr. O'Reilly.—It would take 58 seconds time to go from the Parliament Buildings to the verandah over fence and all; on leaving the rear of the vacant shed you get into Wellington street; thence to Elgin street to Russell House; could go all round in three minutes easy from Mrs. Trotter's, through the vacant house to Wellington and Elgin streets, thence to Russell House.

To Mr. Buckley.—There was no fastening on the front door connected with the verandah. At this stage of the proceedings Mr. O'Reilly said that in consequence of information received from Montreal, it would be necessary to adjourn until tomorrow, and that then he would pray that the lives of the witnesses be conducted with closed doors.

The examination was continued on Saturday but with closed doors, so that we are unable to say what new evidence was brought forward, or what transpired. At the close of the proceedings Whelan was fully committed to stand his trial for the murder of Mr. McGee.

It is stated that on Saturday morning a piece of iron was found by the detectives, concealed in Whelan's shirt, where he had hidden it with the

intention it is supposed of committing an assault upon some one against whom he had a spite.

This is all that as yet has oozed out, respecting this affair, and we do not feel ourselves at liberty to make any comments as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. These are matters upon which in due time a jury of his fellow-citizens will be called upon to pronounce, and in their hands therefore should they be left. We suppose however that the authorities know what they are about, and that they are in possession of information which in due time, and when the ends of justice require it, will be brought out. What seems certain is that the Government has reasons for believing that there exists, or did exist in Montreal and other places in the Province a regular Fenian organisation; and that the names of all those who are, or have been in any way connected with this association, are in the hands of the authorities. Many arrests have been made during the course of the week, and startling disclosures may be expected shortly. We have full confidence in the sound judgment, and determination of the authorities, and therefore wait with patience for the publication of such details as in due time they shall think fit to lay before the world.

Mr. Galt in a letter to the Governor General under date 11th of January last gives some very interesting details as to the manner in which the Union of the B. N. A. Colonies in one Confederation was forced upon the Government of Canada, and of the difficulties with which the promoters of the measure had to contend. We make some extracts:—

I was the first Canadian statesman who brought this subject before our Parliament as a means of reconciling the interests of Upper and Lower Canada; and, at the same time of uniting the dis-jointed elements of British power in North America. Shortly after, in 1858, I joined the administration formed by Mr. Cartier as Premier, having as the basis of our policy Confederation; the same year Mr. Cartier, Mr. John Ross and I were delegates to England, and pressed the subject unavailingly on the Imperial Government, then as now under my Lord Derby. The following year being again in London alone, it was once more brought by me under the notice of the late Duke of Newcastle, the Colonial Secretary under Lord Palmerston, but with the like ill success. Without having ever ceased to form the ultimate policy of the Government it slumbered until the political difficulties between Upper and Lower Canada culminated in such repeated failures to form an enduring administration, that some remedy had to be sought. By the suggestion and agency of two members of one Parliament, Mr. Alexander Morris and Mr. John H. Pope, negotiations were opened with Mr. Geo. Brown, the leader of the Upper Canada Liberal Party, and at the conferences held by that gentleman with Sir John A. Macdonald, Mr. Cartier and myself, a coalition was formed on the basis of Confederation. I do not propose to introduce the history of the various conventions held between the several Provinces. But it now becomes my duty to refer to the difficulties, political and material, which had to be overcome. These that were material consisted mainly of the adjustment of the relative burdens, assets and liabilities of the several provinces, in providing means for the local governments, and provisions to permit of a fair union of resources. In my position as Finance Minister of Canada I have had my full share of responsibility in dealing with these subjects, but I do not regard them as of such importance as to entitle any one to particular merit when all were striving for a common object. It was widely different with the political difficulties. They consisted, as your Lordship is well aware, in the peculiar position of Lower Canada, whose population was composed of a large majority of French origin combined with a wealthy influential and numerous British minority. The effect of Confederation was to place the French Canadians for ever in a minority in that Parliament which had to deal with general subjects, and the British minority in an equally doubtful position in Local Legislatures which was proposed for each Province. Mr. Cartier, as the acknowledged leader of his countrymen, had to face and overcome the fears, prejudices, and jealousies of a proud sensitive population, dreading infringements of their cherished religion, language, and laws while I had the relatively equally difficult task of satisfying my own countrymen that they could safely entrust their civil rights of property, and their educational interests to a majority of a different race and religion. We both succeeded.—Mont. Gazette

IS HE NOT A BRAND SNATCHED FROM THE BURNING?—It is asked whether the amusing vagabond of whom the following description is given in the Montreal Witness of the 6th inst., as a caution to its readers, be not a "converted priest?" seeing that he is evidently just the stuff out of which these idols of the conventicle are carved. We cannot say. Probably such may be the case; and if so the only marvel is that the F. C. M. Society have not secured his services for the evangelisation of us poor Papists. Here is the description of the "man of God":—

A man calling himself John H. Morry, claiming to be a minister in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, just from Canada, came to Frankfort, Ill., a few months since, and represented to the Free Baptist Church in that place that he was in harmony with the doctrines of the church, and had been baptized by a Baptist minister in Canada, from whom he purposed to bring recommendations. The church being without a minister he was engaged to supply them for a time. Some suspicious circumstances occurred to cause doubt as to the genuineness of his pretensions, and a clue being obtained of his previous operations in Canada an investigation was instituted, resulting in the discovery of a chain of impostors coveting this man of being the most infamous of impostors. It came out that about nine years ago this man came to Canada from Scotland, and, under the name of John Mavor, married near Kingston, a Miss Catherine Wilder. He left that place, and, coming to B. th as a Presbyterian minister and teacher, married a Miss Amey, under the name of John Erskine.

A rumor of his former marriage following him he fled, and next turned up at Wandsworth, C. W., calling himself John Oshlers, where he was on the point of marrying a young lady, who was saved by a timely discovery of his previous marriage. He fled and was next heard from near Rochester N. Y., where he preached as usual and married under a new name; and fled again, after a few weeks, to New Orleans, Mich., where he pre- ed, and again

married under the name of John Melville Gordon Mavor. While there, publications in the Canada papers led to his detection, arrest, and conviction for bigamy, and his incarceration in the Michigan State Prison for three years. Six months of his time were deducted from the sentence; and he enlisted in the army, remaining until the close of the war.

POWERFUL LOGIC.—The Montreal Witness deals such dreadfully hard blows to the Papal system in Lower Canada, that it is a wonder how it manages to survive. The following is a specimen, as striking for its clear unimpassioned reasoning, as for the gentlemanly and truly Christian spirit that it breathes:—

"The time is not far distant when an oppressed and burdened people will bear the gospel sound in the temples erected by their sweat and blood, in which the blighting rituals of idolatry now chain souls."—Witness, 6th inst.

To many of our readers the above will be scarce intelligible without the aid of a Glossary. Be it understood then, that by "an oppressed and burdened people" is meant French Canadian Catholics; by the "gospel" the peculiar religious opinions of the illiterate clique that finds an appropriate exponent in the Montreal Witness; also that "sweat and blood" is a figurative or highly poetical form of expression for tithes and church rates, paid by Catholics in Canada—though of course it would be monstrous so to designate the same contributions made by Irish Catholics for the support of a Protestant establishment: that the "blighting rituals of idolatry" is a euphuism for the Catholic worship; and that the "chaining of souls" implies that these poor oppressed, burdened, blood-sweating French Canadian Catholics are booked for something very unpleasant in the next world, if they don't at once accept the gospel according to the Witness and the pedlars of the F. C. M. Society. Of course "reserved seats" are kept for the special use of our bishops, priests and nuns, who are aiding and abetting in the imposing of the chains upon the laity.

The N. Y. Herald, not a very trustworthy authority indeed, but one which in this instance is probably not very far from the truth, announces as the policy of the Republican, or revolutionary party in the United States, the repeal of the original Constitution—which virtually has been repealed since first the Northern States declared war against the Sovereign States of the South—and the establishment of a Dictatorship. The means by which it is proposed to accomplish these ends are the deposition of the President, and the suppression of the Supreme Court. Gen. Grant is to be elected, at the point of the bayonet, as the head of the Government for a term of ten years, and by martial law if necessary: and in the meantime to conciliate the masses, and to reconcile them with despotism, power to inflate the currency to any extent is to be given to the Banks. Whatever we may think of the radical programme as given by the N. Y. Herald, this much has long been evident to every one but a purblind fool—that the whole course of events in the United States since the unhappy defeat of the gallant Southerners has been setting decidedly towards pure military despotism.

