

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

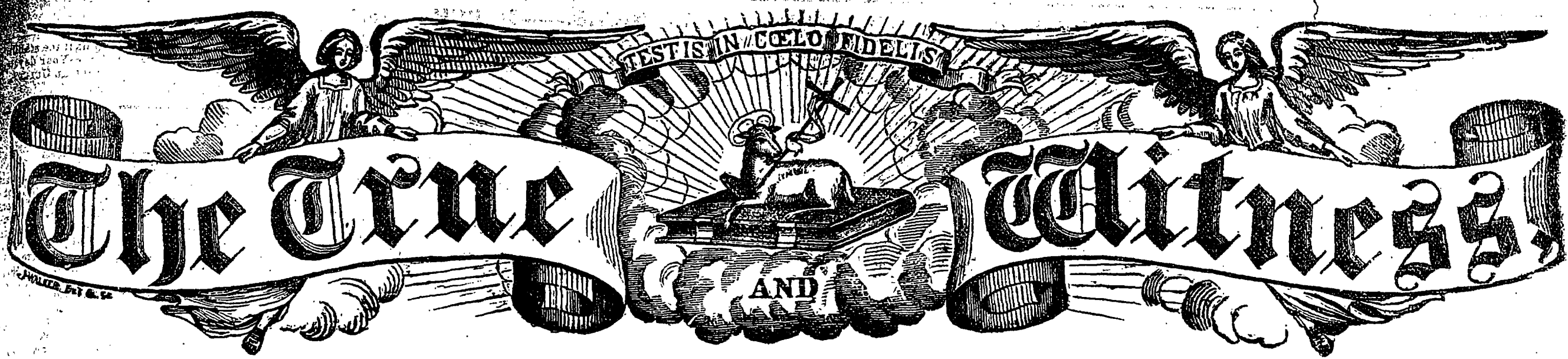
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XVII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1867.

No. 30.

EUSTACE; OR, SELF-DEVOTION.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

I was received by Madame St. Aubert with kindness and warmth—by Eulalie with marks of her old affection. Had such an offer as that of Madame St. Aubert's been made me in former days, it would have been gladly accepted? as it was, the large stipend which this lady offered was not needed, for the little pension I enjoyed was sufficient for my unambitious aspirations, and I could not bear the thought of leaving my sister. I declined it, then, and alleged my own delicate health as one of the reasons which prompted my refusal. It was not without difficulty that I escaped, for Eulalie's tears almost shook my resolution. She then endeavored to persuade her aunt that the next best course to pursue would be to suffer her to go England with me.

I saw a slight flush as of anger cross the lady's face, as Eulalie timidly urged her request. She was evidently piqued that her niece felt more affection for one who was lately a stranger to her than to her own relation; also, perhaps, coupled with the remembrance that it would not be quite *comme il faut* for the young heiress to live in obscurity with, to make the best of it, a poor English lady.

Here, then, the matter ended; our visit was a melancholy one, save on my own part, for I truly rejoiced that my amiable young friend had now no tyrannical woman to exercise authority over her.

Amid vows, then, of eternal friendship we parted; Eulalie having drawn from me a promise that in the course of the next summer I would pay her a visit at her aunt's residence in Paris.

CHAPTER XIII.—EDGAR'S REPENTANCE—HIS DEATH.

We are in London again; not much have we talked over our journey to the sunny South, and the tragic events we have witnessed during our six months' stay.

We had returned only one day, and had already seen Arthur, who had become, in many points, a better man. It was Margaret's intention to send his little girl to a superior school;—but I differed with her in opinion, for if that child grew up, highly educated, I much doubt but that she will look slightly down on the lowly origin of her mother.

As far as my unhappy brother Edgar was concerned, no news was good news, as says an old adage; and with still lighter hearts we received Eustace and his mother in the apartments which we had hired for the week, and who, taking it for granted that Margaret would not offer any fresh objections to the celebration of their nuptials, had come up with her son, in order to engage a house for the young couple. At the close of a really happy week, we returned to Ashdale, having previously instructed a person living on the spot to get things in readiness for our return. And towards the close of a fine evening in the end of May we arrived at the village.

We had been at home only one day, when my attention was excited by seeing a man who appeared scarcely able to walk, and whose clothes were in a most tattered condition, creep painfully along the gravel path that led to the house. Alas, alas! the shade of misfortune, then, is again to dash the oft-lifted cup of happiness from our lips; one gaze was sufficient—it was Edgar.

I hastened to the hall-door, and I cannot deny that words of reproach hung upon my lips. I was shocked, fearfully shocked, to think that that wretched, miserable man was still my brother.—I led him into the parlor; I saw there was no room for fear—he had come to us to die.

I was glad Margaret was away from home, in order that she might not be suddenly alarmed.—He mentioned her name; he asked would she see him?—he was dying, and had come to crave forgiveness first, and expire in our arms.

My tears fell thick and fast, as I stood over him; uncontrolled passion, drink, idleness, had brought him to this fearful pass. What could I say, but hope even now that his return was like that of the prodigal son.

Every selfish thought, indeed, was merged in the sorrowful spectacle before me; he was worn to a shadow, his cheeks were fallen in, his countenance bloodless, save where burnt a deep-red hectic spot. He told me that he had not believed that we had ultimately left Ashdale, with a view of never returning, and that he had lurked about the neighborhood for days together in hopes of seeing us yet once again before he died.

I watched for the returning Margaret, in order to break out to her what had occurred.—Poor girl, I pitied her, for her cheek paled, though with all possible care I commenced my

story. The very mention of his name awakened so many painful associations: however, her pity was awakened, and tears which at first flowed for her own distress were now freely shed for this lost, misguided brother.

It was evening ere Margaret had returned, and in the lapse of the few intervening hours I had procured all that was necessary for our dying wanderer. I had fitted up my own room for his reception, and laid his emaciated form on the bed. Food he could partake of only in small quantities, and ever and anon that hard, short cough made me think that the last struggle was nigh at hand.

It was almost dark when we entered his room; he was asleep, and Margaret drew back alarmed as she observed a faint light play around his lips, hovering over them for an instant, and then vanishing.

'He will injure us no more, Margaret,' I whispered, as I led my weeping sister from the room. 'Eustace would freely forgive him could he have witnessed his tears this morning, and seen the wretched condition he is now in.'

I could not at first imagine what could be the cause of that ghastly light, till I remembered having heard that those scintillations had been seen to play about the countenance of a young friend who had died in rapid consumption.

In the course of the evening our medical attendant called on our unhappy brother. It was as I suspected, as he himself had declared, he had but a short time to live, the doctor thought he could not survive the week. The next day he saw Margaret for the first time. A painful scene ensued between them; for he knew well how much of both bodily and mental suffering he had occasioned.

Now taking her hands within his own, he solemnly assured her that it was his firm intention, after having yielded to the temptation of forging Eustace's name, never again to cross her path, never again to see her, unless, as now, to breathe his last in her arms.

We asked him was there any wish that we could gratify, if so, to let us know what it was? He replied, yes; he would wish to see Eustace, and that when he died, if not too expensive, that we would lay his remains beside those of his wife and mother.

We assured him that all should be done as he wished, and then Margaret hastened to despatch a letter to Eustace, while I remained watching by his bedside.

Our good Eustace delayed not to comply with our request, though when I received him a shade came over his countenance, as he simply remarked,

'Another delay, Minnie—a bride may not be taken from the house of mourning.'

'Never mind,' I replied; 'cheer up, Eustace, all these trials are thrown in our way by the hand of God. You must not lose your reward, nor Margaret either, for your patience has been great. Will you see Edgar now?'

He replied in the affirmative, and I led him into my brother's room. Our poor invalid had that morning been received into the Church, and, casting all at the foot of the Cross, was tranquil, resigned, penitent, and happy. His eyes filled with tears as Eustace approached, and I heard that the voice of our good friend was tremulous from emotion, and saw the tears tremble in his eyes, as he addressed the dying man.

Raising himself with difficulty, Edgar extended his thin hand, pressing that of Eustace within his own, saying—

'I thank you much that you have come. I felt I could not die in peace unless from your own lips I received forgiveness for the injury I have done you.'

Eustace here tried to stop him, but he continued,—

'In an evil hour I yielded to a sudden temptation. Your signature lay before me. I idly seized a pen and endeavored to copy it, though without at that moment any idea of evil. I found the original exactly copied, similar in every respect, and suddenly the demon within whispered me to turn it to account. My fatal love of liquor and the gaming-table soon presented me with an occasion for testing whether I could acquire a sum of money thereby. I had unfortunately heard you in an interview with my sister mention the name of your banker. I proceeded thither, and got the amount for which I had forged your handwriting without any demur. I am confident that the suspicion I have long entertained that Arthur betrayed me was correct; for, guilty as his own conduct has been, he seemed overwhelmed with horror at the consciousness that I had become possessed of the amount which I boastfully showed him by unworthy means, that, fearing immediate exposure, I left his house directly after receiving Minnie's letter. In less than three weeks the money was expended, the greater part of it thrown away at the gaming-table, the remainder in liquor,

with which I sought to stifle the voice of conscience.

'I have no more to say, save that I beg all your prayers for me, for great has been the injury, disgrace, and grief, my reckless conduct has caused you to suffer.' Eustace had vainly endeavored to stop him many times during the confession he had made but in vain; and though he had frequently paused to regain anew his strength, he continued as I have described. It were useless for me to add, that our good friend said all he could to calm him, assured him of his entire forgiveness, and ended by insisting upon watching by him throughout the night, and on Margaret and myself retiring to rest.

It might be, perhaps, about three in the morning, when I was aroused by a gentle tap at my chamber door. I had had a vague apprehension that the life of my unhappy brother was now nearly at an end, and although there was no striking change for the worse, I had yielded to the presentiment I felt, and had thrown myself on the bed without undressing.

I felt sure that the last moment had arrived; and arousing my sister, who slept calmly beside me, I hastened to the door. Eustace was without, and his whispered 'Be quick, and call Margaret!' told me that my surmises were correct.

We hastened to the chamber of death. What a change was visible in the countenance of my unhappy brother. The unmistakable impress of death was on his features—a cold clammy dew on the face; the hour of his agony was at hand.

Oh, dreadful parting hour, when, to the struggle of the spirit to escape from its tenement of clay, is added the bitterness of thought, the consciousness of talents neglected or turned to the abuse of the Supreme Giver, the remembrance of time misapplied, remorse for the errors of a mis spent life, and all those numerous minor failings which we have perhaps counted as nothing, then rise up against us like flaming serpents! Hard was that death agony; grasping and gurgling came the short, uncertain breath, the chest heaving, as it were, in mortal agony, and the sunny light of the May morning came stealing in subdued, yet cheerily, and the little birds made melody without; but an awful contrast was presented within, for ever and anon came a moan more than mortal anguish, and the grim shadow of death grew darker and darker as it hovered over the form he claimed for his own.

And now I bethought me of his childhood's days, and again of the days of happy boyhood; and before my mind's eye arose that once handsome countenance, full of health and vigor, the eye full of animation, the features of candor and frankness, till the evil hour came, and the passions, listened to and unsubdued, then gained the mastery over sense and reason, and the white-winged angel looked sorrowfully on; but the spirit of evil triumphed, and the moment of grace had passed, and a long series of years ensued in which the voice of the tempter was harkened to, a conscience long remained lulled, but not hardened for ever, and once more, as in the days of his happy boyhood's innocence, the bright spirit looked on, and by its holy inspirations fanned alive that tiny spark, that little flame which had begun to burn again in the heart of that prodigal son, and the wanderer, touched with remorse, had turned his thoughts to his offended but long-suffering God, and his steps to those whose hearts had prayed and sighed whole years for this hour of repentance. That hour has come, and if, indeed, it be given to the spirits of the just to look on and exult at our repentance—it there is joy amongst the angels in heaven over the repentant sinner, then rejoice, ye angels! look down and exult, O Gerald, priest of God! and you, also, pure spirit of our gentle Kathleen, glorify with us on earth the mercy of our God, who hath drawn this outcast brother to Himself!

It was a scene sorely painful to note, as we did, this parting struggle, to hear the whispered cry for mercy, while the sweet name of the Redeemer hung ever on his lips. And three long hours had thus passed, when that long, loud gasp, which once heard is never forgotten, shook the frame of my dying brother. A pause ensued, again was it repeated, and then he feebly signed to us to give him a parting token of our love: and raising his hand he strove to trace the symbol of redemption.

Again that fearful gasp—but all is silent, no breath, no sigh, brook upon the ear, the eyes are fixed: he slept the sleep of death.

Peace be to his ashes, and rest to his soul!—A fearful thing, indeed, would it be, to trust to a death-bed repentance, but if ever repentance seemed contrite and unfeigned, as far as we erring mortals can judge, it was exemplified in the last days and in the death of my unhappy brother.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE BURNING MANSION—THE DROOPING FLOWER—A LADY PHILOSOPHER.

I was sitting alone in my chamber, about two months after the death of my brother, when to my astonishment I received a letter from Madame St. Aubert, containing a pressing request to me to repair immediately to her residence in Paris, for that Eulalie was very ill, and that her greatest wish was to see me. I knew not how to refuse, nor did I well know how to grant the request, for the long-deferred marriage of my sister was to take place within one month of the present time.

When Margaret entered the room I laid my difficulty before her; I saw a cloud pass over her countenance, but it quickly passed away, when I told her that I would allow no obstacle to be placed in my way, and not fail to return, at least one fortnight before the day appointed for the wedding.

Accordingly, a very few days later I left London for Paris, on arriving in which city, I proceeded immediately to the residence of Madame St. Aubert.

I was shown at once into a small but elegant boudoir, fitted up in a style of luxurious magnificence: the hangings of pale-blue satin were looped and fringed with silver; the tables were inlaid with pearl; costly vases, filled with the choicest exotics, the rarest and most delicate of their kind, were scattered around; and Madame reclined on a couch in a simple morning dress, and was reading some light work of the day when I entered.

I wonder, shall I ever conquer this absurd timidity; shall I ever acquire that calmness and self-possession so necessary for each of us in our path through life? I fear I never shall. I am so much the creature of impulse—I fancied I heard the voice of my poor young friend—the tears already stood in my eyes. I could boud forth to meet her, but the presence of the cool, collected, fashionable dame, acted beneficially on my excitable and nervous temperament, and I took the seat she offered me, and endeavored to enter into conversation as unrestrainedly as herself.

The object of Madame's invitation to myself was twofold: firstly, she wished me to spend a few months in her own home; and, secondly, she was desirous of entering into some arrangement with me, if I would consent to take Eulalie to my own English home for some little time, at least for the next two years.

'Nothing,' added Madame, 'has been left undone to reconcile this strange girl to her new position. There can be no doubt but that her mind is in a slight degree deranged, yet not so as to create any difficulty with those with whom she lives, if, indeed, she has chanced to become attached to them, as is the case with yourself.—We have tried everything; we have left her in solitude, we have surrounded her with company and with amusement, often so sought after by the young. Our efforts have, however, been vain hitherto; she appears as if she would fall into a decline; and, as she has asked for you, repeatedly, we have judged it best to beg the favor of a visit.

I bowed my acknowledgments; and then, rising, followed an attendant, who answered the summons of Madame, who used a small silver bell which stood beside her, and who now led the way to Eulalie's apartment.

Poor Eulalie looked even more delicate than ever, but sprang to meet me with a visible expression of delight. What a strange fancy for this singular girl to entertain, I thought; she is surrounded by every luxury that money can procure; we spent but a few short months together yet she seeks for my society preferably to that of those around her.

What, however, was there so singular in this if I recurred to a former period in my own life, when attracted to such a degree by the fascinating Eliza Stukaley.

But my woman's heart melted within me as Eulalie, profuse in her expressions of gratitude for my visit, whispered, 'Stay here, or let me visit England with you for awhile;' adding, 'everything is so formal and so constrained here, that I long to quit this atmosphere of fashion.'

'But you are much happier than you used to be, Eulalie,' I urged.

'Ah, yes! happier than when I was with *ma pauvre belle mere*, I must own that, indeed,' she added, with a sigh: 'but I am not happy yet. I want one like yourself, Minnie, who understands me, and will pity while she bears with my weaknesses.'

Ah, Eulalie! poor child; if it be true that those who have themselves been tried in the furnace of tribulation are more likely to bear with and pity the weaknesses of others, then hast thou chosen thy friend wisely; but when will my poor ungoverned heart teach thee the lesson so necessary to learn; alas, alas! with passions still unsubdued, how can I teach thee how to

govern thee. But I could not refuse her request, and promised to stay yet one fortnight with them ere my return, and that, if judged wisely, I would take Eulalie back with me to England.

I had spent a week with Madame St. Aubert and her niece, and one night I had sat up later than usual, enjoying an hour spent in pursuing the pages of Ariosto; before retiring to rest I had opened my window to enjoy the calm beauty of the night; the moon was at the full, and countless myriads of stars gleamed in the heavens. The great city was buried in silence, and unnatural stillness reigned over all, which sometimes preludes the bursting of a violent storm.

Whilst I yet gazed, a cloud passed over the face of the moon, and even the slight breeze which had swept across my brow, gave place to an oppressive sultry air. I stood and watched the change; the heavens grew more and more clouded, the stars disappeared, a dense black cloud obscured the moon from my sight, the next instant a vivid flash of lightning illumined the scene, and a peal of thunder followed. I withdrew from the window, extinguished my lamp, and threw myself on my bed; I could not sleep, but I prayed that the storm might pass without any evil resulting from it.

Whilst I thus lay I fancied I distinguished the smell as of charred wood. I listened, but could distinguish no sound, save that of the wind, which had now risen, and the splashing of the rain drops against my window, with which was occasionally mingled a peal of thunder.

Still the smell arose; it filled my chamber, and now, both alarmed and surprised, I leaped from my bed, threw on a few clothes, and hastened to discover if all was safe in my room and the adjoining chamber, which gave egress to a gallery leading to the apartments occupied by Monsieur and Madame St. Aubert and their niece.

Everything was safe in each of these rooms; but as I proceeded in my search, the smell became stronger, and on opening the door leading to the gallery, I found it filled with a dense smoke, and distinctly heard the crackling of wood at no great distance.

I knew not which were the rooms occupied by the owners of the mansion, but as I flew along the already heated boards to Eulalie's apartment I gave the alarm of fire. I tried the door: it was fastened; she was asleep. Ah, how heavily youth sleeps—how well those sleep, I thought, who dream not as I have dreamt, of the harassing cares of the morrow, the dawn of which the children of poverty dread. I called loudly on her name; now I heard voices in the distance, but a moment more and relief would be too late, and with an almost superhuman effort, unaided and alone, I forced open the door, wrenched aside the slight bolt which Eulalie had unfortunately fastened. But my sight was almost blinded; it was evident that if the fire had not originated there, it had taken place in the immediate vicinity; still, on the bed, surrounded by the flame, which crept quickly over her, lay the insensible form of the unfortunate girl. Gifted for the moment with courage and strength not naturally mine, I tore her from the bed, and pulling off a thick shawl from my own person, I threw it over her, with the hope of checking the flames, dragging her to the gallery and shrieking loudly for assistance, for I felt that my own hands were burnt. I knew I myself was in danger, and hailed with joy the appearance of a couple of servants, who quickly extinguished the flames.

Now arose a scene of confusion and dismay: it was evident to all that this wing of the building had been struck with lightning, and it was some time before the fire could be stayed from penetrating to the centre of this extensive building. Meanwhile, Madame and myself had removed to a place of safety in the neighborhood, till the return of morning should make known what steps were best to pursue.

Poor Eulalie was, however, frightfully burned; her agony was extreme. She would not spare me out of her sight; and when medical advice was called in, the opinion expressed was that she would not survive the combined effects of the shock and the burns she had received.

I wrote to Margaret at the end of a week after this sad accident. I told her that this sweet girl was slowly, but gradually dying, and that so long as I arrived home in time for the wedding-day, she must rest content. Poor girl, I pitied her, but I know that Lucy and Ellen Maxwell would endeavor to make up for my absence.

I do not think Eulalie would have lived long, had not this fearful accident taken place. She had evidently inherited her mother's infirmity—consumption; and the sad trials of her early youth, and the tyranny of her stepmother had, no doubt accelerated the progress of this dreadful malady.

I have watched her often, as she reclined on a couch; her long golden hair playing round her

face and neck, her delicately cut features, and small white hands generally crossed on her breast, rendered her a fit study for a painter to copy.

The visits of Monsieur la Cure gave her much a consolation; it was, indeed, a sweet thing to see creature so young, so well prepared, so ready to quit this earth of ours, which to her had been so troublesome a scene, but which, humanly speaking, now presented only a long career of happy and pleasant days. But God claimed that young heart early, the fruit was already ripe, the golden grain ready to be gathered in, and the lamp of the wise virgin was ready trimmed, and burning in her hand; she was waiting for the coming of the bridegroom.

One evening, while she slept, and I, with eyes suffused with tears sat watching over the closing hours of that pure young life, Madame St. Aubert softly opened the door, and beckoned me into an adjoining room.

I wish to speak with you, dear Mademoiselle Herbert, she said, while yet our poor Eulalie lives. When you were at church this morning, she sent for myself and her uncle; she said she wished to speak with us; and it was of you that she was thinking. Mademoiselle, to be brief, she wished to settle on you out of her own ample fortune, a sum which should procure you what I may term the enjoyment of some of the luxuries of life, in addition to its comforts.

Oh, madame, madame, speak not of such a thing as this, I said. I have enough to satisfy my unambitious wants; I seek for nothing more.

(To be Continued.)

PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

PAUL, by the Mercy of God of the Title of St. Peter in Montorio, of the Holy Roman Church Cardinal Priest, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, etc., etc., to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Dublin.

When S. Patrick, deputed by S. Celestine to bring the glad tidings of salvation to Ireland, reached our shores, our forefathers were immersed in idolatry and superstition, sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. Happily for our Apostle, he was sent to cast the seed of the Gospel in a grateful soil, and before he terminated his mortal career, it must have afforded him sincere consolation to have been able to contemplate the wonderful results produced by his labors and sufferings. The kingdom of God was established throughout the whole island; the true faith was planted, and had taken deep root in the soil; our crucified Redeemer was adored, and the cross raised in triumph on every hill and in every dale. At the same time canticles of praise were continually chanted in honor of the Lord of Heaven, and the holy sacrifice of the Mass, the pure oblation foretold by the prophet, was solemnly offered up in places which had been previously polluted by idolatrous prayers and impure rites.

Thus were fulfilled the words of the prophet: 'The land that was desolate and impassable shall be glad, and the wilderness shall rejoice, and shall flourish like the lily. It shall bud forth and blossom, and shall rejoice with joy and praise: The glory of Lebanon is given to it; the beauty of Carmel and Saron; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the beauty of our God' for the waters (of life) are broken out in the desert, and streams (of truth) in the wilderness.

When passing in review the times that are gone, we cannot but observe that whilst our political and civil history presents many sad and afflictive scenes of misfortune and calamity, and only little that can cheer and gratify the reader, our ecclesiastical annals, from the cradle of our Church to the present time, are replete with everything edifying and instructive, and afford just grounds for holy pride, and for gratitude to the Almighty Giver of all good gifts.

