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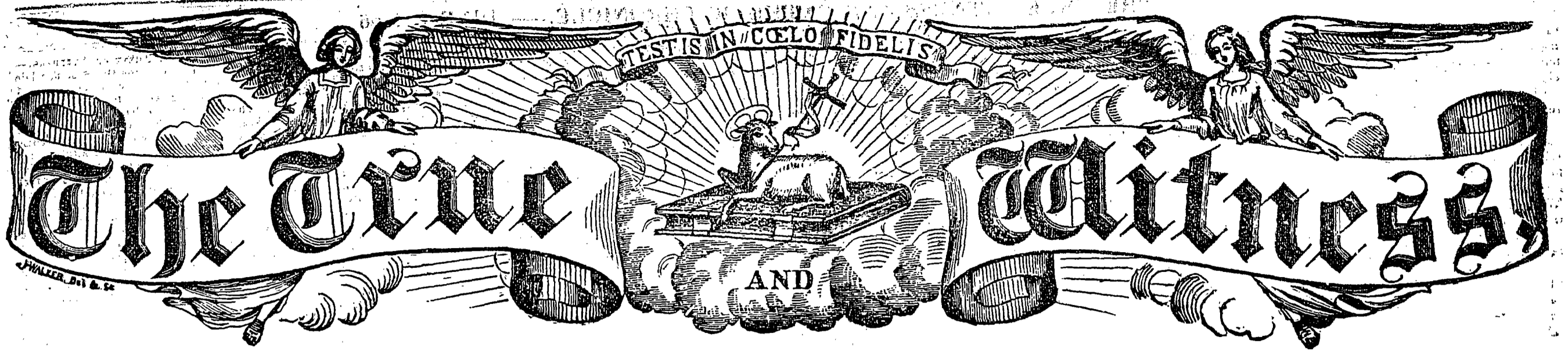
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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EDWARD LYNN.

(From the Catholic Telegraph.)

CHAPTER I.—SISTER CECILIA.

‘Can it be true, Ed., that, as mother tells me, you are going to leave the dear old Church, for the superstitions of Popery?’ exclaimed Carrie Lynn, in no pleasant mood, as she entered her brother’s room the morning after his arrival.—‘Oh, Ed., it would be hard to give you up; but I doubt, if that wound of yours had proved fatal, if we could, in our hearts, suffer more than we should to see you forsake the religion, which has so long nourished you, for a lot of absurd—’

‘Not so fast, sister,’ said her brother, Capt. Lynn, who was lying on a sofa, enjoying his convalescence. ‘You know Dr. White says that all exciting conversation must, for the present, be avoided; so be careful not to overstep the limits. In a day or two we will talk over the subject; but, Sis, I have some books in my valise you might like to look over in the meantime—from them you can gain any information in regard to my belief.’

‘Books on Popery! No, indeed, Edward,’ said his sister, with much warmth. ‘I think I can spend my leisure hours to much better advantage than in perusing silly, absurd—well, to say the least, very injurious books. Then she added sadly, ‘But has it come to this? Are you quite determined?’

Her brother, evading her question, began.—‘Come, Carrie, I want to enlist your sympathy. I used to have it, and want it now.’

‘Enlist my sympathy! that is too bad, brother; as if I had no feeling for you in your misfortune,’ said the enthusiastic girl. And she tenderly kissed her brother’s forehead.

‘Yes, my pet; I know you have,’ said he, returning her caress, ‘and now, don’t let them talk to me till I get well, and then I think you will all be satisfied with my choice—at least so far as to allow me my own way in peace. Now, remember; for I don’t feel prepared to be sent to my last account just now, although you seem to think the loss would be no worse than if I became a Roman Catholic.’

‘Oh, no! I did not mean exactly that, brother Ed.; indeed, I scarcely know what I said, it took me so by surprise. But they shall not torment you, poor brother; you have suffered enough. You must have peace now, whatever pernicious sentiments you have picked up in the army; and Carrie manifested her sincerity for the wounded soldier—the ‘poor deluded boy,’ as his mother said—by a prolonged kiss, and left the room. ‘O! I forgot!’ she exclaimed, at the door, ‘here is a letter from—I know who—and I’ll accept a perusal, even though it be second-hand,’ she added mischievously.

The young man grasped the letter eagerly;—and, noting the page, laid aside the book which had engaged his attention previous to his sister’s entrance, and opened the missive.

Edward and Carrie Lynn were the only children of a prosperous mercantile in a western town. Their lives had passed in comfort and comparative ease—though not in the ‘lap of luxury’—with intelligent and upright parents, who, while educating them in all the branches considered necessary for a liberal education, early inculcated, with the love of knowledge, the necessity of self-reliance. Accordingly, Edward, at the age of nineteen—after graduating at one of the best literary institutions in the West—entered upon the study of medicine, in which he gave fair promise to excel. He had already received his diploma, and began to think of establishing himself in some eligible location, in the practice of his profession, when the rebellion which has so desolated our once fair land broke upon us. He was among the first to rally to the defence of our country. Leaving his books, and bidding adieu to the loved ones at home, he entered the army as first Lieutenant of a company raised in their enterprising and patriotic town.—Mr. Lynn, though proud to see his son willing to risk his life for the land for which his own grand-father had died in the great Revolution, with a father’s heart regretted the parting with his only son, he, who, if spared would be the support of his parents in the decline of life.

We have become somewhat hardened, after three years of war, and its many attendant evils; but when the first call for volunteers was responded to, and fathers and brothers left their homes for the tented field, what horrid scenes of bloodshed rose up before the mind at parting, and how little we dared to hope to meet these volunteers again.

Edward tried to be firm, but found himself fast losing his power of control, when his gentle mother, in a voice broken by sobs, commended him to God; for she was an earnest, though not investigating Christian; and placing in his hand a pocket Bible, with marked passages, hurried from the room, to kneel in prayer for him, in the silence of her chamber. With Carrie—she who had grown with him like a twin spirit, who had

shared every joy, and shed tears over every disappointment of his school boy days, or affliction of later life—with her he lingered long, until the omnibus, which was to convey him to the depot, was at the door, and he heard the shouts of the brave boys who were to be his companions on many a bloody battle-field, as they had been in all his youthful festivities.

‘This parting will do us good, Carrie,’ said he, ‘it will show us how dear we are to each other, and will teach me how to appreciate my home and friends, by depriving me of them for a season.’

‘God grant it may be but for a season,’ said his father solemnly.

‘Well, father,’ said Edward, with a forced show of cheerfulness, ‘we must not anticipate evil; if it come, I will try to meet it as a soldier,’ and his voice had in it a perceptible tremor.

‘We consider you competent to judge of right and wrong, my son,’ said Mr. Lynn, ‘and therefore have placed no hindrance in the way of what you, what any patriotic citizen, must consider your duty in the hour of our country’s danger. Stand firm, Edward; never falter in the path you consider that of duty, though it lead you into unforeseen trouble and trials that you would now shrink from. The soldier’s life, my dear son, is not an easy one to any; much less to him who does his whole duty. The Lord of hosts be with you.’

The young officer checked a rising sigh, grasped his father’s hand, then hurriedly clasping his sister to his heart, went forth bravely to fight for the good old flag.

On the bloody field of Stone River, under the heroic leader Rosecrans, he stood manfully by his men; and for noble daring all through those three memorable days, he was promoted. None more deserving of promotion than he. With the few remaining members of his company he marched Southward, enduring the privations and sufferings that the brave boys of the army of the Cumberland passed through for so many weary months. He fought valiantly during the terrible slaughter of Chickamauga, and in the last hour fell with a severe wound; and his comrades carried him from the field, fearing they had lost their noble Captain. But he opened his eyes while the surgeon was dressing his wound, and breathed a prayer of thankfulness when he heard that it was not likely to prove fatal. Slowly passed the days while he lay in the uncomfortable and crowded hospital, from which, as soon as he was able, he was removed to one but little more commodious, but where he could have some of the attention our sick and wounded have so much needed. While here, he lay near to a young soldier—a stranger, so far as personal acquaintance was concerned, but in whom he recognised a brother in the common cause of the country—who attracted his attention by reciting, in rather a loud whisper, his peculiar devotions, morning and evening—a custom too uncommon among our soldiers, many of whom seem to forget that bravery alone will not ensure them an entrance into heaven, even though they should fall in defense of good and just principles.—The Lord’s Prayer was familiar to Capt. Lynn, he lisped it at his mother’s knee; but ‘Hail Mary!’ he heard for the first time, and was not quite sure that he heard aright; but the idea of calling upon the name of ‘Mary,’ ‘Mother of God,’ filled his mind with something akin to disgust. His lips curled in scorn at the ignorance and idolatrous superstitions of the poor Irishman. But as day after day he heard the same prayer repeated, and becoming able to converse, he soon learned that the soldier was not so ignorant as he supposed. Pity took the place of scorn, and he determined, if opportunity offered, to eradicate some of the pernicious sentiments which seemed to him to be the man’s religion.

Captain Lynn was one of ‘Old Ross’s’ most ardent admirers, and probably had he ever had any conversation with that General on the subject of religion, would have never formed so silly a resolution, but as military matters alone was the subject—when it was necessary he should be consulted—it is easy to imagine how the young officer was no wiser upon the subject of Gen. Rosecrans, much abused faith, after spending so many months under his command.

The sun was shining through the open window, and the pleasant south wind came in laden with the breath of woodland flowers, for Spring had returned to the Southland before the wounded Captain was able to start for home. He lay, half unconscious, upon his pillow, dreaming of father, mother, sister, and ‘another, not a sister,’ whose frank and affectionate letters made the hours of confinement pass faster than any thing else could possibly have done. Suddenly by his side stood a fair, slight form, and a cool white hand took from his burning brow the steaming linen, and replaced it with a fresh one. A woman’s hand! When was a woman in hospital? No—except poor Mrs. Eldor, who came to comfort her dying husband, and took away

with her the lifeless body; and little Fanny Crayton, who came with her father to visit a wounded brother? For a moment Capt. Lynn thought the being at his side must be the blue-eyed Fanny, who had done all in her power, during her short stay, to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded, though they were not brothers. But collecting his wandering senses he remembered that she had left for her Northern home two days previous. He was almost afraid to open his eyes to look clearly upon her, lest the vision would vanish. But the touch of that hand! It was certainly tangible. Did it not yet linger where the freshly wet bandage had already cooled his throbbing temples? And then a voice, it might have been his sister’s, so softly did it fall upon an ear made nervously acute by sickness, asked:

‘Will you have a cool drink?’ and the same hand—white and delicate he knew it to be before he opened his eyes to look upon it—lifted the glass of water just brought from the spring beyond the hospital.

Was it the beauty of the morning, or his pleasant dream of home, or his angel visitant, that made the hours fly faster than for many, many weeks? Perhaps each had a share in giving pleasure to the convalescent officer, and added to this the surgeon to charge had told him that if he continued to improve, he would in a few days be able to start for home. All the morning the form in the sober black dress—the singularity of which has made him doubt his awakened senses, (and at last gave him an idea of her character)—ministered to the wants of those around him. Every eye grew brighter at her approach, and some sad ones smiled, for the first time since entering there, as her cheering words fell upon the ear. His neighbor, who had so interested him by his ‘Pater and Ave,’ detained her to ask if she would be so kind as to write a letter for him to the old country. The brave fellow had suffered amputation of his right arm, besides having several other wounds.—Having received an affirmative reply, he prayed all the blessings of heaven to rain down upon her in his peculiar way. The Captain listened, in some amusement, to his harangue, and wondered that the lady would patiently hear it, and even give him a gracious smile and ‘thank you’ for his nonsense.

‘Do you know her?’ he asked, as she moved away.

‘Sure an’ I do, Captain; isn’t she one of the Sisters—the sweet creatures—who are spendin’ all their precious lives, takin’ care of the souls of us poor wretches? And all for the love of God! Sure, I know her, though never a word did I speak to the lady before this minute.’

And so young Lynn began to muse; it was true, then, as he had surmised, that he had conversed that morning with a nun—a real nun, one of those wonderful and much abused women who are shut up in cloisters dim, and pine away for want of the society of their fellow-beings, and die, perhaps—for who ever knew what became of them after entering the gloomy convent cells, another name for a living tomb! Such was the idea, of a nun, entertained by him and thousands of others. But this one—she was not what he had believed a nun to be, or why was she there? Could it be, and he smiled at the absurdity of the idea, through motives of disinterested charity, purely for the love of God, as his neighbor had expressed it? Thus he thought and wondered, as he lay with his eyes fixed upon her, as she moved silently around, and asked himself questions which had never before perplexed his brain, and which he could not answer; but the poorest intellect which has had its training in the holy Mother Church would probably find no difficulty in solving them.

‘Well, Captain, how do you like your new nurse?’ Knows how to perform her duties more to your refined taste than our rough men, don’t she?’ asked the surgeon as he came on his usual round. ‘You see, we sent for the Sisters, who have accomplished a great deal in other hospitals and three arrived at this point last night. I tell you, Captain, one of them will do you more good than three doctors.’

‘Catholics, I believe,’ mildly suggested his patient.

‘Of course!’ answered the surgeon, heedless of the half scornful expression accompanying the low spoken words. ‘And I tell you, if anything could turn my head—too old to change religion now—it would be the example of these unpretending women. You’ll get better fast,’ and the doctor went on to praise Sister Cecilia to the next patient.

the news from some fellow officers, and to look upon the Southern woods, already arrayed in gorgeous beauty, before he should leave for the bare brown fields and leafless woods, where the March winds were rustling the dead leaves, and scattering the last year’s deserted bird’s nests.—The forests of Tennessee were alive with winged songsters, and the fragrant air full of their melodies, each singing a matin hymn to their Preserver. And his heart too sent up a prayer of thanksgiving that his life had been spared while so many had fallen around. ‘What,’ he asked himself, ‘have I ever done to deserve such mercy? Have I ever accomplished anything for the love of God? And now rose up before him the image of ‘Sister Cecilia’ and ‘Sister Agnes,’ performing their mission of love in the warm and unhealthy atmosphere of the hospital, ministering to bodily disease, and speaking kind and cheering words to the depressed in spirit; sitting all night, after a fatiguing day, by the side of some sufferer, that death might not find him alone; writing letters to absent friends; closing the eyes of the dead; or cutting off a lock of sunny hair from over a boyish brow, to save for whoever should come to claim his body, or to send to a sorrowing mother. All this was heroic, such as he had never seen equalled, and never before had believed possible for a fragile woman. He wished to think of himself, of his plans for the future, when his weak limbs should become strong, and the pain, sometimes still fearfully intense, should leave his head; but, do what he would to banish them, thoughts of the Sisters of Charity would intrude upon him, and the words of the Irish soldier, which contained an idea almost novel to him, would startle his mind into inquiry upon a subject entirely unthought of a week before.

‘Their’s must be, at least to them,’ he said, musingly, ‘a beautiful and pure belief; not what I have considered the Roman Catholic faith to be. Can it be that I have been deceived—that I have been prejudiced against that of which I know nothing?’

And when a single doubt arose, the whole structure of his false prejudices loomed up before his vision, tottering at its very foundation. These prejudices had been instilled into his mind at home, at Sunday school, at College, and in society, and he had some he could not account for. They had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. He had always been ready to assail what he called ‘the absurdities of Popery.’ And truly might Catholicism be called one grand system of absurdities, if it is what thousands have from their infancy been taught to believe it. Capt. Lynn walked slowly on, regardless of distance, revolving in his mind the new ideas that were in a rather chaotic state of existence in his confused brain. His wounded limb was becoming painful, and he seated himself on a log, with the intention of returning to the hospital in a few minutes, when who should make his appearance but his Irish friend.

‘Good morning, Mike,’ said Lynn, with that easy familiarity which won the hearts of his men. ‘So you, too, are out enjoying the beauty of the morning?’

‘Good morning, Captain,’ answered Mike, doffing his beaver, ‘It’s glad I am, sure, to see ye able to be out this fine day, Sir; and, thanks be to God, that myself can enjoy the day.’

‘So you, too, seem to be in a moralizing humor,’ said the Captain, smiling. ‘Yes, our thanks are due to God, but seldom do we find those who give much thought to his goodness. I have concluded that they who render Him thanks, in sincerity of heart, are few, very few, if found at all.’

‘Captain, do ye doubt the sincerity of them Sisters yonder?’ ask Mike, nodding in the direction of the hospital.

‘I am not prepared to say, Mike,’ was the candid reply to this pointed question. ‘I very much admire their fortitude and self-denial, nor can I ever forget their kindness to me—a stranger—but—’ the usually self-possessed man was becoming embarrassed under the scrutinizing gaze of the honest Hibernian, ‘but, Mike, do you really believe that it is for the love of God?’