The Report of the Registrar General for Scotland shows that 9.6 or nearly ten per cent of the total births in Scotland for the year 1867 were illegitimate. The most striking and melancholy fact brought to light is, that the greatest amount of impurity, obtains—not in the cities but in the rural districts, where it was supposed that the "social evil" is almost unknown. Another fact worth noticing is, that the greatest immorality amongst the rural populations obtains precisely there where the Calvinistic element is most preponderant, and where Sabbatarianism is most rampant. Not in the Southern and Western districts, where there is a large admixture of Irish Catholics with the Scotch Protestant population; but in the north eastern and southern divisions was impurity highest of all—in some counties "reaching 15 per cent," and in one to no less than 17.7 per cent. This is a horrid picture of the state of morality in the land of the "open bible," in the very stronghold of British Protestantism. Still facts are stubborn things, and their evidence cannot be impugned when it is given to the world by the Registrar General in an official document.

The Mayor of St. Catharines, it is said, has adopted the ball and chain for prisoners sentenced to hard labor, and employs them in breaking stones on the public streets. We do not see why in Montreal we should not utilize our drunkards, and loafers generally, by setting them to work as scavengers, and street cleaners. This would be better every way for the material and moral interests of society, than the present silly plan of stall-feeding them in the Government hotel. The prospect of two months street sweeping would deter many a hardened offender from again making his appearance before the Recorder.

The Catholic Chronicle is the name of a new weekly paper published at Albany in the United States. We heartily wish our new contemporary a long and prosperous career.

The Church Times, an Anglican, but Ritualistic organ, speaks in very hard, but very just terms of the Reformation, its promoters, and its effects. It denounces it as "an unmitigated disaster;" as "a hypocritical pretence to veil an insurrection of lust and avarice against religion." It adds that it—the Reformation—"corrected no evil whatever;" that "the superstition of the past has but given way to the infidelity of the present;" and that there is no reason to suppose that there is "any larger proportion of really God-fearing persons than there was before the reformation of religion was taken in hand by a conspiracy of adulterers, murderers, and thieves." This is the conclusion, adds the writer "at which most impartial and intelligent readers of Dr. Hook's Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury will arrive." It is really refreshing to find Protestants forming so true an estimate of the meaning of the great religious apostacy of the sixteenth century, from the study of their own documents.

The Daily News understands that two gentlemen, one French, the other English, have been appointed to perform the duties of Fire Marshal for the City of Montreal. The Daily News adds that both are members of the legal profession, and that Mr. Durbar Browze is one of the gentlemen so named; but we do not learn that either of them has any practical experience in the matter of fires, which after all is the one thing needful.

What are required in a Fire Marshal are the special faculties of a detective officer, rather than those of a judge or of a lawyer; and above all that he be one who at every fire, should be present on the spot, making himself master by personal observation of all the circumstances, that might have caused it. In short a smart bold and experienced Detective, would be the right man in the right place.

In the Montreal Gazette we find the annexed paragraph:—

"The astonishing number of sixty-six divorce cases are to be heard at the session of the Supreme Judicial Court which commences at Toronto on Tuesday April 21st."

We see not what there is "astonishing" in this, for we know that when once the dam is broken down, the waters will rush in. What is "astonishing" is, that despite the well-established demoralising effect which flow from legalising divorce, or not to put too fine a point on it, adultery—men will persist in the same vicious course of legislation, setting God's holy law of one with one and for ever, at defiance. But this law cannot be defied with impunity, and woe to the state and people that take upon themselves to set it aside, by setting up their filthy and demoralising Divorce Courts.

We learn by letters from Rome that our Papal Zouaves with their worthy leader Captain Taillefer met with a most flattering reception from the Sovereign Pontiff when they were admitted to the honor of an audience. The company have already commenced their drill, and we learn with much pleasure that Captain Taillefer has already received an appointment in the Papal army, as Corporal.

A pension of \$1,200 for the term of her life has been voted for the widow of the late Mr. McGee, and a further sum of \$8,000 for the benefit of the children. No one will deem this sum excessive; and we hope that in addition, the Legislature will undertake to discharge any debts that may have been due by the deceased at the time of his death. Though long in public life, he died poor, and this redounds very much to his credit.

Patrick Buckley has been again arrested on suspicion. It appears from the evidence of a Mr. E. Starr, a Messenger, that on the night before the murder the prisoner had repeated conversations with Whelan who was observed to shake his fist in a menacing manner at Mr. McGee. Rumors of course are plentiful, in the absence of anything definite till such time as the authorities see fit to lay the information of which they are in possession before the public.

Mr. M. P. Ryan, an Irish Catholic gentleman well-known, and wherever known highly esteemed for his excellent qualities of head and heart, has been decided upon, at a numerous meeting, as a fitting candidate for the representation of the West Ward. Mr. Miller is also before the public with an address to the constituency. We understand that the name of Mr. Redpath is withdrawn.

Mr. A. M. Delisle has been named as Returning Officer for the approaching election in Montreal West.

The yield of maple sugar is unusually abundant this year. Seeing the quantities that are brought to market makes us regret that the maple forests of Canada have been so ruthlessly cut away. If they had been preserved, maple sugar might have become a considerable exportation and a consequent revenue of importance, in the otherwise fallow during seasons, whereas it is scarcely more than an amusement.

OBITUARY.

It is my painful task this week to, Mr. Editor to record the death of Mr. Joseph Bissonnet, which occurred on Tuesday last, 14th inst., at Cedres, Beauharnois. He died of consumption, at the early age of 22 years. Mr. Bissonnet made his studies in the Montreal College, and although his illness obliged him, the year before last, to retire from the College, he soon returned, eager to resume his studies and complete his course. It was last June he had the happiness of seeing that long and extensive course—such as obtains at the Institution in question—brought to a brilliant and eminently successful termination. On that occasion he found himself the recipient of several excellent prizes, to the gratification of his numerous friends and well-wishers, and the loud laudits of those present at the distribution. He was selected, too, on that same occasion, to act a part in a Latin dialogue on the human mind, which he did in a manner that reflected much credit on himself as well as on the College. But Mr. Bissonnet has just gone to his "long home," leaving these behind, and taking with him his virtues, or rather the fruit of them—for "we brought nothing into this world," as St. Paul tells Timothy, and certainly we can carry nothing out.

The qualities and virtues of the deceased were not these usually found in students—those usually classified under the common appellation of ordinary. They were of a far higher and purer order, and were such as causes always the delight of his Professors as well as the delight and edification of his confederates and of all those who had the happiness of his acquaintance. But he was chiefly noted for his application to study, for his punctuality in the observation of the rules and his religious duties—an application and punctuality which could not fail to produce the most abundant fruits in the one and the other. He had, and always showed great love and veneration for all his ecclesiastical superiors, charity and respect for his equals and inferiors, and finally, humility and diffidence in himself.

His last days were spent under the paternal roof, in the arms of those who held him most dear; where the kindness of a father and the tenderness of a mother soothed his soul with all the offices that the tenderest affection could suggest. His good parents have just reason to lament his early demise, and we sincerely sympathize with them in their bereavement; but they can, and certainly do, find consolation in knowing that the "death of the just is precious in the sight of the Lord." Of him they can justly say: "Consummatus in brevis, implevit tempora multa"—being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time. His numerous friends will find some comfort in the same and similar considerations, remembering that if they do as he did in the sight of God and man, their separation will only be for a short time.

Mr. Bissonnet had made up his mind to embrace the ecclesiastical state, and had been spared, would, no doubt, have been a "vessel unto honor, sanctified and profitable to the Lord." His funeral ceremonies took place on Friday last, when the Rev. D. Lefebvre, his spiritual director in the College, celebrated Solemn Service for the repose of his soul. Through the kind permission of the director of the College, the Rev. Charles Lenoir, several of the students and Professors assisted at the funeral.—R.I.P.—Com.

On Sunday, the 12th instant, at Huntingdon in the County of Huntingdon, a large and influential meeting of the Catholics took place in the Sacristy immediately after Mass to express their feelings concerning the murder of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

On motion William Finn, Esq., was called to the chair, and Jas. P. Sexton, Esq., appointed secretary.

Jas. P. Sexton then proposed the following resolution which was seconded by William Finn, Esq., and—Resolved—"That we, the Catholics of Huntingdon, do hereby testify our horror and indignation at the cowardly murder that removed from amongst us our distinguished fellow countryman and co-religionist the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee."

Mr. Sexton in presenting the resolution said: That they were met there that day to express their horror of a crime which had laid low an accomplished scholar, a brilliant orator, a true patriot and one of the most distinguished Irishmen of the present century. And while meetings of this description were being held from one end of the Dominion to the other, by persons of every country and creed, it was only right that the Catholics of Huntingdon should express their abhorrence and detestation of an act of barbarity unprecedented in the annals of the country. That all were indebted to this great man for his fearless denunciation of those associations and conspiracies which sought to bring ruin and desolation upon Irishmen in Canada who in the exercise of their Religion and the maintenance of their rights enjoyed liberties greater than which no man possesses. That while they came there to day to testify their horror and indignation at the crime committed, they were also there to pay honor to the memory of the victim slain, and to show their sympathy for the bereaved widow and her orphan children who had thus been cruelly deprived of their protector.