In early times the schools, and colleges, and monasteries, which had their origin in the days of S. Patrick, were seats of literature and seminaries of sanctity, and many of the holy men who were trained in them, filled with zeal for the Glory of God, announced the mysterious and sublime doctrines of the Gospel to the principal countries of Europe, converted great nations to the true faith, and in many instances suffered a glorious martyrdom, sealing the truth of their teaching with their blood. In later times our country has had to pass through centuries of misfortune, of persecution, and penal laws, and has been made a land of martyrs; yet her ecclesiastical history, even in such evil times, is most calculated to edify; it shows how truth may be oppressed and persecuted, but cannot be destroyed; it shows how vain are the efforts of the powers of darkness to overthrow that Church which Christ built upon the rock of Peter; and it suggests the strongest reasons why we should be thankful to God for having defeated the powerful enemies who were panting for our destruction, and for having broken the snares which they had set for our feet, not only preserving our faith in the worst times, but giving it a glorious triumph over all the powers of darkness, and gradually restoring it to its original splendor.

It is much to be regretted that the history of the holy Catholic Church in Ireland, both ancient and modern, is not better known and more zealously cultivated, as the examples of virtue and of perfection which it supplies could not fail to produce the deepest impression on our minds, stimulating us to imitate the good works of those whose faith and blood we have inherited, and who being a weak and frail by nature as we are, by the grace of God, overcame the world, and gained an imperishable crown. Many, indeed, scoff at the veneration which we pay to the blessed souls reigning in Heaven, to those who planted the faith amongst us and preserved it by their labors; but they should reflect that when we honor the saints, we do honor to God, who was the author of their sanctity—and besides that when we honor and invoke our own native saints we not only pay a tribute to the Divine Majesty, and secure His assistance by their intercession, but we are inspired with love of our country, which produced such fruits of sanctity, and with a pure spirit of patriotism.

It is also to be regretted that systematic attempts have been made to prevent the study of our history, and that the late Dr. Whately, Protestant Archbishop, and some of his colleagues, forced a series of elementary books upon the country for the use of National Schools, from which everything Catholic, and even a mere reference to the Catholic Church is excluded, and in which you would search in vain for the name of S. Patrick or S. Brigid, of S. Columbkille or S. Columbanus, S. Gall or S. Kevin, S. Malachy or S. Laurence, or any other Irish saint, martyr, or missionary. Indeed such books, and they are the only books supplied at the public expense, are well calculated to leave Irish Catholic children, not only without a knowledge of their religion, and of the great men who illustrated it, not only without being acquainted with our religious traditions, so well adapted to bind them to the past, and operate most beneficially upon their minds, but also to doom them to ignorance of everything connected with the civil history of their country and with its orators, poets, philosophers, and literature.

That all this was done in a spirit of hostility to the Catholic faith, and for the purpose of making Irishmen forget the religion and the Church of their forefathers cannot now be denied. The prelate just

mentioned, pointed out in the two last charges which he delivered in Kildare and Dublin, to his clergy a short time before his death, and the author of his life lately published, who had access to the most authentic sources, preserved the following words, which he addressed to a friend in 1859.—The education (these are Dr. Whately's words), supplied by the National Board is gradually supplanting the vast fabric of the Irish Roman Catholic Church.

I believe that mixed education is gradually enlightening the mass of the people, and that if we give it up, we give up the only hope of weaning the Irish from the abuses of Popery. But I cannot venture openly to profess this opinion. I cannot openly support the Education Board as an instrument of conversion. I have to fight the battle with one hand, and that my best, tied behind me.

You will recollect that Dr. Whately always professed great liberality, and was extolled by his party as a model of just dealing, impartiality, and integrity, in whom the Irish Catholics might put implicit confidence in everything connected with that most important of all matters, the education of their children. Yet, this straightforward, liberal, high-minded man, was supporting national education with the view of undermining our religion, of supplanting what he calls the vast fabric of the Irish Roman Catholic Church, and of weaning, as he says, the Irish from the abuses of Popery; and he was doing all this covertly and insidiously, professing, at the same time, to be the enemy of proselytism in the schools, and to be anxious to give fair play to Catholics. Now, this being the case, is it not our duty to watch over the education of the rising generation with a jealous eye?—should we not look with great suspicion, and even with fear on the mixed system declared by Dr. Whately, one of the most acute reasoners of our times, to be the fittest engine for supplanting the true faith, and undermining the true Church?—and should we not insist on having Catholic schools, Catholic colleges, and a Catholic University, in order that we may not fall into the pit prepared for us by men of boasted liberality, who pretend to be fighting for us with one hand, but who are laboring for our destruction with the other and the better hand, and perfidiously assailing us with their poisoned shafts, when we are least prepared to repel them: Should we not, in fine, make every sacrifice to preserve our youth from that spirit of radicalism and infidelity which is now so prevalent in many public colleges, and of which we have proofs in the works of Protestant bishops, in essays and reviews, and in the writings of University professors upon the eternity of the pains of hell, and other fundamental truths of the Christian religion.

And here let us add that though the open enemies of Catholic education are powerful and dangerous, yet pretended friends, with hypocritical declarations on their lips, but with enmity and hatred in their hearts, are more to be dreaded, because they lull many into a fatal security, are more to be dreaded, because they lull many into a fatal security, and excite divisions amongst us. However, as we have just cause, seeking for nothing but to be placed on a footing of equality with others, and not interfering with their just claims or opposing them; neither the violence of fanaticism and bigotry, nor fraud and hypocrisy of false friends, will prevail against us, and we may be confident that, provided we act with firmness and perseverance, and be guided in all things by the spirit of justice and charity, we shall obtain all we require.

To render our success quite certain, we must recommend our cause to Heaven, and we cannot do anything better calculated to make our prayers efficacious, than by putting them under the protection of our own saints, and begging of our patrons to present them at the throne of the Almighty, and to support them by their powerful intercession.

We shall have an opportunity of acting in this way on one of our great national festivals in a few days, when the Church invites us to commemorate the virtues and good works of the Patroness of Ireland, the glory and ornament of our nation, S. Brigid of Kildare, whose sanctity illustrated our country, even whilst S. Patrick was still engaged in banishing idolatry and superstition from its shores.

I shall not, on the present occasion, refer to any length to the history of S. Brigid; suffice it to say, that she was born of a noble family of Leinster, about the year 455, and that during her whole life, from youth to old age, she shed the lustre of the brightest virtues around her, edifying all those who approached her by humility, patience, obedience, contempt of earthly things, love of the angelical virtue of purity, faith, charity, and zeal for the salvation of souls. In all things she was a model of perfection; she knew nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and her only desire was to promote the glory of God among men. Being animated with so pure a spirit, our saint was blessed in a special manner by Heaven; all her undertakings prospered. She founded monasteries in every part of Ireland. Innumerable virgins followed her in the profession of the evangelical counsels of poverty, obedience, and chastity; she was like a fruitful vine that covered the land with the exuberance of its branches, and refreshed it with its shade; in fine, by her teaching and example she so moulded the character of the females of Ireland that they have ever been remarkable for the purity of their lives, and anxiety in every age to devote themselves to a religious life, and the service of God in the cloister.

Having spent a long life in the practice of virtues and good works, S. Brigid terminated her mortal career in Kildare, her principal monastery, and the place where she generally resided, about the year 525, in the seventieth year of her age. Her death was that of the just; her memory has been always in benediction; and our forefathers were so filled with admiration of her virtues and good works, and formed so exalted an idea of her dignity, that in their writings they frequently compared her to the great Virgin Mother of God, whom they were accustomed to invoke as the glory of Jerusalem, the beauty of the world, the powerful mistress of heaven and earth; and they did not hesitate to call Brigid the Mary of Ireland, and to invoke her jointly with the Mother of God in their prayers. We have an example of this in an old poem preserved in the Leabhar Breac:—'Every one that bears, every one that repeats this hymn, the Blessing of Brigid be on him, the blessing of Brigid and of God be upon them who recite it together. There are two virgins in Heaven who will not give me a forgetful protection, Mary and Brigid; under their protection may we remain.'

The name of Brigid, after she had terminated her mortal career, soon became celebrated not only in Ireland but in England and Scotland; in many parts of the Continent you will meet with ancient and splendid churches erected in her honor—they are met with in the islands of the north, on the banks of the Rhine and the Elbe, in many provinces of France, and in the valleys of the Apennines.

covered with hangings. At the extremity there were two doors; through that at the right hand the chief prelate was wont to enter the sanctuary, accompanied by his attendants, and by those who were set apart to offer up the sacred and domical sacrifices; through the other door, at the left, the abbess, with her virgins and faithful widows, entered when they were about to participate in the banquet of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Cogitosus also informs us that the men had a portion of the church set aside for themselves, whilst the females also worshipped apart, and separated from all others, an edifying practice still commonly preserved in Ireland.

Thus, says our author, 'in one very great temple a multitude of people, in different orders, and ranks, and sex, and situation, separated by partitions, in different order, but with one mind, worshipped the Omnipotent Lord.'

Among the treasures of Kildare Giraldus Cambrensis describes a manuscript of the 'Gospels, supposed to have been written in the time of S. Brigid.' Among all the marvels of Kildare, says that writer, 'to my mind none is more marvellous than the wondrous book written (at the angel's bidding it is said) during the lifetime of the virgin herself. This book contains a concordance of the four Evangelists, according to Jerome, and almost every page is enriched with figures of divers forms, and variously brilliant with brightest colors. Here you may behold the Divine countenance itself, imaged in awful majesty; there the Evangelists' mystic shapes, now with six wings, now with two; in one place the eagle, in another the ox; here the man's face, there the lion, and other figures almost infinite in their variety. If you glance at them but lightly they appear rather an unmeaning blot than an elaborate tracing. But if you bend your gaze more fixedly upon them, and pierce the secrets so skillfully veiled by the artist's craft, you will discover interlacings so delicate and subtle, so finished and slender, wound together, and tied in a maze of knots so intricate, and withal so clearly traced in colors, still fresh, that you are moved to attribute the entire work to the industry of angels rather than to that of men.' So far Giraldus. The manuscripts of which he writes are a proof of the advanced state of the arts at an early period in Ireland, whilst they bear testimony to the piety and zeal with which our forefathers adorned, preserved, and studied the sacred volumes.

The ravages of time, and still more the tury of heresy and error, have swept away almost every vestige of the ancient grandeur of the church described by Cogitosus, and S. Brigid's beautiful copy of the Gospel has been lost or destroyed; but, thanks be to God, to the protection of our holy patroness, the people of Kildare, and of all Ireland, have preserved the most precious of all treasures—the true faith, and an undying attachment to the Catholic Church; they still know how to venerate the relics of departed sanctity; they still glory in being able to participate in the mystical banquet of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; and they still reverence and respect the sacred words of revelation, and without following the deceitful phantoms of private judgment.

In the life of our saint several facts are recorded which cannot fail to edify those who meditate on them. It appears that, such was her zeal for the decorum of the house of God, she sent to Rome for rich vestments to be used in offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. But her biographer tells us, that she followed the example of the most blessed Job, and never suffered the needy to pass without a gift. Hence, in a season of great distress, he adds, that she gave to the poor the transmarine and rare vestments of Bishop Conlaeth, of glorious light, which he was accustomed to use when offering the sacred mysteries at the altar, on the festivals of our Lord and the vigils of the Apostles. What a noble exercise of charity! what an encouragement to the practice of that virtue in days of misery and distress, such as those in which our lot is cast!

At a period like the present, when the Holy See is assailed on every side by enemies, and nothing is left undone to shake the solid foundation on which Christ built His Church, it will not be out of place to refer to the devotion which E. Brigid entertained for the successors of S. Peter, and to her veneration for the city which was purged by the blood of the Apostles S. Peter and S. Paul, and of innumerable martyrs. In a metrical life of our saint, written in the seventh century, by S. Coolan, of Inniskeltra, we find it recorded that S. Brigid was desirous to proceed to the city of Rome, but that as this journey was impossible for her, she was blessed by God with a heavenly vision, in which she was present in spirit at the Apostles' shrines, and assisted at the Holy Sacrifice which was offered up over their hallowed remains. Wishing that the rites seen in the vision should be observed in her convents, she sent a priest to visit the Pontiff in her name, and to be instructed, at the same time, in the practices and ceremonies of the holy city; and this delegate of our saint having tarried some time in Rome, brought back to S. Brigid and her holy nuns of Kildare many gifts from the Vicar of Christ, and with them the liturgical books and sacred chant, according to the rites practised in the centre of Christianity, which rites S. Brigid handed down to her followers, with injunctions that they should be always studied and observed. Thus was maintained the uniformity of the Irish liturgy with that of Rome, whence Saint Patrick had received the doctrines and practices of religion. Having read this account, may we not ask, would S. Brigid have acted as she did, had she not been animated with the same feelings of respect and devotion towards the Holy See which all the Catholics of Ireland entertain at the present day?

In the same metrical life of S. Brigid, by S. Coolan of Inniskeltra, just quoted, there is a passage referring to the Blessed Eucharist, which shows the profound veneration of our saint for that holy sacrament. 'One night,' says the biographer, 'whilst the Sisters were engaged in prayer, S. Brigid was rapt in ecstasy, and saw the earth and heaven filled with youths, who were dressed in garments of angelical whiteness. Christ, the King of kings, was enthroned on high, whilst the assembled multitude gathered round His throne, and intoned the sacred canticle—'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts.' Heavenly music accompanied this hymn of praise, and the angelical choir re-echoed the respective alleluias.—This vision filled our saints with spiritual joy, though at the moment she did not understand the scenes that passed before her. But at dawn of day the mystery was unfolded to her; for then the holy bishop Iba came to her cell to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in which the King of kings surrounded by myriads of angels, condescends to come and dwell on our altars, and those scenes are renewed on earth, which were presented to our saint as occurring in Heaven.'

In connexion with this vision, we shall add that another ancient biographer of S. Brigid commemorates on the prophetic announcement made by her to S. Nennid, that on her deathbed she was to receive from his hand 'the communion of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ,' and that in the same text her last communion is called the divine viaticum. It is added, that immediately before her death she received the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, from the most pure hand of S. Nennid, as she herself had predicted. When we read such passages in the life of our saint, must we not look with pity on the folly or infatuation of some modern writers, who pretend that the ancient Church of Ireland was Protestant, and that its doctrines were identical with those held by the modern Anglican Establishment.

We shall now add one more incident in the life of S. Brigid. On one occasion, rapt in ecstasy, she thought she was standing alone in a meadow, enamelled with sweet-scented and beautiful flowers, when she saw a wand of men coming from the east,

all clad in white garments, with countenances bright and benevolent. Those strangers immediately commenced to turn up the field with four ploughs, drawn by white oxen, and to cast good seed in abundance upon the land. The furrows then appeared to flow with pure milk, and a rich and golden harvest was soon spread around. S. Brigid was gazing on these things with wonder and delight, when, on a sudden, the scene was changed. She saw another troop coming from the north, men with fierce and menacing looks, who ploughed the same field with black oxen, and almost totally destroyed the rich harvest with which the first labourers had covered the land.

Not being able to penetrate the sense of these mysterious appearances, she consulted S. Patrick, who immediately explained the two visions. The first, said he, refers to the preaching of the Gospel in Ireland, when missionaries, coming from the south and east, and casting the seed of the Gospel, gathered a rich harvest of sanctity and good works, and filled the granaries of Christ with an angelical population. But, alas! said he, evil times will ensue; the people will be no longer instructed in the truth; avarice and envy will prevail; almost all the labours of the first missionaries will be forgotten; and the field, once so fertile, will be sown with tares and cockle, and covered with thistles and briars.

History teaches us that what was revealed to S. Brigid, has been fulfilled. For centuries after she had been called to an eternal crown, virtue, piety, sanctity, and religious perfection, as well as the arts and sciences, fixed their abode in this remote corner of the earth, and found it in a refuge from the convulsions with which the Continent of Europe was then agitated. But after that golden era of our history, Ireland had to undergo many sad vicissitudes of fortune, such as the Danish and Norman invasions, the devastations of the sixteenth century, penal laws and persecutions, which swept away our convents and institutions, and covered the land with ruin and devastation. The fierce and barbarous men, who ploughed with the black oxen, were too successful in laying waste the rich harvests which had sprung up under the fostering care of our early saints. Kildare once sanctified by the presence and virtue of S. Brigid, was reduced, in the course of ages, to a heap of ruins. The relics of our saints were taken from their last resting-places, and sacrilegiously scattered to the winds by the Vandals of the Reformation, and everything was done to root out from the hearts of our people that faith which S. Patrick had preached, and our saint had illustrated by her piety and good works. But thanks to the Almighty, all the efforts of the powers of darkness were vain; the good seed was not totally eradicated; the faith of Ireland was not destroyed. S. Brigid and S. Patrick have watched over it, and preserved the sacred fire through ages of desolation; and now that better days have returned, though the sad effects of the past are still felt, the same faith is working through charity, producing the noblest fruits of every virtue, and covering the country with convents, monasteries, colleges, schools, and asylums for the relief of every sort of human misery, and doing everything to make Ireland again what it had been made by the benevolent men clothed in white garments, who were seen by S. Brigid in her first vision.

On the recurrence of the approaching festival of our patroness, I request of you all to approach the throne of the Almighty with humble and contrite hearts, and to beg of him to raise our poor country from her fallen state, to preserve us from the cattle plague, the cholera inundations, war, famine, and other scourges of the Divine anger, with which so many nations have been severely afflicted during the last year. We have just grounds for fearing that those scourges will be continued or increased unless the Divine anger be appeased by works of penance, and sinners be converted from their wicked ways to the paths of justice.

I request of you also to pray for the holy Catholic Church, and our Holy Father the Pope. You all know how severely persecuted the Church has been in the far east, where bishops and priests have been barbarously put to death for the faith—in Poland, where Russian fraud and violence are endeavouring to exterminate every vestige of Catholicity; and in Italy, once the great centre of religion, in which infidelity is now rampant, and a violent war is carried on against priests and bishops, religious men and women, and all the faithful children of God. All convents and seminaries have been suppressed, colleges and monasteries have been closed, and the education of youth in the public schools and Universities handed over to revolutionists and socialists, the worst enemies of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

It is not necessary to remind you of what our glorious Pontiff has had to suffer from his enemies. For many years secret societies, infidelity, heresy, and the spirit of anarchy and revolution have been leagued against him; he has been assailed in all his rights; the patrimony bequeathed to him by his venerable predecessors has been violently wrested from him, and he has been left without the means necessary to support the solicitude of all the churches with which he is burdened. In the midst of all these trials his Holiness has remained calm and resigned, but, at the same time, firm and filled with courage from above; whilst his enemies assail him with fraud and calumny, and violate all the principles of justice and morality to compass their wicked ends, he wields against them no arms but those of light and truth—he rests upon the goodness of his cause—nothing can induce him to make a compromise with the powers of darkness; and his only hope for safety is in the protection of that God who watches over and raises up the humble and oppressed, and brings down the haughty and the proud in the conceits of their heart.

In his Allocution of the 29th of October last, having described the violence and malice of the war now carried on against himself and the Apostolic See, his Holiness exhorts all the faithful to have recourse to fervent prayer, in order to obtain protection for the Church from the Most High. His words are:—

'And since, in so dreadful a tempest, our sole and securest help is prayer, we again and again most earnestly beseech all our venerable brothers the bishops of the Catholic world, the entire Catholic clergy, who have always given such striking proofs of love and attachment towards us, and have never failed to aid us and this Apostolic See in our deep distresses:—we beseech them, we repeat, to offer up, in all faith, and hope, and charity, without ceasing, prayers and supplications to God, that the enemies of the Church may be vanquished and brought back to the paths of salvation. For prayer is, as S. John Chrysostom says, 'a mighty weapon, a great security, a rich treasure, a broad harbour, a place of greatest safety, if only in sobriety and watchfulness, we approach the Lord with a heart called away from every distraction, and completely closed against the enemy of our salvation.'

In conformity with this paternal exhortation, let us all pray with fervour, humility, and perseverance for the protection of our Holy Father, who sheds so much lustre on our holy religion by his virtues and good works, and who seeks for nothing but the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Let us pray that the designs of heresy and infidelity may be brought to nought, and that the Church may have a glorious triumph over all her enemies, so that we may walk in sanctity and justice all our days before the Lord, enjoying peace in the observance of His holy law.

Our prayers will not fail to obtain their desired effect if we recommend them to S. Brigid and S. Patrick; and if we place them under the patronage and protection of the glorious Queen of Heaven, who is ever ready to assist her children, if they invoke her in their trials and afflictions. Pray to her, on the approaching festival of the Purification, with great fervour, and render your prayers efficacious by the practice of charity and good works. If you do so, you may be confident that, as she humbled the Crescent, and defeated the Turks at Lepanto and Vienna, so she will stretch out her arm in our days, and put to flight the rationalist, the infidel, the socialist, the revolutionist

and all those who have conspired against the stability of society and the welfare of religion.—Your devoted servant in Christ, PAUL CARDINAL GULLEN, Dublin, 21st January 1867.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN.—The pastoral of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, on the Festival of St. Brigid, contains matter for grave consideration. Apart from the purely devotional topics which it embraces, there is another question of surpassing interest to which the Archbishop adverts—the dangers of State education in Ireland. The Archbishop of Westminster, in his great and noble address at Birmingham, notices, in a forcible manner, the revelations in Miss Whately's recently-published life of her father, respecting the use that he made of his position as Chairman of the National Board to subvert the faith of the Irish people. His Eminence deals incidentally in his Pastoral with the same subject. To few of the readers or hearers of the address, or of the Pastoral, are the full facts known in relation to Archbishop Whately and Irish national education. Dr. Whately, an English Anglican, Dr. Carlisle, a Scotch Presbyterian, and a host of satellites equally un-Irish and anti-Catholic, drew up the common reading class books from the primer upwards, of the National Board. It is to be remembered that these were in no sense whatever mere secular books. Every volume, every section, almost every page, was leavened with Scriptural, devotional, and religious matter. And besides the ten ordinary reading or class books, there were four volumes of Scripture Lessons, a translation *de novo*, by Rev. Dr. Carlisle, Archbishop Whately and Rev. Dr. Arnold, of the Books of Genesis and Exodus from the Old, and of St. Luke and Acts from the New Testaments, with explanatory notes and questions for examination. A small volume of Protestant hymns chiefly from Dr. Watts, under the name of 'Sacred Poetry,' supplemented the religious element, whilst Archbishop Whately's own special pet works, 'Introductory Lessons on Christian Evidences,' and 'Lessons on the Truth of Christianity,' completed the juvenile cyclopaedia of the theology of what is called our 'common Christianity.' The Rev. Dr. Dawes, Dean of Hereford, the late secretary, Maurice Cross, an Englishman, and Dr. McArthur, Mr. Rentoul, and Mr. Spalding, Scotchmen, were the other chief compilers of these manuals for the Catholic youth of Ireland. Dr. Whately's daughters assisted their father in the compilation, and the following circular, addressed by Miss Blanche to your correspondent, soliciting as hon. secretary, subscriptions for the proselytising Ragged Schools of the Coombe, &c., is sufficient evidence of the fitness of the family to write and compile moral, historical, scriptural, and devotional school books for Irish Catholics.

The Palace, Dublin, Feb. 26, 1867.

Sir,—The members of the Committee for the Towns and Lake street Ragged Schools and Female Dormitory beg to lay before you the enclosed report, and to solicit your kind assistance. The difficulty of supplying these valuable institutions is very great, and the thought that, under God's blessing, they are the means of rescuing hundreds of children from a life of idleness and misery, and bringing them into the light of the Gospel, and under the best instruction, will, I trust, plead my excuse in addressing you.—I remain, sir, yours faithfully, B. WEAVERLY, Hon. Sec.

Please address, Miss E. Whately, Palace, Dublin.