‘Is it yourself that can be doubting the holy Sisters? God bless ‘em!’ said Mike earnestly. ‘But, Captain, I think the walk has been too much for you—you are as white as a sheet.’

His wound had begun to bleed afresh, and it was with much difficulty that they bound it up with their handkerchiefs until assistance could be procured. Mike, forgetful for the moment of his own feeble limbs, ran with all possible haste and despatched two attendants for the now helpless officer, who settled down in bed again, mentally cursing his thoughtlessness, and dismissing all thoughts of returning home for the present.—The surgeon looked grave, and examined his patient, with a severe reprimand for not attending more strictly to his injunctions.

‘Confound it, man! I might have known as much. Ought not to have let you out of my sight, till safe in your father’s care. Well, experience is a dear school,’ young man, ‘but—you know the rest.’

The doctor’s indignation soon subsided, however, for he really sympathized in the misfortune of his young friend, to whom he had become warmly attached; not only considering him worthy of esteem, as a friend, but a man of talents and rare promise in the profession he had chosen. The greatest fault the doctor usually found with him was that of entering the service in any other than as surgeon, while so many were needed. Captain Lynn seemed to think less of his new affliction than did his comrades and attendants. The generous Irishman was obliged to keep his bed for two days, and it was with a heart full of gratitude that the Captain tried to express his thanks for the timely assistance which had probably saved his life. Inflammation setting in, he became much worse. For two weeks he hovered between life and death, and but little hope was entertained that he would ever reach his father’s house alive. In the meantime his father received intelligence that his son would, upon a certain day be at the station, and went thither to meet him, but was doomed to a bitter disappointment. On returning home, he found a telegram, briefly informing the grief-stricken circle that Captain Lynn was dangerously ill. No time was to be lost, so taking with him the skilful family physician he set out for the scene of battles.

Dr. White had been the preceptor of Edward Lynn, and was deeply interested in him. Not only was he proud of him as being a student of remarkable talent and promise, but having no sons, he seemed to live upon him all the love he might have bestowed upon one, if it had been the will of the Almighty to have given him a son. He had three daughters, pleasant accomplished girls, who were intimate friends of Edward and Carrie Lynn, a were the parents; and it had for years been a serious, scarcely acknowledged, wish of the doctor that his youngest daughter—yet much too young to think of matrimony—and his student might, at some future day, make a happy marriage the connecting link between the families. But he wisely forbore mentioning to any one, much less to his pretty gifted child, his cherished plan for her happiness.

All the attention that could be bestowed upon the invalid, in a Southern hospital, was lavished upon Captain Lynn. In his delirium he called Sister Cecilia, Carrie, and would scarcely allow her to leave his bedside—while he was constantly calling upon her to pray for him. And she did pray as only those pious devoted women can pray, who have left the world’s allurements to minister to distress; who visit the haunts of wretchedness, and even crime, with no hope of earthly reward, with only the hope of saving souls, for whom our blessed Redeemer died.

‘Did you forget to pray for me, Carrie?’ he would ask as the Sister made her appearance with the first streak of dawn. ‘Don’t you know the Lord has sent for me,’ he would sometimes add, ‘and I can’t go—I can’t go this way. You must pray for me.’

‘Oh, no, I never forgot to pray for you,’ she would reply, ‘but you have been dreaming; you will soon be better.’

‘I am well enough, bodily,’ he often said, but I want you to pray for my soul. It is sick; not my body. What are the doctors here for? I don’t want them: I only want Carrie, and I want her to pray.’

At last the light of reason dawned upon his mind, and he rapidly regained his strength. Was it the triumph of a naturally strong constitution, combined with excellent medical aid, as his father and friends believed, or of Sister Cecilia’s prayers, as he believed it to be? Who shall tell, until the record be unrolled, and the heroic deeds of humble women made known to the vast multitudes who shall come from the East and West, from the North and South, on the great day when the King of kings shall come forth in his chariot of fire? Old Mr. Lynn’s gratitude to one who had done so much for his son, was naturally very great, but as for the motive which actuated the heroic woman, he ascribed it to a desire to proselytize, though he forebore expressing his opinion through politeness for her and respect for his son. He presented her with a very liberal donation, though assured by her that every cent would be expended in alleviating suffering; and thus ended his sense of obligation. But a far richer gift nestled down in Sister Cecilia’s heart; the knowledge of having done a deed of mercy. And another gem was added to the diadem preparing for her brow by him for whom she had severed all earthly ties—and in the Lamb’s Book of Life was written another page to testify to her works of love, when the ‘Books shall be opened.’

‘Sister Cecilia,’ said Captain Lynn, one day when his father had left her alone at his bedside,

'I would like to know your real motive for giving your whole life, with all its power, to ministering to the needy. Is it truly for the love of God?'

'If I know my own heart, Captain Lynn, she replied modestly, it is.'

'Believe you,' he said earnestly, 'and I shall never, never forget your disinterested benevolence to me. I will not attempt to thank you for I could not. You have saved a soul from ruin. And now, I want to ask another favor. Will you give me a little insight into the religion which teaches you such self-sacrifice?'

The Sister looked at him earnestly, and seeing that he was perfectly sincere, replied, 'I will get you some books—or I will ask Father Daly, who will be here on to-morrow, I think, to come and talk with you, which will be better, will it not?'

'A Catholic priest! and something of the old feeling came back, but he repressed it, saying, 'He would not like to do so, I fear.'

'Oh, he will be most happy to give you any information,' said the gentle Sister, who, after a few minutes farther conversation, passed on to another low bed, breathing a prayer that his soul might be made a fit dwelling place for the blessed Word. Capt. Lynn saw the hand touch the forehead and breast in that common and most beautiful act of faith, and knew that she mentally said, 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and he involuntarily added, 'Amen!' He had no heart to smile, as he had often done, when he had seen this sacred sign. A sadness came over him, and he determined to know if he was in the wrong way, and, if so, to seek the right. Next day, a quiet looking gentleman, a stranger, entered the hospital with the surgeon. He wore no beard, and his clothes, though neat, were coarse and rather worn. He did not look as thousands imagine a Catholic priest to appear; and many there are who have 'entertained angels unawares.' Captain Lynn was astonished to find that he was Father Daly, Chaplain of a regiment, at that time ten or twelve miles distant, who had walked that distance to visit a few of his penitents then in the hospital. He was a sincere Christian, sociable and polite, and a thoroughly educated clergyman, which all denominations acknowledged the clergy of the Mother Church to be. Captain Lynn was prepared for surprises, but began to converse with a resolution to know his duty, and with some degree of faith that it would be shown him. He was much pleased with the reverend gentleman, and the instructions he received, though the doctrines set forth conducted very much with his own previously entertained notions; and he had for the first time, an idea, though an imperfect one, of the truths of Catholicism. The great Sower prepares the ground, and plants the good seed; but, to germinate, it must have the refreshing dews and genial showers of His grace, and the warm sunshine of his love. The poisonous weeds of false prejudice that have been uprooted must not be allowed to grow again, nor 'thorns to spring up and choke it. 'Lead us not into temptation' must be the watch word ever on our lips.

As Father Daly arose to bid his new friend good morning, he put into his hand two books, saying, 'I am very sorry I have no more with me. We are sadly in need of good Catholic books here; the small stock I had is now exhausted, but I am every day looking for more.' The good priest would accept of no remuneration for 'I have my reward, my son,' he said; but, as he was going, his grateful friend put into his hand a bank bill, saying, 'Then with this purchase a few books to distribute among those who like myself wish to seek the way of truth.' 'Protestantism and Infidelity: An Appeal to Candid Americans, by F. X. Weninger,' was the title of one of the books, which the Captain hastily glanced over, and then feeling weary with his long conversation, closed his eyes for an hour's slumber.

Mr. Lynn's library contained books on almost every subject, literature, science, theology, and yet not one, if we except an elegantly bound 'Josephus,' in favor of the One True Church. When Captain Lynn thought of this fact, he wondered he had never noticed the omission before; but whether intentional or not on the part of his father, his children had been trained to believe that his library contained all that was necessary for them to know, and much more than they should ever master. As all books which might have an immoral tendency were strictly excluded, even the light and entertaining literature of the day, under the guise of fiction, it is a question whether there was, or was not, matter there to be found without reading which both the son and daughter had been better qualified for their respective positions in Christian society.

In a few days the Captain started with his father and Dr. White for their Northern home, where they arrived the day before our story opens—the young officer scarcely recognizable from protracted illness, hardship and fatigue.

CHAPTER II.—THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

'Dear Edward'—so ran the delicate chronography which the convalescent Captain, as he lay on his sofa, carefully read, as if weighing in his mind the exact meaning of every sentence.—'I am very sorry you have not recovered from the effects of your wound, and are still confined in that dreary hospital. I hope, ere this reaches you, your abode will be changed for the pleasant quietude of your home—though it seems to me you have not missed the society of those nearest and dearest, so lavishly has attention been bestowed upon you from unlooked for sources. Your letter was, as you must be aware, a great surprise to me; and painful it was to read of the singular changes taking place in your religious sentiments. I could scarcely credit my senses, and can now but half believe, that all your prejudices against Catholicism were fast being removed by the disinterested kindness of two or three Sisters of Charity. I have heard a great deal of this, of their wonderful sacrifices, and have no doubt those in question are very amiable ladies, and do much good in their peculiar way; as to that way being right or wrong, we probably now differ in opinion.—

Thanks to the organ of caution, I do not believe all the rose-tinted stories of heroism and devotion, however, as 'seeing is believing,' I will not dispute your word. I hope that, again in the society of those who have always been your friends and best advisers, and from under the baneful influence now surrounding you, you will see the subject in its true light, and become convinced that to place yourself within the toils of Popery would be the most rash act of your life, and insure your ruin in this world and the next. I will not add more on this subject, Edward; for you see how I regard it. And I can only hope that you have not made up your mind, my dear friend; for, however loth to believe I am, I know your firmness too well to suppose you would change, even for those you love—and although you were in the wrong. It may be well enough for me to mention that Pa was not well pleased with your letter; that he really advises me to discontinue the correspondence. Future developments will determine our relation; until then it will be useless for me to mention those little matters which were so closely linked with what has been—our future. I cannot forbear a wish to see you as soon as your health may permit; but it is for you to say whether or not we meet again—we cannot meet as heretofore. My love to Carrie. I await a reply.

Yours,
'ANNA.'

To be Continued.

CATHOLICS IN WORKHOUSES AND PRISONS.

(From the Dublin Evening Post.)

It might be thought we had enough to preoccupy us within the four seas of Ireland, and so, perhaps, that there is an Ireland in England, and an Ireland in Scotland—not less entitled to our sympathy, our sympathy, our care, and our succor than is the Ireland in which we live. We are touched sometimes when the Irish poor who have spent their youth and their labor in England are harshly returned upon our shores by the charity of British law; but we seldom spend a thought upon the suffering and oppressions of that same poor whom that same cruel charity does not discharge upon us. The English prison and workhouse system is essentially Protestant, and the Irish poor subjected to its operations are victims of a tyranny far more trying than anything of which we have a conception in Ireland.—The convict prison and the workhouse inflict wrongs and tortures upon the Catholic and Irish conscience of our countrymen resident in England, who may become inmates of these places, beyond anything almost that we can realize, and for which there is no redress under Providence, but in the action of the Irish representatives. The Catholic priest has no access to the Catholic convict in an English prison, as a rule, unless the convict shall demand his ministrations, a course to which he has no inducement in the prison discipline, and few in the promptings of his own as yet unawakened conscience, but from which there are many influences, on the contrary, to dissuade him, in everything he sees and knows of prison life. The Protestant chaplain being, in the first place, a recognised part of the system—as much so as the governor or turnkey—has access to the prisoner, Catholic or Protestant, at convenient times, as often as, in his zeal or discretion, he may think proper; and proper zeal or feigned, to his teachings, is a well-known passport to the favour and indulgence of the prison authorities, as the demand for a visit from the priest would be certain to attract anything but favor or indulgence, in his temporal interest, to the convict who would be so cautious as to make it. The prison officers are, in the second place, invariably Protestant; the visiting justices are also Protestant; and the Catholic is regarded, not even as a tolerated inconvenience, but as a grievance thrust in upon the prison administration by unrighteous laws. In rare cases only, and against determined opposition, have the magistrates of any district used the working powers conferred upon them by recent legislation, to appoint a Catholic chaplain to a prison; and we are compelled, therefore, to refer to the treatment of Catholic prisoners, not as in other times, to the inflexible oppression of the law, but to the generally unbending injustice of its administrators in England. The prison system, however, is merciful and fair by comparison with the workhouse system, in the operation of each upon the Catholics, chiefly Irish, who are brought within its reach. The adult prisoner may have been early and well instructed; he may have strength of character, and be thrown back by remorse of conscience upon some of the rallying points of virtuous principle; he may persist in his demand for spiritual succour; and if he do, he will at length be gratified; but the destitute child of Catholic parents, living or dead, upon whom the English poor law system lays its pitiful hand has within the unformed mind and plastic character of infancy no possible element of resistance to the systematic proselytism from which the guardians of English workhouses will allow no escape. A voice from the depths has cried out unto us—a voice from the depth of Irish misery in England—a voice from the very lowest amongst those depths, the English workhouse—the voice of tortured conscience; the voice of mothers of our own blood, bewailing their children, and refusing to be comforted, because their little ones, torn from the belief of their fathers and their country in English workhouses, are regarded by the faith, passionate not less than strong, of Irish mothers, as lost to them when lost to their religion. 'I have received letters'—says the author of an appeal before us, with the moving title 'De Profundis,'—which has suggested the present article.—

'I have received letters from a Catholic convict quite blistered with her tears; and each letter one prolonged wail, that though I do not mind what I suffer myself I cannot bear the thought of Patrick a Protestant. I lie awake crying night after night and thinking of him. With so many charitable people in London, how is it that they will not let my boy learn anything of his religion?'

Pursuing the resolution— 'Alas! the best thing,' he says, 'I can hope for now for that fearful mother is that either she or her boy may die before the expiration of her sentence. I have seen him from time to time, and have too surely traced in him the progress of devastation. The bright smile of welcome for a friend of his mother has given place to a look of mingled shame and defiance. The assurance that he gave on the first two or three visits that he said his prayers in private, though he did not dare to say anything about his religion aloud, has long ceased to be given. The beautiful reflection in the countenance of inward purity has been exchanged for tokens of something very different.'

Four years ago, the calculation stated by careful and competent investigators as the result of their experience in the London Workhouse schools was—that 1,100 Catholic children were being educated in these institutions; that amongst the 1,100 not more than 100 were allowed to see a priest, while trained in every other respect as Protestants, and that the 1,000 others were rigorously debarred from even this. The clergy of the districts of St. Mary and St. Michael, calculated, as the author of the pamphlet tells us, that—

'From their population of 16,000 Catholics—mostly very poor Irish labourers—at least 500 children were being brought up in the workhouse schools in Limehouse, Flabell, and Forest Gate.—They contrived to trace and prove 126 out of the 500. Of these, 29 were allowed to see the priest

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'He takes up subsequently to a poor law institution of quite an exceptionally favorable character'—the Kirkdale Industrial School in which at least half the children are recognised as Catholics; have Catholic mothers, male and female, amongst their teachers, and are freely accessible to the priest. In a school, nevertheless, so circumstanced, the Catholic pastor, after vain expostulation with the guardians, procured the not less vain and unsuccessful expostulation of the Commissioners, to induce the discontinuance by the former of such lessons in history, for the Catholic child, as that which follows:—

'The comparatively modern corruptions of Romanism were removed. The principal of these were the practice of praying in an unknown tongue; the withholding the Bible from general use; the enforced celibacy of the clergy; the doctrine called Transubstantiation, which we have already explained; the denial of the cup to the laity; the undue honor paid to saints and images; the worship paid to the Virgin Mary; the doctrine of Purgatory, and the notion connected with it that remission can be purchased from the Pope in favor of ourselves or others.'

