

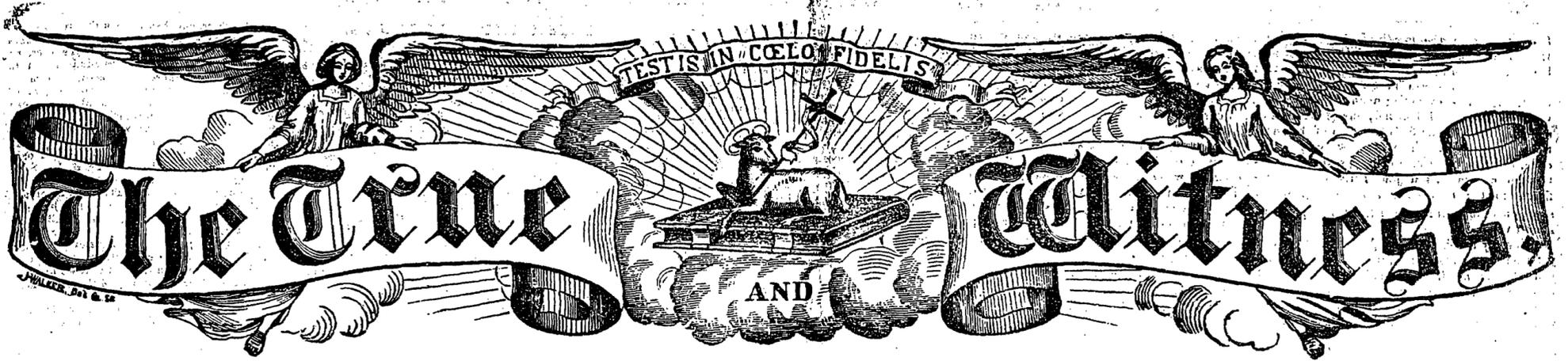
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 14.

THE STORY OF A PIN.

XIX.—EXPLANATION.

As soon as he had gone, Jeanne, left alone to herself, fell back upon this unexpected appearance. She was fearful of committing a fault in receiving this young man alone in her chamber, for Anna had not yet returned. She comprehended that she had pronounced but a single word. In fact, if George was a stranger to her, what could be more easy than to let him see her design, and naturally to ask advice of him, and then show him out with proper politeness? But the dismissal—had it not said, on the contrary:—'You are something more to me than a mere lover of paintings; you do not come to see some flowers, but to see me instead, and I knew it. I am expecting you, but I must not let it be seen. Have you come already?' She fell into melancholy and discouragement. Her sister, upon entering, found her much changed, and had great trouble to understand what had happened. That night Jeanne went to bed with a slight fever.

George, on his part, had been greatly moved by this reception. He abruptly took leave of Madame Blanchemain, who said to him: 'They cannot complain that you make your visit too long.'

And he entered the shady forest paths, which were the chosen places for his reflections. He arrested his steps before 'la Vierge noire,' a venerated image at a crossway in the forest, as if to make the Holy Mother a witness of the wisdom of his plans. And then his spirits began to be lightened.

'If I am nothing to her?' thought he, 'she would have received me like any one else. She is timid in my presence; her paleness gave evidence of a deep impression. She was thinking of me, perhaps, and of that little pin which is already like a bond between us.'

Finally, never man found himself more happy at having been dismissed by a word of reproach. Moreover, he comprehended that he was now the offended one, and that he would have all the advantage in the silence which was about to follow this brief interview.

He then recalled to mind the attitude of the young girl, leaning upon the back of her chair, and the outlines of her flexible form, which useless bonds seemed never to have abused; he again beheld the bouquet of flowers which arose beside her; and, flattering himself with his remembrance, he returned to Paris, to resume with confidence his active and devoted life.

XX.—A FRIEND.

What has passed at the house of Monsieur Wolff, since we left it to follow George in his adventures?

Madame Wolff was embarrassed at the part she played in the winter garden, and hurt at the audacity of which she had accused George.—The anxious air of her husband, the hurried departure of George, gave her a thousand fears.—Remorse tortured her, and affected her health. She remained in her chamber, stretched upon a sofa; but Mademoiselle Borghese kept her in sight, tearing some unseasonable confession.