How the Irish nation, how the bishops, how the clergy, could ever have submitted to such an outrage, for it was nothing less, upon their every feeling, religious and national, as to accept and use for their children class books so composed will, hereafter, be one of the greatest puzzles to posterity. Yet, a Parliamentary return of 1853, moved for by Mr. Monell, M.P., established the precise authorship of each work of the National Board, as above indicated.—The revelation made by Miss Whately from the private diary of Nassau, senior, as to her late father's boast, while yet Chairman of the National Board, in 1853, that by means of this system and those books they were 'gradually supplanting the vast fabric of the Irish Roman Catholic Church,' must startle the most indifferent, when it is recollected that Dr. Whately had then been twenty-one years treacherously shaping this system to that end, and mainly through the books which he and his family composed. No daughter ever before recorded a much more dishonourable incident in the life of a father than the following given by Miss Whately:—'The education (these are Dr. Whately's words) supplied by the National Board is gradually supplanting the vast fabric of the Irish Roman Catholic Church. I believe that mixed education is gradually enlightening the mass of the people, and that if we give it up, we give up the only hope of weaning the Irish from the abuses of Popery. But I cannot venture openly to profess this opinion. I cannot openly support the Education Board as an instrument of conversion. I have to fight the battle with one hand, and that my best, tied behind me.'

This is the system that the Presbyterians would perpetuate upon Irish Catholics, to sustain which they have had several meetings recently in Belfast, and a deputation from whom waited, last week, upon Lord Derby, praying him to resist the changes directed by the late Cabinet. The eyes of Catholics are however, well opened and, made wise by bitter experience, compromise is now impossible; the Irish people will have Catholic education, and no other, from the village school to the university.

The estimation in which the Primate Elect, the Very Rev. Dean Kiernan, is held by his flock in Dundalk received striking proof in the spontaneous meeting of the laity of the borough, on last Sunday to present him with a carriage, a pair of horses, and other suitable testimonials, as a tribute of respect and gratitude on the occasion of his elevation to the Primacy of all Ireland. Upwards of £200 was subscribed in a few minutes, and it is expected that the amount will exceed £1,000. The consecration will take place on Sunday next in Dundalk, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, who was introduced to the Irish Bishops as Primate of Armagh, presiding; and the Most Rev. Dr. Leaby, Bishop of Down, will preach the consecration sermon. It is expected that the solemn occasion will attract a vast concourse, lay and clerical.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that Dr. McEvilly, Catholic Bishop of Galway, along with nearly all the Irish Catholic bishops has joined a society for bringing about the closing of public-houses on Sunday by Act of Parliament, and petitions are being signed in Dublin on the subject. Sir H. W. Baines, M.P. for Waterford together with several other members of Parliament, decline however to support the movement, though pressed by a portion of their constituents, on the ground that 'it has signally failed in Scotland,' and that 'no Act of Parliament can make men sober or religious.'

The wretched peasant in Partree or Connemara, who driven to desperations by the cries of his children for food which he is unable to supply, accepts the proffered largess of the 'Soup,' and pretends to conform to the Established Church, in order to save those he loves from starvation, so far from becoming a Protestant, hates the very name of Protestant, and abhors all that pertains to the State Establishment. So, also, with the unhappy man who is threatened with eviction in the depth of winter unless he send his children to schools founded for their perversion. He submits to the oppression, but he hates the oppressor. He is a convert, not a convert; for persecution fails to produce conviction, and its victims first become hypocrites, and generally end in entire unbelief. These were the missionary agencies—bribery and intimidation—established by Bishop Plunket in West Connaught.—Weekly Register.

THE SOUPERS IN CONNEMARA.

the Most Rev. Doctor Trench, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin.

Jan. 21st, 1867. My Lord,—It will be in your Grace's recollection, that in your letter to the Times, you stated how unaccountable was the imputation of bribery, in the shape of oatmeal, Indian meal, and all that sort of thing, as the medium of conversion in West Connemara.

Not to adduce here the few reports which have been sent into our hands of the receipts and disbursements of the enormous funds placed annually at the disposal of the soup agents, it will suffice to direct your attention to the sworn evidence of the Rev. Mr. Garry, at the recent trial, Stephenson v. Ryder. He swore that there was an alarming deficit of £2,217 1s. 6d. with the consoling fact of an expenditure of 549 13s. 7d. over the sums allocated for the mission during the past year.

It is as patent as that our hills and valleys are all covered with deep snow at this present writing that our soup system of conversion would not hang together one month or even a week without the agent of bribery; but you are ashamed to acknowledge that the yellow meal bag furnishes more convincing proofs to a starving people than can be found in your Bible. This is no new phase in the Reformation.

An able writer in the London Daily News of the 2nd of this month solemnly affirms that the Anglican Establishment consists of warring sects held together only by a common interest in the temporalities of the Church. If such be the condition of a Church after an existence of 300 years, what new bond of unity or of cohesion have you discovered for keeping together the few lazy converts whom hunger first brought into your meshes?

Well, most reverend sir, let me ask, with profound respect, what specific comfort, what grace, what hidden light are you to find in the sister Irish establishment? You're claiming the close relationship of brotherhood with the Anglican Church, designated the most chaotic society under the sun, whose clergy according to the belief of Dissenters, 'preach not Christ,' whose votaries are so many heterogeneous elements in intereclectic hostility, and 'held together only by the participation of its temporalities,' and into whose seething confusion no Dissenter will trust himself?

As I may on this occasion count on a little more space from the generous Press, allow me to return to a letter in the London News. From the questionable compliments interchanged with the Dissenters by the Vicar of Norwich and to the clergy of the English Establishment, we can learn how sublime are the notions concerning restrained sensuality that may be found amongst the religious teachers of the Anglican Church, and, consequently, of her Irish twin sister.

Another turn, my lord, with your permission, to the letter in the Daily News, and then I bid your Grace good bye in sincere good feeling. The able writer says that as long as the Anglican Church depends for support on the State the Dissenters will never join her, no matter what reforms she may undergo; nay more, that they would not worship even in their own churches if the State had any act or part in their erection. This is a noble resolve.

Do, in the name of goodness, try the voluntary principle, and give your Church fair play, 'whichever never yet got.' If she be the work of God, it will be vain for man to gaine her. Religious truth will diffuse itself, despite all opposition. As the atrocities perpetrated on behalf of the Irish Establishment are stereotyped in every field and hamlet in Ireland, I will not now refer to them in detail. They have brought execration on your doctrines, and perhaps impeded their progress. Release them from your dogmas and penalties, from breech-loaders and aches, and try what efficacy there is in the means used by St. Paul in propagating the unfettered gospel of Christ.

Even the mystic tree that grew from the mustard seed, striking its roots down to the foundation of the earth, while it lifted its top to heaven, and extended its branches to the utmost limits of the earth; even this tree—the grandest type given by Christ himself of the future universality of his Church, and of her progressive mission, would have its massive trunk driven by the lightning of the widow's curse, and its foliage for ever blasted by her maledictions, if her only son were shot down and bayoneted under its

evergreen boughs, which were destined to give not death but shelter and spiritual food to the birds of the air. Do join, I pray your Grace, the advocates of the voluntary system. You can now afford to do so, as you have (you say in your letter) gained so many converts, and, as according to your solemn testimony, the Protestant Establishment has made such progress in Ireland, and particularly in West Connemara.

See how the remnant of the flocks, which your mission of five days left us, are supporting the Catholic clergy who never will wear the livery of Government whether Protestant or Catholic. The clerical costume, and the grave gait prescribed by our Church are far more becoming to clergymen than the red tunic and cross belts could possibly be, nor can we have any special desire to be trained to the primary balance step of a military march. Neither can our rubrics be ever exchanged for the new drill book that would infallibly be issued by order of the ecclesiastical quarter masters.—I am, Right Rev. sir, your obedient servant, PATRICK MAONANUS, P.P. &c. of Clifden.

On Thursday last a meeting was held in Dungarvan to express condolence with the widows and orphans of Captain Kiely and Bartholomew O'Brien, the victims of the Lancera. The conduct of the military on the occasion of the election was warmly denounced, and a subscription list for the relief of O'Brien's widow and children was opened. The Cork Examiner states that Sir Nugent Humble was on Saturday last, while attending the auction of Lord Hastings's yacht the Halcyon, in Dungarvan, served with a writ in an action of slander for £5,000 at the suit of Mr. De la Poer, M.P., the subject-matter of the action being the circulation of the statement accusing Mr. De la Poer of Fenianism.

Mr. John Vance, late M.P. for Dublin, has addressed the electors of Armagh. He will maintain the Constitution and institutions of the country, and give unremitting attention to local interests. The address, it is said, has been well received by the loyal constituency of Armagh, and that notwithstanding vague rumours of opposition, Mr. Vance's election will be a walk over. The day has not yet been fixed by the sheriff.

We are all tired of the clap-net of the Whigs, and Whig-liberals. They have desired the country too often, Ireland has no cause to be in love with their treachery to her, and we sincerely hope, should a general election take place in March or April—and such an event is expected—that her people will have wisdom enough to discard the hollow Whig hypocrites who will appeal to them for support, and vote only for those who will sustain a government honestly resolved to serve the interests of their betrayed and bartered country.—Dundalk Democrat.

The Irish Times of the 25th ult. contains the following obituary notice of the good old Provost Macdonnell. It is our painful duty to record the death of the venerable and venerated Dr. Richard Macdonnell, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. His death took place at two o'clock yesterday morning at the Provost's house. During the past week he suffered from slight illness, not sufficient to cause any apprehension of a fatal termination, but the intense severity of the weather affected a frame which advanced age had already weakened.

The late Provost obtained scholarship in 1803, Fellowship on the first trial, and at the early age of 21, in the year 1808. He became Professor of Oratory in 1816, and was co-opted as Senior Fellow, November, 1856, having fulfilled the duties of a Fellow for nearly thirty years. He was appointed Provost January 24th, 1852, and by a singular coincidence, died on the anniversary of his appointment. Attached to the University in which he had held so influential a position, he preferred to remain amidst the society he loved to the dignity of the Episcopate, offered to him by successive Governments.

The Irish Times is enabled to state that it has been determined to provide a residence for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in Ireland, and that the Prince will spend some portion of every year amongst the people whom he will yet be called upon to rule. Since the accession of the present Ministry to office the policy and wisdom of residing in Ireland for some time each year has been impressed upon the Prince, who cheerfully undertook a mission which is in truth one of the first duties of Royalty. We do not desire to dwell upon past neglect, but we would ask it is natural that nearly six millions of people could be satisfied that Royalty itself should be the most persistent of absentees? Scotland is favoured with an annual visit of many weeks' duration. Coburg is visited and revisited, but in a reign of nearly thirty years her Majesty has not spent more than twelve days in Ireland. Yet we have scenery in this island as lovely and as romantic as any that Scotland can boast of; our mountains abound with game, our rivers and lakes with salmon and trout, and the people affectionate without being presuming. So long as all the members of the Royal Family avoided Ireland, as if the country did not belong to their dominions, it is not surprising that some should fancy that Ireland was not an integral portion of the Queen's empire, but a slighted and neglected dependency. Good sense as well as good feeling have at last prevailed, and, probably, it will be found that the residence of the Prince of Wales amongst us will be more effectual to allay differences, and to create content and self-respect, than all the efforts of anxious legislators.

Ireland abounds with princely mansions, many of them capacious and splendid enough to serve as Royal residences. The Prince Consort, struck by the nobility of the scenery at Killarney, intended to build a residence on the shores of the Upper Lake. It is strange that when no other wish of his was left unfulfilled, this one alone was neglected. There are hundreds of unrivalled sites in Ireland, whether the soft, lawnlake pasture, the towering mountains, the lakes, embosomed amongst hills or woods or the shore of the vast sea, be preferred. Killarney has the advantage of mild winters and genial springs. A fine road has been constructed through the estate of George Preston White, Esq., so that visitors can drive round the Lakes, which they could not do hitherto. If the site for a Royal residence be selected, we are sure the Irish people will not seek the aid of Parliament to construct a palace fit, in all respects, to be the residence of the Prince of Wales. There is not a noblemen in this country who would not cheerfully place his mansion at the disposal of the Prince. They who thought that the habitual absence of Royalty was not deeply felt were ignorant of the Irish nature. Impulsive and affectionate, they feel what seems to be a slight more keenly than can be readily conceived by those who did not know them. They were silent because Ireland had for centuries been shunned by Royalty. A conqueror and an exile visited of three or four days, spent in seclusion, was our share of Royal presence, and the people fancied they were slighted or distrusted.

But a different, and, let us say, a wiser as well as a more generous course will be adopted. The Prince of Wales spent some time in this country, and liked it well. The Princess Alexandra, on her entrance into London, proved she had a sympathy for Ireland. The more frequently they visit us, the more joyfully will they be welcomed, and the more they know of Ireland, the better will they appreciate a people most sensible of kindness. THE DUNGARVAN OUTRAGE.—Mr. Michael Anthony one of the local justices, who, upon the occasion of a meeting to sympathize with the friends of Capt. Kiely and O'Brien, killed during the election in that town, addressed the following observations to those assembled:—If we live under the benign Constitution of Great Britain, as we are supposed to do, how was it that Captain Kiely was murdered, that O'Brien was slaughtered, and that others were injured?—

They charge us with Fenianism, but what has created Fenianism but the misgovernment of our country, which is regarded as an integral portion of the United Kingdom? They set soldiers loose upon upon this country, which they dare not do in England or Scotland (hear, hear). The government would not dare to send in troops to England or Scotland as they did in Dungarvan, or, if they did it would be more than their existence would be worth!—Clonmel Paper.

Mr. de la Poer, lately elected a member of Parliament in Ireland, has brought an action for libel and defamation of character against Major Wombwell for having called him during the election contest a d— Fenian.

Now that a pin has been let into the widdow of Mr. James Stephens's reputation, I may tell you what a very great Irish patriot, whom I met in this city, said to me of him three months ago. 'What do you think of Stephens?' said I. 'He has a profound talent as an organiser of conspiracy,' he answered, 'and it is something really wonderful, quite a gift, how he has been able to lead me abler than himself and get them to believe in him and trust in him.' 'But do you think,' continued I, 'that he intends fighting in Ireland this year—what promise is held out?' 'Pshaw!' replied my friend, 'with a curl of his lip—'he made the same promise a twelvemonth ago.' 'Well, at all events,' I added, 'he has an opportunity of writing his name in history—he may end like Robert Emmet.' 'More likely to end like Robert Macaire' was the remarkable reply of a remarkable man, one who has written his name on history. I own I have been sadly deceived in that person's character I met him once, he struck me as wise, lofty, intelligent, truthful, bold; the next time we met either he or I must leave the assembly, for no Irish gentleman, whatever be his political views could be at ease in his company. But who or what is this James Stephens, whether traitor or coward, or neither or both?—Cor. of Dublin Irishman.

A man named Farrell was last night apprehended by one of the Detective police for laying 'fog signals' on Cork-hill, near the entrance to Dublin Castle, with the object, it is supposed, of crediting alarm in the minds of those attending the Drawing-room.—He was conveyed to Chancery Lane Police station.

The troops stationed at Spinks Island, were yesterday at noon mustered on parade, to hear the finding of the court-martial on Private Kelly, who was tried on the 21st instant for using seditious language on the public street, Queenstown, on St. Stephen's Day. The prisoner was present in custody. The finding was read, from which it appeared the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment at hard labour, which sentence was ratified by Major-General Bates, officer commanding the district. The prisoner was then, in the presence of the troops, stripped of his decorations, consisting of medals and clasps. He was immediately removed to the county jail, where he will undergo his imprisonment.

A THOROUGH IRISHMAN.—When some unhappy native of the Emerald Isle is brought up at one of the London police offices, charged with some petty felony, he is generally described by the penny-a-liners as 'a big ruffianly-looking Irishman.' If he does anything that a man or a nation may be proud of, his unfortunate nationality is forgotten, and we hear of the 'ruffianly Irishman' no more.

Last week we chronicled (or rather our friend Terence O'Daly did) the gallant conduct of an Irishman named Sheridan. We ask our readers to peruse the following case:—

At Marylebone police court on Wednesday morning a bricklayer's labourer, named John O'Donnell, attended before Mr. D'Eyncourt and said that on the occasion of the accident in the Regent's Park he brought out eight persons alive. The first six, when he got them to the bank, were hurried away and he saw no more of them. The last two he got out were brothers residing in Randolph street, Camden town, and they had presented him with half a sovereign. When he got them out one was almost dead. The applicant said he took the persons whom he rescued into a public house, where he got half a pint of brandy and for which one of them had to leave his scarf pin in payment. He rubbed the ears of the insensible one, and shook him, and then took him home in a cab. He hoped if this was published the other six would come forward and recognise him. Mr. D'Eyncourt asked him if he could swim, to which he replied he could well but there was no chance. He seized a rope from one of the lozemen and tied it round his body and went in. Mr. D'Eyncourt inquired what made him shake so? 'The applicant (who seemed very weak and shook in every limb) said he was upon the occasion in his wet clothes for an hour and a half, and he had felt numb and shaken like this ever since.' Mr. D'Eyncourt said no doubt the Royal Humane Society would recognise his services. The applicant said he had his paper to fill up on which were the names of the brothers. They would give him a bronze medal; but that was of no use to him as it would not give his children victuals. He had left home morning after morning with only a bit of dry bread and a drop of coffee to seek for a job at anything. His children had had to fare the same way. When at Liverpool he saved eleven lives, and then did not ask for a medal. Mr. Young the secretary of the Royal Humane Society, said every attention would be paid to his claim. The reporter mentions that the applicant has partly lost the use of his right side through his efforts. Mr. D'Eyncourt granted him two guineas from the poorbox.—Universal Express.

DUBLIN, Jan. 22.—The new Bishop of Tuam, Dr. Bernard, was enthroned in his Cathedral on Friday. The interesting ceremony attracted many of the nobility and gentry of the surrounding country. When it was over, a large company partook of lunch on at the P. Jace. Archdeacon Townsend, in the name of his clerical brethren, welcomed his Lordship to the diocese, and expressed their pleasure at knowing that their chief pastor had been a supporter of scriptural education and evangelical truth, whose family was known throughout Ireland for its loyalty to the Throne and Constitution, 'a member of the old Bandon family from the loyal city of Bandon Bridge.' The Rev. Dr. Trench repeated the welcome, and said that when he read the announcement of his Lordship's appointment his exclamation was, 'Thank God!' The Rev. G. H. Seymour, Provost of Tuam, also welcomed his Lordship, and Mr. D. H. Kirwan, D.L., did the same on the part of the laity of the diocese. The Bishop, in reply, promised to support all the missionary agencies in which his predecessor was interested, and said he would be always bold to speak in defence of Scriptural education, which he believed to be essential to the very existence of Protestantism. The Earl of Bandon, who was present, concurred in what his brother had said on this subject. He felt that the laity were part of the Church, and that their essential duty is missionary work, and that not confined to their own communion. It should never cease, his Lordship said, so long as there was a Catholic unconverted to the truth.

The diocese of Tuam has been ruled for a long time by members of the leading aristocratic families in the country. In 1822 the Hon. Joseph Deane Burke became Archbishop of Tuam, and afterwards succeeded his elder brother the Earl of Mayo. In 1794 the Hon. William Daresford was translated to this see from Ossory, as Lord Mayo has been from Ferm, and was in 1812 created Baron Decies. The Hon. William de la Poer Trench, brother of Lord Clan carthy, was translated from Elphin to Tuam in 1819, and he ruled the diocese till 1839, when he was succeeded by the Hon. Thomas Plunket, who inherited the title of his father, Baron Plunket, formerly Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and now the son of another peer has succeeded to this truly aristocratic mitre. The net income of the see is 4,058l., with the patronage of 95 livings. The prelate rules over three dioceses—Tuam, Killybegs, and Achonry, which include the counties of Galway, Mayo, and Sligo, and a por-

tion of Roscommon—nearly the whole of the province of Connaught. The net income of the clergy is 17,409l. The total Church population in Tuam is 9,000 in Killybegs, 4,724, in Achonry 3,302. The total Catholic population in these three dioceses respectively is—Tuam, 302,367; Killybegs, 81,337; Achonry, 105,200. It must be confessed, on comparing these numbers, that Bishop Bernard has heavy missionary work before him if it is not to cease till the last Catholic is converted. It is a remarkable fact that not only Bishop Plunket, but the last of the Archbishops, Dr. Trench, was full of this missionary spirit, and firmly believed that every soul in the diocese was committed to his spiritual oversight.—Times Cor.

GREAT BRITAIN.

During the last four months Archbishop Manning has, through the instrumentality of the Confraternity of St. Peter, transmitted to £2,200 to Rome.

CONVERSIONS.—Our informant on the subject of conversions during the past year, has—no doubt unintentionally—led us into the commission of a very great error. We stated the week before last that the number of Protestants that had been received into the Church within the last twelve months, within the limits of the Diocese of Westminster, amounted to three hundred and sixty-seven; but we must now correct this statement. Upon the best possible authority we can now say that in only three of the London churches—Farm street, the Oratory, and Baywater—there were upwards of four hundred admissions, and that the total number throughout the diocese during the past year was very close upon one thousand; next week we hope to give the exact figures.—Weekly Register.

Sir Robert Peel has been addressing his neighbors in Tamworth on 'The Church' as by law established, and the best means, of making it useful to the people.

The season continues so wet in England that although the city of Liverpool is using forty millions gallons of water, more than usual per week, it has in its reservoir two thousand millions of gallons more than at the corresponding period of last year.

At last accounts there were 140,000 tons of shipping lying idle in the Mersey docks; and in consequence there was much destitution and suffering among those classes which depend for employment on activity in the shipping trade.

Two thousand flannel weavers have been on strike since the beginning of January at Milnrow, Rochdale, England. Efforts to compromise the matter had up to the end of January failed, and the manufacturers generally were at that time about to go on the strike also, closing all the flannel mills in the district.

THE FLOODS.—It is 20 years since any approach to the scene of desolation now reigning in the Yorkshire valleys has been witnessed; the sudden thaw has caused such an inundation as exceeds even the disastrous flood of 1861.

Cholera has suddenly reappeared in a very malignant form in the North. The villages of Oxbow, Killybegs, and Torrington Hill, in the neighborhood of the city of Durham, have been in a somewhat unhealthy condition of late, and last week cholera appeared in a malignant form at Corhoe. On Saturday last 23 persons were attacked by the disease, and several have since succumbed to it. Every precaution has been adopted to stop the ravages of the disease, but it is likely to spread. As has been the case with all recent outbreaks of cholera in the North, impure water is blamed as the cause.

The distress still continues among the operatives in East London. Of a population of 23,000, at least 15,000 are laboring people ordinarily in the receipt of daily wages, and hundreds are represented as standing idle about the entrances to the docks from day to day waiting for employment. The Local Relief Committee are spending about £100 a day in sustaining the starving people.

An important decision was given lately in the English Court of Exchequer affecting the liability of public bodies for the results of negligence on the part of their servants. The vestry of Barmsey were making a sewer in Blue Anchor road, when a Mr. Juniper stumbled in the dark over a heap of dirt left by the workmen, which caused his death. Mrs. Juniper then brought an action, and obtained a verdict, with 287s damages, which the vestry appealed against, and now moved for a rule to set aside. In giving judgment the Lord Chief Baron said that recent decisions had finally settled the principles of the law as applicable to cases of this nature; and it was now authoritatively decided that the members of a public body created for public purposes, although having only public duties to perform, receiving no salaries, and having no funds out of which to pay damages, were liable for the damages caused by the negligent performance of their duties. The rule was refused, and the verdict therefore stands.

WANTED A JOUURNYMAN.—The Vicar of Mitcham has advertised for a Scripture-reader, who must be a 'consistent Christian man, who is accustomed to deal with scepticism and nothingarianism.'