Our readers have preserved, we take for granted, a recollection more distinct than pleasant, of the 'boy Mortars.' They need not fear a distasteful of the controversy now. Assuming, however, the truth of every one of the perversions, exaggerations, or simple falsehoods, by which that solitary case was garbled, the only conclusion possible upon the evidence before us in the pamphlet 'De Profundis' is, that for one boy Mortara in Rome, in half a century, there are eleven hundred boys and girls Mortaras, in the London workhouses, and many more throughout the rest of Great Britain so one knows, in every year that passes over us. Now, if these English justices and poor law guardians were to say, 'Truth is intolerant, and our pretension is to truth, not intolerance; truth is persecuting and those, therefore, who assert the truth must persecute; it is the privilege of truth to set aside the law of nature and to outrage the parental right, and those who hold the truth possess the privilege'—if this were the language of the prison and the workhouse governments in England, we could understand, though we could not respect it; but their language is the very opposite. They claim respect for conscience, as a virtue purely Protestant, and themselves they claim to be the only real types of that virtue. England is, they say, the only land of free conscience and of free inquiry, where the sects propagate like the populus from cutting, and where every cutting breeds a new variety; where no man pays a penalty upon his faith, and where religion is powerful in the degree of its freedom. This is the England the bigotry of whose habits and instincts, worse even than the bigotry of her laws, inflicts upon the Irish Catholics within her limits, a tyranny of conscience unexampled elsewhere in civilised countries, and an imaginary parallel to which, in a solitary case upon the continent of Europe, was food for English cant and indignation till the world grew weary of both. The duty of the Irish representatives in this infamous business admits of no doubt. They are bound to use their political influence, and the whole weight and strength of it, to effect such legislative changes as may be possible in the condition of their poor countrymen under the operation of the poor law and prison government; and in addition, it is their duty and their policy, by keeping this system of bossful hypocrites unveiled before opinion to bring conviction of its true character, to whatever is pure, and true, and generous in the English mind, which must be trusted under Providence to vindicate itself at last, in favor though it be of some unprivileged and despised object as the Irish Catholic in English workhouses.

Yours,
'ANNA.'

To be Continued.

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sons farming land in Ireland; but of this vast number nearly 40,000 occupy plots not exceeding a single acre, 75,000 hold between one and two acres; and 184,000 between five and fifteen acres. Now, it is simply absurd to suppose that any provision for compensation will touch such tenants as these. A small holding, says Judge Longfield in his evidence before a Parliamentary Committee, 'can hardly be improved; for the occupier will scarcely ever possess the skill, energy, or capital to increase its value. Fixity of tenure would doubtless be quite as popular with this class as with the large farmer, but fixity of tenure is not even an open question. We may, therefore, deduct about half from the ostensible number of Irish farmers, and confine our attention to the remaining quarter of a million. Of these, however, a considerable proportion are already protected by leases, and this proportion, as Lord Derby points out, would be greater but that many Irish tenants actually prefer to hold their farms at will. We must next exclude the tenant farmers of Ulster, who already enjoy by custom such privileges that they have little or nothing to gain by legislation. Lastly, we must eliminate the estates, which Lord Bandon assures us are numerous, on which the landlord makes the improvements, as in England, and in which, consequently, no difficulty can arise. When all these allowances have been made we have still to take into account the most important fact of all—that so long as the landlord is practically limited in the choice of tenants very few improvements of much value will be made by the latter. The case put by Lord Derby is notoriously very common in Ireland. A tenant at will dies, bequeathing his farm, as he is pleased to consider it, to his eldest son, charged with legacies and annuities which, if paid at all, will be paid out of rent due to the landlord. It would be considered a great hardship if the farm were transferred to a stranger, or even to another member of the family, and yet there is no chance of improvements being made by the new tenant. The truth is that while the Government Bill, if it should become law, will encourage more definite and business-like arrangements between landlords and tenants, it will have much less direct effect than we might anticipate at first sight. One of its most salutary indirect effects would probably be to bring about a more punctual payment of rents, Irish landlords, too often neglecting the duties of property, as they are understood in England are sometimes unduly indulgent towards defaulters, relying chiefly on the remedy of distress. This remedy, it is true, would not be abolished, but might be reserved by an express clause in the agreement. When, however, the mutual obligations of the two parties have once been reduced to writing, the breach of them will certainly be less frequent than it is now, when either puts his own construction on them.

There is another point of some importance to which allusion was made by Lord Clanricarde in connexion with the land system of Ireland. It is often stated, both at home and abroad, that Irish emigration is chiefly the result of unjust or oppressive evictions. This we believe to be a great error, and it follows that it is equally an error to fancy that whatever might check evictions would also check emigration. Lord Clanricarde compares the number of evictions with the emigration returns for a period of ten years ending with 1852. Hence it appears that whereas the evictions were 12,350, representing a displacement of some 59,000 persons, the total number of emigrants was 963,000. Again, if we compare the diminution of holdings with the diminution of population, we find that 540,000 persons at most have been affected by the absorption of small into large farms, while the inhabitants of Ireland have declined by no less than 2,400,000. These statistics were analyzed still more elaborately by Lord Dufferin in the speech to which we have already referred, and it is as clear as evidence can make it that Irish emigration, as well as Fenianism, must be attributed to other than agrarian causes. It is, indeed, well known that Fenianism has its strongholds in the towns, and not in the agricultural districts, and that its doctrines, however seductive to the Irish mind, are essentially of American origin. It is not as an antidote to Fenianism, or as a means of arresting emigration, but simply as a measure of justice and a safeguard of national unity, that a reform in the Irish Law of Landlord and Tenant is desirable.—London Times.

At a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, Sir W. Wilde, Vice-President, read a letter from the fourth Earl of Meath, dated Thomas-court, 5th of July, 1690, to Lady Stephens, on the battle of the Boyne. The letter referred an incident recorded in several histories of that period, and Sir W. Wilde stated that he had been enabled to identify the spot upon the bank of the Boyne, near the Obelisk, where he believed the occurrence took place. The following is the letter, which is written in the old style, but which is given in modern orthography:—

'Dublin, Thomas-court, July the 5th, 1690.

'Madam—Yesterday morning I entered this town after our army and King James had a smart battle of four or five hours on this side the Boyne, both our whole armies being very warmly engaged. It happened on the 1st of July, about 11 in the morning, when King William forced the pass on the river Boyne, called Old-bridge, three miles from Drogheda, (in person) under the enemy's great guns—mercy, and ours—with small shot like showers of leaden hail-stones. King William, viewing the enemy's camp the day before the engagement, was shot with an 8-pounder, which took off his coat off his shoulders, and just drew blood from his skin; he called for a napkin and another coat, and after it was settled upon him he stretched out his arm three times and said, without the least passion, 'The enemy designed to prevent my fighting next day, but certainly I'll be to-morrow among the thickest of them.' He was just to his word, for the next day he fought through the pass, and with loss on both sides he took the battery of the enemy's great guns, and killed all the small shot men that endeavored to retain it. Soon after he charged the enemy in the rear, broke their first lines, and our lines being in front of theirs, we drew up to enclose the enemy's whole army; but a deep bog being between, we could not soon pass it, and the night drawing near, we did not pursue until next morning, and then it was too late, but well enough, for they fled to Dublin, and made short stay there, for King James, Tyrconnell, &c., flew through the county of Wicklow, in order, as I suppose, to take shipping at the first port where they could find vessels to transport them. We killed between 6,000 and 7,000. Most of their best officers lay dead and gasping upon the ground. We lost Duke Schomberg, killed in the neck with a musket ball, and some few officers and soldiers, inconsiderable for such an engagement. The enemy is so dispersed, and threw away their arms and run westward, that there is no danger of them ever rallying again, so that you may be pleased with the event of a few hours' fighting, which brings you all home to your safe interests and properties, which I desire may be, for my own sake as well as yours, as soon as you can. I am, Madam, your one humble servant,

'MEATH.

'We took Lieutenant-General Hamilton prisoner, who, I believe, will soon be executed. I am sent for to the camp near Glasnevin, and can add no more particulars at present.'

At the Sligo Petty Sessions on Monday a man named Oryan was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for endeavoring to seduce two soldiers of the 33d Regiment to become Fenians and desert.

The Nenagh Guardian states that— 'The Lord Lieutenant has refused to accede to the prayer of a memorial presented to him to allow John Cunningham, lately a warder in the gaol of this town, but now confined in one of the Dublin prisons under his Excellency's warrant, out on bail. The memorial was signed by nearly all the Nenagh Town Commissioners and by several Catholic clergymen.'

Several American citizens were taken up under the Habeas Corpus, but the only remark this elicited from Mr. Adams, who has shown throughout the greatest fact and kindness of feeling, was the expression of hope, that unless there was real evidence to implicate them they would not be long detained. The Irish Executive responded by liberating them on the sole condition that they should at once leave the country.

DUBLIN, May 13.—Mr. Neilson Underwood, who was arrested on the 7th of March under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, has been released, on giving bail to the amount of £1,000 to keep the peace and be of good conduct for the next seven years. In a letter which appears in the Londonderry Sentinel he mentions several things connected with his imprisonment. He states that he was for weeks subjected to strict solitary confinement in a little cell 9ft. by 6ft. His health having suffered from such close confinement, his friends presented a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant, which was complied with on receiving a report from Dr. Thompson, the physician of Omagh Gaol. He speaks gratefully of previous exertions of members of Parliament and ex-members to obtain his release, but without effect. Mr. Underwood acknowledges that from Mr. McOlellan, the governor of the gaol, and the warders, he received all the attention in their power to bestow; and he cannot imagine any institution of the sort under stricter discipline or better management. He pleads for his fellow prisoners, who are still confined to their separate cells, with only the intermission of an hour daily, and he thinks that being tradesmen, never charged with any crime, and having families depending upon their earnings, this treatment is too severe. They are too poor to be self-supporting, and he conceives 14 ounces of bread, eight ounces of meal and two pints of milk are not sufficient food for a man under such circumstances. Mr. Underwood was himself allowed the use of books and writing materials, but not newspapers. He cannot imagine what evil would arise 'from permitting prisoners, to have regulated access to the great agent of progress and enlightenment.' Having mentioned the kind offices of several friends, among the rest the Very Rev. Mr. O'Kane, P.P., and the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, the Presbyterian chaplain, he says that three of his townsmen (much respected merchants) went without solicitation to Omagh, to tender their security before Mr. Coulson, the resident magistrate. He cannot discover that imprisonment has made any change in his opinions, and that is all he deems it prudent to say on the subject.

Referring to the account of his arrest, which appears in The Times, Mr. Underwood writes to your correspondent that he never had, directly or indirectly, any pecuniary transactions with any political organization now existing, or in time past, and that no documents on pike drilling, or any other sort of drilling were in his possession. But, being descended from the O'Neills, he says 'I believe no struggle has been made for Ireland in which they did not bear a part and suffer; how can I feel surprised that I have been visited by suspicion?'

From the report furnished to the Government by Dr. Neilson Hancock on the deposits in joint-stock banks in Ireland, it appears that the increase of £23,376, during the year 1865—viz., from 14,422,176, in 1864 to 17,050,552, in 1865—was greater than the largest previous increase in one year—viz., of 2,510,233, from 7,263,091, in 1851 to 10,773,324, in 1851. It also appears that the increase of withdrawals during the four bad years, 1860-63, by £1,084,122, so that the deposits, 18,050,552, at end of 1865 exceeded by 1,000,000, the previous maximum of 17,042,401, in 1859.

ARREST OF AN ALLEGED AGENT OF STEPHENS.— On Friday, Inspector Devin, of the O division, while on duty at the North wall, arrested a man named Hydes as he was walking ashore from the steamer Windsor. The prisoner, who bore the appearance of a Yankee, stated that he had belonged to the Union Bank, Hartford, Connecticut, and had come to this country for the benefit of his health, to see his friends, and to take some of his relations with him to America. He had a considerable amount of luggage with him and about £40 in gold. In his possession was found a diary, in which was entered resolutions which he had attended in America on his return. The diary showed that he had been in Paris, and had interviews with a person supposed to be Stephens, and it is the opinion of the police that Mr. Hydes came to this country as an emissary from the Irish Head Centre. The documents found in his possession were detained, and he was lodged for the present in Richmond Bridewell.

ADMITTED TO BAIL.—Mr. O'Donnell, divisional magistrate, proceeded on Monday evening to Kilmabham Prison and admitted to bail, themselves in £100 each and two securities in £50 each, the following prisoners detained under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, viz.—Andrew Cruise, Barra, Roscommon; James Murray, Westport, Mayo; and Patrick McNeill, Rush Street, Mayo. Mr. O'Donnell also admitted to bail in the same recognisances as the former prisoners, a James W. Stanton, Limerick, who was detained in custody in Mountjoy Prison on the Lord Lieutenant's warrant.

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Alluding to the failures in England the Daily Express in its commercial summary thus describes the state of things in Ireland:—

'Our business—comparatively limited as it is—has been for a long time past conducted on a sound and satisfactory basis, there being plenty of money in the country, little credit required, and engagements being met with a most creditable degree of punctuality. The feeling of confidence is, in fact, very firm, and our traders, except for the higher rates of accommodation, might be regarded as mere spectators of the present severe monetary crisis. On some of the banks there was a slight run to pay, over-nervous depositors being apprehensive that the failure of Overend, Gurney, and Co. might have compromised some one establishment, but there was no real ground for alarm. It is not unlikely, however, that some noblemen and gentlemen who chafe to keep their account in Gurney's instead of at home have been losers, and one high aristocratic name is mentioned as a probable sufferer. No doubt, too, the high dividends paid by some English finance and other companies have attracted investments from this side of the water, but it is to be hoped that the present will be a salutary warning, and that our capitalists will assist in working sound undertakings in this country, instead of subscribing for the construction of railways in other parts of the globe, which will never pay, depositing their money in Welsh or other mines, or for erecting handsome buildings in filthy Versailles, in regard to which some of our friends, induced by good names and a glowing prospectus, have lately burnt their fingers.'

REPORTED CASE OF CHOLERA IN DELFAT.—It was reported on Tuesday, that a case of death from cholera occurred on Monday night at Peter's Hill. We only refer to the report for the purpose of contradicting it. The death in question was unaccompanied, we are authoritatively informed, by the remotest trace of cholera.—Delfat News-Letter.

The Globe believes that Lord Wodehouse the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, will shortly be raised to the rank of Earl.

It has been officially announced that the following are amongst a number of important records now being printed by order of the House of Commons:—The Carey papers, a most interesting contribution to the history of Ireland; the Carey papers at present in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which were most improperly removed from Ireland, by Carey, the historian; a history of the Danish wars, translated from old-Irish MSS.; a translation of valuable MSS. in the possession of the Marquis of Ormonde; and a complete translation of the Brehon Laws.

THE MURDER OF O'NEILL.—This police were out in every direction during Friday night in search of Kearney, the alleged murderer of O'Neill, but without success.

The man who was arrested at Wexford, and who was supposed to be Kearney, the murderer of O'Connell, turns out to be another person, and it is now generally believed that Kearney has succeeded in effecting his escape from this country.

The Independent of a late date says.—For many years the weather has not been so severe, considering the advanced period of the season, as during the present week. The injury done to early vegetation, and particularly fruit, by the frosty nights which intervened between Tuesday and Friday will seriously affect the interests of farmers, and the country people generally.

A WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.—A shocking accident occurred at Ballinruane, parish of Feenagh, in this county, on Tuesday last. The wife of a small farmer named Landers, who was suffering from paralysis, was seated by the fire, over which was a pot of potatoes or turnips. Landers had occasion to go out to attend to some matters, and on his return, after, as he says, a very short absence, a frightful spectacle met his gaze—his poor helpless wife stretched across the fire literally roasted.—Limerick Chronicle.

A Cappamore correspondent of the Limerick Chronicle, under date May 7, says on that morning two factions, by concert, assembled at the bog of Cappamore, armed with spades, shovels, hay-forks, &c., to decide by a fight the boundary of a turf bank—one party claiming that the disputed patch belongs to Mrs. Lloyd; the other that it is the property of Sir Richard De Burgho. For the lady there gallantly appeared the more numerous body, who marched to the scene of conflict to music from two fiddlers and one piper, while old tin cans, a gridiron and a frying pan were brought into requisition to act in lieu of drums, castanets, &c., wherewith to beat the 'Devil's Tattoo.' The other faction had already been in the bog, ready for fight; and such would have come off but for the timely arrival of the police, headed by Richard Batio, Esq., J.P., who, after reading the riot act, dispersed the battalions of Cappamorebogs.

The Sligo Chronicle says:—The outward and visible forms of the vast Fenian conspiracy have been in a great measure suppressed, but we have still reason to believe that its operation is scarcely less dangerous, though more stealthy, than before. Apart from the actual working of the movement, there is its fruit in the minds of the lowest of the peasantry.