After George's return, when Mademoiselle Borghese thought that her friend had been sufficiently punished for her imprudence, she said to her: 'Louise, you hide your trouble from me. It is some difficulty which has made you ill. Can you not, then, become accustomed to the pin strokes of Lady Wilson? What has happened to you?'

'Dear Mademoiselle Borghese,' said Madame Wolff, 'it is not Lady Wilson who is the cause of my anger, it is—you cannot guess. But you have my whole confidence; you have given me so many marks of your good friendship, that it is quite necessary that you should listen to my complaint, and that you should give me counsel. To tell you all, and it is to you only, so kind and indulgent as you are, that I dare to confide this secret, do you remember that foolish wager?'

'What, then?' replied Mademoiselle Borghese, with an air of astonishment. 'Ah, well, that stupid pin, with which they found a way of busying all the house. Yourself, even—did you not banter me like the others?'

'Yes, and what is the great harm? I remember, now, that you lost, and that you faithfully paid Lady Wilson the few louis which formed the stakes. Do you repent of that?—Lady Wilson, notwithstanding her whims, is charitable, and that gold went to aid a poor family; I have proof of it.'

'It is not that which I am sorry for; but, since you comprehend nothing, Borghese, it is necessary to tell you the whole. I won the bet, and here, behold that wicked pin, which I do not know what to do with, and which I could believe bewitched, from the tortures which I have endured since that detestable wager.'

'And why, then, Louise, did you pay the stake which you really won? Why were you so generous?'

'Because—it is to you only, Borghese, that I will confess that I have won—because you are kind, indulgent, because you know me, and because your Monsieur George whom you have taken for a saint, is a bold and presumptuous man, whom you must be on your guard against. I should blush to tell any one else what took place.'

'Good heavens! what is it?' said Mademoiselle Borghese, with an air of astonishment, 'and what did he do, that poor young man?'

'Ah, well, that innocent took advantage of my falling half asleep from his conversation, to—to kiss me in the winter garden.'

'Ah! that was very pleasant!' replied Mademoiselle Borghese; 'do you not see, then, that to that school-boy who kisses the ladies, they all open their doors.'

'You can laugh at it, Borghese, and then you will be like the others, though I believed you better and more charitable. Do you believe that, if I had thought of exposing myself to such insolence, I would have bargained with him for this fine relic? But that is not all. All that happened was quite harmless, was it not? Ah, well, it can all be misinterpreted and misrepresented. Have you noticed the abrupt and gloomy manner of Monsieur Wolff? And how will you explain to me that hasty departure of Monsieur George? Is it a drama of the gymnasium in which they have given me a part.—Am I, then, an unfaithful wife, because an impertinent fellow has allowed himself to touch me with his lips? And is my seducer punished for his success by his exile? It is all perfectly ridiculous. Dear Borghese, you can sympathize with me; you know the esteem and affection I have for Monsieur Wolff; you know my whole life. You must come with me, that we may tell this shameful story, how the innocent, wise George kissed, without ceremony, and by surprise, the wife of his protector.'

'But then,' said Mademoiselle Borghese, 'one does not kiss a woman without any encouragement. I have found myself with him ten times alone, when he has come to play the piano with me, and, like everyone else, I have found him respectful and almost embarrassed in my presence. Do you not see you must have given him some cause for it?'

'My dear, almost nothing. I was piqued about the wager. You know that I like to succeed in enterprises, and, I do not know why, I was tenacious about this pin, and then—'

'And then?' said Mademoiselle Borghese. 'Then I picked an olive flower. I offered him this flower for his pin, whose value, by a childishness which I cannot explain, increased in proportion to his resistance.'

'And then?'

'And then,' continued Madame Wolff, 'I put this flower in my belt, and afterwards I fell asleep—'

'You fell asleep, Louise? And you think all very innocent? You see, however, to what that led.'

'I know it only too well,' said Madame Wolff, 'but it is not moralizing which I ask of you, Borghese, but a means of getting out of this foolish scrape.'