The Pall Mall Gazette is informed that the protest of the London clergy against ritualistic practices is now complete. It has received 423 signatures, and its promoters state that the incumbents and curates in charge of parishes who have signed have the care of more than 1,101,600 souls, according to the census of 1861. By the same census the whole population of the diocese was 2,570,073.

The Rev. John Purchas, incumbent of St. James's Chapel, Brighton, who discontinued the use of the eucharistic vestments a few months ago, has, since the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul (the 25th March) resumed them, together with the burning of incense, apart from 'the censuring of persons and things' and other observances, so as to bring the services of his chapel as far as possible into harmony with the present 'Use' of St. Alban's, Holborn.—'I have done this,' writes the reverend gentleman to a friend, 'as I not only feel it a duty to run all risks for the sake of a great principle, but because I am disgusted at the unworthy use made of my charitable concessions in oppressing other Ritual churches in this diocese.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The 'Great Eastern' is to leave England on the 20th of March for New York. The intermediate shaft of paddle engines has been condemned, and Messrs. G. Forrester & Co. are to put in a new one, which is being forged by the 'Mersey Steel and Iron Company,' and is to be finished by the 12th of Feb. Six new screw engine boilers are also being supplied. The 'big ship' when she again leaves the Mersey will have accommodation for no less than 2,800 passengers. She is to run between New York and Havre during the Summer in connection with the Paris Exhibition.

MR. BRIGHT ON THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Take the case of the Church one does not like to say much against the Church, because the Church always says that she is in danger, and I would not add to her fears; but the Church just now reminds me very much of that old woman of whom the doctor asked what was the matter with her, and she said that she did not know, but she felt very badly in her inside. (Laughter.) I am not referring to any assaults upon the Church from the outside; but I see every day in the newspapers accounts of the fearful conflicts waging within the borders of the Church itself; and when anything comes to a crisis it goes to a court of law, to the Committee of the Privy Council, or somewhere else, and a number of Judges with wigs on decide what is or what is not orthodox in the Church of England. But if any churchman gives himself the trouble to read what I am saying, I beg to remind him that nothing is so perilous for an Established Church as religious zeal, and I should not be surprised if some within this building who are listening to me will witness a tremendous catastrophe in that venerable institution—the Established Church of England.

THE REFORM LEAGUE AND THE LAW.—The effect tumultuous petitions upon the changes which place under Charles I. was acknowledged, after Restoration, by the statute of Charles II., which was framed avowedly to repress them for the future—a statute the language of which is wise, though the policy of its framers may have been servile. The Act of Parliament which the League propose at present to set on foot was passed in the thirteenth year of that monarch, and some of its provisions are operative at this moment, though more than once attempts have been made to impugn their validity. By way of securing the independence of the Crown and the Parliament, it expressly limited the right, claimed up to that period by the country at large, to threaten the Legislature at pleasure. It forbade the procuring of more than twenty signatures to petitions to the King, or either House of Parliament, for 'the alteration of matters established by law in Church or State, unless with the consent of a quorum of justices of the peace, or the majority of a grand jury. It also enacted—and this is the most essential part of it—that no persons should repair either to his Majesty or to either House of Parliament, on the pretence of presenting such petitions, with an excessive number of people, or with above the number of ten persons at a time. It is the fashion to urge that this enactment has been repealed by the Bill of Rights, which was one of the first fruits of the accession of the Prince of Orange. No proposition could be more unsound. If the Bill of Rights is examined, it will be found to contain no single word which invalidates the statute of Charles II. so far as petitions to Parliament are concerned.

The Glowworm says that 'in these days of universal suspicion, when even we are accused of being under the special patronage of the Pope—to say nothing of the College of Cardinals, the Brompton Oratory, and Mr. Wisley—one cannot be too careful. And yet a couple of lines in Dr. Daubigny's letter to the Times of to-day seems a little too "alarming" for the Year of Grace, 1867. Says the learned author of the "History of the Reformation in Europe":—"The Papal aggression was not so dangerous as are the covert but persevering efforts of the Jesuits, working, as they do in England, with the help of Continental Romanists." Now, any one can see the London Jesuits at about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, at Farm-street Chapel, where most of the Roman Catholic "fashionables" do congregate; and those who have the curiosity to seek them there will find about a dozen quite old gentlemen, as prosy as they are eminently "respectable." And yet, these are they who are suspected of dressing up as butcher boys, walking about with dark lanterns, and behaving generally as if they were rehearsing the parts of "Second Villains" for forthcoming melodramas at the Surrey Theatre! Still, as we cannot be too cautious, perhaps Mr. May, the costumer, and Mr. Clarkson, the theatrical perruquier, will kindly throw some light upon the subject. In conclusion, if Dr. Daubigny's suspicions are well founded, "A Jesuit 'making up' as a charwoman in the nineteenth century' would form an excellent subject for a historical cartoon.'

WHY DO ANY PROTESTANTS GO TO CHURCH.—The really interesting thing would be to know, not why working men do not go to church, but why so many gentlemen do go there. If you could walk into one of the churches in Tyburn some Sunday morning, impound all or any considerable part of the well-dressed males between thirty and sixty years to be found there, and extract from them, by home questions which must be supposed to be honestly answered, their real reasons for coming to church, some very curious results would probably be obtained. A large proportion would no doubt answer that they came simply from the force of habit—not a few would be obliged to admit that they did it to please their wives. This would be considerably qualified in others by an impression that it was a necessary part of the education of their children, and almost every one would be more or less influenced by the consideration of the general respectability of the institution and the propriety of supporting it on the ground of its respectability and social utility. So strong is this motive thatquires who, when they are in London, never by any accident see the inside of a church, will constantly go in the most regular manner, at least to morning services, in the country by way, as they say, of setting an example. It may not be good or required for themselves, but they have an impression that it is good for their inferiors. It must also be observed that to abstain altogether from going to church would be rather a marked and singular thing in a gentleman, and there is nothing on which people so much hate to be singular as matters of that kind. It would be unjust to represent these motives as the only ones which take the gentry of London and other great cities to church though we have no doubt that if they were all to cease to operate at once congregations would be strangely thinned. Most men probably have a sufficient degree of true religious feeling to like to join periodically in some form of religious worship, and the strength of the Church of England, regarded as a religious body, no doubt lies in the fact that its liturgy is singularly well suited as a whole to the tastes of educated men.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE INCREASE OF INFANTICIDE.—The Home Secretary received a deputation yesterday to suggest the necessity of some legislation by which the crime of infanticide might be lessened. Mr. Walpole stated in reply that a bill would be brought in next session dealing with capital punishment, and he could promise no legislation beyond that without much more consideration.

REAPPEARANCE OF THE CATTLE PLAGUE.—The British Medical Journal states that the cattle plague has reappeared in the very same cowshed in Islington in which it first manifested itself on the former outbreak, and it is unfortunately spreading with increased vehemence throughout Holland.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—The Princess Alexandra has been confined and safely delivered of a girl.

UNITED STATES.

Concerning Bartram and his Congressional aspirations, a Connecticut paper says that 'sewing a monkey's head and a fish's tail together, to make a mermaid, is a performance well calculated to make a man notorious, but it affords no evidence of statesmanship.'

A NEW YORK JUDGE.—On Wednesday, when Superintendent Kennedy, of New York, was brought before Judge Downing at the Tombs Police Court to answer to a complaint of libel preferred against him by Judge Michael Connolly, it was suggested that the defendant should give his personal recognizance for appearance for trial. Connolly objected, and the following scene occurred:—

'If a mere creature,' Judge Connolly said, 'an appointee of a board, could override the majesty of the people and insult and malign an officer elected by their suffrage; and if that miserable creature could with impunity assume and exercise authority and powers in this city of New York, which would not be permitted in Russia, or in the most despotic country on the face of the earth—'

Here Mr. Kennedy became excited and interrupted Judge Connolly.

Mr. Connolly replied—This shows the impertinence—the positive impertinence of the man.

Mr. Kennedy—Close your big mouth.

Mr. Connolly—I knew you thirty years ago—you cheated your—

Mr. Kennedy (standing up, very much excited)—And I knew you, too, when you sold rum at two cents a glass.

Mr. Connolly—And you drank it without paying for it. Go and pay your sister-in-law and her orphan what you owe them.

Here the Court called them to order.

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY. No. 696, Craig Street, by J. GILLIES. G. E. OLBERG, Editor.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE: To all country subscribers, Two Dollars. If the subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year then, a case the paper be continued, the terms shall be Two Dollars and a-half.

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, MARCH 1.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR. MARCH - 1867.

Friday, 1—Of the Feria. Saturday, 2—Of the Imm. Conception. Sunday, 3—Quinquagesima. Monday, 4—St. Casimir, Conf. Tuesday, 5—Of the Feria. Wednesday, 6—ASH WEDNESDAY. Thursday, 7—St. Thomas d'Aquinas.

OFFICE OF THE

ROMAN LOAN.

At the Banking House of Duncan, Sherman & Co., 11 NASSAU STREET, CORNER OF PINE. New York, January 30th, 1867.

ALFRED LAROCQUE, Esq., Agent of the Roman Loan, Montreal, Canada.

Dear Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that I have received instructions to keep this Loan open, until the same is absorbed, as it is expected in Rome that the late direct appeal of the Holy Father to the Clergy will produce this result before the First of April.

Very respectfully, Your obedient servant, ROBERT MURPHY, General Agent for the United States, British Provinces and South America. Bonds of 500 francs are sold for \$66 00 Do 125 do do 16 50

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We are still without any well authenticated facts as to the cause, nature and extent of the riots in Ireland, which were last week announced by Atlantic Cable as a Fenian outbreak; and we are hence led to the conclusion that the whole affair has been grossly exaggerated, and that the riots were of a very trifling character indeed.

We may hope that as the riots have been suppressed without the least difficulty, without loss of life, or any serious injury to property, the Government will not find itself obliged to have recourse to any extreme punishments upon the captured rioters. The period for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act has in consequence of this unfortunate business, been prolonged, and the authorities have announced their determination to deal with all aliens engaged in acts of hostility against the Queen, as with pirates.

The news of these riots in Ireland, paltry as they seem to have been from the meagre accounts as yet transmitted to us, caused much excitement amongst the Yankee Fenians, who looked upon them as the commencement of the long threatened uprising of the Irish against the British Government. Another raid upon Canada is also menaced before summer sets in.

The Northern section of Congress now sitting at Washington has passed a law placing the Southern States permanently under martial law; dividing them, as England in the days of Cromwell was divided, into military districts to be governed by Brigadier Generals; giving to the latter, authority to supersede the civil by military tribunals, and declaring null all interference of the old constitutional and legitimate State authorities with the military-despotism thereby set up.

This arbitrary decree is to remain in force until the people of the Southern States, meekly placing their necks beneath the feet of their conquerors and oppressors, shall agree to accept the new form of constitution which the Northerners wish to enforce upon them. Till then, they are to be governed by prefects and sous-prefets appointed at Washington.

Well! England has been guilty of some very harsh and wicked acts as towards Ireland; but, thank God! never has she so grossly violated justice, and liberty, even with regard to Ireland, as has this so called Congress; even at its worst the Government of England has been mild and equitable in comparison with this military-despotism which, in direct violation of, and rebellion against, the sovereign Constitution of the United States, a tyrant majority has created. It is now proposed to establish a pure despotism over the

Southern States, by right of conquest: for in this, after all, alone consists the right of a Northern majority to enforce its will upon the Southern majority; and by the same right exactly, did Cromwell impose upon unhappy Ireland the laws of the sword, expressed in the significant formula,—“Hell, or Connaught.” So also does Russia proceed with the reconstruction of conquered Poland.

For the present the Southerners must bear this tyranny in patience, putting their trust in the avenger time. It cannot last for ever, for evil is only for a season, and either a reaction will set in, or the occasion will present itself for the South to vindicate its liberties, and to throw off the yoke of its oppressors. “England’s difficulty,” says the hackneyed proverb, “is Ireland’s opportunity;” and as the relative positions of the Northern and Southern States is to-day as were those of England and Ireland in the days of Cromwell, we may easily conceive that the gallant Southerners will await eagerly for the “North’s difficulty,” and that they will not be slack to seize and put to profit that favorable opportunity when it does present itself, as present itself some day it surely will. On their side are law and justice, the Constitution and the fundamental principles evoked by the people of the thirteen Colonies when they rose in revolt against England; and though for a season the voice of law and right be stifled, the day will come when they shall again be heard.

We learn by telegraph that Mr. D’Israeli has laid before the House of Commons certain Resolutions with reference to a Reform in the representation. The precise nature of these Resolutions we know not, but from Mr. Bright’s attitude towards them, we infer that they fall far short of the views of the extreme radical party. The Irish policy of the Derby Cabinet has not yet been developed.

We understand that the Bill for the Union of the British North American Provinces has been rapidly carried through the three readings in the House of Lords. In all probability it will meet with the same fate in the House of Commons; for in England public sentiment is very strong in favor of a measure which is looked upon as preliminary to the severance of a political connection not profitable, and often very dangerous to the people of Great Britain. Some changes in the Quebec scheme have been made, at the request apparently of the Colonial delegates themselves, since we may well believe that in the Imperial Legislature the only feeling towards these Provinces is, a desire to get rid of them altogether, as honorably and as speedily as possible. They profit Great Britain neither materially nor morally. On the contrary, they weaken her military resources in that they absorb a large portion of her small army; and from their exposure to attacks, and their long open frontier, they invite their neighbor to assume an attitude towards Great Britain, which that Power would not for one moment tolerate, were it not for its existing relations with Canada. Whatever may be true of Colonies in general, it is not true that distant Colonies, constantly exposed to attack from an unscrupulous and powerful neighbor, as are these Provinces—are a source of profit to the mother country, or a source of strength, either moral or material, to the nation that owns them.

Had the British Government really desired to preserve its North American Provinces, it would during the late war betwixt the Northern and Southern States, have recognized, conjointly with France, the independence of the latter. In refusing to do so, in spite of the reiterated demands of France, it virtually abandoned all its North American possessions, or at all events made that abandonment inevitable. The policy adopted during the war may have been wise and just; but that it was a policy incompatible with the perpetuation of British rule on this Continent, no one but an addle-pated fool could have failed to perceive. The most short-sighted of politicians must have seen from the first, that the political independence of Canada was inseparably bound up with the political independence of the Confederate States.

But it is too late now to talk of what might, or of what should have been done; and all that now remains for Great Britain, is to get rid of her N. American Provinces as speedily, and with as little loss of moral prestige, as possible. The so-called “Confederation” of those Provinces presents the means for accomplishing this: and it is therefore eagerly grasped at by men of all parties. Confederation in their eyes, means the withdrawal of some 20,000 troops from the Provinces, and their concentration in England for the defence of the Empire; it means the adoption of a bolder attitude, and one more consistent with British antecedents, towards the United States; it means in a word, the rectification of the Imperial frontiers, which are nowhere so weak, and at the same time so menaced, as they are in North America. In fact here lies the one vulnerable point of the Empire; and as every cock can crow on its own dunghill, and as no nation can carry on a defensive war 4,000 miles from its base, with another and equally powerful na-

tion, fighting almost on its own soil, it is not to be wondered at that the Yankee cock crows lustily, and that the British fowl shows, almost the white feather. If the relative positions of the two countries were reversed; if, in case of war, the United States had to fight the fleets of Great Britain in the Channel, and to give battle on the plains of Kent, the latter would have cause to crow, and the former would not be so ready to provoke a contest.

The Consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Lafèche, at Three Rivers, took place on Monday last.

PERSONAL.—Mgr. Desautels, accompanied by the Rev. Grand Vicar Truteau, and the Rev. Mr. Hicks, Chanoine of the Cathedral of Montreal, will set out on the 6th inst. on the way to the Holy City.

DECADENCE.—It is now nigh two thousand years ago since the Roman satirist pointed out as one of the symptoms of the approaching decadence of the Imperial race, the sterility of their marriage unions. This phenomenon was peculiar to the rich, and to that class of society which had hitherto deemed itself the governing class; but from whose hands, as the keen eyed satirist could plainly discern—the sceptre was soon destined to be snatched by the more virtuous, by the less corrupt, and therefore more vigorous and prolific class on whom the toga-wearing lords of the earth, looked down with scorn as an inferior race—ahens, fitted only to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for their “native” masters:—

“Sed jacet aurato vix ulla puerpera lecto; Tantum artes hujus, tantum medicamina possunt Qæ steriles facit, atque homines in ventre no candos Conducit.” . . . Juu. Sat. vi.

The phenomenon, and its causes—the artes and the medicamina, as much practised, and as popular in Rome of the first century, as in New York, and Boston of the nineteenth, are here all brought before us in strong and hideous relief. Is it not strange, to see how history repeats itself? how phenomena reproduce themselves? how closely the moral condition of so-called Christian communities which have thrown off the restraints of the Church, resembles that of the heathen to whom the Gospel had never been preached?—Even the modern doctrine—rather practice—of “miscegenation,” seems not to have been unknown to the so-called matrons of Rome in the days of Juvenal:—

“Nam si distendere vellet pueris salientibus esset Ethiopeis fortasse pater.”—Id.

From this similarity of phenomena, from this moral identity of modern non-Catholic communities and of heathen Rome, may we not also conclude to a similarity of destiny? to the approaching physical, as well as to the actual moral decadence of the first—just as the Roman satirist foresaw from the general dissolution of manners, the inevitable break up of society? May we not at least conjecture that this morally corrupt race will be pushed from its seat of empire by one more vigorous, and of purer morals; that in short the descendants of the Catholic Celts, if they remain true to their ancestral faith, to their father’s creed, and the purity of their mothers—are destined ere long to take the place of the descendants of English Puritans, and to rule as masters there where hitherto they have been to often despised as drudges, and treated as slaves? We think so.

In the hour of her material greatness, when her star of Empire had just culminated, when the whole known world stood hushed in the presence of Cæsar, when not a whisper, not a breath was to be heard, disturbing the tremendous majesty of the Roman peace—then did this sterility of the nuptial couch, reveal to the world the hideous, hopeless moral corruption of the world’s masters: from whence the moralist could easily conclude to the inevitable national decadence of Rome; and the coming vengeance of an outraged God. The same phenomenon, the sterility of the nuptial couch amongst the rich—aurato lecto—repeats itself in the New England States of to-day: we see the same agencies at work in Massachusetts as those which were adopted in Rome to frustrate the laws of God: and we may therefore reasonably anticipate for the long dominant class in the former, the same fate as that which befell the people of latter.

An esteemed correspondent writes to us upon this subject, and furnishes us with some of the vital statistics of Massachusetts, which show how deep seated, and of how long standing is the disease:—

The Annual Report of Births, Marriages and Deaths in Massachusetts for 1856, by Order of the Legislature. Total number of marriages 12,265; 64 less than in 1855. Of these 6,818 were of American Birth, 4,322 Foreign, 982 Mixed American & Foreign. Total number of Births were 34,445; of this number only 15,908 were American, or less than one half.

These facts excite, naturally, lively apprehensions in the minds of intelligent New Englanders,

who know not where to seek a remedy for the child-destroying practices of their fellow-countrymen, and fellow-countrywomen. On a late occasion Dr. Nathan, of Lowell, delivered a public address on the subject, of which the burden was, that the native population, the Protestant New Englanders, would soon be displaced by Irish Papists and their descendants. In support of this proposition he adduced the following facts:—

“In 1830 there were scarcely any foreign families to be found in this vicinity, but now they compose about one-third of our population. From a careful examination it is found that the increase of population is made up almost wholly of foreigners. In fact, in several of the towns in this neighborhood, there has been actually a decrease in the American portion of their inhabitants. I find that in many of these towns the number of deaths with the American portion, for many years, exceed the births. If we include the foreign element it is not so. Their families have two or three times as many children as the number of American families. The records in Lowell show that for some time among the American population there has been every year more deaths than births by about one hundred. In the town of Dunstable, made up almost wholly of American families, the record for five years shows more deaths than births, and within twenty-five years the population has been reduced by over 150 persons. On the other side of us in the town of Wilmington, made up mostly of American families, there have also been more deaths than births, and this town reports less inhabitants now than it had fifteen years ago.

“It is about two hundred years since the settlement of these towns, and their history will include some six generations. Now, from actual examination, it is found that the families composing the first generation had, on an average, between eight and ten children; the next three generations average about seven to each family; the fifth generation about four and a half, and the sixth generation less than three for each family. The generation now coming is not doing so well as that. What a change as to the size of the family now and in those older times! Then large families were common—now it is the exception; then it was rare to find married persons having only one, two, and three children, now it is very common! Then it was regarded as a calamity for a married couple to have no children, but now we find such calamities on every side of us—in fact, they are fashionable!

“From a census of the State taken in 1765—just one hundred years ago—I find that almost one-half of the population in these towns was under 15 years of age, but now there is not one-fifth of the American population made up from this class. Once the schools in these towns did not lack for good material, but now in some of the districts composed wholly of American families, you can scarcely find children enough to make a respectable school in point of numbers. If this diminution of children is to continue, what is to be the result? If there shall continue to be every year more deaths than births—if the families now upon the stage average less than three children each, and these in each successive generation have on an average a less and less number—if only about three-fifths of those born ever live to reach adult life, to say nothing about the decrease in the number of marriages—is it not pretty evident that the Yankee race is destined to run out? Beside, this diminution is hereafter to take place far more rapidly than it has in past years. When the natural increase falls every year more and more to make good the original producing stock, thereby cutting off continually the supplies, the population will diminish faster than ever.

“As a further proof of the declension of the native, and the increase of the foreign population, the fact is cited that in 1850 there were 35,445 births in the State, of which more than half were foreign; that is 260,000 foreigners produced more children than nearly a million Yankees. In 1854 there were 6,000 more deaths than births among the Americans in the State.

Coming down to 1855 we find the foreign race increasing at a still greater ratio, as may be seen from the annexed paragraph, which we clip from an article in the Pittsburg Catholic, entitled the Babies of Boston:—

Out of 5,275 children, the entire number born in 1855, only 1,306, or 24.75 per cent, had parents who were both natives of the United States. Both parents of 3,255 children, or 61.70 per cent, were foreign born; and the whole number of instances where one or both parents were foreign born, were 3,941, or 74.71 per cent, while the births of children of Irish parents made 48.35 per cent over the ratio of 1854.

This exhibits an extraordinary state of affairs—almost two-thirds of the entire number of children born in one year from foreign born parents, and nearly one-half the entire number descendants from Irish emigrants. We are not told how many of those Boston parents who had children last year were Catholics, but taking the above figures as a guide, and bearing in mind that the Irish in this country generally belong to our religion, while a fair proportion of all foreigners profess the same faith, we may reasonably conclude that out of the whole number of children who were added to the population of Boston in 1855, at least one half were baptized in the Catholic Church.

There is not a medical man in the New England States but what knows that his services are at least as much in request to destroy life, as to preserve life; there is scarce a Protestant newspaper published that does not show from its advertisements, how extensive, and how lucrative is the practice of child murder in North America. The same fact is proclaimed by the above published statistics; and as its cause lies exclusively in the moral order, and as there is no prospect of any moral reformation amongst that class of New England’s population which is remarkable for the sterility of its marriage unions, we may, we say, safely conclude that it is doomed to extinction, and that it will be replaced by a more moral, and therefore more prolific race. In the Old World the Puritans drove the Irish Papists before them with the sword; in the New the latter are avenged, and their higher morality will ensure to them a more glorious and a more permanent victory.

TURNED UP AT LAST.—Gavazzi, whose mysterious disappearance was noticed some weeks ago in the English papers, and attributed by some to the plots of the Jesuits, by others to the attractions of a certain class of houses well-known to the police, has turned up in Venice, where he is about to lecture. The cause of, and the place of his retreat are not known; we suspect the man has, as the saying is, “been on the spree, or burst.”