The Waterford Citizen says:—Last 4th of May fair, the day for the annual hiring of farm laborers and servants, great difficulty was experienced in procuring a sufficient number, and very high wages, compared to what was paid a few years ago, had to be given. Young girls never before at service got £6 for the year and their support, the rate at which experienced and able-bodied male laborers were formerly hired. In one instance, a man and his two sons—the eldest 16 years old—were hired at £26 for the three and their support, together with grass for a cow and sundry other little privileges.

At a meeting of the Dublin Corporation, after a stormy debate, a petition was adopted, by a majority of 18 to 14, praying that a clause be introduced into the Irish Franchise Bill, abolishing the freeman franchise, wherever now remaining, throughout Ireland. During the proceedings the Lord Mayor was obliged to leave the chair from ill-health.

From a statistical report issued under the authority of the Irish Registrar General, it appears that the emigration from Ireland during the year 1865 was 101,497, rather a less number than in 1864. A great increase, however, took place during the last three months of 1865 as compared with 1864, and this increase has extended into the present year.—The registrar's returns are produced in a very interesting manner; and in April, 1866, we have only the figures for the quarter ending December, 1865; but it is understood that the emigration for the past three months has been at the rate of 14,000 per month. It is estimated that the Irish population decreased further last year to the number of 50,000, which would leave the total about 5,600,000.

The drain of persons emigrating from this county continues unabated. Even from the peaceable and orderly county of Down many are going. They are chiefly of the artisan and laboring classes. Their loss is being gradually felt by employers. In some parts of the county it is most difficult to get laborers at any price. The present rate of laborers' wages here is 9s. to 12s. per week and in many cases they are looking for half a crown a day. The wages of bricklayers, joiners, plasterers and masons have advanced proportionately.—Down Recorder.

The Cork Reporter states that hundreds of emigrants are scattered through the town awaiting the arrival of the next transatlantic steamer. These people, says the Reporter, have come from Limerick, Clare, Kerry, and some from Tipperary, and are without exception, a well-dressed, well-looking, healthy, interesting body.

The tide of emigration from Kilkenny county seems to have set in this season to an extent quite unprecedented. It is positively saddening to see, day after day, the crowds of our people filling the early trains, and to witness the heartrending scenes at the moment of separation from home and friends. From all parts of the county the wholesale exodus is taking place. On Thursday and Friday morning large parties of the better class of peasantry from the neighborhood of Freshford and Ballyragget, and on Friday morning five and twenty young girls from the vicinity of this city, also left. We understand that every berth in the vessels to sail for the ensuing two months are engaged by intending emigrants.—Journal.

The exodus from our county still continues unabated, writes the Clare Journal. It is really distressing to see the number of young men and women—the very life blood of the country—that daily depart from our railway station for never to return.

OUTBREAK OF THE CATTLE PLAGUE IN IRELAND.—The Northern Whig has published the following special edition:—

With the greatest concern we have read the announcement of the outbreak of the dreaded rinderpest in the county of Down. The following telegram has been forwarded to us by a magistrate residing in the district:—

The rinderpest has broken out in the townland of Drennan, in the County of Down, about five miles from Lisburn, near Ballie's Mill. I saw four cattle killed by order of Mr. Ferguson, V.S., who came here last night. A cordon has been drawn round the infected district. Eight cattle have died, four have been killed, and five others will be killed by order.

The following report on this outbreak has been issued from the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council, under date the 14th inst:—

termined to suspend the sales of live stock, excepting for immediate slaughter, in all fairs and markets for a considerable distance round the infected districts, that there is every prospect of the disease being not only arrested in its extension, but also speedily stamped out, especially as the circumstances of the locality are particularly favorable to such a desirable result.

(Signed), HUGH FERGUSON, H.M.V.S.

Having received this important intelligence of the outbreak of the cattle plague, we immediately despatched a reporter to the spot to find out the particulars; and we are sorry to have to state the general opinion is that the disease which has made its appearance is the cattle plague, the animals affected presenting, according to the most competent authority, exactly the same symptoms as have been observed in cases of rinderpest in the sister countries. The district of country in which the disease has broken out is, judging from appearance, a very healthy locality, and one in which it is not at all likely the plague would originate unless through infection, and after the most minute examination, no clue has been discovered as to the mode by which the contagion could have been introduced. The townland of Drennan, to which the disease so far has been entirely confined, is situated about five English miles from Lisburn, on the Ballynahinch road. The first symptom of the disease, so far as can be at present ascertained, was remarked in the locality about five weeks ago, when a cow belonging to a man named M'Kee took ill and in a few days died. Lung disease, or pleuro-pneumonia, which is a common distemper, was supposed to have been the cause of death; but the symptoms of the illness as now described lead to the belief that death was not the result of pleuro-pneumonia. Since that time several cows on this farm and on two or three others adjoining have died. Up to Saturday last no decided steps were taken. On the Friday before Mr. Morrow, of Legacurry, a very extensive owner of stock in the neighborhood, having heard of the more than ordinary ravages which disease was committing on the neighboring farms, went to three farms belonging to men named M'Kiers, Rea, and Erskine, and was satisfied from observations which he had made of the cattle plague in England and Scotland that the disease under which the cattle were laboring was the rinderpest in a mild form. In addition to the symptoms of disease the cows had shown on the previous day, he observed three other symptoms which more clearly proved to him that the disease was the rinderpest. Surgeon Jenks, connected with the Royal Veterinary Office in Dublin, was also there at the time, having been sent for on the previous day, and he and Mr. Morrow were present when one of the cows died. Two of the animals were subjected to a post-mortem examination. Professor Ferguson, Principal of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, and her Majesty's Veterinary Surgeon for Ireland was telegraphed for, and arrived at the spot at eleven o'clock on Sunday night. Yesterday morning, in company with Mr. Jenks, Mr. Morrow, and others, he examined a cow belonging to a man named Rea, which was ill, and pronounced it to be a decided case of rinderpest. The symptoms included the excretion of the gums, droppings from the nose, extensive purging, total debility, and also all the internal symptoms. The stench from off the cows, even when alive, was most offensive. Mr. Morrow says that the diseased cows in Drennan bore all the symptoms of rinderpest he ever saw, except watering from the eye. All the other signs of the rinderpest were present in the most decided form.

How the cattle plague got into the locality is not known, nor is there even a conjecture. There have been no drovers in the neighborhood, and no stock has been brought into nor sold out of the locality for the last eight months.—Northern Whig.

The Cork Constitution states that a strike has taken place among barge laborers in the employment of the Cork Harbor Commissioners. Since the 'turn out,' the greater portion of the younger men have contrived to emigrate, and the demand for agricultural labor being now very great, has induced those who consider themselves not quite so fortunate as to go to America to hire themselves as farm laborers at more remunerative wages than those given by the Commissioners.

A correspondent of the Carlow Post, May 5, says:—Last week, with very few exceptions, brought a close to the more important part of the Spring business throughout the hilly parts of the county Wicklow. Winter oats and wheat look remarkably well, while the grain crops, where suitable weather was taken advantage of, are so far, promising.—Potato sowing continued on a large scale up to the close of the preceding week. Cabbage plants, for some cause or other, are for the most part going to seed. The farmers throughout the neighborhood are now busy preparing for the sowing of turnips and mangels.

PROTESTANT ANNIVERSARIES.—In a late Pastoral Letter, the Archbishop of Dublin made the following allusion to a class of people that are not confined exclusively to Ireland:—

At this season of the year Dublin is filled with the agents of proselyting societies, whose object it is to seduce poor Catholics from the bosom of the church to the afflictions of their hearts, it may not be out of place to state that in our day and in this empire the Protestant church does not present a very inviting aspect, and that its friends would be much better employed in removing the sores and corruptions that disgrace it than in endeavoring to bring others within its pale, thus spreading so widely the evils which it produces. For, let me ask, what is the condition of Protestantism in England, the country where it is most flourishing? A report of the Pastoral Church Aid Society, signed by eighteen or nineteen bishops, informs us the vast multitudes of the people belonging to the various sects of Protestantism are there living in worse than pagan ignorance and superstition. Parliamentary reports fully confirm the statements of this society; and the accounts of the immorality of the working classes, given in the evidence, are so appalling and of such a nature that they cannot be recited without offending Catholic ears.

DUBLIN, May 15.—The Lords Justices in Council have this day ordered a proclamation to be issued, that no market, fair, auction, exhibition, or sale of cattle, sheep, lambs, goats, or swine shall be held until the 1st day of June, 1866, within the baronies of Lower Ireagh, Kinelcarthy, and Upper Castle-reeagh, in the county of Down and the baronies of Upper Belfast and Upper Massareene, in the county of Antrim, unless they belong to the occupiers of premises not within the limits of an infected place, and have been in possession of the owner for 28 days, and unless the markets are held for the sale of cattle marked for immediate slaughter. These precautions, it is expected, will prevent the spread of the disease. The alarm has subsided.—Times' Cor.

DUBLIN, May 16.—No one can account for the introduction of the rinderpest into Ireland. It has not appeared near any seaport, or any great thoroughfare, but in a comparatively isolated district, where the habits of the people are primitive and there is little traffic in cattle. The townland of Drennan, where the disease has manifested itself on three contiguous farms, is about five miles from Lisburn, on the road to Killybegs. It appeared in so mild a form that during five weeks it was not detected, though 17 head of cattle were affected, of which eight died and the rest have been slaughtered and buried six feet deep, the places where they have died being disinfected with chloride of lime. A cordon of about three and a half miles has been drawn round the infected district. Poles with yellow flags have been erected, and constabulary have been stationed there night and day to prevent any dangerous communication. The Belfast News Letter states that during the winter cattle had died in the adjoining neighbourhoods, one gentleman having lost as many

as 15 head, and a man named Asken lost four, his entire stock. At length alarm began to be excited, and some, though not all, of the symptoms of rinderpest were detected. The parties then communicated with Mr. Monon, Lord Downshire's agent, who telegraphed to the Government in Dublin, who immediately sent down Mr. Jenks, a veterinary surgeon. Mr. Jenks reported doubtfully, owing to the absence of some symptoms of the plague. But Professor Ferguson, Inspector-General for Ireland, returned with him on Sunday night, and reported so positively as to the presence of the pest that the cattle affected were at once slaughtered, and the preventive measures just mentioned adopted under his direction. He was examined before the Privy Council yesterday and the result was the proclamation the substance of which I telegraphed last night. The owners of nine cows, killed on Monday will be compensated out of the rate of one farthing in the pound levied by the Government through the Board of Guardians, and all the cattle in the insulated district—117 head—have been valued. The owner of the estate in which the plague appeared is Mr. Hunter, a gentleman who resides in England. Great alarm was excited in Belfast and the neighbouring towns by the report of this much dreaded visitation, but the prompt and vigorous measures adopted for stamping out the plague have restored confidence, and there is now a feeling that the danger is over, so far as that district is concerned; and no doubt similar measures will be equally effective elsewhere. So much of the agricultural property of the country now consists of cattle that the prevalence of rinderpest would cause general bankruptcy; the farmers say utter ruin. The apprehension of its approach, however, has caused a large increase of tillage this year, and I have had an opportunity of noticing recently in several of the southern counties, particularly Wexford, Waterford, Tipperary, Kilkenny, Carlow, and Kildare, that the corn crops are in a most promising state, and altogether the appearance of the country indicates a decided improvement among the farmers. It is only in the towns that one witnesses signs of great poverty.—Times' Cor.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.—When the Bill is once and for all disposed of and buried out of our sight, the Conservatives must estimate their own position in the country far less sanguinely than we do, if they see in it any reasons for despondency. We believe that, as soon as they cease to be in opposition with the more energetic and progressive portion of the laboring classes on the question of admission of that portion to a share of political power, all their natural and ancestral advantages will reassert themselves. They have a hold over the affections, the imagination, the instincts, the sympathies, of the great body of the people of this kingdom, which is all but indelible, which crops out in the most unexpected places and the most unmistakable form, and which only persistent folly can materially weaken. The English nation is Conservative at heart. In our reverence for the past, in our worship of the great, the long-descended, and the wealthy, in the slow moving and almost timid character of our intellect, in our dread and distrust of science and of theory and our incurable preference for patchwork, in the poetry and religiosity which mingle so curiously with our prevailing stolidity of brain, may be traced moral and mental peculiarities of singular tenacity and depth, which it must assuredly be the fault of the great national party whose pride and whose creed lead them to 'stand on the old way' if they cannot mould into allegiance to themselves. It is by joining battle with the people on wrong issues, by opposing them on points which are not essential to party principles or traditions, but which are passionately desired by the popular fancy, that they have from time to time weakened their hold and endangered their ascendancy. It is by yielding at once and yielding with grace whatever is not vital to their cause that they may yet regain, and may retain for ever, the ground they have lost by needless conflict and clumsy strategy.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The slender Birmingham wire, which we recently traced from its arrival at the gutta-percha works in the City-road, through the various processes of manufacture, until it left Mordeu-wharf, Greenwich, a complete submarine cable, is now being coiled at the rate of two miles an hour in the vast tanks of the Great Eastern. The Amethyst hulk, which we saw receiving its precious freight the other day, is now moored alongside the great ship of Sheerness, while the Iris is being laden in her turn at Greenwich, and will supply the Amethyst's place directly the latter is emptied. Thus manufacture and storage go on concurrently, and at the moment one part of the great wire is receiving its elementary coating of Chatterton's compound, or perhaps being spun at Birmingham, other portions are being laid down in the great ship ready for the final and momentous paying out. Standing on the deck of the Great Eastern, a few yards from its stern you see the cable slowly pass up the ship's side, and over a series of wheels and pulleys, all ingeniously constructed and carefully watched, and follow it under its covered way until it disappears into the large wooden bin erected for its reception. This bin is the size of a moderate barn, and is the deck covering of the aft tank. Entering by its doorway, you look into a yawning, dimly-lighted circular gulf, the bottom of which seems to be composed of light oak symmetrically turned. The uniformity of the slightly corrugated circles within circles—the mathematical exactitude with which each appears to fit into, and be part of, its neighbor—the seeming solidity and unity of the great whole—all speak of the lathe, and it is only when the eye has become, as it were, acclimatized to the pale glimmer of the swinging lamps below, that the silent white figures squat at regular intervals, and moving noiselessly around, are seen to be cablemen, and the apparent wood carving to be the cable. The external distinction between last year's electric rope and this is now seen to be very marked; the absence of the tarry coating, and the clean, substantial look of the Manila strand, giving an impression of mingled strength and ductility, which is auspicious in itself. It may be repeated that this year's galvanisation of the outer protecting wires affords all the security against corrosion given by the foil coat of tar formerly applied, while in the event of an unlucky bit of wire defying precaution and finding its way into the tank, the chances of its sticking in the rope are sensibly diminished, through the latter being repellantly yielding instead of glutinously adhesive. Very gradually and regularly are the circles within circles increased. No word is spoken as the rope slowly passes the officer on guard at what we may call the stop story of the tank, and is received by two of white figures below. These march slowly round handling the gracefully descending coil as tenderly as if it were alive, and under the close and constant inspection of the officer on guard below pass it to other white figures, who with equal tenderness fit it into and steady it in its appointed place. Thus, ring after ring is formed; each layer beginning with the large outer circle of the tank itself, and ending with the centre framework of wood, which is its bull's-eye, and serves to 'shore up' and keep all steady. Every man entering the tank is searched before going in, puts on the mildest gutta serena shoes provided by the company, and goes through his work of cable stowing under the constant and watchful supervision of tried and experienced officers. Passing from the Atlantic cable to the grand vessel which is to carry it, it is gratifying to know that her keel and hull have been thoroughly and carefully cleaned, and that the divers reports show them to be in good sailing order. Considerable time and ingenuity have been expended on the construction of huge brushes and scrapers to effect this, for the immense mass of shellfish, weeds, and dirt which had accumulated and hardened at the bottom of the great ship made her cleansing no matter. A strong implement, something like an agricultural harrow,

has been constructed, and by aid of this and other brushes constantly applied, so much impediment has been removed that an addition of two knots an hour to her speed is counted on. This, it is hoped will give a power of nine knots, when fully laden; higher than is needed for cable laying, and calculated to ensure the full speed necessary even against a head wind and an adverse sea. The directors of the Telegraph Construction Company have chartered the Great Eastern on her voyage out. The Medway will carry some hundreds of miles of cable of last year, and in the event of the expedition being successful, will reduplicate this into the then empty tanks of the Great Eastern at Newfoundland. The Medway will then start to the spot where the broken end lies, to fix buoys, or it may be to commence the picking up. Captain Anderson, to avoid taking the Great Eastern to the North this year, will go direct to Beerhaven from Sheerness, and will there supply himself with coal for the voyage. The length of time to be occupied in an expedition during which the double process of laying down one cable and picking up another is to be gone through, is necessarily estimated at a much higher rate than the one of last year, and some seventy days are spoken of as the period the Great Eastern will be way. Assuming her to leave Sheerness on the 29th June to 3rd July next, three days will take her to Beerhaven, where she will stay five days to take in coal. Allowing five days for waiting for favorable weather, for splicing with the shore end, and fifteen days for the passage to Trinity Bay, we may look for messages from America about the beginning of August next. The Great Eastern will again supply herself with coal at Trinity Bay, and at once follow the Medway to the grappling ground; this will take three days, and eight more are given for grappling, and five for returning to Trinity Bay and laying the remainder of the old cable. This done the return of the Great Eastern to England will take twelve days more, and bring her home about the second week in September. In each case, a margin must be given to the foregoing figures, but they are based on present calculations, and may be taken as authentic. It will be seen that they assume success throughout, and it may be added that on an elaborate series of problems having been drawn up by authority, as to what would be the effect of different calamities or casualties should they arise, the responsible leaders of the coming enterprise have answered every supposition satisfactorily in writing. The issue time alone can solve, but whatever may be its result, the more the preparations for the Atlantic expedition of 1866 are known the more they will be regarded as marvels of forethought, of precaution, of skillful analysis of cause and effect and of logical deductions patiently, laboriously and courageously worked out.—Daily News.