It was then moved by Patrick Kelly, Esq., seconded by Charles Furey, Esq., and—Resolved—"That we hereby record our just appreciation of his talents as an orator and statesman, and deplore in common with the whole Dominion his irreparable loss to the country at large."

A Branchard, Esq., then addressed the meeting and stated that the lamented gentleman was known not only in Canada, but throughout the Empire, as a historian and a man of letters.—That in his public career he had proved himself a conscientious man who boldly followed the path of duty at the risk of life itself. That had he chosen to be popular instead of just, he might have been alive to-day. All men therefore should deplore the loss of so just a man as Mr. McGee.

It was moved by Peter Keiran, Esq., seconded

by Joseph Rice, Esq., and—Resolved—"That we also record our deep and heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved widow and orphan children in this, their hour of grief and sorrow."

Joseph F. Dubreuil, Esq., here addressed the meeting and said:—That though comparatively a stranger among those present still he could not allow the occasion to pass without paying his tribute to the memory of the brave man who had fallen while engaged in the performance of his duties as a representative of his country. That though many differed with Mr. McGee in his politics and opinions, still those who had been his most bitter political enemies now came forward and testified to his talents, and deplored his heavy loss. That if he had been carried away by sickness his death would have been a source of the utmost grief to his family and friends, but what must be their sorrow to see him cut down in the prime of manhood by a coward's blow. His family surely deserve, and will certainly receive heartfelt sympathy of all present.

It was then moved by the Rev. Mr. Gagnier, seconded by A. Branchard, Esq., and—Resolved—"That this meeting do hereby express their hearty concurrence in the action of Government in making a suitable provision for the family of the late Hon. T. D. McGee."

The Rev. Mr. Gagnier then made a few short but eloquent remarks, and concluded by expressing his sincere regret that circumstances prevented him from attending the funeral at Montreal and thus show his own sympathy, and that of the flock under his charge.

It was then moved by Richard Finn, Esq., seconded by Patrick McGovern, Esq.:—"That the proceedings of this meeting be published, and a copy of the resolutions transmitted to the family of the deceased."

Joseph F. Dubreuil, Esq., then moved a vote of thanks to the chairman and secretary, and then the meeting closed.

TOWN OF BEAUHARNOIS.

Saturday evening last, the largest meeting ever held in Beauharnois took place in the Market Hall, which was densely crowded by inhabitants of the town of all classes, creeds and nationalities, who had assembled together for the purpose of expressing their horror of the assassination of the Honorable Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and their sympathy with his family.

The Hall was all draped in mourning and the two companies of volunteers under command of Major Martin and Captains Beaudry and Prud'homme, the whole in full uniform, were stationed around the Hall.

The following gentlemen were on the Platform; Rev. Mr. Charland, Curé, Rev. Mr. Sym, Presbyterian Minister, Rev. Father Desbarrat, Major Martin, P. C. Duracou, J. K. Elliot, A. DeMartigny, T. Brosseau and W. Cross.

At eight o'clock precisely, His Worship the Mayor of the Town, Jos Lynch, Esq., took the chair, having on his right the Rev. Mr. Charland and the Rev. Mr. Sym on his left, T. Brosseau, Esq., N.P., was requested to act as Secretary.

His Worship explained the object of the meeting and, nearly unable to overcome his feelings by times, paid a glowing tribute to the virtues and talents of the lamented Hon. T. D. McGee.

The Rev. Curé moved the following Resolution, seconded by Major M. Martin:—"That the inhabitants of the Town of Beauharnois have heard with horror, indignation and sorrow, of the cowardly assassination of the Honorable Thomas D'Arcy McGee."

The Rev. gentleman supported the Resolution with one of his usual eloquent addresses in French, in which he referred to the assassination of Mr. McGee, as one of the greatest outrages ever committed in this country and to the far spread fame of the deceased as a Poet, a Scholar and Orator.

The Rev. Mr. Sym moved, seconded by P. C. Duracou, Esq., the second Resolution, as follows:—"That by the death of the Honorable Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Canada has been deprived of the services of a distinguished Statesman, an accomplished Scholar and a true hearted patriot, and that we take this opportunity of expressing our sincere regret, at a loss which can only be characterized as a national one."

The Rev. gentleman in an address in English, full of eloquence, reminded the meeting of the great loss that not only Canada, but the whole of the civilized world, had sustained by the assassination of the Honorable T. D. McGee.

The third resolution was then moved by J. K. Elliot, Esq., seconded by T. Brosseau, Esq. That during his residence in this Country, the late and lamented T. D. McGee, in all his public acts, proved by his conduct that he was animated by a sincere desire to promote the prosperity of Canada, his adopted country, and the welfare and happiness of its people.

Mr. Elliot supported this resolution pointing out the atrocity of the crime. The high and elevated position of the lamented deceased, and especially his extraordinary ability both by words and practice in doing all in his power to allay all differences among his fellow countrymen, and to elevate them in the opinion of their fellow citizens, and hoping that such a dastardly crime would meet with just punishment and an eloquent appeal to follow the example of such an accomplished Scholar and patriot.

The fourth resolution was then moved by A. L. de Martigny, Esq., Registrar, and seconded by W. Cross Esq.

That we deeply sympathize with the family of the late and lamented T. D. McGee in their present affliction, and that a copy of these Resolutions be communicated to his respected widow and family.

The mover eloquently depicted the grief in which the family had been plunged by an act which had no parallel in this country.

The seconders of the Resolutions each addressed the meeting on the different resolutions all deploring the loss which the Country had sustained.

His Worship was then requested to leave the Chair, and Dr de Martigny to occupy it when the usual vote of thanks to the Chairman and Secretary was proposed and carried unanimously.

Union St. Joseph—A meeting of this Union was held on Monday last, in regard to the death of the late Hon. T. D. McGee. The President occupied the chair, and Mr. Francis O'Connell acted as Secretary. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted. Moved by Mr. Alfred Narbonne seconded by Mr. J. B. Masse:

"That in view of the tragic end of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, this Society deems it his duty to protest against the atrocious crime committed on the 7th inst. nt."

"That this Society, not having the occasion to assist in a body at the grand demonstration which took place on Sunday by its first meeting to express all the regret it feels in the loss of so eminent a man as the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee."

"That this Society beg of the family of the Hon. Mr. McGee to accept its condolences on the occasion of the cruel loss they have sustained in the death of their distinguished chief."

"That a copy of these resolutions be published in the newspapers of his city, and that a copy be sent to the family of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee."

IN MEMORIAM.

O fatal night! O night of woe! When from the Senate thou didst go, Unconscious of the heinous foe, That lay in wait to slay thee.

O God! among mankind couldst thou, A monster of such cruelty? A demon 'twas in human form That raised his hand against thee.

True to thy God, to thy country true, No matter what might be to rue, Thy duty thou didst ever do, And Heaven was contented.

O envied death! in such a cause, Thy country's glory, thy country's laws, To die, were sweet; were glorious, Such death is immortality.

And Canada thou lovest so well, In distant years will proudly tell, The nobles of her children fell, To build up her Dominion.

Almighty God! in pity hear, Of thousands the heartfelt prayer, That on his soul Thy light may shine, Whose fondest hope was to be Thine eternally. Amen.

Williamstown, April 12th 1868.

Mr. Pinkerton, who has come to Canada to unravel the secret of Mr. McGee's murder, was born a Detective, and is possibly the most perfect in this art of any man living. He has abundant opportunity for the exercise of his skill in a country with nearly forty millions of inhabitants, speaking the same language, moving about without the restraints of passports, or that official scrutiny which never slumbers in Europe and containing an abundant supply of continental groundswells. The success which has awaited on Mr. Pinkerton has followed him through a long and varied career, and the mention of his name infuses terror amongst criminals. His agencies are scattered over the continent, and he follows up the traces of the felon with an instinct which seldom fails. We venture to affirm—relying on Mr. Pinkerton's rare sagacity—that he will make short work of the criminals who conspired to murder Mr. McGee, and lay his hands on them wherever they may hide, whether in the United States or in Canada.

Ottawa April 14.—Senator B. Wier, died at 9 o'clock this morning, quite suddenly. He returned last night with other members of the Upper House from a trip West. He eat a hearty supper at President, en route. At six o'clock this morning he was in bed complaining of being ill, and asked for a doctor. Mr. Wier complained of oppression of the chest.