Remittances in our next.

Mr. Editor.—Will you please allow me to say a few words respecting the strange antics that Protestantism has lately been playing—whether for edification or destruction, I know not; but just take a case in point.

At the ranting absurdity called the “Consecration of the Lord Bishop of Niagara,” that episcopal myth advances and swears:—

“I, Andrew Norman Bethune, do swear that I do from my heart abhor, detest and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position, that Princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope, or any authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever. And I do declare—(Mr. Bethune declares)—that no foreign Prince, person, state or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, superiority, pre-eminence or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm. So help me (Mr. Bethune) God!

Classical lore tells us of a class of gentlemenyclept stoics, who considered laughing beneath their philosophy; but it was well—for this observance of such a theory, that they did not live in our days. Artemus Ward himself would have utterly failed perhaps; but the above oath would have thrown them into convulsions. “No Prince or person should be murdered,” groans the ministerial chrysalis, and forthwith the Right, no Wreng Reverend Box and Coxe, &c., fashion their visages to a most orthodox length, and sigh—Amen. But mark! Mr. Bethune further adds,—“and, moreover, I declare to God I don’t believe the Pope has any right to murder any body in this Realm.” On ‘with the lawn and apron after that;—if that’s not a sufficient proof of orthodoxy I don’t know what is. Now, Mr. Bethune, by the grace of Harry and Bess and the favor of Parliamentary Act, bishop of Niagara—“what a mighty fall is there, my brothers” (Shakespeare)—allow me to ask you a plain question. If His Holiness the Pope has no right to murder in this realm, who has?—Surely a proposition universally acknowledged needs not the support of an oath. If you, Mr. Bethune, were to take an oath that the sun shines at twelve o’clock, noon, would not your friends gravely suspect that there was a screw loose somewhere? And if it were necessary to swear solemnly to the fact, would not common sense infer from such a proceeding that I may hold, at least, doubts on the subject! Come, now, Wrong Rev. Sir, who has a right to murder in their realms?

The right to murder! Well, well, Mormonism and spirit-rapping are nothing to that!

But now, sir, see the contradictions of your position. Mr. Archdeacon Patton has just been striving,—with diverse convulsive strugglings and much sweating,—to show that you and he and the rest of the elect have adhered, like a muscle to a ship’s bottom, to the doctrine and fellowship of the Apostles. After talking a good deal of what profanity might term—nonsense, he,—the Archdeacon—lifts up his hands and cries out with a lachrymose bow, “This day cuts off our connection with the (step-) Mother Church.—This day severs the bands of Church and State. This day, dawns upon a colonial Church drifting, say drifted, away from the immense traditions of those honored years.” Now, let me ask the Wrong Rev. gentleman, how, in the name of common sense, an oath, referring strictly to England (see acts of Elizabeth passim) could be conscientiously taken in a colony which, according to the preacher’s testimony, has ceased all spiritual connection with the Mother Country? “Oh, but it was merely to acknowledge the Queen’s supremacy! The Queen’s supremacy! What is supremacy? Is it not jurisdiction of some sort? But the Queen surrenders her supremacy over the colonial conventicles, yet, in spite of this patent fact, Mr. Bethune swears more disgracefully than the army in Flanders, to prove his disbelief in her Majesty’s rejection of spiritual control. Ah, Wrong Rev. Sir, the Holy Ghost never inspires such foolish contradictions,—the fiery tongues of Pentecost speak a different language.

The Spartans sometimes made a slave drunk that the children of freemen, seeing the condition of the wretch, might be deterred from falling into a like excess. One would think that the Old Spartan that prompted such a means, must have had something to do with Mr. Bethune’s oath, for, if any one thing more than another could make a system ridiculous and contemptible, surely this must be it.

Listen again! The presiding bishop asks Mr. Bethune:—

“Are you ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God’s word, &c.”

Certainly he is, and anything else required. But oh! bishop of the Reformation gospel, have you ever read the following:—

“Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.”

Then he is warned, amongst other things, to be faithful in laying hands on people.

Oh, Reformation bishop, there is a being, who, was chained for a thousand years, and he, too, can lay hands on certain persons—liars, calumniators and perjurers!”

Is it not enough to make any honest man grieve to see, in this advanced age, individuals, otherwise mayhap estimable, adhering to a system which makes folly necessary and bad faith a virtue? No doubt the rare holiness and integrity that presided at the birth of Protestantism may have blinded these wandering lights of our days. This renders them more excusable, but, after all, history is there for them if they wish to open its pages. Study the question impartially, Mr. Bethune, then blush at the blasphemous wickedness of your oath.

There is another feature in this beautiful exhibition of calumnious bigotry, which, like a mingled sensation of pity and laughter, Mr. Bethune so helps him &c., or “aelps him” as Mr. Dickens would say, “that no foreign person hath any jurisdiction &c., within this Realm.” Yet, in

the face of this, His Holiness the Pope has jurisdiction, and surely He is not an Englishman! Oh, but, that's merely a tolerated jurisdiction, say you; Parliamentary Acts may fix the spiritual boundary lines of a human system; it cannot affect a supernatural order in which the Pope's jurisdiction lies. To talk, therefore, of a number of Country squires, farmers or lawyers, not to speak of the gentlemen with handles to their names, legislating on the subject is simply absurd. Besides a large number of the Protestant clergy—in fact, if it were put to the test—the majority of them—acknowledge the Pope's supremacy and, therefore, his jurisdiction. Witness, for instance, the address from one hundred and thirty ministers lately sent to Rome. The number is not so important as the indication it furnishes us of the state of feeling amongst Churchmen in England. With these facts before him, is it too much to hold that Mr. Bethune was, to say the least, very rash in subscribing to an oath which had its origin in party hatred and a system of legislation which sought, by such a means, to protect itself from any earthly accountability for its robbery of monasteries, &c., &c.

And now let me ask you, sir, one question more. When you sang the *Veni Creator Spiritus*—(a hymn, which you, of course, know, was composed by a strong believer in the Pope's supremacy)—when you sang this hymn, I repeat, did you feel no qualms of conscience in daring to mention the adorable name of the Holy of Holies in the same breath with an oath terrible in its blasphemy and full of all uncharitableness? Did you really imagine that the tongue that belied the Vicar of Jesus Christ and through Him, the Holy Spirit, could call down a blessing upon you? No, no! the heavens are as a wall of brass to such a petition. "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church." The God of mercy and sweetness and charity and truth said that; and neither Alexander Neil of Niagara nor the roar of the waters His Hand fashioned, can affect that divine commission.—Stand up before that assembly, Alexander Neil, take the perverted Book in your hand, swear a solemn oath in the sight of the Holy Ghost—but remember, sir, that Ananias and Sapphira fell dead at the feet of Peter! And, remember, too, that the Hand that struck them down is neither shortened nor weakened. "Arise, Oh Lord, and let Thy enemies be scattered: let those that hate Thee, flee from before Thy face!"

Of course, when we come to meditate on the matter, the legislation that framed such an oath was wise in its generation. It was a state necessity; and every body knows and must admit that right and justice and eternal law ought to go by the board in such a contingency. And the state necessity that made Mr. Bethune's oath—that immortal (without any admixture of "P") Rosinante upon whose skeleton ribs so many persons have catered into fat births on this earth and, perhaps, warm ones in another region—that state necessity, I say, was this:—

1st. Harry coveted a strange woman, his lawful wife being alive, and the Pope would not let him.
2nd. Harry's extravagance and a pious desire to give Englishmen a taste of the blessings of work-houses made him covet the Church property. To this, the unjust and inhuman Pontiff objected.
3rd. Elizabeth coveted the English crown with a conscientious conviction that illegitimacy would add vastly to its lustre.

This was the state necessity, and certainly that man must be very unwise, nay rash, who would dare question it. But, for all this, I imagine, it must be a very uncomfortable sort of oath. It is a kind of Reformation Magna Charta, yet, very different from the old document which the Papist Langton gave Englishmen. Its letter should be always printed in blood, for there are terrible associations connected with it. Tyburn and its hangings, drawings, quarterings, howlings, boillings, &c., &c., overshadows that oath. The greatest, most illustrious and most virtuous names in English history loom up about the oath and point their bloody and mutilated fingers at the monster with thrilling significance. We see the oath beheading England's greatest Chancellor, More; murdering the sainted Fisher; strangling, cutting and burning the life out of the great Campion; slaughtering thousands and thousands of the holiest and purest of Englishmen—men for whose honored heads, Cato, pagan though he was, would have voted a crown, yet for whom the oath had but a—gallows; hundreds like him see it, still it remains if not a necessity of state, at least a *rubric* of their so-called ordination. Any one who has read Poe's lyrics will remember the weird fancy, of his heart nevermore going out from the shadow the raven made upon the floor. Surely the oath's shadow should cloud forever the heart and mind of him who dares pollute the pure air of heaven with its devilish echoes. The "Raven" came from the "dark Plutonian shore." Perhaps the same bird of ill-omen brought the oath to the upper world. It smells horribly of the Styx.

I have a proposition to enunciate: That religion for the maintenance of which a lie is necessary, cannot be inspired by the Holy Ghost.
Now the oath, a notorious lie, is necessary for the maintenance of a bishop in the state of orthodox Protestantism, otherwise it would not be considered incumbent on the "well-beloved" to take it. And as the last appeal of Anglicanism is to the majority of bishops, and as all must take the oath, that religion may be justly considered as holding the oath necessary for its maintenance. The conclusion I leave to the shrewd wits of Mr. Bethune and his confreres.

J. M. J. G.

We are glad to learn that, at the last regular meeting of the Board of Notaries, held in this city, on the 14th ult., Mr. A. Brogan was duly admitted to practice the profession of Notary, after having undergone a creditable examination. We wish Mr. Brogan every success in his profession.

The case of the Indian girl at Caughnawaga, to which we alluded in our last, has been investigated, and a verdict of death from natural causes has been returned.

The Rev. M. Babin publishes in the Ottawa Times a very ill-advised letter, imploring the public at large—"not to allow themselves to be diverted by the storm of reviling that is now showering on me, from the more important work of discovering and punishing the perpetrators of the crime of which I was accused, but—thanks be to God—declared not guilty." Not declared guilty would be a more correct interpretation of the verdict to which the Rev. M. Babin refers, but to which there is no necessity for him to refer at all. He has the right to demand the full legal benefit of that verdict, in that he shall never again be put in peril of his life on the charge of having murdered his sister. This he may ask, but no more; he cannot expect that that verdict shall in any manner influence, favorably or unfavorably, the opinions of the public, upon his guilt or innocence.

But there is another charge—that of cruelty towards his young helpless sister—on which he has not been tried, on which no jury has pronounced any verdict, but on which a verdict strong and unanimous has been pronounced by the public. The Rev. M. Babin having been arraigned, and put upon his trial before the country on the charge of having murdered his sister, has "not been found guilty," of that particular offence, and has in consequence been discharged, now and for ever, from all legal pursuit on that point; and on this trial, this verdict and its consequences, we have no remark to offer, favorable or unfavorable.

On the other charge—that of gross cruelty to his sister—the Rev. M. Babin stands convicted by his own testimony: and if this testimony be false, if therein aught untrue have been insinuated, or aught true have been repressed, so that an unjust verdict has been recorded against him, he, and he alone, is to blame. He tells us himself that, of a dark night, in the middle of the road, he handed over his young sister to the tender mercies of a man of whom he either knew nothing, or knew everything that was bad; that no person of her own sex, no male relative accompanied the unhappy girl, to be a check upon the lust or brutality of the blackguard to whom in the dead of night, and without witnesses, he, a minister of the Gospel, gave absolute control over a young and helpless sister; that he did not even so much as know where, or to what kind of a house, the poor girl was to be taken; nothing of the people with whom she was thenceforward to associate. This is the story which the Rev. M. Babin put forward in his defence, or at all events, which he allowed others to put forward for him; and accepting that story as true—monstrous, incredible almost as it must appear, to every brother, to every man not lost to every sentiment of humanity and decency—the public came to the unanimous conclusion that it mattered little, morally, whether the brother who could so act towards a helpless sister, whether the man who could so outrage female modesty, did, or did not, throw the poor girl into the river with his own hands. This may be a harsh verdict; but it cannot be cancelled until the falsity of the Rev. M. Babin's own explanations be established, until his own version of the affair be proved to be a lie.

In his letter he asks us "to believe it to be only just possible that I may have told the exact truth in every word I have uttered respecting my sister." This is what we must call a suicidal request; for if because in default of any other hypothesis to account for the mysterious murder of Miss M. A. Babin, the people were to believe that the hideous story told by her brother might be true, they could not but bring in a verdict against him for cruelty. To vindicate himself in the eyes of the public, morally as well as legally, he must disprove his own story, and show, not that it may be true, but that it is, and must be, false.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.—The mails by Java correct the statements of the Atlantic telegraph respecting the cool reception given by the people to the Queen on her way down to the Houses. According to the telegrams she was badly received: but it appears that in reality she was well and enthusiastically received by her loyal subjects. We must be very careful how we credit the statements we receive by telegraph. These, instead of arriving to us direct, pass through a foreign country where they are manipulated and distorted. Indeed as a general rule, everything that the Atlantic Cable via New York brings us may be set down as a lie, if Great Britain or Ireland be therein mentioned.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.—To recommend these Ladies, or their work, to the Catholics of Montreal would be ridiculous: and the simple announcement of the fact—that an appeal is now made to the public to aid them to meet the pecuniary liabilities which in their zeal for the service of the poor they have contracted, will suffice to excite the sympathies of our Catholic fellow-citizens. For in extending a helping hand to the Sisters we are but helping ourselves, for we are all directly, or indirectly, profited by their labors. They succor our poor, mitigate the sufferings of the wretched, and in seasons of epidemic such as that with which we are menaced by the Cholera raging in England, they confer upon the entire community services which it is difficult to appreciate, impossible for us to remunerate.

THE NEW PLAN OF CONFEDERATION.—The Toronto Globe, says the Montreal Herald, has a telegram professing to give the particulars of the changes introduced into the draft of the Constitution framed at Quebec. They are as follows:—

The name of the Confederation is to be 'Canada'; Upper Canada to be changed to 'Ontario,' and Lower Canada to 'Quebec.' The other Provinces will retain their present names.

Larger grants from the Federal treasury are to be given to New Brunswick.

The Crown is to have the power to enlarge the number of legislative councillors to a limited extent when necessary to prevent a dead lock.

The control of the fisheries and penitentiaries will be transferred from the local to the general Government.

Any privileges granted to separate schools in Upper Canada are to be granted to separate schools in Lower Canada.

This is all very well in so far as it goes, for no one in Lower Canada will object to the granting to the Protestant minority all advantages in the matter of schools, that are granted to the Catholic minority of Upper Canada. There was no need in fact for such a stipulation—but let it stand. Here, however, is the form in which a guarantee for equal justice, should have been couched.

"Any privileges granted to Separate Schools in Lower Canada are to be granted to Separate Schools in Upper Canada."

What does the Globe say to this proposal? or would it prefer the abolition of all "State-Schoolism," and the adoption of the voluntary system for the School as well as for the Church?

WESTMINSTER REVIEW—January, 1867.—Dawson Bros., Montreal.—The contents are of the usual character, and marked by the ability, and intensely protesting tone that always characterize this periodical. The articles are on the following subjects:—1. The Battle of Sadova and Military Organisation. 2. The Ethics of Aristotle. 3. The Ladies Petition. 4. Winckelmann. 5. Irish University Education. 6. Edmund Spenser. 7. Social Reform in England. 8. Reform and Reformers—Contemporary Literature.

SADLIERS' CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC AND ORDO FOR 1867.—This is a very useful and neatly got up Directory, giving, as it does, full returns of the various Dioceses in the United States and British North America; with a list of the Archbishops, Bishops, and Priests in Ireland, alphabetically arranged. Price 75 cents. Sent by mail by the publishers, D. & J. Sadlier, Montreal, C. E.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as Agents for the TRUE WITNESS for the undermentioned localities:—

Mr. Timothy O'Sullivan for Ferguson's Falls and vicinity.
Mr. Jas. McCrae for Burnstown and vicinity.

CONCERT FOR ST. ANN'S BAND.—This Concert took place last night, the Mechanics Hall being crowded in every part.—The proceedings were opened by the Band playing St. Ann's March, composed by Signor Baricelli, who conducted the Band.

Mr. W. O. Farmer, Advocate, said he had been requested to apologize for the absence of Mr. Hamall, caused by a severe cold, for that of Mr. Ackerman on account of severe domestic affliction, and for that of the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell detained in Upper Canada, but who had confidently expected up to the last to have been able to be present. He then stated that the Concert was given on account of the band, which had been organized by Mr. O'Farrell to stimulate the cultivation of music among them, and to be a means of preserving a knowledge here of the fine old airs of old Ireland, (Cheers.) He then passed a glowing eulogium upon these and trusted that notwithstanding the absence of those who had been announced that such arrangements had been made as would prove satisfactory. Master James Wilson then sang Pat Malloy and received a hearty encore, his voice for a mere boy, possessing great power. A corset solo with variations by his brother, a boy of fourteen, was really a wonderful display for one so young, and showed a command of the instrument, and a facility for producing a clear and brilliant tone which augur well for his future attainments. Miss M. J. Wilson sang 'Aileen Mavourneen' with great beauty, giving, what is rarer than good a voice the true expression of the ballad. The band does great credit to the teacher and performed exceedingly well, but when the fife and drum band went on to play the applause was tremendous, the right hand man being probably two feet two the size rising to the left where it culminated in three feet six. They played their part well and would have been worthy of notice even if they had all been twice as old as they were.—Mr. Baricelli performed his part, as usual, well, and Mr. Torrington who accompanied on the piano was most judicious.—Montreal Herald 22nd ult.

THE CONCERT AT THE LACHINE CONVENT.—The Order of the Children of St. Ann, founded at Vaudreuil, and having its noviciate for some time past in the parish of St. Jacques de Lachine, is presently established in the village of Lachine. About four years ago, this enterprising Order, under the supervision of the Revd. M. Marechal, purchased the valuable property formerly owned by the late Sir George Simpson, in the above place. Here they opened a boarding school, which was soon filled by pupils living in the thriving village of Lachine, and the parishes adjoining. Encouraged by the success that crowned their first efforts, the good Sisters immediately set about laying the foundation of a Convent, destined to be the mother house of their Order, and the following year saw arise a noble

structure contiguous to the fine residence of Sir George Simpson, over eighty feet in length, by forty feet in width, and three stories high. An elegant cupola, surmounted by a fine statue of St. Ann, the patroness of the community, crowns the edifice, and hence its name of "Villa Anna."

Fronting on Lake St. Louis, on whose banks it is agreeably situated, and, in summer, surrounded by verdant meads and flowery gardens. No better Convent can be found for the health and comfort of their inmates. So that it is not surprising to hear that it counts one hundred and twenty boarders, and a considerable number of day scholars who reside in the neighborhood.—Montreal has also furnished its full quota of pupils both this and the preceding years.

On last Thursday it was our good fortune to be present, through the kind invitation of the good Sisters, at a literary and musical soiree given by the pupils to their parents and the patrons of the institution, in testimony of their gratitude for the valuable present made to the Convent at the beginning of the year, in the shape of a parlor carpet of great work and beauty. A large number of guests were present, including the Cure, the Rev. M. Piche, who filled the place of honor, having on his right and left, the clergy of the surrounding country.

The following is the programme:—

- PART I.
1. Musical Quartette—Piano, Harmonium, Harp—Pupils of the 3rd Course; Misses A. Leduc, A. Labrauche, E. Choquette, E. Ocororan.
2. Dispute of the vowels before the Academy.
3. Duette; The Misses M. Auger, Z. McMahon.
4. Jenny, or the Giddy Little Girl.
5. Quartette: The Misses A. Rosell, E. McDonell, F. Lavigne, A. Deschamps.
6. Song—Miss P. Gougeon.
7. Fables.
PART II.
8. Quartette—accompanied by the Harmonium, and Harp—the Misses Aur. Garcan, A. Gateau, A. Deschamps, F. Lavigne.
9. The Virtues.
10. Song: Miss Gougeon.
11. Trio: the Misses P. Prud'homme, A. Godin, G. Barre.
12. Duette: [2 pianos:] Misses Z. McMahon C. Merizzi.
13. Ruth and Naomi: Misses Holland and Davis.
14. The Queen of the Dummies.

This programme was well executed, but lest we should give umbrage by particularizing excellences in some, which were common to all, we think it more prudent to abstain from all special laudation. But what particularly struck us in the pupils was their natural grace and modest bearing; so long as the good Sisters discipline their wards in those two excellent qualities, they may be assured that, besides developing the other solid and practical qualities which tend to fit their pupils for the duties of water-familias, they must thereby gain more and more on the good will and esteem of every beholder.

The principal branches of education taught here are French and English, the number of English scholars attending being quite considerable. This happy blending of the two national elements is calculated to produce the most beneficial results, as the pupils, from mutual and constant intercourse, soon acquire a familiar knowledge of both languages.

In conclusion, we thought we could no better show our gratitude to the kind Sisters, for the pleasure which we received from their invitation to assist at this soiree of their pupils, than by taking this means of acquainting the public with the advantages of the Convent of Villa Anna, and earnestly recommending it as a seminary entirely worthy of their consideration and patronage.

MOVEMENTS OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON.—His Lordship, Mr. Horan, passed up to Lindsay on Saturday, 9th inst., and on the following Sunday administered confirmation to about 230 persons in the church in that town: His Lordship remained in Lindsay until Tuesday morning following, when he was escorted as far as Oromocto, on his way to Peterboro' by a large number of the people of Lindsay and the Township of Ops. He remained but a short time in Peterboro', however, but during which time he visited the Separate School, where addresses were presented to him by the teachers of the principal departments. On the following day (Wednesday) he held a confirmation in the South Dorco Church. He visited other localities in this Diocese, and arrived in Hastings on Friday of last week, and on last Sunday administered confirmation to a large number of persons in the fine new Church at Hastings. He returned to Kingston on Monday morning.—Cobourg Sentinel, Feb. 23rd.

OBITUARY.

"Death, the dread reaper of souls is still near us, We know not the moment this sickle may fall, When least we are thinking there's reason to fear us 'Tis then that he sounds the loud summoning call!"

It is with feelings of the deepest sorrow that we see recorded in the Ottawa Citizen of the 13th inst., the death of Robert Donnelly Ackert, one of the first settlers in the village and Township of Buckingham C. E. where he resided for over thirty-five years, during fifteen of which he filled the honorable position of Municipal Councillor and Justice of the Peace. Such was the esteem he enjoyed when living, that his mortal remains, when dead, were escorted to their last resting place by over two thousand people, some of whom had come from a distance of thirty miles, the train of the funeral Cortege counting in its ranks the representatives of every class and creed. And indeed, whether we view him in public or in private life; in the pursuit of honest industry, or reclining in the bosom of domestic felicity; whether we regard him in his intercourse with strangers, or in the closer ties of amity; whether we consider him as a public functionary in the faithful discharge of official duty, or as a Catholic and a Christian in the unostentatious performance of acts of charity and unaffected piety:—invariably do we find him the same man of honor and trust, the same kind father and affectionate husband; the same tried and valued friend, the same lover of justice and paragon of official integrity; the same true and devoted son of the Church and the strict observer of every social and moral rectitude. The loss of such a man at such a time in the prime of manhood, and almost without warning, cannot but be felt as a severe blow to his many friends and the deepest affliction to his bereaved and loving family, who, assured by his robust health and active habits, which he preserved up to a short period previous to his demise, had every reason to suppose that a long and useful career was still before him. But Providence had willed it otherwise, and, in thus snatching him suddenly from amongst us, has shown us the transitory nature of all earth-born hopes and aspirations, and fully illustrated the truthfulness of the lines which we have quoted above, as forming no inappropriate text to this short but heartfelt tribute to the memory of one whose virtues and personal worth the writer has always held in the highest esteem. Requiescat in pace.