It was rumored, and very generally believed, that the marriage of Prince Christian of Augustenborg with the Princess Helena of England had been indefinitely postponed.

The English papers report another explosion by nitro glycerine. It took place in Sydney on the 4th of March, when large stores were completely demolished, there being literally not one stone left upon another. The destruction of the buildings was instantaneous. In the immediate neighborhood the damage done was very great. Several of the surrounding buildings were so much injured that it was expected they would have to be pulled down, and the entire street was so damaged that all business was put a stop to for some days.

Do the watchman see with one eye only? During half the period that our choral services have been going on we have seen published and circulated amongst us a denial of the omnipotence and omniscience of our Incarnate Lord by one of our bishops; a denial of the uniform inspiration of God's Holy Word by another; and by two clergymen in our own city denials of eternal punishment and of vicarious sufferings. Are these no proclivities—no innovations? And yet no action—no zeal stirred up in Protestant watchmen! When they let all these pass, and are influenced at a choral service, are they not 'partial in themselves and judges of evil thoughts.'—Saturday Review.

THE CHOLERA IN LIVERPOOL.—The Rev. Father Callaghan, of the Eldon street Catholic Church, died on Monday from cholera, caught while visiting cholera patients. The disease which appeared some days since in the emigrant depot or barracks at Birkenhead, has also broken out in a new depot formed at Bankhall.

THE HORRORS OF DISEASE AND VICE IN ENGLAND.—The gin shop is a haven of refuge from pestilence and discomfort. The nameless horrors of a poor man's house, always ill provided—often totally destitute of those conveniences without which education itself is vain to him—humanity above the swine, are not to be imagined by us who can send our servant for the plumber at any moment. 'Nothing short of a tornado could ventilate such dwellings—and their name is Legion; while in the still weather, the atmosphere in them is unchanged and unchangeable.' Then with respect to personal cleanliness, the complete washing of the body in a working man's cottage is a problem of practical difficulty. There is no space, no privacy, and very seldom a proper supply of water. In thousands of instances, neither man nor wife is properly washed for months together. In such confined dwellings, the washing of the clothes even—not a pleasant institution among ourselves, remember—is a domestic crime among the poor, costs twice as much as is necessary in labour, soap, and fuel, and drives Paternosters in despair to his tub—the lap room. In these crowded cottages, of course, often happens that not only the sick and the sound, but even the living and the dead, are lodged in the same room. The corpse lies with the sleepers until the burial-day arrives, generally under the bed, to give more room, but sometimes actually upon it! It is, in fact, the merest mockery to talk of reverence under conditions where common decency between the sexes cannot be said to be destroyed only, because it never has (nor could have existed). Without entering into this part of the subject further, we may observe, that the most unfavorable phase of the early development of the passions caused by over-crowding is a tendency to very early marriages, entered into with an utter absence of all provision for domestic comfort, and an entire recklessness about the future! It is, indeed, almost a subject for congratulation that while not one fifth of the children of the rich die before the fifth year, more than one-half of the children of the ill-housed poor are taken away from the miseries to come; if they attain maturity, their stunted and ill-developed forms have an average duration of life shortened by from twenty to forty years below its proper period. In Mr. Edwin Chadwick's official report for 1860, the average age at which death occurs among different classes of the community in rural and manufacturing districts was, with respect to the places named, as follows:—

Table with 4 columns: Place, Gentry, Tradesmen, Labourers. Rows include Rutlandshire, Truro, Derby, Manchester, Bolton, Bethnal green, Leeds, Liverpool.

The English papers are much alarmed at the proportion the emigration from Ireland is assuming the present year, which threatens to make a severe drain upon its able bodied population.

All the Liverpool steamship companies trading to the United States refuse to ship foreigners, and the German immigrants are only received on board sailing vessels. Three steamers belonging to the National Steamship Company are at present rendered useless, and their forced inaction will, it is feared, cost the company about £30,000.

SWALLOWS BEFORE SUMMER.—Great numbers of swallows died last week in the south of England, owing, it is believed, to the cold weather. A number were picked up dead in Millbrook churchyard, in Haats. It is suspected that they arrived in this country just as the cold weather set in, which prevented them from finding their usual insect food; that being exhausted with their long flight, half-starved, and nipped with the cold, they dropped down dead. They were remarkably thin, their breast bones coming almost through their skins, and they weighed under half-an ounce each.—Express.

Early in July the Great Eastern will once more enter upon the hazardous enterprise of laying the transatlantic cable.

The recent failures in London amount to twice the capital of the Boston Banks, that of Overard, Gurney & Co., being \$5,000,000 to \$60,000,000, and Sir Morton Peto, \$20,000,000.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—The Foreign-office has issued the following notice to travellers.—English travellers intending to enter the Austrian States, either by the Tyrol or any part of the Italian frontier are recommended to have their passports vised at either the Austrian Embassy in London or in Paris.

The London Owl says the conduct of the United States Government in relation to the recent Fenian agitation in Ireland, has been most satisfactory and has strongly evidenced their sense of justice and good will towards this country.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Walkin called attention to the Reciprocity Treaty. He saw danger in the assembling of United States war vessels on the fishing grounds, and condemned the conduct of the British Government.

Mr. Lyard defended the Government, and said they were not responsible for the termination of the treaty, but fully alive to its importance; but the American Government would have no negotiations for renewal. He deprecated the speech of Mr. Watkins as calculated to arouse hostility, and said the American government was actuated by friendly motives in sending a fleet to prevent difficulties.—Mr. Cardwell also saw that the government viewed with satisfaction the proceedings of the American Government.

UNITED STATES.

RECONSTRUCTION.—It is singular how repeatedly and persistently human folly overreaches itself.—The moment of its triumph is invariably the precursor of its ruin; and the measures which it adopts to insure the fruits of victory are always such as inevitably lead to its overthrow. Let us look a little into the past; it will teach us what we are to expect from the present. What triumph could have been more complete than that of the Puritans led by Cromwell over the Royalist and aristocratic forces in the Great Rebellion in England? Yet in less than fifteen years afterwards, Puritanism was dead, Royalty more firmly established than ever; and all because men had become utterly disquieted with the cant and hypocrisy of the lately dominant party. In 1815, a Congress of European Sovereigns and their ministers met at Vienna. The Corsican Titan, who had shaken and shivered their thrones, who had led France from victory to victory, from the Pyramids to Moscow, had sunk at last beneath their overwhelming numbers; and European Absolutism was triumphant. The map of Europe was then rearranged to suit the victorious spoilers; the Holy Alliance was established; no fears were entertained of the resurrection of Bonapartism, and at all events, the most stringent measures were adopted to prevent the possibility of its reascension. Yet scarcely fifty years have passed, and the treaties of Vienna are already waste paper. France is the arbiter of Europe; a Bonaparte rules France; and we can scarcely realize how the great revolution has been effected. So examples might be multiplied to any extent.

Where is the application? Our war is ended; the party of centralization and consolidation now holds the power of government; it is using its victory as others have done before it. It is no prophecy—it is only the simple application of the lessons of the past—to say, that even the generation now living will not have passed away before it witnesses the reaction. For reaction is the logical and inevitable consequence of excess. It would not be surprising if the posterity of the conquerors adopted the principles of the conquered and should wonder why their fathers had been so obstinately blind. Such are the strange vicissitudes of human opinions and human history.—Washington Visitor.

If no undue influence, such as the Sheriff of London under James II. exerted in the celebrated State trials of that reign, are brought to bear on the jury which will try Mr. Jefferson Davis for treason at Richmond the coming Summer or Fall, an acquittal may be generally expected. For the feeling in that city is so strongly in favor of his cause that two of the Grand Jurors who found the recent indictment against him have since been subjected to so much social persecution that they have been obliged to sell out and leave the North.

CINCINNATI, O., May 29.—This morning's Commercial contains the following: There is a movement of the Fenians now going on. Quite a number of them left the city yesterday, bound for Canada.—Large shipments of arms have been made northward within a few days. There is an appearance that an extensive raid is about to be made upon Canada.—Movements of men and transportation of arms have been in progress for some days with a degree of secrecy that indicates business.

DEMORALIZED.—The Detroit Free Press of the 25th ult. says: The Fenian bubble in this city has become demoralized, and, owing to internal dissensions is about to explode. Yesterday, we were informed, the furniture and fixtures of the mysterious hall were taken away, but for what purpose has not yet transpired. Head Centre Stephen's visit to this country appears to have had a contrary effect upon that anticipated.

WEST POINT, May 29.—Gen. Scott died at a few minutes past 11 o'clock this morning. He was out on Saturday afternoon, and then showed no signs of his early demise. On Sunday he began failing fast, though none of his physicians expected he would expire at such an early day. He was perfectly conscious up to the moment of his death, though he had lost his voice two hours previously.

The present aspect of the Fenian affairs in this country is by no means encouraging to those who have anticipated from them a revolution in Ireland, and the freedom from British rule of that green and beautiful island. The utter disappearance of immense sums of money, leaving a treasury which has neither prospects nor funds, is the most serious part of the business. There was some hope for the revolutionists in the raising of money in America, but that seems to have departed. It might well be put to these men that they have done vast evil, of Ireland by their course at home. How much comfort the funds they have squandered would have given to the poor of Ireland, is now a melancholy reflection. For the truth is well known that a large portion of the earnings of the Irish laboring classes in America goes across the water, part of it to bring emigrants here, and part to support and comfort the old folks at home. The diversion of many thousand dollars into the treasury of this Fenian organization has therefore produced double evil, first in depriving the poor of their supplies, and second in encouraging disturbances and violence in Ireland which produces increased trouble and sorrow among the peasantry there.

We may hope that the present aspect of Fenian affairs in this country will prove so instructive to the Irish element in our population that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to bring them again into the plots of wild and foolish agitators.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

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

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 8.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JUNE—1866.
Friday, 8—Sacred Heart of Jesus.
Saturday, 9—St. Paschal, C.
Sunday, 10—Third after Pentecost.
Monday, 11—St. Barnabas, Ap.
Tuesday, 12—St. Jean de Fas, C.
Wednesday, 13—St. Antony of Padua, O.
Thursday, 14—St. Basil, B.D.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The news of all engrossing interest to Canadians is the Fenian raid, which long announced, came off on Friday morning last. Amongst the many wild rumors, some improbable, others evidently false, it is no easy matter to glean out the one grain of truth. But the facts as they have hitherto been confirmed are these.

On Friday morning, about daylight, a large body of Fenians, numbers variously estimated, crossed over and took possession of Fort Erie, a long deserted post: from whence they sent out pillagers, burnt a railroad bridge, and advanced towards the village of Chippewa. As soon as the news arrived at Toronto, the Volunteers sprang to arms; and the regular troops quartered in that City, at Hamilton, and elsewhere, were ordered for immediate service. Some delay, not yet satisfactorily explained, occurred in the advance of the regular troops; and in consequence on Saturday morning, the gallant "Queen's Own" a Toronto corps, found themselves unsupported near Ridgway, in presence of the enemy who were entrenched. They however assumed the offensive, but were, after a smart brush in which at first the advantage was on their side, driven back a short distance with a loss of several killed and wounded. The 16th however and the 47th coming up the Fenians soon broke and fled in all directions. A few were killed; about 200, according to some accounts, were captured; but the great body, by means of tug boats, effected their escape to the U. States steamer *Michigan*, where they were detained as prisoners. Thus by Sunday morning Western Canada was cleared.

In the meantime rumor gave out that a force was menacing the lower parts of the Province; and that whilst an attack on Montreal via Reuss' Point and St. John's was meditated, against Cornwall and other places further West, demonstrations were to be simultaneously made. Up to the time of writing, Monday forenoon, nothing has however been done: but wild rumors, many evidently sensational, are flying about.—To these it is not worth while paying any very serious attention.

All the Volunteers are ordered for service. Amongst the people of Canada the best spirit prevails, and all are determined to protect themselves and happy homes against the gang of plunderers from the U. States. More troops are on their way from Halifax in H.M.S. *Duncan*. The *Pylades* has sent some of her crew to man gun boats for the protection of the Lakes, and another man-of-war the *Rosario* was sent up to Montreal from Quebec. There is no doubt expressed in short, that we are, as it is, fully competent, to deal with the Fenians—if we have but the Fenians to deal with.

But this leads to the question what are our neighbors doing? What has the Washington Government done to enforce its own municipal laws, and its international obligations? As yet it has done almost nothing. We will not apply to it the proverb "much cry and little wool," for as yet it has scarcely uttered a word, or raised its voice to put a stop to atrocities unheard of in civilized communities, and which are an indelible disgrace to the nation that tolerates them. We will not however prejudice the case: we will still try to persuade ourselves to believe that the U. States government is acting in good faith: but we require acts to convince us that such is the case, and not words. If it has the will, but not the power, to enforce its laws, violated, ostentatiously as these laws have been, then indeed may we say with truth that it has morally abdicated, and that the republican form of government is a disgraceful failure. What! a government that boasts of its power, unable to enforce its own laws! A government that could make such a

humiliating avowal would indeed be worthy of all contempt, of all execration from honest men; and the sooner it is swept away from the face of the earth, the better. But no. If it has the will to do so, the U. States government is able to enforce its laws; and if it does not do so, it is because, in the troubled aspect of European politics, it sees, or fancies that it can see, a chance of provoking Great Britain to war with impunity. We will however wait and see; prepared to do ample justice to the honesty of our neighbors, if they will but put it in our power to do so. It has but to give necessary powers to Generals Grant and Meade, brave and able officers, and they will well know how to carry the laws of the U. States into execution, and to rescue their country from the ignominy of encouraging thieves and plunderers.

We abstain of purpose from repeating all the rumors afloat as to the movements of the Fenians, in order to economise space, and content ourselves with such facts as we can glean. On Monday afternoon the *Royal* gunboat, fitted up on purpose, armed with Armstrong guns, and manned with a force of marines and blue jackets from the men-of-war in the river, passed up the St. Lawrence canal towards Beauharnois, where an attack on the canal is probable. The *Hercules*, tug boat from Quebec, was also fitted up as a gun boat, and the naval authorities are making every exertion for the protection of the river and lakes. There was no fighting on Monday.

A large public meeting called by the Mayor has been held for the purpose of organising a Home Guard. The *Nova Scotia* brings 500 troops, and news from Europe to the 25th ult. The position remained unchanged: war was looked upon as almost inevitable, and was expected to break out immediately. There was still talk of a Congress, but little good was expected from it, even should it meet. A good many failures had occurred in England amongst the commercial community. The cattle disease had made its appearance at Waterford in Ireland.

Up to the time of writing, Wednesday forenoon, no fresh attack had been made in any quarter. It was reported that the Fenians in the direction of St. Armand's who had been menacing Montreal, were becoming disgusted and were disbanding, selling their arms; and though we have no authentic intelligence as to the real designs, numbers, or position of the filibusters, we may feel assured that, beyond plundering a few out-lying farms, they can make no impression on Canada. We are prepared for them at all points: and one spirit of loyalty, and of indignation against the ruffian hordes who menace us, inspires the entire population. Some large seizures of arms have been made by the United States authorities under General Meade; and we will still hope that, in spite of their apparent apathy hitherto, they are really acting in good faith.