'The means, the means—I really can tell you how,' replied Mademoiselle Borghese; 'but it is on two conditions, and the first already appears intolerable to you.'

'What is it, then?'

'My dear Louise, it is to listen to a sermon with three heads.'

Madame Wolff stretched herself dejectedly upon her sofa. Mademoiselle Borghese placed herself in an arm-chair before her with a magisterial look.

'My dear daughter,' said she, 'you are good, you are wise, you love your husband, who is the most devoted and most generous of men; you have all your leisure time; you might invent some charming and useful occupation; you are in a most enviable position, for you have the rare privilege of being able to distribute your charities among those who are in distress. Ah, well, how do you employ your time? With childishnesses, listening to foolish speeches, encouraging slanders, plotting venturesome enterprises, like that which you cannot get out of, provoking by your coquetries the attention of an honest and innocent young man, wholly busied with his duties. Have you learned the danger of all this?'

'Ah, dear Borghese, you know it very well, since I have called you to my assistance.'

'And now,' said Mademoiselle Borghese, 'the other condition; if I extricate you from this danger, will you forgive me for all the means which I have thought necessary to employ, I, whom you defied to protect George under my white wing? And will you promise me to be yet to this young man as a wise and prudent mother?'

'You know very well that I will promise all you wish. Therefore, speak, perverse friend.'

'Very well, know then that I was watching you, for it is not without danger that one sleeps under the flowering myrtles. To day I will restore the kiss which I took from you, and the flower that you have regretted so much.'

And she threw at Madame Wolff's feet a withered olive flower.

'It was I, your Borghese, who was that impertinent fellow of whom you have to complain. Poor George is quite innocent in the matter.—He was already away, so much he feared your enchantment's; and, as to the pin, for which I have done duty, I beg you to believe that it is no sorceress.'

'I am mad,' said Madame Wolff, 'and too happy at this denouement. But why have you let me suffer so long, and to have a thousand suppositions about George's departure?'

'To punish you, and to avenge him,' said Madame Borghese, seriously.

The two friends embraced, and promised to keep the secret.

Madame Wolff was cured. That evening, in the salon, everybody was in good humor. Madame Wolff, hanging upon her husband's arm, received George with a wholly motherly friendship. He was the lion of the evening, and they made him recount his travels. Monsieur Wolff congratulated him, and expressed the intention of interesting himself in his affairs. Quiet and prudence had entered this house, thanks to the foresight of a friend.

XXI.—A LITTLE PROGRESS.

George resumed his labors with double courage: for, first, he felt all the devotion and effort which he owed to Monsieur Wolff; and, moreover, he had now some well determined plans for his future. All his reflections confirmed him in the excellent opinion that he had conceived of his proteges, and the dismissal which he had received, far from wounding him, increased all his hopes.

It was, then, with a new ardor that he attempted to again acquaint himself with the run of the ever prosperous and active affairs of the house of Wolff. Nights without sleep were not hard for him; for, while laboring, he would say to himself: 'I know now to what profit are my vigils.'

Some days passed thus; and then one morning George received a letter bearing the stamp of St. Germain, and whose unsteady writing was unknown to him.

Nothing in George's character would authorize the accusation of coxcombry, but, after all, it must be confessed that he was slightly expecting this letter. Here are the contents: 'My dear Monsieur George:'

'It was quite fortunate that you left your address, for I really have need of writing to you, and I cannot speak of it to my neighbors above.'

'What have you done, then, Monsieur George, you who have, by your modest air and good heart, inspired me with so much confidence?'

'I induced you to go up to see my dear children, and I do not know what has happened.—We can draw nothing from Jeanne, whom you found alone, and who, since then, has been sad and really ill.'

'I do not need to say to you that, when one obliges people, one is entitled to more regard and respect. I wish to believe that you are to blame for nothing.'

'If your conscience is at ease, come and see me Sunday morning, for I will speak to you seriously and confidentially. We will be alone.— Hoping that you are ever worthy of our friendship, I remain affectionately yours, V. BLANCHEMAIN.'

On Sunday morning, George, happy at this recital, but pre-occupied with the health of Jeanne, was at the door of the white house.