NOTICE.

THE Regular MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY will be held in ST. ANN'S HALL, on MONDAY, 4th inst., at eight o'clock P. M. A full attendance is required. T. HARDING, Secretary.

COBOURG ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY. To the Editor of the Cobourg Sentinel. Sir,—I am directed to forward for publication in your paper the following Resolution, adopted at a Special meeting of the Cobourg St. Patrick's Society, held in their Hall on Wednesday evening a place in your next issue: Moved by D. McAllister, seconded by P. O'Flynn, and Resolved,—That we, the members of the Cobourg St. Patrick's Society, having learned with profound regret of the death of Terence Duignan, Esq., of Ottawa, for many years a resident of Cobourg, and an active and worthy member of this Society from its first formation, take this the earliest opportunity of putting on record an expression of our deep sorrow for the loss of one to whom we had so long looked for counsel and assistance in conducting the affairs of the Society, and who for two years, ably and to the best interest of the Society, filled the office of President; and we deeply and sincerely sympathize with Mrs. Duignan and family in the great affliction they have sustained by the loss of a kind husband and an affectionate and indulgent father; and be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Mrs. Duignan, and also that it be published in the Cobourg Sentinel.

ANDREW McALLISTER, Cor. Secretary.

Birth, At No. 4 Clontarf Place, on Friday, the 15th ult., Mrs. James Donnelly, of a son.

Died, On the 20th ult., Dominick O'Hara, late of H. M. Post office Department, a native of the County Sligo, Ireland, aged 63 years. May his soul rest in peace. At Buckingham Village, on the 11th ult., Robert Donnelly Ackert, aged 48 years.

In St. Alphonsus, on Saturday, 16th ult., James Kelly, aged 95 years, a native of the town of Carlow, Ireland; he emigrated to this country in 1827, and was beloved by all who knew him. His remains were followed to the grave by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. May his soul rest in peace.

At Cote St. Andrews, C. E. parish of St. Polycarpe, on Wednesday morning, the 18th February, in the 50th year of her age, Isabella McGillis, the beloved wife of Allan McDonald, Esq., after a long and lingering illness which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation. On Wednesday morning a solemn High Mass was offered up for the repose of her soul, in the Church of St. Polycarpe, and her remains were deposited in the consecrated ground attached to it. May her soul rest in peace.



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

BONAVENTURE BUILDING,

ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT, the 4th inst.

A full attendance is particularly requested, as business of importance will be brought before the Meeting. Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock. P. O'MEARA, Rec. Sec.

WRIGHT & BROGAN, NOTARIES, Office:—58 St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL.

SADLIERS' CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1867. With full returns of the various Dioceses in the United States and British North America, AND A LIST OF THE ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS, AND PRIESTS IN IRELAND. PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Montreal.

NOVENA OF ST. PATRICK. THE Subscribers will receive in a few days a new Edition of the NOVENA OF ST. PATRICK, to which is added Prayers at Mass, Stations of the Cross. Price, 20cts. D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Montreal, C. E.

WANTED, BY A LAW STUDENT, with good recommendations, a situation in an English family, where he could give lessons in French to some members of the family. Address, OFFICE OF THIS PAPER, Montreal, 21st Feb., 1867.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864. In the matter of FRANCOIS X. BEAUCHAMPS, Insolvent. Public Notice is hereby given that on the 24th of April next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the undersigned will sell by public auction at the domicile of the said Frs. X. Beauchamps the following properties belonging to said Insolvent: In and situated at Cote St. Louis, parish of Montreal; first,—A lot of thirty-two feet front by eighty feet deep, bounded in front by St. Lawrence St. rear by Stanley Olark Bagg, Esq.; north-east by Joseph Guernon and south-east by the said Frs. X. Beauchamp; with a house and other outbuildings thereon constructed upon condition of paying to the said S. O. Bagg, a rent of five dollars, payable the first of May in each year. Another lot of twenty-eight feet front by eighty feet deep, bounded in front by St. Lawrence Street, rear by the said S. O. Bagg, north-east by the said Frs X Beauchamps and south-east by Louis Lapierre, with a house and other outbuildings thereon constructed, upon condition of paying to the said S. O. Bagg, a rent of four dollars payable the first of May in each year.—Another lot of forty feet front by eighty feet deep, bounded in front by St. Lawrence Street, rear by the said S. O. Bagg, north-east by Augustin Crivior, and south-east by Charles Lepage, with a house and other outbuildings thereon constructed, upon condition of paying to the said S. O. Bagg, a rent of eight dollars payable the 29th of September in each year. Another lot of forty feet front by seventy five feet deep, bounded in front by St. Lawrence St. rear by the said Frs. X. Beauchamps, north-east by Cesarie Leclair, and south-east by Francois Leclair, with a house and other outbuildings thereon constructed, payable one third in cash and the balance in one year with interest at six per cent. FRANCOIS FERRIN, Syndic. Montreal, 20th February 1867.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, January 30.—The France of this evening says:—The Emperor are unanimously in favor of carrying out in a liberal sense the measures announced in the Imperial letter. The preliminary authorization which is required for establishing a new journal will be abolished, and electoral meetings will be allowed during 20 days previous to the election.

A rumor prevailed a few days back that the English Government had applied to France to give back the forger and peculator Lamirande, whose extradition had been ordered by the judicial authorities of Canada. The Gazette des Tribunaux confirms the truth of the report, and publishes a long article to demonstrate that the application of the English authorities cannot be listened to. They allege two reasons for the demand—first, that by the terms of the Treaty of 1843 between France and England the extradition cannot be accorded except on the representation of a diplomatic agent, but in Lamirande's case it was the French Consul General in Canada who claimed him, and consuls are only commercial agents; secondly, that the offences alleged against Lamirande, although constituting the crime of forgery in France, do not possess the same force by the English law, and that, therefore, Lamirande ought not to have been delivered up. The writer in the Gazette denies that either of the motives alleged has the slightest force, as they are quite unable to support a serious examination.

In addition, the writer argues, a foreign Power which has obtained the extradition of a criminal from England has nothing to do with the blunders which the authorities of that country may have committed. If, indeed, there had been anything illegal on the part of the country claiming the criminal, then naturally England could complain; but nothing of that kind is alleged in the present case, where the English Cabinet comes forward with the strange declaration that, having committed an error, it wants to go back on the long and troublesome affair to which that mistake related. But at present the French courts of law have condemned Lamirande for forgery, and he is undergoing his sentence. According to the application, it consented to, that criminal would have to be taken out of prison and delivered up to the English, to enjoy impunity of his offences! As to the Treaty of 1843, referred to, nothing, the writer observes, is more notorious than that from the very outset it was a dead letter, and that the French could never obtain the delivery of any criminal under its enactments. Only when France had renounced that convention, and when it was authorized, as at present, to subsist for six months to six months, had any person been handed over to the French authorities. Why, then, should England, which for so many years had refused to be guided by that treaty, all of a sudden at present appeal to it, and claim the application of one of its enactments?—Times Cor.

The result of the late quinquennial census in France is referred to by the Monde as more favourable than had been expected. Notwithstanding several cruel epidemics, the population has increased within five years by 680,000 persons, the whole amounting, as has been already stated, to 33,192,004, including the troops in Africa, Mexico, Cochinchina, &c. But why, it asks, should 1850 departments have given an augmentation of 787,382, and 31 a decrease of 106,450? Why has Brittany gained 88,000 souls, and Normandy, although quite adjoining, lost 34,251? Why has the Haute-Saone diminished by 522, and the Saone-et-Loire, at its side, augmented by 17,509? The writer cites many other similar examples, and then adverting to the reason generally assigned for the falling off—the emigration of workmen to the large towns in search of higher wages—denies that such a cause is sufficient to explain the great differences which the official returns has disclosed. The writer attributes the small increase of the population generally and the partial diminution in some provinces, and those among the most wealthy, to the determination of parents not to have large families.

Why, exclaims a farmer well off in the world, should we have a brood of children to divide our little property among? Is it not better to leave one child tolerable comfortable in circumstance than four or five struggling for existence? The Monde attributes therefore principally to the continued division of property in France among children the small increase in the population, and adds, that except through the constant interference of the clergy, it sees no means of applying a remedy.

The speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone at the dinner of the Society of Political Economy is published here this evening. The orator declared that the credit of having effected commercial reform belonged to the Emperor Napoleon and Mr. Cobden.—Upon the latter Mr. Gladstone passed a magnificent eulogium, declaring that his aim was not only to counteract the misery of nations, but to effect their moral union. Mr. Gladstone said:—

The mission of our century is to free capital and labor from all subjection. It may be called the century of labor and justice. Prosperity to energetic labor, and peace to men of good intent—this is the object at which we aim. The secret of finance is very simple. The general riches which have accumulated are the basis of every prosperous condition, and the lever which raises that condition is liberty.

The Newspaper Press.—A meeting of the editors of the Paris journals was held on Monday at the house of M. Havin, the editor-in-chief of the Siecle for the purpose of coming to common understanding as to the returns which should be asked for under the Imperial decree of January 19.

The Paris correspondent of the Dublin Evening Post writes the following sad tale:—Much sympathy is expressed in the Lyons country papers for the fate of a young and rising musician, who at the last concert was unfortunate enough to draw a mauvais numero, and he was sent out to join a regiment quartered at Vera Cruz. He was at once employed in the band. In consequence of his good conduct Benoit Denis succeeded in obtaining the colonel's permission to perform at private balls and concerts, and thus gain a certain independence. On the 5th of last December, Benoit Denis, after executing a fantasia on the cornet-a-piston at the country house of an American merchant residing near Vera Cruz, quitted the heated concert-room to refresh himself in the pleasure grounds and enjoy the cool evening air.—Feeling thirsty he took up an alcazara which had happened to see near a fountain, filled with fresh water, and put it to his lips. frightful screams instantly attracted the company to the spot. Denis was lying on the earth, his hair on end, his features livid, the body and tail of a monster scolopender (millepede) protruding from his gaping mouth. The reptile, whose bite is more venomous than that of a scorpion, had taken shelter from the heat in the cool porcelain beaker. As Benoit approached the vase to his lips, the scolopender had sprung at his throat.—In vain was the reptile's body cut away. Once its fangs close on their prey it is impossible to tear them open. A surgeon who had chance to be among the guests, proceeded to cut them out of the flesh, piece by piece, but by the time the operation was over the poison had produced its fatal results, and after three hours of agonising convulsions the unfortunate young artist expired.

The Independence Belge says: 'The new French Minister of Marine has given orders for the construction of 15 armor-plated vessels. Five of them are ships of the line on the model of the Tigre. The remaining 10 will be frigates. Marshall Niel has ordered a general inspection of the fortified places in order that he may be assured of their strength. The Semaine Religieuse of Sens states that the

Archbishop and clergy of that diocese have given a sum of 1,000fr. for the maintenance of a Pontifical Zouave during a year. A similar fact at Arras has been mentioned. A body of 238 Pontifical Zouaves, consisting of 17 Swiss, 20 Frenchmen, and one Pole, with 200 men recruited in the different corps of the French army, has just embarked on board the steamer Quirinal at Marseilles for Otrivis Vecchia. The Emperor has refused to allow General Prim, the Spanish revolutionist, to remain in France.

The Paris Exhibition.—The tariff of the prices of admission to the Paris Exhibition has now been published. There are to be three separate enclosures—the park, containing the Exhibition building itself; the Horticultural Gardens; and the Billancourt enclosure, which is especially devoted to agricultural matters. The prices for the first week are exceptional—20fr. for the opening day and 5fr. for the rest.—From the 8th of April the charge for admission to the park will be 1fr. for the garden 1fr. 50c. The enclosure Billancourt will have a special tariff as yet undetermined. The price of a season ticket will be 100fr. for a gentleman, and 50fr. for a lady. In order to avoid the trouble and delay of the signatures which were formerly required on entering, the holders may send two of their photographed portraits, one to be affixed to the ticket of admission, the other to remain in the hands of the administration. There will also be issued cards of admission for a week subject to the same conditions, and conferring for the time the same privileges as the season-tickets.—Pall Mall Gazette.

It is estimated that the value of the goods already received in Paris for the International Exposition amounts to £1,000,000. The Prefect of the Seine, aware of the fact that crowds are liable to develop epidemics, has bought 400 acres of land near Paris for the accommodation of foreigners' bodies in the event of the reappearance of the cholera.

A Monument to Voltaire.—The Paris Siecle wants to raise a monument to Voltaire. This gives rise to as many opinions as the Emperor's reforms. Here is what the Pays says:

'We have demonstrated that the author in question was a defamer of the popular classes, speaking of them with the greatest contempt. As a citizen, he betrayed all the ministers who succeeded each other under Louis XV., and likewise all the king's mistresses. He, in fact, laid his incense in turns at the feet of Fleury, Bernis, Richelieu, Maupeou, Choiseul, and Turgot. He adulated the pure and virtuous Queen Maria Leckinska, and almost in the same breath, Madame de Pompadour, and afterwards Madame Dubarry. It is true that among his intimate acquaintances he made up for the violence of his adulations by the abusive bitterness of his mockery. A certain school of casuists has been reproached with its doctrine of 'mental reservation,' but what can be said of Voltaire? In the years 1759, 1760 and 1761, he was in correspondence with King Stanislaus, who had loaded him with favors, and at whose court he had long resided. King Stanislaus wrote to Marmontel, 'has sent me a letter of the kindest description, &c.' The king, he said to Thiriot, 'has sent me this book. I enclose you my answer. See if it is not favorable?' And nearly at the same time, again communicating with Thiriot he treated King Stanislaus 'as a fool, getting up silly books by the aid of his secretary, an ex-Jesuit.' As a patriot he was still worse. France was engaged in the unfortunate Seven Years' War. At that time, so full of humiliation and disasters for France, what was the game of Voltaire? This one: He inflamed Choiseul against the King of Prussia. The king wrote a satire against the minister, and the very first thing Voltaire did was to show it to the latter. On the other side, he swore to the king that he had never breathed a word concerning the matter to any one, whilst at the same time he advised Choiseul not to treat with the king. To the latter he wrote: 'Your verses are charming, and if your majesty has beaten your enemies, they become still better.' We must not forget that the enemies alluded to are the French, those unfortunate victims of the ignorance of Court-generals named by the favor of the king's mistresses, heads of the army, and marshals of France. What does M. Havin think of all this; and is it really necessary to draw money from one's purse to glorify such reminiscences? Without depreciating in any way the merits of the writer, we affirm that Voltaire was a mean-minded man and a bad Frenchman; and never will M. Havin be able to persuade us, in January, 1867, that it is necessary to honour such a person by a sort of national manifestation. He was once carried to the Pantheon—that surely is enough, if not too much!

Rome, Jan. 25.—The official Giornale di Roma contradicts as wholly unfounded the statement published by some journals that the Pope had adhered to the arrangement relative to the ecclesiastical property in Italy announced to have been concluded between the Italian Government and the house of Laugrand Damoneca.

There are in the Pontifical army eight novices of a Trappist Monastery in France, who asked permission of their Superior to change their novitiate for service for the Pope, and who gave a pledge to return, if living, when the danger is over. One meets every now and then Irish gentlemen of family, with money in their purses, giving their services to the holy cause, and not seldom for the three or four baiocchi a day which fall to the private soldier. Personal Expenses of the Pope.—Reverend Canon Daily, parish priest in a rural district of the South west of Ireland, says, after a recent visit to Rome, in the course of a reply to an address of congratulation from his parishioners:—'His present Holiness, whose eminent virtues entitle him to be remembered among the most illustrious and sainted of his predecessors, is incessantly engaged in carrying out the same great and invaluable works. The small revenue which he receives is almost wholly applied to charitable and religious uses. His personal expenses do not amount to one scudo a day, which is less than five shillings of our money, and while other crowned heads are wasting in destructive wars, on projects of mere vanity and family aggrandisement, the blood and wealth of their subjects, he, who like his Divine Master, goes about doing good, has been selected, it seems, by their Majesties of France and Italy to be plundered of his time honoured patrimony which even the Goth and Vandal had spared and respected.'

ITALY. PROPOSAL.—The Bill proposing to grant liberty to the Church and to convert ecclesiastical property declares the Catholic Church in its exercise of religious worship to be free from all interference on the part of the State. It proposes to abolish the nomination of the Bishops by the King and the formalities of the oath of allegiance, the placet and exequatur, as well as the privileges, and exemptions, immunities, and prerogatives of the Church in the State. The Church will maintain itself by the free concurrence of the faithful, and by means of the property belonging to it or legitimately acquired.

All payments from the State, provinces, or communes is consequently to cease. If the Bishops declare themselves willing to undertake the conversion and liquidation of the ecclesiastical property, such property must be alienated within ten years. All landed property is to be converted into personal property, and the Bishops are to pay to the State 600,000,000 lire in half-yearly instalments of 50,000,000 lire each. The Bishops will also have to undertake the payment of the pensions granted to individuals belonging to the suppressed religious corporations. Should the majority of the Bishops not be willing to undertake this conversion, the Government will proceed to carry out that measure allowing to the bishops 50,000,000 lire yearly. It will dispose of all the ecclesiastical property, and alienate the landed possessions. The pensions above referred to will have to be paid by the Bishops.—Times.

Although much may be done in the way of retrenchment and reform to improve the financial position of Italy, it has been repeatedly demonstrated that such measures cannot possibly be carried far enough to equalize the revenue and the expenditure of the country. Reduce the army and navy to a minimum, cut down pensions, dismiss civil servants, root out corruption, enforce the utmost economy in every branch of the administration, and you will have done a great deal, but still not enough.

Signor Tonello's Mission.—The Bulletin Politique of the Monteur du Soir contains the following remarks:—The success of the mission of Signor Tonello produces a favorable impression in Italy—an indication of the progress peaceful ideas have made in the Peninsula. The concessions of the Court of Florence as regards the exequatur and the oath of the bishops have dispelled the chief difficulties, and there remain to be arranged only a few secondary details. It is thought that at the next Consistory the Holy Father will be in a position to name the prelates placed at the head of the vacant dioceses. The Envoy of King Victor Emanuel, honored with a friendly welcome by the Pope, has had equal reason to congratulate himself on his relations with Cardinal Antonelli. The religious difficulties being disposed of, it would be desirable that in what relates to economic and material interests, the questions of customs, passports, and business transactions, the Pontifical Government should take part in arrangements calculated to facilitate the intercourse of its subjects with those of the Italian kingdom. It is announced that it has just consented to allow travellers passing through the Pontifical States to reach either the northern or southern parts of the Peninsula, when they do not stop at Rome, to dispense with a passport bearing the visa of the Spanish Legation, which is intrusted with the consular interests of the Holy See in the Italian kingdom. The relations of Italy and Austria continue satisfactory; no subject of rivalry now divides the two countries, and they are preparing the elements of a negotiation to be, no doubt, shortly opened for the signature of a treaty of commerce and navigation, destined to turn to the advantage of material interests the friendly feeling already shown in the diplomacy of the two Powers.

Florence, Jan. 30.—Admiral Perrano was set at liberty this morning. His trial on the charges of disobedience and incompetency will commence on 12th of March.

Rome, Jan. 24.—In the Holy Father's reply to the address of the officials of the Pontifical army on New Year's Day, he made use of these words, directing them mainly to the officers of the Corps of Zouaves. 'Be on good terms with my Roman subjects; the Romans are a good people, a Pontifical people! I for one prefer to take these words in their natural sense, and not to suppose that they were only on the lips and not in the mind of the Holy Father. The last number but one of the Civiltà Cattolica—a publication honored only last year with a special brief of approval from the Holy Father, issued spontaneously as a gesture for the strong attitude which that magazine had taken up against the politics of Italy, and still more as a support in its conflict with a school of thought in the Church, which the Holy Father seems from his repeated language to abominate even more than the open hostility of Italy, the school known as the Munich School—contains some remarks apropos of these words of the Holy Father worth considering. After showing the evil results that must follow to France and Italy from the fulfilment of the Convention, it takes the case of Rome, and treating of the connection between the Pope and his subjects, it goes on to say:—'The French were not in Rome to help the subjects of the Holy Father to their duty, as the enemies of Rome Papal are for ever stupidly trumpeting abroad (scempiamento vino trombellando). They were here to defend those subjects from the revolution which was trying to introduce itself into Rome. There is no capital in the world that possesses a population so naturally generous, so respectful to its ruler, so well disciplined in order and decency as the Roman population. It has not made revolutions, it has seen them made. The revolutions in Rome have been always put in motion by the agents from abroad, and the assistance the citizens have rendered has been limited to that collection of lazy fellows, thieves, quarrelsome fellows, men restless after novelty, the refuse of the frequent failures in life and of the galleys—a class of persons necessarily found in every large city, which when the water is still is like the muddy sediment, but which mixes with the water and comes to the top when that water is disturbed. But these men can second a movement; they cannot commence it. The Roman people lived securely under the French standard, for it was sure that those bands of fellows, called by Massimo d'Azeglio, the men who farm revolutions, would not venture to come to Rome to give any representation of their art among the hedges of sharp-pointed bayonets.' And, again:—'If Italy will let Rome alone, and not interfere between the Pope and the Romans, no rebellion will break out in Rome; the territory of the Pope will be peaceful and happy, and the Romans will find the evils which the time of revolution has caused them little by little remedied.—This is not the dream of a mind all up in the air; it is the certain calculation which one who knows the Romans, their true interests, and their aspirations, is alone fitted to make. There is no denying that there are in Rome a few who, from bad passions, or in despair of making fortunes as things go, or for bribes already paid or expected, could be glad of a change in the State. But we assert, without fear of contradiction, that this knot of persons is not and cannot be called the people of Rome. The population of the city is anything but friendly to the Italian revolution; on every possible occasion it has protested against that revolution; it has manifested and continues to manifest, to the Pope-king its filial devotion. Witness the decidedly popular enthusiasm that welcomes the Pope in these times wherever he goes, and the strong sympathy shown for the legions of French, Belgians, Dutch, and men of other countries, who have come as volunteers in defence of the Papal cause. The population of Rome, the most cultivated and most civilized population in Italy, knows that it owes all to the Pope, and that if it loses the Pope it loses everything. A population of this kind sets to itself—in its affections, to its interests, to its advantages—will never rebel against the Pope; and it knows how to treat with disdain and contempt the few amongst its degenerate fellow-citizens who stand alone in their chance of attempting such a rebellion.—Cor. Weekly Register.

Kingdom of Naples.—The Pall Mall Gazette of Thursday evening has an article on Italian affairs, especially on brigandage. We extract the greater portion:—'Brigandage is still rife in Naples and Sicily, and great discontent is felt in Lombardy and Venetia. Such is the purport of the news which reaches us from Italy at the very time when Signor Scialoja has been obliged to declare a deficit of £7,200,000. It requires some faith in the stability of the present Government to enable us to believe that it will outlive the internal dangers by which it is threatened.' The Italian journals state that the expense of suppressing the insurrection in Palermo was eight million of francs.

AUSTRIA. Austria has restored the Hungarian Constitution 1848, granted by the Emperor Francis Joseph. VIENNA, Feb. 21st.—The restoration of the Constitution of 1848 to Hungary, by the Emperor Francis Joseph, has had the effect of removing the troubles heretofore existing in that country. The people are now quiet and contented.