At Coaticook the Catholic Church buildings are considerably enlarged and a residence for the pastor has been begun. The name of the clergyman is M. Charrier, who counts many years of his labor in the Township.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Antigonish N.S. C.M. Dowd \$1; Lucille, H. B. Baker \$2; Granby, Chas. Collins \$2.50; Port Lewis J. Finn \$1; Fitzroy Harbor, Mrs. Duggs \$2; Williams town, Rev. J. I. McCarthy \$2; Carleton Place, P. Galvin \$2; Waterloo, Gias Moran \$2; Penetangouish, M. Quinn \$2; London, J. G. Harper \$2; Wainotick, R. Tighe \$2; St. Malachy, D. O'Callaghan \$2; French Village, M. Ling \$2; Ottawa, R. Smith \$2; Pismoure, J. Mantel \$2; Thoms-ville M. Black \$2.

Per P. Purcell, Kingston—M. Flanagan \$4; D. Ron k \$6; P. Conroy \$2; J. Barker \$2.

Per P. McGuire, Coaburg—J. McKenny \$1; B. Lilly \$2.

Per J. O'Reilly, Hastings—Mrs. Graham \$2; Per J. Kennedy, Lindsay—Self \$1; G. Gregory \$2; Per P. Kennedy, Springtown—Rev. Mr. Rouquet, Renfrew \$2.

Per P. Lynch, Allumette Island—Wm Jennings \$3 to Sept '69.

Per Rev. A. E. Dufresne, Sherbrooke—Miss H. V. McAlister \$2.

Per F. O'Neill, Fitzroy—Rev. E. Vaughan \$2; J. Gorman, Pakenham \$2.

Per Rev. J. Pelletier, Richelieu NB—S. J. \$1; D. O. Leary \$2; Pierce Quilly \$2; Mrs. M. Sutton \$2; Henry O'Leary \$2; Henry Reardon \$2; Marie F. O'Connell \$2; Mrs. Caroline McDermott \$2; Mrs. Caroline Dwyer \$2.

Per G. Murphy, Ottawa—Wm. Davis \$2; J. J. Murray \$2; P. McDermott \$2; B. Dunn \$7.50; T. Hanley \$2.50; Richmond R. W. O'Connell \$2; Thos. Donley \$2.

Per J. Bonfield Wainville—Self \$2; T. Sheridan \$2; P. Rogan \$4; D. Madigan \$4; J. Dwyer \$4; D. McGrath \$2.

Contribution—in remittances of 10th inst. the amounts per P. Lynch Allumette Island, should have been acknowledged as follows: Rev. Mr. Lynch \$4; Rev. Mr. Corbet \$3; T. Duff \$3; M. Donnellon \$2; A. H. McDonnell \$2; Mrs. Hogan \$2; P. Murphy \$2; J. Ryan, \$1.

Died.

In this city, on the 15th inst., Julie Joseph Lafreicain.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, April 21, 1868. Flour—Pollards, \$5, to \$5.75; Middlings, \$6.00 to \$6.35; Fine, \$6.40 to \$6.65; Super, No. 2 \$7.15 to \$7.30; Superior nominal \$9.00; Paucy \$7.55 to \$7.70; Extra, \$7.75 to \$8.25; Superior Extra \$9 to \$8.25; Bag Flour, \$3.80 to \$3.85 per 100 lbs.

Oatmeal per brl. of 200 lbs.—\$6.25 to \$6.50. Wheat per bush. of 60 lbs.—U. C. Spring, \$1.67 to \$1.70.

Peas per 60 lbs.—91c. to 93c. Oats per bush. of 32 lbs.—No sales on the spot for delivery—Dull at 47c to 48c.

Barley per 48 lbs.—Prices nominal,—worth about \$1.10 to \$1.20. Ashes per 100 lbs.—First Pots \$5.80 to \$6.00. Seconds, \$5.10 to \$5.15; Thirds, \$4.95 to 0.00. First Peas, \$6.65.

Pork per brl. of 200 lbs.—Mess, \$19.50 to \$20.00. Prime Mess \$17.00; Prime, \$14.00 to \$14.50. Rye per 56 lbs.—\$1.00 to \$1.00. Corn per 56 lbs.—Latest sales ex store at \$0.95 to \$1.00.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

April 21, 1868. Flour, country, per quintal, 20 6 to 21 0. Oatmeal, do 15 0 to 15 3. Indian Meal, do 14 0 to 15 0. Barley, do 4 8 to 5 0. Peas, do 5 0 to 5 6. Oats, do 2 9 to 3 0. Butter, fresh, per lb. 1 8 to 1 8. Do, salt do 10 10 to 1 0. Beans, small white, per mjd 0 10 to 0. Potatoes per bag 4 0 to 4 6. Onions, per minot, 7 6 to 10 0. Lard, per lb 0 7 to 0 8. Beef, per lb 0 4 to 0 6. Pork, do 0 6 to 0 8. Mutton do 0 5 to 0 6. Lamb, per quarter 3 0 to 5 0. Eggs, fresh, per dozen 0 8 to 0 10. Hay, per 100 bundles, \$8.00 to \$10. Straw 68.00 to \$7.00.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT.

District of Montreal. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864-5.

In the matter of ANTOINE DEGUIRE of the Parish of St. Olet District of Montreal, Trader, Insolvent.

The undersigned has filed in the office of this Court a deed of composition and discharge executed in his favor by his creditors and on TUESDAY THE TWENTY SIXTH DAY OF MAY NEXT, he will apply to said Court for a confirmation thereof.

ANTOINE DEGUIRE, By his Attorneys ad litem, T. & C. C. DE LORIMIER. Montreal, 20th March, 1868. 2m—33

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT.

District of Montreal. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864 & '65.

No. 1067. In the matter of WILLIAM BENNET, of the City of Montreal, Trader, individually, and as co-Partner heretofore with GEORGE PICKUP, under the name of WILLIAM BENNET & CO: Insolvent.

The undersigned will apply to this Court for a discharge under the said Act, Tuesday the Twenty-Sixth day of May next.

WILLIAM BENNET, By his Attorneys ad litem, T. & C. C. DE LORIMIER. Montreal, 20th March, 1868. 2m—33

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT.

District of Montreal. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864 AND 1865.

No. 795. In the matter of ISIDORE PAQUIN of the City of Montreal, Merchant, Insolvent.

The undersigned is hereby given that the said Insolvent has deposited in the Office of this Court, a deed of composition and discharge executed in his favor by his creditors, and that on Saturday the Twenty fifth day of April next at Ten o'clock in the Forenoon, or on soon thereafter as Counsel can be heard, he will apply to the said Court, to obtain a confirmation of said discharge.

ISIDORE PAQUIN, By his Attorney ad litem, T. & C. C. DE LORIMIER. Montreal, 19th February 1868. 2m

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT.

District of Montreal. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864 AND 1865.

No. 763. In the matter of GERMAIN PELTIER, Trader of the Town of Sorel in the District of Richelieu, Insolvent.

The undersigned is hereby given that the said Insolvent has deposited in the Office of this Court a deed of composition and discharge, executed in his favor by his creditors, and that on Saturday the Twenty fifth day of April next at Ten o'clock in the Forenoon or on soon thereafter as Counsel can be heard he will apply to the said Court to obtain a confirmation of said discharge.

GERMAIN PELTIER, By his Attorneys ad litem, T. & C. C. DE LORIMIER. Montreal, 19th February, 1868. 2m

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

In the matter of HUGH MCGILL, of the City and District of Montreal, an Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that the said Hugh McGill, by the undersigned his Attorneys, will apply on the nineteenth day of the month of June next, at half past ten of the clock, in the forenoon, to the Superior Court, for Lower Canada, sitting in the said District, for his discharge in bankruptcy.

LEBLANC & CASSIDY, Attorneys for said Hugh McGill. Montreal, 31st March, 1868. 2m

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864,

AND ITS AMENDMENTS. In the affair of OCTAVE LACHANCE, Trader, of the Parish of St. Gabriel de Brandon, in the district of Richelieu.

The undersigned has made a deposition of the consent of his creditors for his discharge, and on Saturday the Sixteenth day of May next, will apply to any of the Honorable Judges of the Superior Court, sitting in and for the District of Richelieu, to obtain a ratification of the same.

OCTAVE LACHANCE, Sorel 27 February 1867. 2m.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of REMI PREVOST, Trader of the city of Montreal, Insolvent.

The Creditors of the insolvent are notified that he has made an assignment of his estates and effects under the above Act, to me, the undersigned Assignee, and they are required to furnish me, within two months from this date, with their claims, specifying the security they hold if any, and the value of it; and if none, stating the fact; the whole attested under oath with the vouchers in support of such claims.