'You have come, then, you wicked boy,' said Madame Blanchemain; 'I have some things to say to you while we are alone. Tell me, frankly, Monsieur George, while we are by ourselves; tell me, as if you were speaking to your mother, or to the mother of Jeanne, what did you say to that poor child; what did you do that she should be in this melancholy state? You passed through the church to enter this house of angels, you made use of piety to gain their esteem; they are under obligations to you, I have said it already. Under great pretences of giving employment, and with a delicacy of which I believe you really capable, you have imposed upon me—me, who pretended to read countenances so well. Why have you abused the access which your business has given you to this poor house, to cast trouble into it? Answer me at once.— If you wish only to form one of those frivolous connections in which so many young persons lose their present and their future, why do you not address willing persons, such as you have in your Paris? If you come only on business, how does it happen that you do us more evil than

your generosity has done us good? You have, nevertheless, the appearance of a good and honest lad, but speak, speak then, that I may know if you are the friend that Providence has reserved for us, or an enemy who has penetrated under our roof in the name of Charity.— Aod do not think you can deceive me?' added she, taking a pinch of snuff, and looking at him fixedly.

'Be assured,' said George, with a smile, as he had an opportunity to reply, 'I have nothing to blame myself for, and I am still worthy of your friendship and of theirs. Jeanne's countenance and her talent, and that which an honorable man, such as Monsieur Redouté is, told me, has from the first inspired me with equal esteem and respect from this young person. All that I have seen here has but confirmed my opinion. The place even where I met Jeanne in St. Germain was to you a guarantee of my conduct.— When you induced me to ascend to her chamber, the other day, she appeared offended at my prompt return, and upon the only word which she pronounced, I retired, excusing myself; and I promised not to come again, but with her permission. What could I do? And do not think that I have cherished the least resentment at this cold reception. I have learned to esteem Jeanne more for this very natural susceptibility, and for this prudent reserve. And I was happy to go, when others would have been eager to remain.— You see, dear Madame Blanchemain, that I am yet, perhaps, the one whom you were waiting for, to help and to love your children. You see that I am not unworthy of your confidence and your hospitality.'

And he offered his hand.

'Ah, well, my child, you relieve my poor heart,' said Madame Blanchemain, taking his hand, and holding it in her two great ones; 'but tell me, now what do you want to do: For I begin to see clearly into Jeanne's thoughts, thanks to your explanations. Have you thought of your future? You will meet in society some advantageous opportunities of establishment; and if you begin any relations here, based, as much as you will, upon esteem and respect, who knows but Jeanne may cherish from this passing acquaintance a serious attachment, and you expose her involuntarily to sad mistakes? Would it not be better to talk of all this among reasonable people, before advancing in a road in which it is difficult to recede?'

'Dear Madame Blanchemain,' said George, 'you have spoken of Providence, and I believe in it also. I believe it is Providence which brought me in the presence of Jeanne, I believe that this acquaintance responds to the sweetest needs of my heart. I knew that my mother would not put an obstacle in the way of my plans, as I can prove to you. But it does not belong to me, for the present, to declare my intentions, and I hope that you will agree with this prudence. You will be my confidante, and you will help me in preparing happiness for Jeanne. I have really need of you to assure her, and to plot, between ourselves, if you will, to create a future for her.'

'There, that is well spoken,' said Madame Blanchemain. 'Now we must go up to console those troubled ones, and take counsel of your reason and your heart not to offend them in wishing to serve them.'

Madame Blanchemain entered first.

'My child,' said she to Jeanne, who was again alone, 'I have brought Monsieur George to you, who really wished to know about your paintings.'

George entered and offered his hand with a look that implored pardon. Jeanne extended her own frankly and readily.

'I have need of your advice,' said she to him. And she fell back, a little pale, in her great easy chair.

George then observed that everything in this little chamber was still as on the day when he had made so short a visit. The same sketch was upon the table; the same bouquet, so fresh and bright the other day, was now drooping, with faded flowers, down the sides of the large slender glass which contained the dying stalk; and Jeanne herself, with her features altered by suffering, was she not like a wasted flower? Yet she became herself presently, her great eyes recovering their life.