Parliament meets on Friday. We trust that its first act will be to suspend the *Habeas Corpus*, to declare martial law, and to take prompt measures for dealing with the Fenian prisoners in the hands of our Government. There can be no two opinions as to how armed thieves and murderers should be dealt with; and it is the duty of every man to give to the authorities his hearty support, so as the better to enable them to stamp out, at once and for ever, the plague of Fenianism in Canada.

PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL CONCERNING THE SUBDIVISION OF THE PARISH OF NOTRE DAME OF MONTREAL.

Ignatius Bourget, by the Grace of God and of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Montreal, assisting at the Pontifical Throne.

To all the Faithful of the City and Parish of Notre-Dame of Ville-Marie, Health and Benediction in Our Lord.

It is with sincere sorrow, Dearly Beloved Brethren, that We have seen that a pitiful discussion on the subject of the subdivision of this Parish, of which We made mention in Our Pastoral Letter of the 23rd of April, has been begun in the public journals.

We hasten therefore again to raise Our voice on this subject, in order to give to you such explanations as, We trust, shall suffice to satisfy those who have not as yet seen it in its true light; and shall make you all more clearly understand that Our sole design—which is moreover that of the Sovereign Pontiff—is to erect canonical parishes.

You will the better understand what We have have to say to you on this head, Dearly Beloved Brethren, if you will but pay attention to the nature of a Parish; which above all, and before all, is an ecclesiastical district, erected by an authority, which, as spiritual, is in its own province independent, and has for its object the good of souls; and which district is entrusted to the direction of a Pastor legitimately instituted by the Bishop.

When the faithful included within this ecclesiastical district obtain a recognition of their Parish from the Government, so as to assure to it certain civil consequences, then the Canonical Parish acquires certain prerogatives in the Civil order. Then a mutual understanding, on prescribed conditions, betwixt the two Powers is arrived at; for the greater good, spiritual and temporal, of the children of one Church, and the subjects of one and the same Empire.

But this "mutual" understanding is not always necessary, and it may well so happen that cases shall arise in which it would be neither useful nor convenient. In such cases the Canonical Parish quietly enjoys all the spiritual advantages assured to it by the Church, which alone has erected and created it, without having ought to fear from the side of the Civil Power.

For it has been ruled "That the Canonical Decree erecting a Parish is not a Civil procedure subject to revision by the Superior Court by means of a Writ *Certiorari*; that it is exclusively an ecclesiastical procedure, beyond the jurisdiction of that Court, so long as no steps shall have been taken to procure the Civil ratification of such Decree."—*Superior Court of Quebec*, No. 322, of 1852.

A memorable fact, accomplished but a few years ago under our eyes is sufficient, Dearly Beloved Brethren, to bring more clearly and strikingly before you the purely spiritual action of the Church in the bosom of human Societies, without any intervention of the Civil Power. That fact is the establishment of the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy in England.

Scarcely was the Apostolic Decree, dividing all England into twelve Dioceses under a Metropolitan, made known than all the legislative strength of that mighty empire was combined to impede its execution. Great was the struggle, and unheard of efforts were made to make of none effect the act of the Pontiff. But the Temporal Power dashed vainly against the immortal rock, on which is based the Spiritual Power exercised by our immortal Pontiff in this act of supreme authority, which started the whole world, and has rendered so illustrious his glorious Pontificate. During this great battle of the Temporal against the Spiritual Power, the Catholics of England prayed fervently, but maintained a religious silence. To-day this sacred Hierarchy established by the Altar, lives in peace beneath the shadow of the Throne; whilst to the whole world are known the unprecedented honors which followed to his tomb the great Cardinal who had been placed at the head of the new Hierarchy. In the presence of such a triumph it may be concluded that England was proud of having given to the Holy See so powerful a defender of its rights, and a man so worthy of the Roman purple.

But however that may be, this memorable fact shows plainly that Our Holy Father the Pope in the exercise of his supreme power acts, not against the Civil rights of the people, but in a plane above, and outside of, all human legislation—and for this simple reason: that in his hands he holds the divine power of governing all Christian nations. Thus, Dearly Beloved Brethren, you see that he quailed not before the tremendous opposition which our Mother-country offered to his Decree; can it be then, that he will recoil before the obstacles he may meet with in this remote Colony? or is it likely that this Pontiff, so wise, should have so ruled as that his Decree for the subdivision of the Parish of Montreal should have effect only in so far as might seem good to the Civil Power, after his having divided Great Britain into as many Dioceses as he saw fit there to establish?

You can now, Dearly Beloved Brethren, easily seize the true meaning of Our Pastoral Letter, in the presence of those principles which no true Catholic can call in question, and of those brilliant facts which shed a bright light upon the grave question with which we are occupied.—Read it over again by the light of this bright torch, and you will see that, as before the Civil Power, the Parish of Notre Dame de Ville-Marie will remain what it has always been since the *Reglement* of 1722, which recognised for Civil consequences, the Decree of 1678 which erected it into a Parish, Canonically. For in that Letter there is not a word to raise the suspicion that there exists any intention of altering its territorial limits, to deprive it of its customary Parish priest or *Cure Habituel*, to circumscribe the action of its *Fabrique*, or to strip it of any of those Civil privileges which the aforesaid *Reglement* of 1722 assured to it.

Read that Letter over again, written as it was with truly paternal effusion, and you will see that the only question therein raised is that of forming within the bosom of this immense and populous Parish, new Parishes, which will not aspire after *Fabriques* of their own like the Mother Church, but whose ambition it will be to extend fresh succors to a population which advances with giant strides, and which threatens to sweep all before it; so that it is no longer possible for a single Pastor to know his sheep each by their names, or to defend them at advantage against the fury of the wolves, ever wandering around the fold, and seeking to devour them.

Read over again this Letter, written in all simplicity of heart, and you will be convinced that, from the customary Pastor of this ancient Parish no portion of his flock is to be withdrawn; but that for the good of the sheep, the means of safety are multiplied, in that the action of the Pastoral charge is also multiplied. For after all, it is plain that ten Parish priests who should be charged with the task of leading to rich pastures a flock so numerous, and scattered over such an

extent of territory, would be in a better condition for assuring to it its subsistence, and an abundant nourishment, after the pattern of the Divine Pastor, than one Parish Priest, no matter how zealous, could possibly be.

Read again that letter, written with the sole object of the greatest good of all, and you will discover, the advantages that from the new order of things cannot but flow. For it is a thing well understood, or rather well felt, that there is a special grace, and quite a divine virtue attached to the ministry of the parish priest. And in fact, the person of the Pastor impresses on the sheep committed to him, sentiments of love, docility, trust, and openness of heart which they cannot feel for any other Priest. From the hands of their Pastor they will accept in humble submission, corrections which, from the hands of any other, they would scarcely bear.

Read over again that Letter, written without after thought, and you will be convinced that the proposed changes will be most advantageous to the Mother Church; which without any loss of her civil privileges, will acquire fresh spiritual importance, in that she will give birth to new parishes about to be created in her bosom; to the customary Parish Priest who will see the multiplication of the means of action for the sanctification of his vast parish; and for the parishioners themselves, who will become the objects of a pastoral solicitude better proportioned to their wants, without at the same time ceasing to participate in those temporal advantages which they with right look for at the hands of the Seminary.

For—and of this no one can doubt—the Seminary to which will still be entrusted the entire Parish, will still continue to make, and to your profit, an honorable use of its immense revenues. To this it is strictly held before God and man, and there is no reason to fear that, it will ever recoil, as some have endeavored to insinuate that it will do, from the discharge of so rigorous a duty.

Such, Dearly Beloved Brethren, are the new explanations which We have deemed it Our duty to give you, in the sure conviction that you will accept them with a true filial docility. To this We think that We are entitled; for Our conscience bears Us witness that, in all these matters, We labor for the greater good of your souls. In the same way it is for the love that We bear to you all, that for thirteen months we denied Ourselves the pleasure of Our native land, and that happiness of being amongst his own sheep, which every pastor feels. Now the long protracted absence which the good of the Diocese in general, and your good in particular, have imposed on Us, has been more irksome to Us than you can well believe; and so also it is solely in the interest of your souls that We expose Ourselves to the ill-will of which We are to-day the object. May God grant to Us the grace to submit to it with humility; but We owe it to truth to admit that We are not insensible thereunto, and this you can readily understand.

At the same time We should the more easily console Ourselves if, as might easily have been done, its manifestations had been kept within the bosom of the family. But alas! the noise of these troubles is heard abroad, and amidst our brethren of different religious beliefs. What must they think of a Pastor who is publicly challenged by some of his own flock as it has happened to Us? On the other hand what must they think of those Catholics who cite their Bishops before the bar of public opinion, when it would have been so easy for them to have obtained from him in private the fullest and most cordial explanations? Of these proceedings the shame and the disgrace must fall, not upon the shepherd only, but upon the sheep.

Far from Us, however, be the thought that the number of those in this condition, is large.—So little is this Our opinion that We have not hesitated to make a fresh appeal to public charity, reckoning upon the confidence which at all times has been extended to Us, for the accomplishment of certain works, that in time might exercise a happy influence for the honor of our religion which knows how to inspire her children with such generous devotion. We are happy to have it in our power to inform you here, that already this new appeal has met with the most favorable sympathies, though as yet it may not have become known to all charitable souls.

But there is an easy method, Dearly beloved Brethren, for re-establishing ourselves in public opinion, and that consists in the observance of a religious silence, whilst treating of our affairs in the bosom of the family. We all owe a common Chief, a great and wise Pontiff, to whom we all owe a filial obedience. He—and of this We can certify you—he has given long and serious attention to the question of the subdivision of this Parish: and he has spoken, pronouncing a solemn judgment, embodying in it an Apostolic Decree of which We have given you a detailed and conscientious explanation. Let us then fall down before his sacred feet, and bow before the might of Jesus Christ which dwells in him. From his judgment there is no appeal; and if we submit Ourselves thereunto with good will, God will help us. "Rome has spoken; the case is finished. *Roma locuta est: causa finita est.*"

As a testimony of Our profound veneration for the sacred Person of so great a Pontiff, We will make it Our duty on Sunday next to take up with Our own hands the collection of the *Peter's Pence* to be made in Our Cathedral. It will be with great pleasure that on this solemn occasion We will descend from the Episcopal Throne to solicit that aid which we know is needed for the Supreme Chief of the Church; for the Pontiff-King, who in these sad days is reduced to the painful necessity of falling back upon the charity of the universal Church. Your Catholic hearts will grasp the meaning of this, and from on high will speak to you in the tones of filial piety.—May the Lord bless you from the heavenly Son, so that in this world you may lead holy and happy lives, and in the world to come may attain to eternal bliss.

The present Letter shall be read at the public office of all the churches of the City and Parish of Notre Dame of Montreal on Trinity Sunday.

Given at Montreal this Twenty-third day of May of the year Eighteen hundred and Sixty-six, under Our hand and Seal, and the countersign of Our Secretary.

† G. Bishop of Montreal
By command of His Lordship,
J. O. PARR, Canon Secretary.

The usual Procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place with the accustomed pomp on Sunday last. The streets were handsomely decorated, the weather was propitious, and everything passed off most happily. The route this year was from the Parish, to the St. Patrick's Church, and back by Bleury, Craig and St. Joseph Streets. As usual we have to acknowledge and felicitate ourselves upon the good feeling displayed by our separated brethren.

The health of His Lordship the Bishop has caused much uneasiness to his friends of late, but at present there is a decided improvement. His Lordship is in the *Hotel Dieu*.

His Lordship the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe has issued a Pastoral to his diocesan announcing his approaching resignation of his Episcopal charge, but declaring at the same time his intention to live and end his days, amongst them. Of the importance and flourishing condition of the Diocese some estimate may be formed from the fact that whilst in 1852 it contained, only 39 parishes and missions served by 49 priests, it numbers to-day 69 parishes, and 106 priests.

FIRST COMMUNIONS.—A writer in the Montreal *Herald* criticises the *celat* with which it is customary in Catholic countries to celebrate the first communions of children. In his eyes—as in those of all Protestants—the importance attached by Catholics to this "rite," as he calls it, is incomprehensible; and consequently he falls into the most absurd contradictions when treating of the subject. For instance he says:—

"The matter-of-fact light in which the ceremonies of their Church are regarded by Catholic populations is fully evident in their manner of referring in after life to the period of their individual experiences.—They constantly say, 'About the time when I was to take my first communion,' or 'soon after I took my first communion,' to designate the epoch at which something or other occurred in their regular life."

Now it seems to us that this would indicate the direct contrary of what the writer in the *Herald* seeks to insinuate; it would show that with the Catholic, the "first communion" is always, no matter how much his faith may have been weakened, and his morals corrupted by intercourse with the world, the one great epoch of his life; the one event of all transcending importance, to which all the other events of his entire life are referred, and around which, as the centre, they are grouped. In the history of the individual, the "First Communion" is the great epoch, as, in the history of the human race the coming of Christ is the epoch; so that, as we say of an event it occurred, *After Christ*, or *Before Christ*, so many years—in like manner the individual Catholic divides his life into two epochs— that before, and that subsequent to, his "First Communion." We do not think that the Christian form of Chronology as applied to history; that the A.D. which denotes the epoch at which something or another occurred in the course of time, can be appropriately cited as a proof of the indifference with which Christians regard the Incarnation, and the Redemption of fallen man.

But according to our friend of the *Herald*, who is so rash as to treat of Catholic subjects of which He is as profoundly ignorant as all Protestants necessarily are, "First Communions" are with the majority of Catholics of little or no importance, except for the "display of their little persons in the eyes of the congregation, decked out in the pretty book muslin dresses" &c. But if so, how comes it that the "First Communion" makes on all Catholics such a deep and indelible impression; that it is always referred to by them, in after life, as the epoch *par excellence* to which all the events of their lives are referred? There is in the *Herald's* criticism a manifest contradiction on this point which, we trust, he will pardon us for pointing out to him, giving him at the same time the friendly advice not again to write upon the subject of the Sacraments in the Catholic Church, until he knows

something about them. A landsman who has never seen a ship, or the sea, in his life, trying to write a nautical novel and to describe a ship leaving to in a heavy gale, does not make a greater goose of himself than does the Protestant who sits down to describe the inner life of Catholics, and to analyse their religious feelings.

STREET-PREACHING.—We see by the Montreal Witness that some street-preachers have made their appearance in Montreal, and that on the evening of Thursday, the 31st ult., when they were holding forth in the Haymarket, a disturbance took place, and the preachers were driven away by force.

Leaving out of sight for the moment the consideration of the propriety of street-preaching, we have no hesitation in saying that, whether it be a nuisance to be abated, or a perfectly legitimate proceeding to be fostered, no man, be he Catholic or Protestant, has the right to take the administration of the law into his own hands;—that if street-preaching be, as some contend, a nuisance to be repressed, it must be repressed by authority, not by violence, by the police not by rowdies, by the law of the land, not by mob-law. As Catholics—and in this case we will make so hold as to speak in the name of our co-religionists—we cannot too strongly express our disgust at, and abhorrence of the conduct described in the Witness of the 1st instant. Rioting and rowdiness, no matter upon what pretext, are odious to the good citizen, and especially to the Catholic; whilst we esteem the striking of, or offering violence to, an unarmed man as the act of a coward and a blackguard, who but brings disgrace on any cause, party, or denomination with which his name is associated.

But at the same time we hesitate not to express our opinion that "street-preaching" is a nuisance which should not be tolerated by the law, and which the Police should be instructed to put down. If one man has a legal right to get up on his tub, and hold forth in the public thoroughfares, so has another man, so has every other man.—When Stiggins sets up his tub, the Merry-Andrew has a perfect right to plant his stool alongside of him; and whilst the former does out what he calls "Word of God," the latter has just as good a right to beat his drum, to blow his horn, or to enliven his audience with a comic song. If you tolerate the one mountebank, you must tolerate the other; and for the sake of peace and even-handed justice, it is better to suppress both. If Stiggins be troubled with an incontinence of words, it is the mania of testifying be strong upon him, let him go into one of the meeting-houses, of which there is no lack, and there deliver himself, there gratify his cravings. So go with the Merry Andrew; let him confine himself to the theatre, or exhibition room which he shall have leased for the purpose of his displays. This we take to be a common sense view of the matter, which will commend itself to most quiet-loving citizens, irrespective of creed.

And here we would let the matter drop, but that the Witness takes occasion, from the blackguard conduct of a few rowdies in the Haymarket, to launch an insult against the entire Catholic population of Canada. He says, commenting on the disturbance, which we dare say he has grossly exaggerated:—

"Protestants may, from this treatment, see what kind of liberty they have now in Lower Canada, and can judge what their liberty would be, if they are, by the Confederation plan, placed under the exclusive power of the Roman Catholic majority.—Witness, 1st instant.