T. SAUVEGEAU, Official Assignee. Montreal, 4th April, 1868. 2-w.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT.

District of Montreal. No. 1145.

NOTICE is hereby given that Marceline Trudeau, wife of Hubert Gagnon, of the city and district of Montreal, butcher and trader, duly authorized, has, the tenth of March instant, instituted before the Superior Court, in Montreal, an action en separation de biens against her said husband.

J. C. LACOSTE, Attorney for Plaintiff. Montreal, March 20, 1868. 2-m.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

The creditors of the undersigned are hereby notified to meet at the office of J. M. DESILETS ESQ Advocate, corner of Notre Dame and Alexander Streets in the city of Three Rivers, on SATURDAY, the twenty fifth day of April next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, in order to receive a statement of their affairs and to name an assignee.

HART & FONTAINE, St. Barnabe 30th March, 1868. 2w.

NEW BOOKS.

THE NEW VONTH OF MARY, or Reflections for each day of the month; By the Very Rev. P. R. Kenrick. Price 50 cts.

TALES FROM THE DIARY of a SISTER of MEROY. \$1.13

LIFE AND LETTERS of MADAME SWETCHINE. \$1.50.

LIFE OF ST. COLOMBA, Apostle of California; By the Count De Montalembert. \$1.00.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

TREMENDOUS REDUCTIONS AT THIS SEASON.

In every description of READY MADE CLOTHING.

ALL MADE FROM THE NEWEST AND CHOICEST MATERIALS, AT

NO. 60 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. ACKNOWLEDGED BY ALL TO BE

The Cheapest House in the City. NOTE THE PRICES OF GOOD JAKETS!

Pea Jackets at \$5. Pea Jackets at \$6.50. Pea Jackets at \$8.

NOT TO BE EQUALLED FOR CUT, MAKE AND QUALITY.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC! THE ECLIPSE PANTS AT \$4 EACH, READY-MADE or to MEASURE.

are only to be obtained at NO. 60 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

oJuvenile Department BOYS' and YOUTHS' OVERCOATS in great variety, at \$4 \$5 and \$6, in every style.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' SKATING JACKETS at \$3, \$4 and \$5. BOYS' and YOUTHS' SCHOOL SUITS, from \$6 (the largest stock in the city).

BOYS' KNICKERBOCKER SUITS, from \$4 AT J. G. KENNEDY'S, 60 St. Lawrence Main Street.

J. D. LAWLOR, SEWING MACHINE MANUFACTURER.

I MANUFACTURE SEWING MACHINES For all kinds of Work from the Finest to the Heatiest.

Persons about to Purchase will please observe that I build no CHAIN STITCH MACHINES.

The Machines I Manufacture make the Lock Stitch (like on both sides which will not Rip nor Run); PRICES—FROM \$25 AND UPWARDS.

I WARRANT all Machines made by me superior in every respect to those of any other maker in the Dominion, while my prices are low.

PARTICULAR NOTICE The undersigned is desirous of securing the services of active persons in all parts of the Dominion, to act as Local or Travelling Agents for the sale of his celebrated SEWING MACHINE. A very liberal salary and expenses will be paid on commission allowed. Country Merchants, Ministers, Clergymen, Farmers, and the business public generally, are particularly invited to give their attention, as I can offer unparalleled inducements, and at the same time the cheapest as well as the best SEWING MACHINES now before the public.

I desire to place my Sewing-Machines not only in the mansions of the wealthy, but in the humble cottages of the poorer classes (who most need Machines), and the prices are such as will come within the reach of all. Consequently I court the assistance of all parties who would lessen the labor of women, or increase their own happiness, by introducing a really meritorious "labor-saver." If costly Machines are wanted, I furnish them. A glance at the styles and prices cannot fail to suit the most fastidious. But good faith and the advancement of my patrons' interests require me to say, that so far as respects the practical uses of a Sewing Machine, it is only necessary that purchasers should exercise their preference as to the style they want or have the means to purchase.

SEND FOR PRICE LISTS, CIRCULARS AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF MACHINES. PEGGING MACHINES and BOOT and SHOE MACHINERY REPAIRED at the FACTORY, 48 NAZARETH STREET.

All kinds of SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED and IMPROVED at 345 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL, and 32 JOHN ST., QUEBEC.

ALL MACHINES WARRANTED and kept in REPAIR ONE YEAR WITHOUT CHARGE. Orders will receive prompt attention immediately upon reception. No charge made for packing or shipping Machines. Drafts made payable to J. D. Lawlor or order, can always be sent with safety, and without fear or loss. Address, in all cases,

J. D. LAWLOR Montreal. April 24th, 1868. 12m.

KEARNEY & BRO.,

PLUMBERS, GAS & STEAMFITTERS, TIN & SHEET IRON WORKERS, &C., 675 CRAIG STREET,

Two doors West of Bleury, MONTREAL.

JOBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

WANTED.

TWO FEMALE COMMON SCHOOL TEACHERS in the Township of Hammingford, holding diplomas from the Roman Catholic Board of Examiners; one competent to teach the French and English languages, and one to teach English; to whom liberal salaries will be given. Address—Jas. O'Leary, Sec. Treasurer to Roman Catholic Dissident School Trustees, Hemmingford.

April 23rd 1868.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS

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

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News writes:—The National Guard troubles at Toulouse have been followed by some still more serious at Bordeaux. On March 21 a numerous band paraded the Rue de la Trésorerie, singing the Marseillaise. The commissary of police of the quarter presented himself, and attempted to take away a red flag carried by one of the party. A scuffle ensued, and the commissary was badly knocked about. A grocer, who came to the aid of the officer of justice with an iron rod in his hand, was disarmed and beaten. Subsequently the police made several arrests. In the St. Nicholas quarter a sergeant-de-ville was ill-treated. On the 22nd the young men ordered to appear before the Council of Revision in the Place Tourny presented themselves with big carrots in their button holes and in their hands. These pacific emblems of agriculture threw ridicule upon the proceedings, and provoked great guffaws from the crowd. The police showed themselves in great force everywhere, and many agents went about in plain clothes. In the Place Tourny a piquet of regular troops was obliged to aid the police. These disturbances of the 21st and 22nd took place subsequently to the trial, on the 20th, by the Tribunal of Correctional Police, of three young men arrested for singing the 'Marseillaise,' and crying 'Vive la République,' on the 19th. One of these, who excused himself for carrying a red flag on the ground that he had seen one paraded in the streets on the day before, which nobody interfered with, was sentenced only to four days' imprisonment; but the two others, one of whom publicly harangued the mob, and spoke against the Army Bill, were sentenced respectively to three months' and one month's imprisonment.

The Patrie says that placards of an anarchical nature have been posted up at Rennes. The imperial procurator ordered the arrest of three young men charged with the offence. On their examination, it was found that their object was to foment agitation.

In Wednesday's sitting of the Legislative Body, the debate upon the Public Meetings Bill was resumed. After Article 9 had been voted, the House adopted the entire bill by 209 votes to 22. The orders of the day being thus finished, the Chamber adjourned on the motion of the President. The date of the next sitting is not fixed.

The Paris correspondent of the Times writes:—It is amusing to witness the absolute silence which the *Moniteur* preserves about the movements of Prince Napoleon. It sets a rare example of decorum to the journals of Europe, for it is the only one that has carried the respect for his imperial highness's *incognito* to this extreme. As far as the official organ of the French Government is concerned, the Prince has never for a moment quitted the Palais Royal. Not deigning to notice the rumours that were so rife as to the object of his journey, it has left to the semi-official prints the care of, not exactly denying (which they were quite capable of doing) that he was absent at all, but that there was any political motive for it. It is remarked that something like this occurred with respect to Salzburg. It was admitted over and over again, that the Emperor went only to express, in person, to his imperial brother of Austria his condolence on the death of the Emperor Maximilian. The more more this was affirmed, the less this hardheaded people believed it; and it is now all but admitted that if the Salzburg interview produced no result, it was not entirely owing to want of good will on the part of the Sovereigns. The discreet silence of the *Moniteur*, and the protestations of the Government press, do not convince the public that the Emperor's cousin had no earthly motive but amusement for going to Germany. The public may be in error, but it is observed, plausibly enough, that the best way to keep them from falling into it would be to have prevailed on the prince, if he was really bent on foreign travel, to direct his steps to some other point, or even to put off his excursion to some other time. The very fact of a visit to Germany in the present state of relations between the countries, was regarded as a sign that something was going on in which the foreign policy of France was more or less interested, and, as a fresh proof of the uncertainty in which it has been involved for some time past, the *Temps* observes:—

'The French Government, ever since the charges that have taken place in Europe with its connivance, and which have turned against it, is visibly in a state of uneasy restlessness. All feel that it is prey to some secret inquietude; that it is haunted by a vague craving for action; eagerly longing for an occasion, if not to take its revenge, at least to raise itself by some signal act. It wants to rally public opinion to it; to recover its lost prestige; perhaps too, to make a diversion from the difficulties excited at home by the awakening of public opinion. It does not exactly know what to do, but it wants to do something. If war with Prussia is too hazardous, it may try it with Russia. If an occasion for employing new armaments be not found, it will try the effect of disarming. The means are nothing provided the end be attained. Now the grand aim is to discover, in the stagnant waters of public indifference, some new current of popularity in favour of the Government.' The general opinion is that, whatever may have been the mission of Prince Napoleon, it has not been attended with all the success desirable. The same writer concludes:—

'One fact is that Prince Napoleon's journey, whatever may be the object or the result, may mark another check to our influence in Europe. We need not add that it is by the dangers which that policy exposes us to, and those anxious to use the country's representative regime always gives to a country.'