PRUSSIA. BERLIN, Feb. 20.—The reports from all portions of Northern Germany indicate that the Liberals have carried the elections for the Parliament in their favor.

Feb. 21.—Count Von Bismark has again been prostrated by sickness. Doubts are entertained of his recovery.

A SONG AT THE PAGLIANO THEATRE.—On the night of the 23d inst: a handsome young man was observed sitting in a stall at the Pagliano, dressed in Prussian lieutenant's uniform, and wearing several medals and crosses on his breast. While the opera was going on a person entered the pit, approached the officer and addressed him in German, his tone and manner sufficiently indicating that his words were abusive and insulting. The officer remained motionless, as though it were not to him that the new comer addressed himself, when suddenly a voice called out in German from one of the boxes to a Prussian soldier, who was in attendance upon the officer, exhorting him to punch the aggressor's head, and adding that he [the speaker] was going down to do so himself. By this time there was a great movement in the theatre, the whole pit rose to see what was going on, and the performance was interrupted. Two policemen arrested the person who caused the disturbance, and removed him in spite of violent resistance. The row over, the remainder of the evening passed quietly, but when the curtain fell the audience was no little surprised to see the soldier hasten to his master and take him up in his arms. It was then visible that he had lost both his legs, which are said to have been shot off at Sedawa. Thereupon the spectators broke out into reiterated cries of 'Vive La Prussia!' and loudly cheered the officer whose assailant turned out to be a native of Frankfort-on-the-Main lately Prussianized against its will.

TURKEY. LONDON, Feb. 21.—The Sultan of Turkey has officially informed the leading powers of Europe that he has decided to call together an assembly of the representatives of all the different religious creeds in the Ottoman Empire, for the purpose of deliberating upon and adopting measures for the more effectual execution of the provisions of the Firman of 1856.

It is stated that negotiations are going on with the view of promoting an understanding, and acting upon common grounds in view of the Eastern difficulty between France, Italy, and Austria. The Opinion of Florence denies this rumor as contrary to fact and possibility. Italy must act in accord with Prussia, and this unholy alliance would be an affront to the Prussian nation.

UNITED STATES. It is calculated that at least seventy million gallons of whiskey was made in the United States in 1866, and that the duty was not collected on more than fourteen millions—the collectors and distillers being in league to defraud the Government. The tax, which is now \$2 a gallon, is recommended to be reduced to 50 cents, but will probably be fixed at \$1.

POGRAM.—On the dignified principle that you should always shake your fist in the face of a man with whom you have had a quarrel and who offers you his hand, one Mr. McCruer on Tuesday offered, and the House of Representatives adopted, a resolution to this effect, that the government of the United States should be actuated, in the prosecution of its claims against Great Britain for the depredations of the Alabama and her Anglo-rebel cruisers by the same despatch and emphasis which characterized the government of Great Britain in its demand arising from the capture of Mason and Sidel from the British steamer Trent. In offering this valiant resolution, which is so admirably calculated to frighten Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the rest of the British royal family into simultaneous hysterics, Mr. McCruer had greatly the advantage of the celebrated General Choke when that eloquent gentleman warmed the heart of Mr. Lafayette Kettle. The 'British Lion,' who was not 'quite unrepresented' upon the latter occasion, had loby to say a word for him when Mr. McCruer thus plucked him by the tail; and we really regret that so fine an opportunity should have been lost for recording a vote of the House of Representatives in favor of General Choke's own exalted settlement:—'May the Lion of England have his talons eradicated by the noble bill of the American Eagle, and be taught to play upon the Irish harp and the Scotch fiddle that music which is breathed from every empty shell that lies upon the shores of green Columbia.'—A resolution to this precise effect would have made a much finer impression upon Mr. McCruer's constituents, while it would not have been a whit more discreditable to the intelligence, spirit, and statesmanship of the House of Representatives.—N. Y. Herald.

The Boston Post commenting on the Congressional proposition to make a riot at New Orleans the pretext for abolishing the governments of the several Southern States, and substituting military despotism therefor, makes the following statements relative to the prevalence of crime and violence in the North East:—

'Newspaper offices have been mobbed—individuals seized and tarred and feathered, ridden upon rails, and executive influence interposed to shield the culprits from the punishment the court decreed. Bobberies and murders have been alarmingly prolific—garroters, bank robbers and burglars have plied their vocation as vigilantly here as in Louisiana, and with as much impunity; but this is going a different way, and Mr. Elliot and his radical friends are not at all alarmed by the fact. The murders all around us—in Roxbury woods, in Franconia, N. H., in Auburn, Me.—speak a depravity the South cannot exceed; while the robberies in New York and New England are unprecedented in magnitude and numbers. If crime be the gauge whereby to decide upon the right of self government, New England would be in imminent danger of territorialism, at once. But it is all a trick—a mere subterfuge to prolong power and patronage in the hands of the radical party by shutting out one third of the territory and one third of the people of the United States from any representation or any voice in its government.'

A BRUTE IN HUMAN FORM.—A brutal affair took place in Pittsburg a few days ago. Some hogheads of sugar were placed outside of a grocery store, and attracted the attention of some children put their fingers through the crevices and holes of the barrels, and indulged in sweets for a few minutes. Suddenly, a man named Bachelor, rushed out from the store with a vessel of boiling water and dashed it upon the children, who were dreadfully scalded. One little boy presented a shocking appearance, the entire side of his head, face and neck being literally cooked. The doctor stated that it was probable all the hair from one side of the head would come out, and will never grow again. It is also feared that one of the eyes will be lost. The brutal perpetrator was arrested and held for a hearing. He desired to make an information against the child for the larceny of sugar, but was not permitted.

THE AMERICAN ROBESPIERRE.—Thaddeus Stevens in thus penicured by the Washington correspondent of the Charleston Mercury:—'I had a good look at him, as he sat on one of the front seats, with his leg thrown over the desk before him. His face does not indicate his demonic possession, except his unnatural pallor. His brow is high and well developed, in the region of the perceptive faculties. His high cheeks, aquiline nose, and square chin, indicate decision and force of character. His mouth is his weakest feature, denoting, as it does, sensuality in a degree. The upper jaw bones appear to have been mashed in by violent blows, and hence the impression of deformity which his face imparts to the casual observer. His limbs are emaciated and his left foot distorted. He is said to be seventy-five years old, but his brown wig makes him look much younger than that.' He laughs often, and judging from his constant spitting, is never without a chew of tobacco in his mouth. Such is the American Robespierre, whose unhappy destiny it is to repro-

duce in this country 'the sanguinary horrors of the French Revolution,' unless he is checked by a beneficent Providence acting through an awakened and aroused people.

The shipowners of New York do not appear to be very consistent in their views on neutrality. When the Alabama was reducing their vessels to ashes and driving the American flag from the face of the ocean they were loud in their denunciations of British neutrality, unanimously holding a neutral state had no right to sell war vessels to a belligerent.—Three short years have sufficed to change their tune. A large number of them, headed by Mr. A. Z. Low—President of the New York Chamber of Commerce a gentleman who was particularly violent in his denunciations of Great Britain for allowing the Alabama to escape from the Mersey—now petition congress to be allowed to sell war vessels to foreign belligerents? These gentlemen may be grossly inconsistent, but there is good sense in their conclusion in point of fact. The right to trade, with very wide latitude, to belligerents, is a tradition of the United States in the capacity of a neutral.

THE SLUGGARD. Little Marion was gentle and good; her parents loved her fondly; yet they were at times obliged to reprimand her with so much severity as to cause her to shed tears. Marion had a bad habit of sleeping too long. Her brother Frederick, a boy full of fun and frolic, but exceedingly good natured, often ridiculed her indolence, which sometimes provoked an angry retort from his sister.

One evening all the family were assembled round the table, and every one seemed cheerful. Frederick was in great good humor, and laughingly related a number of amusing stories. Marion, on the contrary began to nod, and seemed oppressed with sleep.

'Oh! little sluggard!' cried her brother, shaking her to rouse her up; 'do you not see how gay and cheerful we all are; but you, you are like one of those plants which close when the sun disappears.'

Marion felt this reproach, and said, in an impatient tone, 'Let me alone; you need not trouble yourself about me sir!' and the latter then wishing to embrace her, she slipped him harshly on the hand.

The little gentleman not possessing a very patient temper, answered his sister sharply. The latter got angry, and gave him a long lecture; but perceiving that Frederick paid no attention to what she said, she began to cry.

This little scene might perhaps have ended disagreeably if the parents of the young people had not interposed between them, and thus terminated their quarrel. Silence was imposed on Frederick, and he was reproved for having begun the dispute. Marion was also reproached by her father.

'I have often,' said he, 'remarked to you your fault in sleeping too long; of all the family you are the last to get up and the first to go to bed. In the evening, instead of being cheerful, and listening to what is read or related, you sleep and thus deprive yourself of many an agreeable moment. If your rest is disturbed, you get cross, and your ill-humor then leads you to act improperly; I hope that you will correct this habit of sleeping.'

Marion listened to all her father's remonstrances, but paid no regard to them, which greatly vexed her parents. Thus it happened that Marion, who in other respects, was a good child, got into many troubles through her indolence, and caused great discomfort to those around her.

Louisa and Henrietta, Marion's sisters, in nowise resembled her on this point. Nimble as two kids, they rose with the sun and began their studies; in the evening again they worked industriously, whilst Marion's eyes were heavy with sleep. Their mother, therefore, said with truth that Louisa, Henrietta, and Frederick lived in one year twenty days longer than Marion. Marion's mother usually took upon herself to awake her, which was very disagreeable to her, and often put her in ill-humor; she was obliged to call her many times, and even to shake her, in order to make her get up. She would sometimes promise her mother to rise; but no sooner had she returned to her domestic occupations than she would again fall asleep for several hours. While her sisters were working diligently, and had performed a part of their task, Marion would slowly creep out of her room, and with a yawn wish them a good morning.

One day all the family had been to walk, leaving Marion in bed as usual; it was nearly nine o'clock before she awoke. On returning her sisters went to her room and found her, to their great astonishment, still in bed; they laughed and jeered at her about it. But Marion felt ashamed, her eyes filled with tears, and she dared not look at her sisters.

Although Marion slept so much longer than her sisters, she was neither so gay nor so lively as they were; on the contrary, her listless manners made a disagreeable impression on every one. Her father tried to impress on her mind, that all which is against nature is injurious both to body and soul; nature requires that the body should rest about seven hours a day; if this is exceeded it is too much, and all excess is hurtful. To much slumber diminishes instead of increasing the strength; it makes one stupid and listless all the day, unable to work negligent, and a burden to one's self and others.

'I feel it, dear father,' said Marion, 'and also see the inconvenience of it, and have often formed the resolution of rising earlier; but the habit is stronger than ever. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; we cannot do all we wish.'

'We cannot remove mountains, nor drain the ocean,' replied her father, 'neither is it in our power to change lead into silver, nor brass into gold; this would be against the decrees of Providence; but we have strength to conquer our passions, and to get rid of our evil inclinations. Each of us may, provided he is willing, become the absolute master of himself. Try to have a determined will, and you will thus get out of your bad habit!'

Marion promised her father to make every attempt: Her sisters had often seen the sun rise above one of the neighboring mountains, when taking their early morning walk with their parents, and were constantly praising the beauty of the sight to Marion; the latter consequently asked her father's permission to be also of the party, promising to rise very early.

'We shall see,' said her father, and at once proposed to take a walk the next morning. All applauded the idea, and Marion seemed delighted. Next morning her mamma called her at six o'clock. She awoke and started up, and in five minutes was ready. Her mother was much gratified, and folded her to her bosom. Marion felt all the happiness of this moment. But what was her delight when she saw the sun rise and the beauties of nature present themselves to her sight, in all the splendor of the morning! She felt as if were, entranced, and, embracing her parents and sisters, she expressed to them her gratitude for having procured her such a spectacle.

'You see, my child,' said her father, 'you have more strength than you supposed; you have to-day got the better of sleep; I hope that in future you will persist in your resolution and that this will not be the last day of your early rising.'

spot, because he very knowingly said she had subdued her stichfulness. Marion was not displeased with for this innocent rillery. On the contrary, she felt a secret pleasure in it. But as women are never behindhand, she had her revenge on her brother, in saying to him, 'It is to be hoped, that one day my brother will become a despot, when he shall have the power of getting rid of mischievous tricks, which attend him like so many satellites.'

The mouth of the Amazon is large enough to take in the States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. 'Suppose it should do it,' kindly suggests a Richmond paper.

The finest friend I ever knew, and one with whom I dare not trifle; who in all danger sees me through whose aim is ever good and true, is my sweet Minnie Rife! She generally rests upon my arm, is always ready always willing. And though in general somewhat calm, wakes up upon the first alarm to show she can be killing. And she is very fair to see, the most fastidious lady suting; her locks are bright as can be; and that her sight is good, to me is just as sure as shooting. The heaviest lead appears not to weigh more on her than 'twere a trifle. She's polished; and I'd pray, were I bereft of friends this day, 'Oh, leave me Minnie Rife!'

The BAMBOO IN CHINA.—This useful and beautiful plant, being applied by the Chinese to such a vast variety of purposes, may justly be called their national plant. It is cultivated about villages for its shade and beauty, no plant giving so rural and pleasing an appearance to a garden or village as the clumps of this graceful and stately grass, and a grove furnishes from year to year culms of all sizes for the various uses to which the plant is applied. The stalks shoot up in many places to the height of fifty feet or more, and, swaying with every breeze, form an object of rare elegance. It is sared from shoots and suckers; but, once rooted it requires little after attention. There are sixty varieties of the Bamboo mentioned by Chinese writers, all of which are useful in some way.

China could hardly be governed without the constant application of the bamboo, nor the people get along in their daily purposes without it. The tender shoots are cultivated for food, being boiled, pickled and comfited. The roots are carved into all manner of images; cut into lantern-handles, and cases.—The tapering culms are used for all purposes to which poles can be applied: for the joints of houses and the ribs of sails; the shafts of spears and the wickets of hurdles; the tubes of aqueducts and the handles and ribs of umbrellas and fans. Its leaves are made into cloaks, shingles, and matting; cut into splinters of various sizes, the wood is worked into baskets and trays of every imaginable pattern, twisted into cables, made into awnings, mats for stage scenery, roofs of boats, and the casing of goods. Mattresses are stuffed with its shavings. It furnishes for the Chinaman his bed, his couch, his knife and fork, or chopsticks, his pipe, his flute; a curtain to hang before his door, and a broom to sweep around it;—together with screens, stools, stands and sofas. The ferns to govern the scholar, and the book he studies, both originate here. The tapering barrels of the pen or organ, and the dreaded instrument of the licitor— one producing harmony, and the other notes somewhat more discordant—the hair-pin, the hat; the paper to write on, the pencil handle to write with, and the cap to hold the pencils; the carpenter's rule, the gauger's cup, and the well bucket, the bellows and the match-bottle; the bird-cage and crab net; the fishing-rod, the water-wheel and eave-trough, wheelbarrow and hand-cart, etc., are each and all furnished by this magnificent grass, whose graceful beauty when growing is only equalled by its varied usefulness when cut down.

The following is an amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take the paper. The lesson is worth pondering by a good many men 'we wot of.'

You have hens at home, of course. Well I will send you my paper for one year, for the products of a single hen for one season, and the proceeds. It seems trifling, preposterous, to imagine the products of a single hen will pay a subscription; perhaps it won't, but I make the offer.

'Done,' exclaimed farmer, 'I agree to it,' and appeared to me as witness of the affair. The farmer went off apparently much elated with his conquest; the editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled around, the world revolved on its axis and the sun moved in its orbit as it formerly did; the farmer received his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information from it, and said he was surprised at the progress of himself and family in general information.

Some time in the month of September, I happened to be up again in the office, when who should enter but our friend farmer B.

'How do you do, Mr. B.?' said the editor, extending his hand, his countenance lit up with a bland smile; take a chair and be seated, fine weather we have.'

'Ye'er sir, quite fine indeed,' he answered, and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B. hunched his thumbs abstractedly and spit profusely. Starting up quickly, he said, addressing the editor, 'Mr. D., I have brought you the proceeds of that hen.'

It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor, as he followed the farmer down to the wagon I could hardly keep my risibles down.

When at the wagon the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the products amounting to eighteen quarts, worth 12 1/2 cents each, and a number of dozens of eggs, making in the aggregate, at the least calculation, one dollar and fifty cents more than the price of the paper.

No need to say he, 'of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it too, I don't miss this from my roof, yet I have paid for a year's subscription and over. All folly sir; there is no man but what can take a newspaper; it is charity you know commenced at home.'

'But,' resumed the editor, 'I will pay for what is over the subscription, I did not intend this as a means of profit, but rather to convince you I will pay.'

'Not a bit of it, sir; a bargain is a bargain and I am already paid sir—doubly paid, sir. And whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, I will relate to him the hen story. Good day, gentlemen.'

A good word is as easily spoken as a bad one. A merchant died suddenly after writing a letter to one of his correspondents. His clerk wrote at the bottom, 'Since writing the above I have died,' and sent the letter.

A 'COUGH,' 'COLD,' OR IRRITATED THROAT If allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary and Bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Reach directly the affected parts, and give almost instant relief. In Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh they are beneficial. Obtain only the genuine Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Among testimonials attesting their efficacy are letters from—

- E. H. Chapin, D.D., New York.
Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn, N. Y.
N. P. Willis, New York.
Hon. C. A. Phelps, Pres. Mass. Senate.
Dr. G. F. Bigelow, Boston.
Prof. Edward North, Clinton, N. Y.
Surgeons in the Army, and others of eminence.
Sold everywhere at 25 cents per box. 2m
February, 1867.

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE NURSERY.

The following is an extract from a letter written by the Rev. U. Z. Weizer, to the German Reformed Messenger, at Chambersburg, Penna.—

A BENEFACTRESS. Just open the door for her, and Mrs. Winslow will prove the American Florence Nightingale of the Nursery. Of this we are so sure, that we will teach our 'Susy' to say, 'A Blessing on Mrs. Winslow; for helping her to survive and escape the griping, colicking, and teething sieges. We confirm every word set forth in the Prospectus. It performs precisely what it professes to perform, every part of it—nothing less. Away with your 'Cordial,' 'Paregoric,' 'Drops,' 'Laudanum,' and every other 'Narcotic,' by which the babe is drugged into stupidity and rendered dull and idiotic for life.

We have never seen Mrs. Winslow—know her only through the preparation of her 'Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.' If we had the power, we would make her, as she is, a physical saviour to the Infant Race. 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Be sure and call for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

All others are base and dangerous imitations. February, 1867. 2m

SICKNESS THAT HAS NO NAME.—Thousands suffer, who have no specific disease. They are apathetic and listless, eat without relish, sleep without being refreshed, and are miserable without any tangible cause. A sluggish digestion, a semi-torpid liver, inactive bowels—are responsible for these indescribable, but not the less real and annoying ailments. To restore the inert organs to healthful activity, they have only to resort to BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS. Dr. Benjamin Wallis, of Boston, Mass., gives it as his opinion, that 'there is nothing comparable to them, in cases where there is a lack of vital energy in the stomach and its dependencies, and general weakness and depression are apparent, without any distinctly-marked form of disease.' All who suffer from physical prostration, accompanied by low spirits, will find BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS of immense benefit.

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 SARSAPARILLA should be used in connection with the Pills. 425 J. F. Murray & 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, Picanit & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

THE SCOURGE OF TROPICAL COUNTRIES.—Liver complaint, in some form or other, is all but universal in warm climates. In tropical America, prior to the introduction of BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA, it paralyzed the energies, ruined the constitutions, and shortened the lives of tens of thousands of both sexes. But a great sanitary revolution is now in progress there. Blue pill, iron, and many other ancient nostrums have been abandoned, and demulcent, restoring the vigor, and saving the lives of multitudes of hopeless patients. There is no form of biliousness acute or chronic, that it will not cure. BRISTOL'S VEGETABLE PILLS, the great cure for all diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, should be used at some time in moderate doses. 513 Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, R. Gray Picanit & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

A PERPETUAL DELIGHT.—'Flowers have their time to fade,' says a favorite poet; but in MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER their sweetness is made perpetual. The odor of other toilet-waters becomes faint and insipid after a brief exposure to the air. It is not so with this exquisite floral preparation. Its perfume is fixed and permanent.—Hang a handkerchief that has been moistened with it in the breeze for days, and the aroma will be as delicate and refreshing at the end of the time as if the fluid has just fallen upon its threads. This is not the case with any foreign extract, nor with any other American perfume.

Purchasers are requested to see that the words "Florida Water, Murray & Lanman, No. 69 Water Street, New York," are stamped in the glass on each bottle. Without this none is genuine.

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

A. & D. SHANNON, GROCERS, Wine and Spirit Merchants, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, 38 AND 40 MCGILL STREET, MONTREAL,

HAVE constantly on hand a good assortment of Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Spices, Mustards, Provisions, Ham, Salt, &c. Port, Sherry, Madeira, and other Wines, Brandy, Holland Gin, Scotch Whisky, Jamaica Spirits, Syrups, &c., &c. Country Merchants and Farmers would do well to give them a call as they will Trade with them on Liberal Terms. 12m. May 19, 1866.

SITUATION WANTED. A young man 22 years of age Speaking and Writing French and English with facility, wishes to obtain a Situation in this city, either in an office or Warehouse as Book-keeper, or Clerk. Can furnish the best recommendations. Address: G. W. MANSEAU, Jacques Cartier Normal School, Montreal. 2 m.

WANTED, IN A CATHOLIC LADIES' ACADEMY in Montreal, a TEACHER well qualified to give instruction in the English and French languages. Address "A. B." at Messrs. Sadlier & Co.'s Book Store, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

ORGANIST WANTED. WANTED, FOR ST. MICHAEL'S (R. O.) CHURCH BELLEVILLE, O. W., a competent person to take charge of the Organ and Teach Choir. An efficient person would find lucrative employment (during leisure hours) in town and vicinity. Application to be made (if by letter, post-paid) to the VERY REV. DEAN BRENNAN, P. P. Belleville, Jan. 14, 1867.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF James Murphy, who left Lower Canada some ten years ago. When last heard of he was in Philadelphia. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his brother, EDWARD MURPHY, Durham, Ormstown, C.E. American papers please copy. 4w. Jan'y. 24th; 1867.

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

S. T.—1860.—X.—The amount of Plantation Bitters sold in one year is something startling.—They would fill Broadway six feet high, from the Park to 4th street. Drake's manufactory is one of the institutions of New York. It is said that Drake painted all the rocks in the Eastern States with his cabalistic "S. T.—1860.—X." and then got the old grumpy legislators to pass a law "preventing disgracing the face of nature," which gives him a monopoly. We do not know how this is, but we do know the Plantation Bitters sell as no other article ever did. They are used by all classes of the community, and are death on Dyspepsia—certain. They are very invigorating when languid and weak, and a great appetizer. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar. CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad St., Philadelphia." This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all cases of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, epavins, etc., either upon man or beast. Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signatures of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the private stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

All who value a beautiful head of hair, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyons celebrated Mustard. It makes the hair rich, soft and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

What Did I do?—A young lady, returning to her country home after a sojourn of a few months in New York, was hardly recognized by her friends. In place of a rustic, flushed, and red, she had a soft, rosy complexion, of almost marble smoothness; and instead of 23, she really appeared but 17. She told them plainly she used Hagar's Magnolia Balm, and would not be without it. Any lady can improve her personal appearance very much by using this article. It can be ordered of any druggist; for only 50 cents. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

Heimstreet's Inimitable Hair Coloring has been steadily growing in favor for over twenty years. It acts upon the absorbents at the roots of the hair, and changes it to its original color by degrees. All instantaneous dyes denude and injure the hair. Heimstreet's is not a dye, but is certain in its results, promotes its growth, and is a beautiful Hair Dressing. Price 50 cents and \$1. Sold by all dealers. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nauseas, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity makes it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold every where, at 50 cents per bottle. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

BARNES, HENRY & Co., Montreal, Agents for the Canadas. DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

Lockport, N. Y., Feb. 4th. JOHNSON BARNES, Esq. I have been informed by Mr. Wilson of Brockville, that you are making a very fine Hair Restorative, (Prof. Velpar's). I have used one bottle of it, and believe it to be a good article, you may send me one dozen by Express (and collect through them) to this place. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in every part of the Provinces. BARNES, HENRY & Co., Agents. 513 & 515 St. Paul St., Montreal, C.E.