'This week I could do nothing,' said she; 'I was not well, but I feel better. And then I have need of consulting you. How unfortunate! now these poor flowers cannot serve us any more.'

And she raised them with pity.

'I will go and seek for others,' said George, 'for we must advance our business, and make up for lost time.'

'Go quickly,' said Madame Blanchemain, 'and breakfast will be ready when you return.'

An hour after, the family—what a sweet poem to improvise—Anna and Jeanne, Madame Blanchemain and George, were united in the hall.— Confidence and tranquility were upon all faces.

George, such is the power of sacrifice, emptied to the dregs, without apparent repugnance, the cup which Madame Blanchemain had placed before him. This was the triumph of the wine of Mareil.

'It can be drank,' said the good dame with satisfaction, 'but it is still better with water.'

A gardener arrived and ranged in the dining-room a selection of most beautiful flowers.— The breakfast was very pleasant and very amicable.

When coffee was served, Jeanne, who had wished to take nothing for some days, did not refuse the fine cup full of liquid amber which Madame Blanchemain passed to her with most particular care, adding to it the top of a cup of cream.

'She is our spoiled child,' said she to George.— 'Now we will go with you to take a walk in our park. We have only to open the door.'

In fact, the family found themselves presently afterward under the verdant arches of the forest. George gave his arm to Madame Blanchemain; the two sisters walked beside them, some times apart. When they were near the Chateau du Val, they made a halt at the top of the hill, and a delightful spectacle met their sight. The solitude, the silence, all acted upon the imagination. George found himself seated near Jeanne, and they had nothing to say to each other. Had she not given him her hand, had she not said to him, raising towards him and earnest look, 'I have need of your advice?' It was really so.

According to the custom of visitors who come to walk in this part of the majestic forest, they went out by the royal gate. There is a sudden transition which strikes all visitors, and which cannot be found perhaps in any other place in the world.

Coming out of a dim light, one leaves the mysterious shelter of dark shadows, so like the side chapels of a cathedral with stained windows, to find himself facing a radiant immensity. One has before him the open sky, and from the raised circular platform which commands the landscape, one sees beneath his feet the living world, with its great river which waters it, its numerous villages which enliven it, its fertile fields which furnish bread and wine, its woods which give shadow in Summer, and fire in Winter, its graceful hills which adorn the amphitheatre.— Pursuing with their eyes this changing spectacle, they return to the parterre and to the old chateau.

It was necessary now to remember more serious matters. They gravely discussed; they grouped the flowers to make harmonies or contrasts, according to the principles of the master; they aided nature; they chatted together while working in this chamber, where all breathed of taste and art, in the midst of virtuous poverty.— Thus a crystal cup was encircled by a wreath of wheat ears, forming a graceful group. Some familiar books of the best and purest authors, gave evidence of the preferences of the inhabitants of the cottage; some sketch books recalled interesting views in the forest. A portrait of a woman, an excellent pastel, worthy of Latour, was hung in the best position the room afforded. It attracted George's attention.

'It is the portrait of my mother,' said Jeanne, 'how well the eyes are painted. They seem as if looking at you.'

There was nothing more said.

But how quickly the time passed. George arose; he must go.

Jeanne arose also and extended her hand to him.

'Already!' she said to him with a meaningful smile.

It was like an atonement for the cruel word of the other day. And they separated, but not without agreeing that they should see each other again on the following Sunday, for the inspection of the week's work, and to prepare for the next.

Madame Blanchemain, while showing him out, said to him in a low tone— 'I am satisfied with you. Have good heart; you have made to-day a little progress.'

XXII.—THE EXILE.

'Everything in nature, according to the law of God, must follow a movement of progress or decay. Nothing is permanent, nothing is unchangeable. The sun, pale at his rising, ascends to the zenith, and falls again, extinguishing his light in the waves. The sea stirs; then is agitated, then sends its foam rushing up the cliff; then, exhausted with its vain efforts, it becomes only a mirror reflecting the image of the balcony as it flutters above it. The plants, animated by the sap of spring, rise towards heaven their vigorous stalks, until summer withers them, and renders them the sport of the winds. Poor human beings! it is thus with your feelings; reason is not always a sufficient guide to hold them in wise limits.'