Prince Napoleon, on the morning after his return to Paris, was closeted with the Emperor for 3 a.m. till near half-past 12, and doubtless gave a full account of what he did and said in Germany, and also of what he did not say or do. The haste with which the Emperor had the statement about his (alleged) projected visit to St. Petersburg contradicted is taken as an indication that his imperial highness has not obtained much during his stay at Berlin. Much is said about a visit to St. Petersburg, contemplated by the Emperor for the French for the month of June. The Duke de Leuchtenberg would go to meet him at the frontier of Merjbolovo. It has already been settled that his Majesty should be received at the

Palace of Peterhoff; and that two days should be devoted to a visit to Moscow. There would be a grand review of 100,000 men and a sham naval fight before Cronstadt. Complaints of the depressed state of trade continue to be heard. The working men of Roubaix known for its cloth manufactures, have addressed a petition to the Empress supplicating her to intercede with the Emperor for the abolition of the Commercial Treaty, 'one of the most potent causes of our commercial reverses.' The lace manufacturers of Cambrai write to the Minister of Commerce to the same effect. 'We are convinced,' they say, 'that the Commercial Treaty is the sole cause of our ruin. We do not hesitate demanding from the Government, through you, to give notice in due time of the cessation of the treaty.' And the working lace-makers of Cauchy (Nord) inform the Emperor in their petition that—

'Our profound misery is mainly owing to the Commercial Treaty with England, of which we earnestly demand the suppression. That treaty has made us lose the fruit of 25 years of labour, and at this day there are only 100 firms working half time. Two men out of three are thrown out of work, and at a moment when the necessities of life are so dear. Our complaints are extorted by our sufferings, and we pray your Majesty not to consider our petition as the result of murmuring. We know that you desire the well-being of the working classes and we are sure your Majesty will apply a prompt remedy to our sufferings.'

The *Revue Nationale* publishes an article by M. Leroy Beauvais, containing a number of terrible statistics taken from official documents. One of them gives the return of the number of men killed in action in the wars during the last fourteen years:—Crimea, 784,991; Italy, 45,000; Schleswig-Holstein, 3,500; North America, 281,000; South America, 519,000; War of 1866, 45,000; Distant expeditions, 65,000.—Total number of men killed, 1,743,491.

PARIS, April 14.—The *Journal des Debats*, in an editorial article to day, scolds the apprehensions which have been raised of an approaching war, and drags that there is any reason to apprehend trouble with Germany. In proof of this the *Journal* says France has already refused to enter into a close alliance with England and Austria, unless Prussia is included.

A general election is at hand in France, and the Emperor Napoleon is canvassing for the people's suffrage. A Sovereign by the grace of God may rely on the immutable course of his destinies; but a Monarch by the will of the nation feels less easy about his tenure of office, and evinces a natural anxiety to make good the titles of his dynasty. The pamphlet for which the French semi-official Press has been for several days preparing the world, and which was described as 'due to a high inspiration,' has at last seen the light. The Emperor counts his friends. He tells us what vast numbers of votes both the original founder and the restorer of the Empire at various periods attained the supreme rank in the State; how the Emperor and the Nobles by decisive measures in extreme dangers, twice performed their task as saviours of society.—*Times*.

The French were quiet and submissive so long as the present Emperor's choice made their country prosperous at home and respected abroad, and their all glances continued unshaken even since his would-forthright and his rare lack seemed to have abandoned him, and he was himself driven to admit the presence of 'dark spots' on the horizon. From the rise of the Empire to the crowning of the edifice there has been peace within, if not without, its boundaries. The very bread riots or workmen's strikes which now and then ruffled the surface of the happy community only added popularity to a Sovereign whose proudest titles were those of 'Friend of the Artisan' and 'Emperor of the Peasant.'

When, then, comes now this distrust of his popularity, and this necessity for a new appeal to the masses? It was only, we believe, when he strove to repair the disaster of Sedan by an increased armament that the Emperor Napoleon shook the foundation on which he had built his throne. The French people wanted a mitigation not an aggravation of the conscription. They might, perhaps, with resignation, if not with cheerfulness, have followed their Imperial leader across the Rhine if he had told them it was absolutely indispensable for French honour that Sedan should be avenged; but to assure them that there should be peace, and at the same time turn the Emperor into a vast barracks, showed so little regard for the people's judgment as for the people's interests. Precisely at the moment in which the Imperial pamphlet comes forth to vindicate the popular origin of the Imperial power, we hear of disturbances in some of the provincial cities of France, and these are caused by the first attempts made to put in force the new law for the organization of the Garde Nationale Mobile. We are told, indeed, that the riots in Toulouse and elsewhere arose from no objection to the Army Law, and we are almost disposed to believe that they are owing to enthusiasm in its favour. We hear of nothing but the calmness and regularity of the proceedings, the eagerness of the young men answering the call, their excellent spirits, their patriotic ardour. By somehow these *Barricade* accounts impose on us. In the midst of this harmony a burning note is heard. The young men of Toulouse muster in riotous columns; they strike up the *Marseillaise*, they put out the gaslights, they come to the shops to burn them; they break in upon the Special Councils of Revision, and only yield to a large display of cavalry, infantry, and artillery—a large as to preclude every chance of a conflict. That matters should be brought to such extremities for two or three days in a French town under present circumstances may be taken as a somewhat singular comment on the Imperial pamphlet. It is true the Government organ assures us that the hours of the tumult were well-known mischievous. It is true that general Gouret, the commander of the military division, affirms that mixed with the deluded youth led astray by a false interpretation of the law were ticket-of-leave men and others belonging to the scum of society; but we cannot, for all that, lose sight of the fact that this is the first instance in which the ominous cries 'Vive la République! a bas l'Empire!' have been heard from a French mob for many a year. Either we must believe that the disaffected party is not so contemptible as it is described, or else that there is something in the supineness and faithfulness of the well-disposed majority of the population which renders it of no avail in discountenancing the boldness of a few rioters. We are far, however, from fancying that there is among the French people anything like regret for Republican times, or anything like settled hostility to Imperial rule. There is no possible change on which the mind of a reasonable Frenchman can rest with the least confidence. There is no Opposition leader with a determined scheme of action; none ready to take upon himself the responsibility of a revolution. France has come to an end of all political experiments. The present has nothing so dreadful as to induce her voluntarily to face an unknown future.

SPAIN.

The Spanish journals publish an account of the release of a captive by brigands after an imprisonment of more than two months under most extraordinary circumstances. At the beginning of January last a wealthy inhabitant of Prigo, near Cordova, named Ohavari, aged 73, was carried off by bandits who demanded a sum of more than 200,000fr. as a ransom. Notwithstanding a minute search made by the authorities, no traces of the missing gentleman were obtained until about a week back, when the Commander of the Civil Guard, named Ajina, discovered the mouth of the cavern in which, from information received, he had reason to suppose that M. Ohavari was concealed. Taking with him a party of his men he got himself let down by a rope to the floor of the cave at a depth of about 16ft. He then

lighted a lantern, and on looking around saw an opening to a second subterranean cavity still deeper. Anjona now called for aid, and with one of his men was let down by the same means to the second cavern. They, however, found no signs of any prisoner and were about to abandon the search, when they heard some groans from behind a heap of stones at one extremity. They then set to work, and after an hour's labour had made an opening to a third cavern, in which they found the unfortunate prisoner, who was then drawn up to the surface with the rope. He stated that he was provided with food every two days, and that he had suffered but little from cold.

ITALY.