H. MCGILL & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PRODUCE, GROCERIES AND LIQUORS, YOUNG'S BUILDINGS, Nos. 86 and 88 McGill Street, and Nos. 99 and 101 Grey Noun Street, MONTREAL. Consignments of Produce respectfully solicited, upon which liberal advances will be made.

FIRST CLASS STORAGE FOR GOODS IN BOND OR FREE. Messrs. H. L. Routh & Co. | Messrs. Mulholland & Hon. L. Holton, | Baker, Messrs. Fitzpatrick & Moore; J. Donnelly, Esq. MONTREAL. June 22, 1866. 12m.

GRAY'S WILD FLOWERS OF ERIN.

The large demand for this delicate, lasting and refreshing Perfume proves that it has already become a favorite with the public. No lady of beauty or fashion should be without a bottle on her toilet table. It will be found for Sale at the following Stores: Medical Hall, Devins & Bolton, Evans, Mercer & Co., Picanit & Sons, 28 Latham, T. D. Reed, &c., and at the Pharmacy of the Proprietor. Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded with the finest Drugs and Chemicals. A large supply of Herbs and Roots from the Society of Shakers just received.

HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing and Family Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street. (Established 1859.)

GLASGOW DRUG HALL, 396 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

CHOLERA. DR. HAMLIN'S Remedies for the cure of Cholera, with full directions for use, complete, price 75 cents. Order from the country at once on receipt. DISINFECTANTS.—The Subscriber has the following articles on hand and for sale:—Chloride of Lime, Coppars, Bird's Disinfecting Powder, Burnett's Fluid, Condy's Fluid, English Camphor, &c., &c. CONCENTRATED LYE.—This article will also be found a powerful disinfecting agent, especially for Cesspools and drains, used in the proportions of One pound to ten gallons of water. Fresh Garden and Flower Seeds, Coal Oil 2s 6d per Gallon, Burning Fluids, &c., &c. J. A. HARTE, GLASGOW DRUG HALL, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE MART.—\$4,000 WORTH OF Cheap Winceys, 10d, 1s, 1s 3d and 1s 6d. Best Winceys, 1s 9d, 2s, and 2s 6d. Fancy Dress Goods, 7yd, 9d, 1s and 1s 6d. Irish Poplins, 1s 9d, 2s, and 2s 6d. French Merinos, 2s 6d, 3s, 3s 6d and 4s. Cobourgs 10d, 1s and 1s 3d. Large stock of Flannels, Blankets, Hosiery, Gloves, Woolen Goods &c. Gentlemen's Clothing of every description in stock or made to order. J. A. RAFTER, 31 St. Lawrence Main Street. 12m.

MERCHANT TAILORING at the MART.—Gentlemen about ordering Suits will save fully 20 per cent. at the MART, 31 St. Lawrence Main Street. An excellent Stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING in all sizes. Experienced Artist engaged. Perfect Fits guaranteed. J. A. RAFTER, 12m.

GENTLEMEN'S FINE SUITS OF HEAVY TWEED, well made to order for \$11. Ready-made Pants \$3 50 to \$5.00. Vests \$1.50 and \$2.00; large stock Dress Clothing, ready-made, very cheap at the Mart, 31 St. Lawrence Main Street. J. A. RAFTER.

POLICE, VOLUNTEER, RAILWAY and Public Institution Uniforms, contracted for at the Mart, J. A. RAFTERS, 31 St. Lawrence Main Street. First class Cutters of experience and ability engaged.

WANTED.—Parties requiring Fashionable Fall and Winter Suits of Tweed, all wools, can have the same made to order for \$11 by calling at the Mart, 31 St. Lawrence Main Street (J. A. RAFTER).

SEE THE RUSH TO RAFTER'S LARGE SALE, Gentlemen can have Fashionable Pants for \$3; Stylish Vests at \$2. 200 Flannel Shirts from 6s 3d.

RAFTER'S STORE in the MAIN STREET in the 10th on the right from Craig Street. Dec. 1865. 12m.

LEWELLYN & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF STOCKS 131 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. Cash Advances made upon Consignments to our friends in the United States. Special attention given to the organizing of Petroleum and Mining Companies, and everything connected with the Oil and Mining business. Dec. 14, 1865.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE Pain Killer cures Sudden Colds, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Affections, Toothache, Sick Headache, Frost Bites, Kidney Complaints, Old Sores, Throat Affections, Diphtheria, General Debility, Diarrhoea, Pain in Stomach, Cholera, Scalds and Burns, Sprains, Bruises. This long tested and unrivalled Family Medicine has been favorably known for about thirty years, during which time we have received thousands of testimonials proving it to be an almost never failing remedy for the above named complaints. It has been tested in every variety of climate and in almost every known portion of the globe. The missionary, the sailor and the soldier find it an inestimable friend, and the millions of bottles sold yearly are its best and strongest recommendation. The great reputation the Pain Killer has won for itself has induced others to imitate and counterfeit it to a great extent. We should caution all purchasers against these imitations either in name or style of putting up such as Pain Destroyer, Pain Reliever, Pain Kings, Pain Remedy, &c., &c. Country Merchants and Druggists purchase these worthless preparations for one half the price of the genuine Pain Killer, yet charge the public the same as for the genuine, hence their object in urging these worthless preparations on the public. Send for a Pain Killer Almanac and Receipt Book for 1867 gotten up with the greatest care and contains, aside from numerous testimonials, &c., of the Pain Killer, a very valuable collection of Domestic Receipts. The Pain Killer is sold everywhere by all Druggists and Country Store-keepers. PRICE, 15 cts., 25 cts. and 50 cts. per bottle. Orders should be addressed to PERRY DAVIS & SON, Manufacturers and Proprietors, Montreal, C.E.

SADLIER & CO'S

NEW PUBLICATIONS AND BOOKS AT PRESS

New and Splendid Books for the Young People. BY ONE OF THE PAULIST FATHERS. THE COMPLETE SODALITY MANUAL AND HYMN BOOK. By the Rev. Alfred Young.—With the Approbation of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., late Archbishop of New York Suitable for all Sodalities, Confraternities, Schools, Choirs, and the Home Circle. 12mo., cloth, 75c. ANOTHER NEW WORK BY ONE OF THE PAULIST FATHERS.

GUIDE for CATHOLIC YOUNG WOMEN; designed particularly for those who earn their own living. By the Rev. George Deshon. 16mo. cloth, 75 cents.

THE HERMIT of the ROCK. A Tale of Cashel. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. 16mo, 600 pages (with a view of the Rock of Cashel) cloth extra, \$1; gilt, \$1.35. A NEW ILLUSTRATED LARGE PRAYER BOOK.

DAILY PRAYERS: A Manual of Catholic Devotion, compiled from the most approved sources and adapted to all states and conditions in life.—Elegantly Illustrated. 18mo, of nearly 900 pages. Sheep, 75 cents; roan, plain, \$1; embossed, gilt \$1.50; imit., full gilt, \$1.75; clasped, \$2. THE MASS BOOK. Containing the Office for Holy Mass, with the Epistles and Gospels for all the Sundays and Holydays, the Offices for Rogation Week, and Vespers and Benediction. 18mo, cloth, 35 cts; roan, plain, 50 cts. *The Cheap Edition of this is the best edition of the Epistles and Gospels for Schools published.

THE METHOD OF MEDITATION. By the Very Rev. John Roethan, General of the Society of Jesus. 18mo, cloth, 35 cents.

SONGS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, with Aid to Memory, set to Music. Words by Rev. D. Cummings, Music by Signor Sprenza and M. John M. Loretz, jun. 16mo, half bound 38 cts; cloth, 50 cts.

MARIAN ELWOOD: or, How Girls Live. The Very Mrs. Sarah M. Brownson. 12mo, cloth, extra, \$1 gilt, \$1.35.

A NEW BOOK ON THE ROSARY & A FULL A SHORT TREATISE ON THE ROSARY; together with six reasons for being Devout to the Blessed Virgin; also True Devotion to her. By J. M. F. Healey, a priest of the Order of St. Dominic.—18mo, cloth, Price only 28 cents. To the Second Edition is added the Rules of the Scapular and the Indulgences attached to it. A NEW LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

A POPULAR LIFE OF ST. PATRICK. By an Irish Priest; 16mo, 380 pages, cloth, 75 cents; gilt, \$1. SERMONS by the PAULIST FATHERS for 1857. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

THE TALISMAN; An Original Drama for Young Ladies. By Mrs. J. Sadlier, 19 cts. A NEW BOOK BY FATHER WENINGER, S.J. BASTER IN HEAVEN. By Rev. F. X. Weninger, D.D. 12mo, cloth, 90 cents; gilt, \$1.25.

NOW READY, Chateaubriand's Celebrated Work. THE MARTYRS; A Tale of the Last Persecution of the Christians at Rome. By Viscount de Orléans. 12mo, 450 pages, cloth, \$1.25.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND, from the Earliest Period to the Emancipation of the Catholic. By Hon. T. D. M'Go. 12mo, 2 vols, cloth, \$3.50; half calf or morocco, 3.50.

TREE SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE. By St. Francis of Sales, with an Introduction by Oardian Wiseman. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

NEW INDIAN SKETCHES. By Father De Smet. 18mo, cloth, \$1.50.

The Cottage and Parlor Library. 1. The Spanish Cavaliers. A Tale of the Moorish Wars in Spain. Translated from the French; Mrs. J. Sadlier, 16mo, cloth, 75 cents; gilt, 1.00. 2. Elmor Preston; or, Scenes at Home and Abroad. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. 16mo, cloth, 75 cents; gilt, 1.00. 3. Beesy Conway; or, The Irish Girl in America. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. 16mo, cloth, 75 cents; gilt, 1.00. 4. The Lost Son; An Episode of the French Revolution Translated from the French. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. 16mo, cloth, 75 cents; gilt edges, 1.00. 5. Old and New; or, Taste versus Fashion. An Original Story. By Mrs. J. Sadlier; with a Portrait. 16mo, cloth, 1.00; gilt edges, 1.30.

Catholic Youth's Library. 1. The Pope's Niece; and other Tales. From the French. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. 18mo, cloth, 38 cts. 2. Idleness; or, the Double Lesson, and other Tales from the French; by Mrs. Sadlier; 18mo, cloth 38c. 3. The Vendetta, and other Tales. From the French. By Mrs. J. Sadlier; 18mo, cloth, 38 cts; gilt edges, 50 cts; fancy paper, 21 cts. 4. Father Sheehy. A Tale of Tipperary Ninety Years Ago. By Mrs. J. Sadlier; 18mo, cloth, 38 cts; gilt, 50 cts; paper, 21 cts. 5. The Daughter of Tyrconnell. A Tale of the Reign of James the First. By Mrs. J. Sadlier.—18mo, cloth, 38 cts; cloth, gilt, 50 cts; paper, 21c. 6. Agnes of Brunsburg and Wilhelm; or, Christian Forgiveness. Translated from the French, by Mrs. J. Sadlier. 18mo, cloth, 38 cts; gilt, 50c. * MARSHAL'S great Work on the Contrast between Protestant and Catholic Missions.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS: their Agents and their Results. By T. W. Marshall. 2 vols., 8vo., 600 pages each. Cloth, \$6; half morocco, \$7c. FATHER MATTHEW; A Biography. By John Francis Maguire, M.P., author of 'Rome and its Rulers.' 12mo, of about 600 pages; cloth \$1.50. NEW BOOKS NOW READY, CATHOLIC ANECDOTES; or, The Catechism in Examples. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sadlier. Vol. 1 contains Examples on the Apostles' Creed, 75 cents.

THE OLD HOUSE BY THE BOYNE; or, Recollections of an Irish Borough. An Original Story.—By Mrs. Sadlier. Cloth, \$1.

THE YEAR OF MARY; or, The True Servant of the Blessed Virgin. Translated from the French and Edited by Mrs. J. Sadlier. 12mo, of nearly 600 pages, \$1 50.

SERMONS ON OUR LORD, AND ON HIS BLESSED MOTHER. By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. 8vo. Cloth, \$2 50. 50 half morocco, \$3 50.

FLORENCE MCCARTHY. A National Tale. By Lady Morgan. 12mo, 584 pages, Cloth, \$1 50 Paper, \$1 25.

THE DEVOUT LIFE. By St. Francis of Sales.—18mo. Cloth, 75 cent.

CECILIA. A Roman Drama. Prepared for Catholic Schools. 18mo, 81 pages, Paper, 50 cents.

THE SECRET. A Drama. Written for the Young Ladies of St. Joseph's Academy, Flushing, L.I.—By Mrs. J. Sadlier. 12mo, 32 pages, Paper, 50c. BANIM'S WORKS. Nos. 1 & 2. Each, 25 cents.

THE LIVES AND TIMES of the ROMAN POPES—TIPPS, from St. Peter to Pius IX. Translated from the French and Edited by Rev. Dr. Nelligan. To be published in parts; each part to be illustrated with a very fine Steel Engraving 25 cents. DISAPPOINTED AMBITION. By Agnes M. Stewart. Cloth, 75 cents.

STORIES OF THE BEATITUDE. By Agnes M. Stewart. Cloth, 50 cents. D. & J. SADLIER & Co. Montreal. Montreal, Dec. 7, 1865.

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT. No. 59, St. Bonaventure Street. Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at moderate charges.

KEARNEY BROTHER, Practical Plumbers, Gasfitters, TIN-SMITHS, ZINC, GALVANIZED & SHEET IRON WORKERS DOLLARD STREET, (One Door from Notre Dame Street, Opposite the Saccollet Church)

MONTREAL, AGENTS FOR LIPPINGWELL'S PATENT PREMIUM GAS-SAVING GOVERNOR. It positively saves the consumption of Gas 20 to 40 per cent. with an equal amount of light.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL. DIRECTORS: BRN. COMTE, Esq., President. Hubert Paire, Esq., Louis Comte, Esq., Alexis Dubord, Esq., Michel Lefebvre, Esq., L. A. H. Latour, Esq., Joseph Laramee, Esq., Adre Lapierre, Esq., F. J. Durand, Esq.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY. FIRE AND LIFE. Capital, TWO MILLIONS Sterling. FIRE DEPARTMENT. Advantages to Fire Insurers.

The Company is Enabled to Direct the Attention of the Public to the Advantages Afforded in this branch: 1st. Security unquestionable. 2nd. Revenue of almost unexampled magnitude. 3rd. Every description of property insured at moderate rates.

GET THE BEST. MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. The most exquisite and delightful of all perfumes contains in its highest degree the excellence of the aroma of flowers, in full natural freshness.

FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, THE TOWEL, AND THE BATH. THE MOST AGREEABLE & REFRESHING OF ALL PERFUMES. Devins & Bolton, Druggists, (next the Court House) Montreal, General Agents for Canada.

CONVENT OF VILLA-ANNA, LACHINE, (NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA EAST).

This Institution contains in its plan of education every thing required to form Young Girls to virtue, and the sciences becoming their condition. The diet is wholesome and abundant. In sickness as in health, their wants will be diligently supplied, and vigilant care will be taken of them at all times and in all places.

TERMS. (PAYABLE BY QUARTER AND IN ADVANCE.) Board, per annum \$80.00 Washing 10.00 Music—Piano 20.00 Harp Extra 10.00 Drawing 10.00 Bedstead, Desk 1.00 Bed and Bedding 6.00

UNIFORM. In Summer, Light Blue Dress with Cape. One plain White Dress, with Cape. In Winter, Dark Blue Dress, with Cape.

PROSPECTUS OF MASSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE, NEAR MONTREAL.

The object of this institution is to give to the youth of this country a practical education in the French and English languages. The course of instruction embraces the following branches, viz:—Reading, Writing, French and English Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic, Book Keeping, Practical Geometry, Architecture, Music, and Drawing.

TERMS. (PAYABLE QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.) Board and Tuition \$80 per annum. Bedstead, Bed & Bedding 6 do. Washing 6 do. Music and Piano 20 do. Drawing 6 do.

A. M. D. G. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, MONTREAL. PROSPECTUS. THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Opened on the 20th of September, 1848, it was incorporated by an Act of Provincial Parliament in 1852.

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

S. MATTHEWS, MERCHANT TAILOR, BEGS leave to inform his Patrons and the Public generally that he will for the present manage the business for his brother, at CORNER OF ST. JOHN AND NOTRE DAME STS.

J. R. MACSHANE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. ST. JOHN, N.B. Nov. 8, 1866. 12m.

W. O. FARMER, ADVOCATE. 41 Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

JOSEPH J. MURPHY, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor-in-Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c., OTTAWA, O.W. Collections in all parts of Western Canada promptly attended to. June 22, 1865.

HEYDEN & DEFOE, BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Solicitors in Chancery, CONVEYANCERS, NOTARIES, AND TORONTO AGENTS. OFFICE—Over the Toronto Savings Bank, No. 74, CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

C. F. FRASER, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROOKVILLE, O. W. Collections made in all parts of Western Canada.

STOVES, 526 CRAIG STREET. THE BRILLIANT HALL COAL STOVE. "ALBANIAN" "NORTHERN LIGHT" "RAILROAD" "HOT AIR" "BOX, PARLOR AND DUMB" "KULER COAL COOKING STOVE" "ROYAL COOK (wood)" "STANDARD" "MELLEUR & CO. N.B.—All our Stoves are mounted with real Russian Iron.

A CARD. THE SUBSCRIBER having, by a new and special arrangement, been appointed by Messrs. JACQUES & HAY, of TORONTO, their sole and only Agent in THIS CITY, for the Sale by Auction, of their splendid FURNITURE, takes the earliest opportunity of announcing to the Citizens of MONTREAL and the public generally, that he will, from time to time during the ensuing Spring, offer at his spacious and well established premises, No. 139 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, the various extensive consignments direct from this celebrated establishment, embracing all the new styles of their elegant and elaborately carved and polished BLACK-WALNUT FURNITURE, in every variety and description necessary to meet the demands of modern taste and convenience.

OWEN M'GARVEY, IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE. Nos. 7, 9, and 11, St. Joseph Street, 2ND DOOR FROM M'GILL STREET, MONTREAL. Orders from all parts of the Province carefully executed, and delivered according to instructions, free of charge.

F. CALLAHAN & CO., GENERAL JOB PRINTERS, AND WOOD ENGRAVERS, 32 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, OPPOSITE ST. LAWRENCE HALL. Seal Presses and Ribbon-Hand Stamps of every description furnished to order.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA. TRAINS NOW LEAVE BONAVENTURE STREET STATION as follows: GOING WEST. Day Express for Ogdensburg, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich 9.30 A.M.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. [Established in 1826.] THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Planatories, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular.

B. MENZELY, West Troy, N. Y. Feb. 2, 1867.

JAMES CONAUGHTON, CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands. All Orders left at his Shop, No. 10, St. EDWARD STREET, (off Bligny), will be punctually attended to. Montreal, Nov. 22, 1866.

MR. ANDREW KEEGAN'S ENGLISH, COMMERCIAL, AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL IS AGAIN OPEN, in his old established School House, at the rear of ST. ANN'S CHURCH (St. Ann's Ward).

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

DEALS! DEALS!! DEALS!!! 50,000 Cull Deals, CHEAP, FOR CASH. J. LANE & CO., St. Rochs, Quebec. Nov. 9, 1866.

M. O'GORMAN, Successor to the late D. O'Gorman, BOAT BUILDER, SIMCO STREET, KINGSTON. An assortment of Skiffs always on hand. OARS MADE TO ORDER. SHIP'S BOATS' OARS FOR SALE

LOUIS GONZAGUE FAUTEUX, Defendant. NOTICE is hereby given that Dame Marie Adelaide Hermine Leduc, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, wife of Louis Gonzague Fauteux, of the same place, Merchant, has instituted an action for separation of property (en separation de biens) against her said husband, returnable on the ninth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, in the said Superior Court at Montreal.

OWEN M'GARVEY, IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE. Nos. 7, 9, and 11, St. Joseph Street, 2ND DOOR FROM M'GILL STREET, MONTREAL.

F. CALLAHAN & CO., GENERAL JOB PRINTERS, AND WOOD ENGRAVERS, 32 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, OPPOSITE ST. LAWRENCE HALL. Seal Presses and Ribbon-Hand Stamps of every description furnished to order.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA. TRAINS NOW LEAVE BONAVENTURE STREET STATION as follows: GOING WEST. Day Express for Ogdensburg, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich 9.30 A.M.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. [Established in 1826.] THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Planatories, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular.

B. MENZELY, West Troy, N. Y. Feb. 2, 1867.

P. ROONEY, WHOLESALE MANUFACTURER OF IRISH LINENS, AND IMPORTER OF DRY GOODS, No. 82, St Peter Street, MONTREAL. Nov 8, 1866.

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, WILLIAMSTOWN (NEAR LANCASTER) C.W. THE system of education will embrace the English and French languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, and every kind of useful and ornamental Needle Work.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR, TEN MONTHS. TERMS PER MONTH: Board and Tuition in the English and French languages \$5.00 Music 2.00 Drawing and Painting 1.50 Bed and Bedding 0.50 Washing 1.00

BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA IN LARGE BOTTLES. The Great Purifier of the Blood. Is particularly recommended for use during SPRING AND SUMMER.

when the blood is thick, the circulation clogged and the humors of the body rendered unhealthy by the heavy and greasy secretions of the winter months. This safe, though powerful, detergent cleanses every portion of the system, and should be used daily as A DIET DRINK, by all who are sick, or who wish to prevent sickness. It is the only genuine and original preparation for THE PERMANENT CURE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS AND CONFIRMED CASES OF SCROFULA or Old Sores, Boils, Tumors, Abscesses, Ulcers, And every kind of Scrofulous and Scabious eruptions. It is guaranteed to be the PUREST and most powerful Preparation of GENUINE HONDURAS SARSAPARILLA, and is the only true and reliable CURE or SYPHILIS, even in its worst forms.

BRISTOL'S (Vegetable) SUGAR-COATED PILLS. THE GREAT CURE For all the Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Put up in Glass Phials, and warranted to KEEP IN ANY CLIMATE.

These Pills are prepared expressly to operate in harmony with the greatest of blood purifiers, BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA, in all cases arising from depraved humors or impure blood. The most hopeless sufferers need not despair. Under the influence of these two GREAT REMEDIES, maladies, that have heretofore been considered utterly incurable, disappear quickly and permanently. In the following diseases these Pills are the safest and quickest, and the best remedy ever prepared, and should be at once resorted to. DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, DROPSY, and PILES.

Only 25 Cts. per Phial. FOR SALE BY J. F. Henry & Co. 303 St. Paul Street, Montreal General Agents for Canada. Agents for Montreal Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, bell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Davidson & Co. Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. La, them, and all Dealers in Medicine. April, 1866 12m.