Two wrongs do not make a right: but we should like to ask what would be the treatment that a Catholic priest, or a preaching friar, would receive in Toronto, or in any other City of Upper Canada, were he there to attempt a course of street preaching? He would be lucky indeed were he to escape with his life. However we desire not to rake up old grievances, or say a word that might offend any one. Rather should we seek to bury all our ancient feuds, and to cultivate a spirit of peace, good will and brotherly love amongst all Her Majesty's subjects. Here in Lower Canada, and in Montreal especially Protestant and Catholic live on the best of terms, mutually respecting one another, and forbearing from provocation: and our separated brethren may be assured that whilst we strongly disapprove of street preaching, and desire to see it suppressed—we deprecate all mob law, invoking only the aid of the legitimate authorities, whilst condemning as heartily as they can do, all resort to violence, all rioting, all appeals to physical force.

We learn from a correspondent that four men belonging to James O'Hagan were drowned on Monday the 21st ult., by the upsetting of a canoe on the Galineau River, at a place called Currie's Rapids above the mills owned by the Messrs. Gilman. There were six persons in the canoe of whom two only were saved. The names of those who were lost are:—Mullin, T. Brooks from Rawdon, C.E., Frederic Seguin, and L. Gallipot of Templeton. Seguin leaves a wife and seven children to lament his death.—Our correspondent adds that the men in the canoe were acting in disobedience to their foreman.

THE BRITISH COAL-FIELDS.—It seems that the attention of the Government has been drawn to the condition of the coal-fields of the Empire, and their probable speedy exhaustion, at the present rate of consumption. Sir Frederick Murchison has been written to on the matter with the view of instituting a regular inquiry; and full official information may therefore shortly be expected upon this interesting subject. To Great Britain it is a question of life or death; for all its wealth, all its power and influence as a great military, naval, manufacturing, and commercial country, are entirely dependent on its coal-fields.

There is a good deal of playing at Romanism amongst the Episcopalians of Protestants in New York. So far do they carry their funny game, that they have actually instituted an order of Protestant Sisters of Charity, who stand up before a sham altar, take sham engagements, to lead a sham religious life, and receive from the hands of a sham bishop, a sham initiation into a farcical imitation, or rather caricature, of a real Catholic Sisterhood. To carry out the fun of the thing and make it look more real like, these sham nuns or Sisters of Charity wear real black robes, and real veils, the only thing real about them.

In one of Dickens' earlier tales, there is introduced a wretched, half-starved little girl, the drudge of a certain Miss Sally Brass, a severe and stingy mistress, who occasionally regaled herself by steeping bits of orange peel in cold water, and drinking the compound as wine. "If you make believe, very much its quite nice;" and so, no doubt, with these sham Protestant Sisterhoods, which stand in just the same relation to Catholic Religious Orders, as does cold water flavored with orange peel, to the richest products of Southern vineyards, "If you make believe very much," if you can content yourself with the black robe and the black veil, then no doubt you may acquire a relish for these mock Protestant Sisterhoods, and in time come to find them "quite nice."

Not that we mean anything personally offensive to the ladies who take part in this sham business. Individually, we believe that they are most estimable; their motives are worthy of all honor; and were it not that they lack the one thing needful, they would, we have no doubt, approve themselves a blessing to suffering humanity, and an honor to Christianity. But one thing they lack; and that one thing is that which alone renders the celibate, and religious life in the Catholic Church possible.

Need we say that that "one thing" is the Eucharist; Our Lord Jesus Christ, ever present in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. This it is which sustains the Catholic nun in all her trials in all her temptations, in all her fastings, and weary watchings. This constant presence of her divine Spouse, to Whom she has betrothed herself, it that cheers and strengthens her, and fills her life, which to the world appears a life of gloom and hardship, with joys and consolations to which the worldling is a stranger, and of which he is neither worthy, nor even susceptible. Take away this Eucharist from our altars, make our temples void of the presence of Him Who is the Crown of Virgins, and the virginal life, the life of celibacy, and of self-denial, and of poverty would be no longer either possible, or even conceivable.

And so, though amongst Protestants we often find all the natural virtues raised to the highest or most heroic degree, still they never can rise above or transcend the purely natural plane.—Hence too is it that though we may see exceptional cases amongst them, like that of a Florence Nightingale—whose name we mention with honor—their best works are barren of results. If courage, if philanthropy, if a brave, honest and loving heart were sufficient of themselves to raise up, and maintain a Protestant Sisterhood of Charity, or Order of Mercy, then surely would not the work of Florence Nightingale have perished, and come to naught; then assuredly would her name have been handed down to a grateful posterity, not only as that of a noble minded woman, an honor to her sex, but as the authoress of some permanent work for the relief of suffering humanity, as the foundress of some living Sisterhood, all whose members were themselves Florence Nightingales. But Protestantism is barren; cut off from the Catholic Church it can no more bear fruit, than can the branch that has been lopped off from the parent trunk.

To Catholics, urging the variations, and internal divisions of Protestantism, as a proof that it cannot be from Him Who knows no change, and Who is the author, not of strife and separation, but of love and unity, it is always replied that the differences of Protestants concern not internals, but externals, not fundamentals of religion, but merely some trifling ceremonies, and matters of detail. How far, however, this is actually the case may be learnt from the following statement made by a writer in a low Anglican, or evangelical paper of this City, in which he deals with an assertion made in another Anglican periodical,

The Church of Old England, to the effect that in the so-called Church of England there no opposing parties. To this, the writer in the Echo 30th ult., responds as follows:—

It is true indeed that the High Church party do all they can to lead people to think so, and the writer has been more than once told by highly respected clergymen that there could be no differences between men belonging to the same church and who had 'Episcopal hands laid upon them'—also! what a vain delusion! It is freely admitted that the 'Evangelical party' are not combined as the others are, and there is a shameful want of union amongst them (as a party), but it is nevertheless true, that there are very many who deplore the sad state of our church—long for more united action and a bolder declaration of those great truths which constitute the difference between parties. These differences are not mere externals; if they were—union would be easy; they are the foundation of Gospel truth, and it may be added in the words of Dr. McNeill that 'Baptismal Regeneration' as held by the High Church party is the root of their manifold errors—it is that fruitful source of error in their system which nullifies that Gospel which is the power of God unto salvation in every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

If such be the case in the bosom of one single Protestant sect, if there exist therein "differences" so fundamental, and so vital, how must it be as betwixt the different Protestant sects?

Poor Mr. Whalley has received some very smart raps over his knuckles lately, from his Protestant friends whose tempers he has sorely tried by his somewhat injudicious zeal in the Popery cause. Even Mr. Newdegate feels that that cause is brought into disrepute by the intemperate manner in which it is advocated by Mr. Whalley, whom he—Mr. Newdegate—accuses of being a Jesuit in disguise; a charge which the Times, so it hastens to assure Mr. Whalley, does not believe. Not a whit discouraged, however, by this rebuff, Mr. Whalley returned to the fray, and urged the Lord Advocate to take legal steps to put a stop to a charitable lottery that had been announced in the public journals, for the benefit of a St. Vincent de Paul school in Edinburgh. The Lord Advocate declined to interfere, on the plea that law should not meddle with lotteries got up, not for purposes of private gain, but with a purely charitable intent; and he delicately hinted to Mr. Whalley that, not so much all-will to lotteries in general as to Romish charities in particular, was the exciting cause of his Mr. Whalley's action, "since such lotteries were resorted to by persons of all denominations, but most of the complaints within his knowledge had been mainly directed against those for Roman Catholic purposes."—With this second rebuff Mr. Whalley was obliged to content himself.

We have received the first number of a new city paper the Daily Review. It is handsomely printed, and seems to be in politics mildly conservative, and in religious matters slightly tinged with evangelicalism.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—May 1866. Dawson Bros., Montreal.—A very interesting number, though the conclusion of the long continued tale of Miss Marjoribanks is somewhat tame, and inappropriate. The other articles consist of a continuation of the Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence—Gipsies—The Negro and the Negrophilists—Sir Brook Fossbrooke, Part XII.—Baridano's Ass, or Liberty and Necessity—The Lost Tales of Miletus—Scrap of Verse from a Tourist's Journal—The Abacus Politicus, or Universal Suffrage Made Easy—The Reform Bill.

DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY IN NORTH AMERICA.—By the Rev. X. D. Macleod, St. Mary's College, Cincinnati. New York, Virtue & Yorston. R. Warrington, Montreal.

This book contains rather a history of the noble works performed on this Continent by the servants of Mary, than a treatise on devotion. Much of it is taken up with Canada, the toil, and sufferings of the Jesuits, of the early missionaries, and other holy men and women and consecrated virgins throughout the New World. To the Canadian Catholic this book will prove extremely interesting, embracing, as do its contents, a rapid history of the victories of the Cross in North America; whilst none can fail to be edified by the spirit of piety and devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God which inspired it, and which breathes from every page.

To the Editor of the Gleaner.

Sir,—Contrary to my intention when last writing, I feel called upon, once more, to trespass upon your columns.

In the Gleaner of the 2nd of February last, the Catholics of Hemmingford are charged with having sent a petition to the Government, "asking for the discharge of one of the Commissioners," &c. In another number, Feb. 16th, he says: "If the religious professions of men are to be taken into consideration by the Government, before appointing," &c. Again, same number, speaking of the interference of Mrs. Dania, after the election for St. Stanislas, he says: "He accordingly sent off a list of those he wished made Commissioners, and the compliant Government, anxious to please one of their tail, at once gazetted them." And yet the Gleaner, to give us an example of his powers of abuse, takes me severely to task for using the same term! When I alluded to the Cabinet meeting, I meant simply that all the members of the Government, were likely to be in Ottawa on the 11th, and would attend to matters that would come before them, whether collectively, or in their individual capacity.

I had reference to the Quebec scheme of Confederation, when I referred to the minorities of Upper and

Lower Canada. When this scheme came before Parliament, it was proposed to give the Lower Canadian minority a Superintendent of Education belonging to their own denomination, making two Superintendants for Lower Canada, while Upper Canada was to have only one. The reason assigned for this was that the Catholics of Upper Canada got all they asked for, when a law was passed in the Legislature enabling them to dissent and form separate schools. The Gleaner must be aware that the Catholics of Upper Canada, petitioned the last Parliament, "to be placed upon the same footing with the Protestants of Lower Canada."

If the Gleaner would take the trouble to acquaint himself with the ability of his "respectable man," he would treat matters relating to him more accurately. When I speak disapprovingly of a person, I wish to do it as gently as possible, and will only say; that he undertook to teach a common school, when it was not necessary for teachers to pass a Board of Examiners, and was discharged in a few days through incapacity, which don't tell very favorably of his qualifications. That he was rejected twice, when presented as candidate for Municipal Councillor, which don't prove that he is very popular. He would undertake to discharge the duties of Pontifex Maximus, could he find a Roman people, silly enough to trust him with the office, &c., &c., &c.

The Gleaner charges me with getting up the petition, and almost in the same breath "emphatically" denies his charge against the Priest in false; which is: that "it was got up by the cure!" See article headed "Bigotry." Does he know that when he brings a charge against a Priest, or any other person, that it is his duty to prove his charge, not the Priest's to disprove? He don't prove it by publishing the petition. The quotation, under figure four, from my first letter has not been properly marked, and the objective "anonymous" left out, which changes my meaning materially. Such expressions as "stupidly," "profoundly ignorant," and "blunders" may do very well to give force to a bad argument, and no doubt will act favorably upon me, and likely to mistake abuse for true logic; but if the Gleaner cannot prove his point without such language, he had better "leave pen and ink alone."

Leaving all 'side issues,' the whole matter in dispute amounts to this; you accuse the Roman Catholics of Hemmingford, of 'bigotry, downright bigotry,' for petitioning that, on the Bench of Commissioners of small causes, they might be represented according to their numbers. It is your reply, Sir, not my letter, nor yet the petition of my Catholic fellow-citizens, that savors of bigotry, intolerance, and uncharitableness. They had good reasons for their petition; for it may well happen that cases in which the interests of Catholics and Protestant conflict, be brought before the Commissioners' Court; in which case, as the best of us are not above the reach of prejudice, it would be important to Catholics, that the same should be on the Bench some representatives, and guardians of their interests. The Catholics of Hemmingford had therefore reasonable grounds for asking for what they prayed for in their petition; and as bigotry consists, either in unreasonable demands, or in refusing to grant demands that are reasonable, you Sir, and not the Catholic petitioners, and not your humble servant who now addresses you, stand convicted of 'bigotry, downright bigotry.'

And that the demand which you approved was reasonable, and that therefore your opposition to it was bigoted, appears from this: That the Provincial Government composed namely of Protestants, have seen fit, to grant, substantially, the prayer of the petitioners, by naming Mr. McCarthy as a sixth Commissioner on the Bench. This is conclusive as to the reasonableness of the prayer of the petition, and therefore of your unreasonableness, or in other words your "downright bigotry" in opposing it.

Wishing you, Sir, more reason for the future, and less prejudice,

I have the honor to be,

JAMES CLANCY.

Hemmingford 24th of April, 1866.

GENEROUS ACT OF CHARITY.—Our readers will remember the collision took place some time since between a tow-boat and the steamer 'Montreal,' which resulted in the death of the mate of the latter. He had been long in the service of the Richelieu Company and was universally esteemed. They have marked their sense of his services by an unwonted act of liberality. They continue his full salary until the children he has left behind come of age, when they are to be provided with situations in the Company; and also to institute proceedings against the owners of the tow-boat for the benefit of the widow. This is one of those generous actions, which ought to be marked with a white stone.

PRODUCE IN CANADA.—The Ottawa Citizen says: The total amounts of grain and other items of farm produce raised in Canada appear almost incredible from official returns and reliable sources of information we ascertain the following facts:—Oats grown last year 40,000,000 bushels; wheat 25,000,000 bushels 12,000,000 bushels; potatoes 28,000,000 bushels; turnips 10,000,000; but wheat 13,000,000 bushels, which gives an average of 45 bushel of grain and not productions to each inhabitant. In addition to this there were 45,000,000 pounds of butter; 5,000,000 cords of wood, and 30,000,000 lbs of beef. Besides these were 1,700,900 tons of hay, and 3,000,000 bushels of corn.

The Leader correspondent sends the list of killed, wounded and missing of the Queen's Own Rifles. Of the missing above thirty are expected to turn up to night.

- KILLED. Ensign McEachern, No 5 Co. Lance Corporal Defres, No 3 Co. Private H Anderson, No 3 Co. Private Tempest, No 9 Co. WOUNDED. Capt Doustard, No 3. Lieut Beaven, No 3. Lieut Campbell, No 6. Ensign Fahey, No 1. Color-Sergt. McHardy, No 10. Sergt Foster, No 7. Sergt Matheson, No 2. Private O Winter, No 3. Sergt Carre, No 8. Private Paul, No 9. Private Rutherford, No 6. Private Henry Swan, No 10. Private John White, No 10. Private Bell, No 5. Corporal Laker, No 2. Private Wm Thompson, No 2. Ensign McLeary, No 6. Corporal Ellis, No 9. Private McKenzie, No 9. Private Kinsford, No 9. Private Smeal, No 9. Private Banderserren, No 9. Private Turner, No 9. Private Patterson, No 9. Private Grover, No 9. Private Dawson, No 9. Private Newbury, No 9. Sergeant Basted, No 1. Private Houghton, No 1. Private Manning, No 1. Private Hinde, No 1. Private Russell, No 1. Private Copp, No 5. Private Dugden, No 4. Private Dobbie, No 4. Private Forsyth, No 4. Private Jack, No 10. Private Alderson, No 7. Capt Robins, No 6. Private Freeborn, No 6. Private McFarlane, No 6. Sergt. McFush, reported dead has since turned up right.

Our French contemporaries record the death of the Mother Superior of the Ursuline Convent in Quebec, (Isabelle McDonnell,) at the advanced age of seventy years. Deceased had been a member of the Ursuline Sisterhood for forty-five years. She was interred in the Conventual burying-ground on Tuesday last.

The Queen's Birthday was observed with much éclat and solemnity all through French Lower Canada and in several villages, in addition to addresses, the erection of May poles, bon fires, feu de joie, etc., etc., in the evening the houses were illuminated. The French Canadian may look back with regret to the days when the lilies of the Bourbons floated over and protected him, but he is just as loyal to St. George's cross and the noble woman who presides over his destinies. As Mr. Girard, the Mayor of Yarenee, said on the occasion of hoisting the British flag on the May pole set up on the 24th, "the honor of its erection was not intended to himself personally but was a homage to the British flag which now floated upon it, it being the duty of all to attach themselves more than ever to that flag under the shade of which they had been permitted to take root as a great nation. That flag, whatever difficulties they would encounter, would continue to protect them, and under its shadow which would never fail them they would be permitted to accomplish their destinies."—Montreal Gazette.