Thus it was that George's visits became each Sunday more intimate. Thus it was that one

fine evening in the month of August, after a thoughtful walk in the forest, George was seated beside Jeanne in the work chamber. Anna was playing upon an organ in a neighboring apartment. She was executing upon this instrument, which a friend had lent her, one of those slow melodies in which one finds the echo of his most tender sentiments. The window was partly open, and all the perfume of the great woods entered in cool puffs, and joined its softening influence to the impression of the organ, whose sounds imitate with so much truth the plaintive human voice.

'You say nothing, George,' said Jeanne, 'and yet we are re-united; and when I refused to let you take my hand, you would be happy when it was in yours; and yet you hold that hand, and you keep it almost in spite of me. Why have you lost your cheerfulness, that mark of a brave man? Why does your expression become more sad in proportion as you look at me? Are my eyes so filled with suffering that they impart it to others?' as you read to us the other day in that book from which we have still so many good things to listen to. That is as I would always like to see you holding a book or a drawing. Idleness does not improve you. Take this sketch book and draw us something.'

'No, I am not happy,' said George, 'because I must so soon go. Here the evening is always filled with bitterness for me. Jeanne, I must tell you all; I cannot, I cannot leave you any more. My circumstances are secure and sufficient to warrant you in confiding your life to me: my mother has given me all liberty; it depends only upon yourself. If you have understood all the affection which I have for you, although I have said nothing about it, be my dear wife, and we will never leave each other again.'

'George,' replied Jeanne, disengaging her hand, 'you speak like a child, and I believed you a man. The fault is my own, and I will blame no one. I read in your eyes so much disappointment when I returned you only a single word, the day when you made your appearance alone in this chamber, and I suffered so much remorse for my harshness, that I let you return; and then came friendship, and then intimacy; and finally these tender relations, which rendered you happy for a few days, but now bring you unhappiness.'

'It depends only on you,' said George, 'that I may be happy forever.'

'Forever,' replied Jeanne; 'and who knows whether this happiness will endure any better than that which does not now satisfy you. Do you know even who we are? Do you know the condition of our pecuniary affairs? Do you know that my sister and I have only one existence, and that our lives would be broken if they were divided? No, George, I ought to have foreseen all this; I have for sometime had a presentiment of it. Do not force your destiny: do not be influenced by the enchantment of a summer evening, by the perfume of roses, and the harmony of the organ. Listen to wise reason; give your mind time for your reflection. Misfortune is over us. Labor and study sometimes make us forget it; but family affairs, which leave us exposed to much hostility, require our undivided attention. We have never before confided this to any one, not even to that kind Madame Blanchemain, and until this business, which concerns the venerated memory of our mother, shall be finished, leave us, George, to our sorrows. Cherish a brotherly friendship for us, which will sometimes make us forget these sorrows, and be a wise man.'

'Dear Jeanne,' said George, 'the more of trouble you have, the more you belong to me.—The assistance of a friend may be able to clear up these business difficulties; his presence may make dishonesty stand back in fear; and as for your sister, what pleasure it would be to have her with us, leaving undivided what heaven has so well united.'

'Listen, George, and hear the command which I am about to give you. I have understood it all; I know who you are; I know all the devotedness of which you are capable; but to be assured that this devotedness may be lasting, it must be proved by absence.'

'I will submit to all, dear Jeanne; all which you impose upon me will be easy, provided that you promise me the reward which I expect.'

'You are about to go,' said Jeanne; 'you must be for a long time, a very long time, with out seeing us; but you will live for us, and we will live for you. It is not so hard as it may seem, George, for it is not my hand, my hair, or my eyes, which you love; it is my soul, and my soul will be with you. When you are absent, when you have lost sight of the white house, reflect well upon the last words of your Jeanne, and you will see that she has spoken truly. You will remain away thus—a year.—And then on such a day as this, when all the cold of winter, when all the frosts of absence, when the whole tide of society in the midst of which you are about to live, shall have passed over this arid of a day, of a bewitching summer evening, then, George, if your feelings are the same as to-day, come and seek your Jeanne, whom you will find in this same place waiting for you.'