Pradmont — Count Cambray Digny has presented the budget for 1869 in the Chamber of Deputies. It estimates the ordinary revenue at 775,531,835 lire, and the extraordinary revenue at 28,384,908; the ordinary expenditure at 941,411,031, and the extraordinary expenditure at 62,651,221. The total deficit would therefore be 149,745,599, or 1331,918 lire than in 1868. The estimates for the budget of 1869 are made according to the existing laws.

In Tuesday's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies the debate on the grading tax was continued. Signor Correnti, speaking in the name of the members of the third party, declared that they could only accept the grading tax as the ultimate complement of federal reforms, and of other measures destined to restore to a public credit and a financial equilibrium. The third party had lately supported the Government, and would continue to support it if its policy was just and advantageous to the country but it could never consent to an alliance with the Church. Count Cambray Digny replied to the objections made by various speakers to his financial proposals. He refuted the accusation of exaggeration in his description of the gravity of the financial condition of Italy, and demonstrated that not more than 547 millions of ecclesiastical property were available to remove the deficit of 1868 and the forced currency.

The *Correspondence Nationale* criticises the statements which have appeared in the official *Giornale di Roma*, that the Italian Government was endeavouring to foster agitation in the Papal States and to promote desertion amongst the Papal troops.

The police (says Rover's Florence agent) have arrested at Perugia a Bourbon agent on his way to Rome with 20,000 francs and important papers relative to Bourbon intrigues in Southern Italy.

The following letter from Garibaldi dated Caprera, 16th inst., and addressed to the American Minister in Florence, has been published this evening:—

'I bear from my friends that Mr. Seward has done me the honour to include my name among the agents of the Government of the Great Republic. As I never had that honour, I beg you to request him to cause my name to be removed. G. GARIBOLDI.' Garibaldi has written to Karl Bied, the German refugee, from Caprera, March 10: 'To combat Bonaparte is to combat the Evil One. In my opinion, therefore, not only all Germany, ought to withdraw from him, but Italy also. Nay, the whole world ought to make common cause against him!'

ROME.

News dated from the Pontifical frontier the 21st inst., state that Mr. Olli Rossi has obtained the extension of the provisions of the Franco-Pontifical treaty of commerce to England, the arrangement to be carried into effect by the 1st Jan. 1867. It is believed that the North German Confederation, Austria, and perhaps Italy, will obtain the same conditions.

Rome, March 21.—Admiral Farragut and his suite had an audience of the Pope to day. His Illiness received the Admiral very graciously. It is expected that he will remain here one month.

The official *Giornale di Roma*:— 'Secret emissaries have come to Rome and endeavor to excite disturbances and corrupt the pontifical troops. They have been unsuccessful in these attempts, notwithstanding that they are amply provided with funds.'

The French papers publish the following report of Cardinal Bonaparte's address to the Holy Father in the name of the newly created Cardinals, at the close of the first Consistory:—

Holy Father.—Penetrated with the liveliest gratitude my venerable colleagues and I come to thank you, O Holy Father, for the dignity to which you have dignified to raise us and lay at the great feet of God's Vicar on earth the tribute of our profound veneration and the sentiments of devotion which will animate us till our last moment for Holy Church and for the chief of Peter. The great heart of the Sovereign Pontiff will understand the emotion which fills my soul when I behold myself, though so low of merits, the interpreter of my venerable colleagues men so rich in virtues, and who have had the happiness of consecrating themselves unreservedly to the service of the See of Peter, and of the august reason of your Holiness. What consoles me in my unworthiness is, that the smaller my personal merits the more brilliant in the eyes of Christendom is the grandeur which the great Pontiff has shown on this occasion to the noble and generous French nobles, and to our glorious chief. We supplicate you, Holy Father, to grant us your paternal benediction, that grace may descend upon us to perform worthily all duties incumbent upon us, and to devote ourselves to the service and defence of the Apostolic Throne, and of your Temporal Power.

Similar sentiments were expressed by the new Cardinal, M. Ricci who brought the Cardinal's Highness and thank God for His infinite goodness and His August Vicar on Earth, who has deigned to look upon my unworthiness. A deep joy to my heart is the thought that among the chief defenders of the imperishable Pontifical throne, and of its Temporal Power, are found the grand and generous French nation, and its glorious and magnificent Emperor.

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—FRANCIS II., KING OF THE TWO SICILIES.—Very few monarchs have been fitted to receive so much severe criticism at an early age as our ex-Emperor, and he has never been allowed to count against his ill-adviced departure from Naples; nor has the patient and manly endurance of his untoward fortunes, which he exhibits at Rome, been weighed in the balance to palliate, if not to reverse the *fiat* of the *Stanzas*, and, in many cases, mendacious reports of a Special Correspondent. The Bourbons have, more than once, been felicitously likened to the Stuarts; and certainly, if the former are credited with the fallings of the latter race of Kings, they may fairly lay claim to the banishment and power of personal faction of our martyred King and our 'maiori Misericordia.' The following account of a recent interview with the young King Francis from the pen of a well known and impartial French litterateur, will be read here with much interest, if only to show the advantage of hearing both sides of the question as well in biographical depicture as in legal argument. 'I shall not easily forget,' says the *spiritually Frenchman*, 'my interesting and peculiar audience of Francis the Second. The King received, at the same time with myself Richard Wagner, who was the bearer to Queen Maria Sophia of despatches from her august relatives (who are most accomplished musical amateurs), and an eminent author whose name, simply from political reasons, I may not name. Introduced into the State by that prince of courtiers the Duke of Regina, who is grand master of the ceremonies, the maestro and historian found themselves the presence of a young man, who, with an open and engaging countenance, came briskly forward to offer each a hand. As a illustrious trio entered into conversation, I could not help thinking how, to those who really know him, Francis the Second, from his earlier years, has shown a turn of mind precociously reflective and naturally reserved, though coupled with so common energy, and an inexhaustible kindness of disposition.

Indeed, kindness is the very keystone of his character, balanced nevertheless with keen intelligence and a truly monarchical gift of reading the mental idiosyncrasies of all with whom he comes into contact. These traits were very strikingly demonstrated in the nervous and powerful proclamations which, addressed from Gaeta to the terrified people he endeavored to retain as his subjects. I can safely appeal to those who have had the honour of approaching Francis the Second, and of hearing his clear and gentle voice, which is benevolent as a morn, and of measuring the intelligent appreciation of the past and of the future of that great country of which he once owned so fair a portion, without a blush, in those boasted days of steam, electricity, and the vaunted people's press, a man who has already been, as it were, one of the pivots of modern history, could possibly have been so much so deeply maligned. Illustrious pilgrims, statesmen of England and of France, all of note—friends as well as enemies—who visit Rome, attracted by the ever-enticing sight of fallen greatness, retire from the Farnese Palace with unanimous sentiment of pity for one—yesterday a mere boy, whom perfidy, treason and anarchy have combined to render at once prematurely aged both in feeling as in intelligence. Still imbued with the frank cordiality which is the mark of Bourbon race, although often reserved to familiarity by the remembrance of his recent sorrows; living in the rarified atmosphere of misfortune which at once elevates whilst it purifies the heart; certain in the justice of his cause, patient without weakness, energetic without rashness, such a Prince will scarcely show his sword again in the scale lightly, but he will also will he again trust fortune in vain. The conversation, during our review, progressed vigorously; social economy, archaeology, music, the beaux arts, are all touched on and not one subject passes under review without some traces of the young Monarch's learning and excellent taste. The historian is evidently becoming a rapid convert to Wagner's dreams of the future of Francis the Second. 'What, still standing, gentlemen?' says the host, 'pray sit down. We are three Kings in our way; but with one difference—you still reign, but I am a wanderer.' 'Such wandering?' gallantly retorts the historian, 'as you can, scarcely have anything but Naples for its goal?' And so we bow and depart, musing whether our learned friend has uttered a mere court compliment or an inspired prophecy.'

PRUSSIA.

BERLIN, March 19.—The fact of Prince Napoleon having been commissioned to sound this Government, on sundry matters of importance is now officially admitted by the *Præussische Correspondenz* stating him to have come here without any definite political purpose. Up to yesterday he was represented as having had no political purpose whatsoever.

DENMARK.

COPENHAGEN, April 14.—It is understood here that the Emperor of Russia has declined to impose his good offices as a mediator between Denmark and Prussia, for the settlement of the controversy concerning the Schleswig Provinces. COPENHAGEN 16th.—The propositions of Prussia to Denmark for the cession of certain fortresses and territories, have been emphatically rejected.

RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg, March 21.—An Imperial decree of the 20th inst. February has been made public to day by which the Government Commission for International Affairs in the Kingdom of Poland is abolished, and its administrative jurisdiction is handed over to the respective authorities of the Empire.

The complete union of the province of the Kingdom of Poland with the other portions of the empire is hereby effected.