TRAPS ON SWANS.—A good many complaints are daily made of the want of traps on the main sewers of the city. It may be as well to remember that to have the main sewers trapped while the private drains are left open would only aggravate the evil complained of, and be productive of much greater evil than by the present system. For several years past the City Surveyor has been urging in his annual reports the necessity for a general system. Unfortunately these recommendations are not attended to. All parties now putting in private drains are, we understand, compelled to have them trapped, but it appears there is no power to compel the proprietors to have them fitted on drains already down, although the dictates of prudence might suggest that such a precaution against disease should be adopted.—Herald.

A CONVICT SHOT.—On Monday morning while certain of the Penitentiary convicts were at work cleaning a stable outside the walls of the prison, a convict named Nouvelle attempted to make his escape. He was called on by the guards to stop, which he refused to do, when he was fired at, three shots taking effect. The convict is still living, and is likely to recover. Nouvelle is a French Canadian a life convict, from Quebec, where he was convicted of a double murder.

An old man, aged 65, who lived alone in a state of great wretchedness at Saint Manile, was lately found dead. Only a sum of 27.49c was discovered in cash, but beneath a heap of rags were found concealed shares and bonds of various railway companies representing a value of 48,000 francs.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Dalbousie Mills, W Chisholm, \$2; Salem, Mass U.S Rev J Quintan \$2; St Andrews P McRae, \$2; Greenbush, NY Rev A Bayard, \$2; Gannacque, Rev M O'Connor, \$2; Westport, Alex Baist Jr, \$1; Altonburgh, R Smith, \$2; Liverpool, N S Rev E Kennedy, \$2; Glouce Bay Mines O B M McDonald, \$2; Amherstburg, M S M J Biley \$2; Danbury, Rev G J Brown, \$2; M M Colquhoun, \$2; Rawdon, E O'Connor, \$2.75; Norwood, P C Foley, \$2; Perth, W O'Brien, \$2; St Joseph, Rev M Aubey, \$2; Gal, P Larin, \$2; St Sophie, Rev A Payette, \$2.50. Per F Ford, Prescott, F Feeny, \$2; J McCarthy, \$2. Per A B McIntosh, Chatham, Self, \$2; D Fordham, \$2; Rev M Connell, \$2. Per U F Fraser, Brockville, P Murray, \$2; W Conway, \$1. Per A McGillivray, Antigonish, N S, Rev J Oameron, Arichat, \$2; Rev J Chisholm, Pomquet Forks, \$2. Per P McOabe, Port Hope—Self, \$2; Rev J Madden, D. D, \$2; Peter O Rolly, \$2.

Married.

At St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Dowd, on the 24th of April William G Dubois Esq, to Susanne, third daughter of W. P. Bartley Esq, all of this city.

At St. Patrick's Church, on the 23rd ult., by the Rev. Mr. Dowd, James A. Moyua, Sr, to Mary, eldest daughter of W. P. Bartley, Esq, all of this city.

Died.

On Sunday evening, at five o'clock, John Ryan, aged 26 years.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, June 5, 1866.

- Flour—Pollards, \$4.30 to \$4.50; Middlings, \$5.00 \$4.25; Fine, \$5.75 to \$5.80; Super, No 2 \$6.10 to \$6.25; Superior \$6.65 to \$6.75; Pastry \$7.50 to \$7.70 Extra, \$8.25 to \$8.75; Superior Extra \$9.00 to \$9.50; Bag Flour, \$3.00 to \$3.70 per 112 lbs. Eggs per doz, 60c to 00c. Tallow per lb, 90c to 00c. Butter, per lb.—New worth 20c to 22c, according to quality. Pork—Quiet; New Mess, \$24.50 to \$25.00; Prime Mess, \$20 to \$20.50; Prime, \$19.50 to \$20.00. Oatmeal per bbl of 200 lbs, \$4.50 to \$4.85; Wheat—U. C. Spring ex cars \$1.50. Ashes per 100 lbs, First Pots, at \$5.74 to \$5.60 Seconds, \$5.27 to \$5.45; First Pearls, \$7.00 to \$8.00 Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs. \$10.00 to \$10.50 Beef, live, per 100 lbs 8.00 to 10.00 Sheep, each, \$8.00 to \$12.00 Lamb, 2.50 to 4.00 Calves, each, \$3.00 to \$10.00

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

In consequence of the great demands upon the Rolling Stock for the Transport of Troops, the Night Express Train between Montreal and Toronto will be discontinued until further notice. The Day Trains from Montreal and Toronto will run as usual.

J. O. BRIDGES, Managing Director.

Montreal, June 5 1866.

CHARLES CATTELL,

MANUFACTURER OF STATUARY,

No. 61 NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

THE advertiser having, by a recent Dissolution of Co-partnership, become sole manager and proprietor of the business formerly carried on under the name and firm of CATTELL & CO., begs most respectfully to inform the public in general that he is prepared to take orders for all kinds of Statuary, which will be made to order on the shortest possible notice. Having been favored with the distinguished patronage of his Lordship, the Right Rev. Dr. Horan, Bishop of Kingston, and members of the Clergy throughout the province of Canada, he respectfully invites clergymen to call and inspect his Stock of Statues, suitable for Churches, Oratories and other places of devotion.

All kinds of Statues, Busts, &c., for Ornamenting gardens, Libraries, &c., constantly on hand.

CHARLES CATTELL.

Montreal 1st June 1867.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF David McNierny, by Brother Nazarius, Notre Dame, Indiana, U. S.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, May 11.—The Patrie of this evening says: In the event of war in Germany and Italy the French Government would have no other measure to take than that of forming two corps of observation...

The Opinions of May 14, says:—No formal proposal for a Congress has yet been made by any European Power. Only semi-official communications have been exchanged on the subject...

The same journal states that the Powers who have united their efforts to bring about a Congress are France and Russia, and they have agreed to ask separately those States whose international questions threaten the peace of Europe...

Paris, May 15.—Several of this evening's journals represent that a meeting took place to-day between Earl Cowley, Baron Buchser, and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, with the object of bringing about a peaceful solution of the pending difficulties.

Paris, May 17.—If the old adage 'Si vis pacem, para bellum' be true, Europe should never be nearer to peace than just now, for never have preparations more formidable for war been made everywhere.

The Constitutionnel of to-day publishes an article pointing out the serious nature of the differences between Austria, Prussia, and Italy, and says:—

The neutral Powers could neither induce either of the different parties to concede the demands of the other, nor usefully recommend to them the maintenance of the status quo.

An Echo of the Emperor's Speech.—The Echo de la Dordogne, in speaking of the operations of the Council of Revision of that Department, mentions that the Perigord conscripts appeared to be animated by the most warlike sentiments...

It appears that the Emperor speaks freely with some of his military household on the present state of affairs. He expresses his belief that war is all but inevitable.

The French imperialist papers declare, in language truly Olympian in its solemn accents, that France intends to remain a neutral spectator of the conflict.

The European Crisis.—The Paris correspondent of the Independence Belge, writing on Saturday, says:—The earnest efforts of diplomacy to prevent an European conflagration are undeniable, especially on the part of England and Russia.

Rome.—The Pope has been informed by the French Envoy at Rome that the French Corps d'Occupation in his capital having, by order of the Emperor, changed its name, and adopted another appellation more in consonance with the present state of the world...

The mere progress of war, apart from all question of victory or defeat, will be ruinous. The Austrian army alone is said to cost, on its present footing, £100,000 a day, or £3,000,000 a month.

ITALY. Piedmont.—Florence, May 7.—The Government says it will not attack by which it probably means that it will not do so until war has begun between Austria and Prussia...

Even now, and in ordinary times, what do we see in Germany? Her women, and even her girls, till the fields, reap the crops, carry home the produce, bring on their heads loads of garden stuff...

The Patrie states that Austria has at present 370,000 troops under arms in Germany, exclusive of the contingent to be furnished by the German Confederation.

The Italian artillery is said to be excellent, and to have shown itself such in the campaign of 1858; at least a portion of their infantry is also reported very good; in cavalry it is to be feared they cannot successfully vie with their Austrian antagonists.

The Nations goes so far as to say that even the cession of Venetia could not now disarm Italy, and that she could only reply 'It is too late!'

Queen Victoria has addressed an autograph letter to the King. In it Her Majesty is said to have pleaded the cause of peace and of the Duke of Augustenburg.

The National Zeitung of to-day, May 10th, publishes the following official communication:—The statement made by several German journals respecting certain alleged efforts of mediation on the part of Russia, and also the assertion that the Czar had declared himself ready to support Austria...

A correspondent of a London paper asserts it is a positive fact that the Prussian Government offered several months ago to give Austria the Duchy of Galtz, in Silesia, as an indemnification for her share of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein.

Florence, May 15.—The rumours of a prolongation of the stay of the French troops in Rome beyond the date fixed by the September Convention are without any foundation.

The Nations of to-day states, under reserve, that a Note of the French Government has arrived here proposing the assembly of a Congress.

Garibaldi has accepted the command of the Volunteers, declaring at the same time, that he hopes soon to be able to co-operate with the army of Italy in accomplishing the destinies of the nation.

The Italia says:—We know that there exists a perfect accord between the Government and General Garibaldi. The General will not quit Caprera except at the summons of the King, and when the proper time has come.

M. Texier, one of the editorial staff of the Siecles, writes to that journal from Turin his impressions of what he has seen in north Italy.

How is it possible for any one to put down this excitement? The Italian Government has called out all its contingents disseminated in every part of the world (for Italy is a country of emigration).

Rome.—The Pope has been informed by the French Envoy at Rome that the French Corps d'Occupation in his capital having, by order of the Emperor, changed its name, and adopted another appellation more in consonance with the present state of the world...

The Czar has addressed an autograph letter to the Pope, thanking him for the congratulatory telegram His Holiness despatched after the recent murderous attempt.

According to news received from Rome, it was rumoured in that city that General Kautzler had tendered his resignation as Minister at War, and that he would be succeeded by Monseigneur de Merode.

AUSTRIA. The mere progress of war, apart from all question of victory or defeat, will be ruinous.

Prussia is little better off. Yet there appears to be no doubt of the will of both populations to go to war if their rulers lead the way.

Even now, and in ordinary times, what do we see in Germany? Her women, and even her girls, till the fields, reap the crops, carry home the produce, bring on their heads loads of garden stuff...

The Patrie states that Austria has at present 370,000 troops under arms in Germany, exclusive of the contingent to be furnished by the German Confederation.

the field-150,000 men in Venetia; 80,000 in Dalmatia, and 100,000 dispersed at present in Hungary, Italy, and the neighbourhood of Trieste.

There are 200,000 Austrian troops in Venetia, all upon a war footing, and the military preparations in that province are being prosecuted with great vigour.

May 17.—The Independence Belge of this evening says:—We have received fresh details from London respecting the proposed Congress. Austria has been confidentially informed of the points of which the programme will consist.

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Berlin May 16th.—The Semi-official Provincial Correspondent of to-day says:—The unfounded rumour of an intention to sell Venetia is a proof of the ignorance which prevails respecting the political situation, as it is not in the power of Austria by a sudden change of policy, to place Prussia in the isolated position that has been threatened.

Count Bismark has given the first public symptom of his incipient conversion to Liberal principles. Six gentlemen of Liberal politics who had been elected by the Berlin Town-council to honorary municipal offices have obtained the requisite confirmation of the Crown.

Berlin, May 8.—Yesterday evening the friends and admirers of Count Bismark offered him a serenade on the occasion of his happy escape from the assassin's hand.

Count Bismark threw himself upon him, holding down his right arm. Blind taking his pistol in his left and pressing it against the chest of his intended victim fired for the fourth and fifth times.

Mr. Blind, the assassin, is dead. He must have been a most resolute character. He not only made the attempt in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of the capital, but, as appears from the more explicit particulars which have but now transpired, fired the last four shots while struggling with several persons, who actively endeavored to seize him.

The first ball fired when the Count was walking directly in front of him. Before he could discharge his revolver a second time a tradesman of the name of Elia had caught hold of him.

Count Bismark threw himself upon him, holding down his right arm. Blind taking his pistol in his left and pressing it against the chest of his intended victim fired for the fourth and fifth times.

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looked as to a father; should give the right to any one of saying that the reproach of whose inspirations have been the purest, and who has enthusiastically—although to the deepest sorrow of my disconsolate wife, of myself and my family—given up his young and promising life in his country's cause.

May 8. I am, Sir, yours obediently, KARL BLIND.

A rich man by the name of Hopp was recently tried in Chicago for the deliberate murder of his wife. He was acquitted on the plea of insanity.

The Courier des Etats Unis declares itself enabled to state that the French Government has signed a treaty with the Trans-Atlantic Packet Company, to embark and carry back to France the whole expeditionary force in Mexico within the time agreed upon.

An Ugly Question Put to Head-Quarters Stephens.—Head-Quarters Stephens, in his speech at Jones Woods, said: 'It did not require any extraordinary effort on my part, for with the force of true hearts that were around that prison in Dublin, it would not have been possible for the Government though the walls had been of adamant, and though it had regiments stationed within those walls to keep me there.'

Passive Fruits.—Great improvements have lately been made in the art of preserving fruits for family use, by the introduction of jars which can be hermetically sealed.

Blubberies, Raspberries, and Strawberries.—Use from a quarter to a half pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Sugar the strawberries, and let them stand for half an hour, then put the syrup which will be formed by the juice and sugar into a preserving kettle, and boil it as long as any scum arises, and then put in the strawberries and boil until they are thoroughly heated through.

Cherries and Blackberries.—Stew with or without sugar ten minutes, and seal up while boiling hot.

Plums.—Make a syrup, using about half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Boil the plums in this syrup until the fruit is tender; then fill the jars and close up while hot.

Peaches.—Pare and cut out the peaches. Make a syrup, using from a quarter to a half pound of sugar to a pound of fruit.

Quinces.—Peel and quarter them, and boil in water until tender; then do them in the same way as peaches.

Apples.—Pare, quarter, and boil, until tender, but not long enough to break in pieces; then add as much sugar as will sweeten to the taste, and let the whole boil two or three minutes.

Tomatoes.—Take off the skin and boil them one hour, or cook them sufficiently for the table. Season to the taste, fill the jars, and close up boiling hot.

If the above proportion of sugar makes the fruit sweeter than is desirable, it can be kept with rather less, but green fruit requires more than ripe.

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childhood, and they will consecrate the glory and grace of their manhood to your service. Sow in their hearts the seeds of a perennial blessedness; its ripened fruit will afford you a perpetual joy.

DEMOCRAT OAKS.—One pound of sugar; 1 pound butter; 1 pound flour; 1 pint sweet milk; 5 eggs; 1 teaspoonful cream tartar; 1 of soda.

NEW YORK COFF CAKE.—Five cups of flour; 5 eggs; 1 cup of butter; 5 cups of sugar; 1/2 teaspoonful saleratus; 1 cup sour cream; 1 ounce

CHOOSE THE BRIGHT SIDE.—It is sad to see persons who might enjoy much of happiness in the world, hunting their surroundings for some dark, forbidding, and unpleasant thing to the ground over, instead of living in the sunlight, and gathering pleasant things in the garden of observation or experience.

Look on the bright side of things. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier by wearing a gloomy, sad countenance.

The sky is blue ten inches where it is black one. You have troubles it may be. So have others. None are free from them.

A traveller, being in a coffee-house with some gentlemen, was largely drawing on the credulity of the company.

SKEDADDLE.—An old lady lately hearing the word skeddadle used, asked the meaning of it.

TRYS.—Among the cities of Phœnicia, of more recent origin, we must place Tyre, called by the Hebrews Yôr, which rose in strength and beauty on a rocky eminence of the Mediterranean.

The Tyrians, at an early period, displayed the greatest commercial activity, founded everywhere colonies, and thereby acquired immense riches.

The prophets of Jehovah announced to the rich and voluptuous mistress of the ocean the desolation impending over her.

This desolation was inflicted by Nebuchadnezzar, and afterwards by Alexander the Great, who brought up a dike against the insular city, and destroyed it.

The present name of Tyre is Sur, which nearly resembles the old Hebrew one of Zôr.

THE AFRICAN RHINOCEROS.—The black rhinoceros resembles in general appearance an immense hog, twelve feet and a half long, six feet and a half high.

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