'A year!' exclaimed George; 'and you, will you not suffer from this absence?'

'No, George; I feel within myself that I shall be strong and happy.'

'Ah, well,' said George, 'give me a pledge. I am going now. I wish to see you for the last time, Jeanne, as I first saw you when God placed you in my way. I will take out this pin which I have lent you, and which still fastens your black scarf.'

'No, George, no, my brother. Leave me this token of our friendship; I cannot return it to you before the end of the year; but listen still: (she arose, and in a little chest covered with black velvet, and loaded with curious copper ornaments, she sought a little cross of diamonds.) We have really suffered,' continued she; 'I can confess it to you without shame.—The value of this cross in money would have been very useful, frequently absolutely necessary for our daily bread. But it is also our talisman,

George. Our mother wore it, and inherited it from her mother. We have always kept it as a precious treasure. Take this cross; I cannot give you a better pledge. And now, adieu, and be of good courage. Anna, come and say adieu to our brother George, who is going away for a long time.'

George gave two shakes of the hand without adding a word, and descended to Madame Blanchemain, who comprehended nothing of his emotion. He recommended this good dame to take good care of her dear neighbors, and to write to him if anything important should occur; and with overflowing heart, and eyes brimming with tears, he departed.

XIII.—WEAKNESS.

Woman, that being so weak, so delicate, so fragile, so to speak, who appears destined for rest and light occupations, frequently encloses within her heart treasures of strength and energy, when her nature is not changed by the thousand vanities of a factitious existence.

Man, on the contrary, who lays claim to superiority and almost omnipotence, becomes disarmed and weak before misfortune. Thus he will not be astonished to find George, wholly changed, continuing with his accustomed diligence his daily occupations, but taking no pleasure in the various diversions which were offered him by the unceasing kindness of Monsieur and Madame Wolff.

Winter passed in quiet and self-collection, occasional messages and souvenirs came to relieve the tediousness of absence. Now George was no longer like himself. He no longer had that anticipatory spirit which formerly was the foundation of his character. He awaited orders, and executed them with great punctuality; but his thoughts were elsewhere. He fancied to himself Jeanne seated, all pale, in her great arm-chair, her sister watching beside her, and Madame Blanchemain talking idly of a thousand things to comfort her.

Jeanne, in her letters, did not let him see any sadness. She encouraged George by displaying a gaiety which to him was scarcely creditable, knowing, as he did, that this little household, into which he had dreamed of bringing ease and quiet, was disturbed by difficult business affairs.

The twelve studies for the Canada commission had been finished long ago; they had been greatly admired by Monsieur Wolff, and approved by Redoute, who sometimes dined at the house.—New works were demanded, and activity continued to reign in the little atelier of the white cottage.

Upon one of the first fine days of the year, George received a picture which he had not ordered. The note accompanying it said that it was the thirteenth gratis, according to custom in trade. It was a happy collection of myosotis, eglantines, roses, coreopsis, and iris, thrown in profusion in a moss basket; a white eglantine, slightly faded and withered, appeared dying outside the basket, on the very edge of the picture and seemed, as it were, to represent the monogram of the artist.

George uttered a cry of admiration, and fell upon his knees before the matchless page. He remained a long time in contemplation before the basket, fancying he could see the frail flowers agitated by the wind, and picturing Jeanne, worn out with labor, bowing her flexible and wearied form before this work of patience.

Then he endeavored to discover the mystical sense which there might be in this collection of flowers thrown together without any apparent order; and, it may have been the effect of chance, or it may have been intention, he found that these flowers, arranged in the order in which we have enumerated them, by taking the first letter of each flower, said *merci*! (pity.)

He could no longer doubt that the little eglantine, which was cast on the edge of the picture, with a drop of dew in the depths of its cup, was an emblem of Jeanne.