LONDON, April 16.—The *Journal de St. Petersburg* has a pacific article on the state of Europe, in which it says that a general disarmament of the European Powers is probable.

QUEER CHRISTIANITY.—That inclosed in an article we read in last week's *Presbyter*, and in the *Protestant Witness* extended from the Methodist. The article was headed, 'The Young Martyr,' a story of the Wulfens, very silly and very immoral. We never saw it in any history; doubtless the writer has a history of his own in his imagination. The queer Christianity we refer to is this. After telling how an old grandfather was finally murdered in the presence of his young grand-nephew, it goes on to state that the latter, although fully assured and persuaded that no violence was intended towards him, fled up the side of a mountain, and, reaching the brink of a precipice halted:—

'Undaunted, undazzled, she stood and turning to be amazed and bled enemies a face where no expression but triumph rested, she exclaimed:—

'I will also die a martyr!' The fearful leap was taken! And then the article proceeds to laud this unfortunate girl, who had wilfully committed suicide, as a martyr, etc., and to eulogise her suicidal act as heroic and Christian! We have yet to learn that a Christian may under any circumstances take his or her own life, or that suicide under any circumstances is justifiable, or may be dignified with the name of 'martyrdom.'

The *Chicago Gazette* says that the Governor General of the province of Padolia has published a ukase, in virtue of which every Catholic priest wishing to preach a sermon, is bound to deliver beforehand to the censorship of the police a manuscript copy of his discourse. Any priest setting in contempt of this order is liable to severe penalties. 'Why don't G. Bismarck liberate these people? Why don't the English and American journals that criticise so scathingly the English and American rulers who loudly shriek about the oppressed people of Italy, write a few paragraphs and speak a few words in behalf of these Poles who are in the enforcement of the above order more oppressed than any other people on earth? When Catholics are unquestionably the oppressed, these persons have not one word of condemnation; when Catholics are reported to be the oppressors, they can not find one denunciatory epithet and epithets too vile to apply to them.—*Cin. Telegraph*.

THE OCEAN AND THE EVENING PRAYER.—The setting sun, whose rays were not then so powerful for our eyes, ready to descend behind the sparkling waves, was visible between the tops of the vessel, and continued to disappear day after day. The sun, from the jutting of the stern it seemed as though the radiant planet was every moment disappearing beyond the horizon. The masts, shrouds, and yards displayed a rosy tincture, whilst clouds wandered here and there in the east, from whence the moon was slowly emerging. The rest of the sky was clear. In the northern horizon a waterspout, adorned with prismatic colors, sprang up from the sea, and formed a triangle with the masts of night and day, like a crystal pillar supporting the vault of the heavens.—What an object of pity would he have been who could have beheld this majestic spectacle without perceiving in it the splendor of the Diety! Tears spontaneously started to my eyes when I saw my companions take off their tarry caps, and in rustic tones began their simple and pious hymn. How touching was the prayer of those men, in a frail vessel, in the midst of the ocean, as they contemplated the setting sun! How affecting to the soul the supplication of those poor mariners! This humiliation before Him who sends the storm and the calm; this consciousness of littleness in the presence of infinity; the hymn recited far over the distant waves; the approach of night with its attendant dangers; our vessel itself a wonder amidst so many wonders; a religious crew, animated with admiration and fear; the holy priest in prayer; the Almighty stooping over the abyss, with one hand exten ing the sun to the western nations, with the other displaying the moon in the

opposite horizon, and from the regions of immensity, lending an attentive ear to the feeble voice of His creatures. No pen can describe all this; even the whole of the heart of man is scarcely capable of conceiving it.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

A HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. Oh! my friend, I think sometimes could I roll the days that were passed, which among them should I choose? Not those merrier days not the pleasant days of hope, not those wanderings with a fair-haired maid, which I have so often and so feelingly regretted—but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her school boy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day, that I might, on my knees, ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which from time to time have given her gentle pain! And the day, my friend, I trust may come, when there will be time enough for kind offices of love, if heaven's eternal years be ours. Oh! my friend, cultivate the filial feeling. Let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship. These are the best foundations of every species of benevolence.—*Charles Lamb*.

There is a fish called the loff, which is more serious than foggy in its effects. It buries itself in the mud or sand, and is the more dangerous for its power of assuming the exact color of its lurking place. It is armed with a spike, of which the wound is only just a sort of deathly. An English soldier, picked up by one in the hollow of his foot, was instantly seized with fits. The pain was so acute that it required four men to hold him down in his bed when the paroxysms came on, and although he eventually recovered, he was two months in the hospital. The most remarkable circumstance connected with the pain from the wound is that it increases and decreases with the rise and fall of the tide.

ADVANTAGES OF CONVERSATION.—Conversation calls out to light what has been lodged in all the recesses and secret chambers of the soul. By occasional hints and incidents, it brings all useful notions into remembrance; it unfolds and displays the hidden treasure of knowledge, with which reading, observation, and study had before furnished the mind. By mutual discourse the soul is awakened, and allured to bring forth its hoards of knowledge; and it learns how to render them most useful to mankind. A man of vast reading, without conversation, is like a miser, who lives only to himself.—*Watts on the Mind*.

SETTLED BY STANDING.—'Sir, your account has stood for two years, and I must have it settled immediately.' To which the customer replied:—'Sir, things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run awhile.'

A country editor having written a long article on 'hog,' a rival paper forbids him for introducing his familiar matters to the public.

WONDERFUL!

Devins & Bolton, Druggists, next the Court House, Montreal, have received the following:

'I have the pleasure to certify that M. J. Nolin, 40 years of age, wife of M. Henoux, N.P., have suffered for a year with violent palpitation of the heart, as also with extreme heat and cold in various parts of the body, attended with great pain, particularly in the arms; my pulse was very variable—very slow or quick; frequently a tendency to faint, with a sense of suffocation; sleep troubled; irritable, and very low spirits. I tried several medical men without deriving any benefit, and they all concluded by giving me up. In July last I saw in the paper BAISTOU'S SASSAPARILLA, 'Blood is Life.' I purchased five bottles at your store, which afforded me relief from the first dose. A substance resembling very fine white sand came from my legs in quantity, after which I recovered my nearly lost faculties, and was free from pains, palpitations and chills, and perfectly cured of my affliction in ten weeks. I am convinced of the superiority of this remedy over all others, and I feel it my duty to recommend it to all troubled with similar afflictions. (Signed), M. J. NOLIN HENOUX. EMELINE ROY, MERCHANT. M. A. BROU, Notary Public. Lapradie, Sept. 20th 1867.

Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co, K. Campbell & Co, J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

SOMETHING THE WHOLE COMMUNITY SHOULD KNOW.—The traveller furnished with BRISTOL'S SUGAR COATED PILLS, is armed against those diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, common to all climates. The first thing to be done in case of a bilious attack, is to empty the bowels. Bristol's Sugar-coated Pills do this rapidly, but not rudely. As they cleanse the system and heal. There is an eminent principle in them that prevents the irritation which thorough purgation would otherwise excite. None of the sharp, cutting, spasmodic pains, which accompany the action of mineral cathartics are ever experienced during their operation. They have no drawback, either immediate or contingent, and leave every organ in a healthy state. For dyspepsia, piles, liver complaint, sick headache, suppression, vertigo, colic, and heartburn, they are the one thing useful, and so other known medicines can supply their place. They are put up in glass vials, and will keep in any climate. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood, BRISTOL'S SASSAPARILLA should be used in connection with the Pills. J. F. Henry & Co Montreal, General agents for Canada. For sale in Montreal by Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co, K. Campbell & Co, J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—This is the origin of toilet water so much extolled by the Spanish press of South America, and of which so many imitations have been sold in this country. We understand that it was first the purpose of protecting the public against imposture, that the proprietors of the genuine article introduced in the Spanish republics, Cuba, and Brazil, twenty odd years ago, commenced manufacturing it for this market as well as for those abroad. It has already become popular, and is likely to supersede here, as it has done in South America, the more costly European perfumes. It is equal in all respects to the finest of them. Beware of Counterfeits; always ask for the legitimate MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER prepared only by Lanman & Kemp, New York. All others are worthless. Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co, K. Campbell & Co, J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealer in Medicine.

In one of Doctor Ayer's lectures he states that Chemistry confers more practical benefits on mankind, than any other science, yet from no other source could more be so easily obtained. The arts and economies which chemistry would teach, if more thoroughly and generally studied, would specially exercise a most beneficial influence. He freely confesses that he is indebted to this science for the virtues of his remedies, and advises that the practical application of chemistry to medicine, the arts, manufactures, and agriculture be enjoined upon our colleges and schools.—[Wrightville, Pa., Star.