How many hours he passed in this silent tete-a-tete! He was still in the same place, when a letter was brought him, whose trembling writing he immediately recognized. The letter read: 'My dear Monsieur George:

'I have promised to tell you the truth, because our poor children are too brave and too proud to complain; and I must not let you be ignorant that they have had much trouble, and that poor Jeanne is greatly enfeebled. I do not know their affairs, for they will tell me nothing; but I have seen lawyers coming here.—Keep yourself from coming here; Jeanne would never pardon you for such a lack of courage. I prevent you only from coming, but you may find means, by some discreet friend, of watching over what passes here. I cannot tell you how, but perhaps you will find in your own heart some good inspiration. Adieu, and have courage. Your devoted friend,

'WIDOW BLANCHEMAIN.'

(To be Continued.)

PASTORAL OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

The annexed passages are taken from a pastoral letter addressed by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, to the Catholic clergy of Dublin, secular and regular, on the approach of the cholera morbus and other evils:—

Very Rev. Brethren—In our pilgrimage through this valley of tears, we find at every step that the life of man is a warfare upon earth, in which we are exposed to continual dangers and trials. At present we are menaced by scourges which, if not averted by the mercy of God, may sorely afflict us, and bring ruin upon us. In the first place the spread of the cholera morbus in several countries is the occasion of alarm. Many still remember the sad havoc of that people which was made by that disease more than thirty years ago, and the grief and desolation which it brought on so many families. Within the year, called into existence again by the superstition and fanaticism of Mussulmen during their visits to the impostor Mahomet, it has already ravaged various parts of Africa and Asia, and having spread along the coasts of Italy, France and Spain is now menacing more northern countries. Let us hope that so destructive a disease may be checked by the frosts and snows of the approaching winter, or by the sanitary measures adopted by the governments of Europe. To contribute as far as possible to obtain so desirable a result, every class ought to assist in carrying out the precautions recommended

by the public authorities. It will be well, therefore, to exhort the poor to whitewash and cleanse their dwellings, to do so whilst the disease is still at a distance, to remove far from them the causes of all noxious evaporations, and, above all, to avoid debauchery, intemperance, and excess of every kind especially drunkenness. It is well known to all that moderation in eating and drinking, cleanliness, and the regularity of life, are great preservatives against the cholera and all contagious diseases. But whilst human means are to be employed, we are never to forget that the issues of life and death are in the hands of Providence, and that the Scripture tells us that unless God keep the house and watch over the city, vain are the labors of those who watch and toil for their preservation. Hence, it is our special duty to turn to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, and to beg of Him, in humble prayer, to avert His anger, to spare His people, and to pardon the offences of a guilty world. There never was a period in which sin more abounded on the earth than at present, or in which heaven itself was more daringly assailed. Many deny the existence of God—some pretend that He does not interfere in the affairs of the world—others that there is no God but the material universe itself; many, again, are so absorbed in earthly pursuits that they entirely overlook religious affairs, and think of nothing but gain, whether lawful or unlawful, and the accumulation of wealth, making to themselves an idol of gold, the only object of their adoration. Even dignitaries of the Protestant Church deny the divinity and inspiration of the Scriptures; and a professor in the University of Dublin does not hesitate to impugn the eternity of the pains of hell, a doctrine most distinctly laid down in the Gospel. Indeed, such is the extent of infidelity and indifference to every creed, such is the consequent corruption of morals in many countries, so many cases of poisoning, so many adulteries and divorces, so many child murders, so practical and systematic a denial of all religion, that we may say with the Prophet—'The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is sad.—From the sole of the foot to the top of the head there is no soundness therein; wounds, and bruises, and swelling sores; they are not bound up, nor dressed, nor omented with oil.'—(Isai. i. 5.)

The next matter which calls for fervent prayer to heaven is the spread of the potato disease. This mysterious scourge, the nature and origin of which have hitherto baffled all the boasted skill of the present age, has manifested itself in several districts of this diocese, and may yet destroy the portion of the crop that still remains sound. You all recollect what evils it entailed on Ireland twenty years ago; how it occasioned the ruin of innumerable families, spreading famine and sickness, and death through the land, and how it was one of the causes of that emigration which is now depopulating the country. Let us all unite in fervent prayer to the Almighty, begging of Him to check the spread of the disease, to spare the people of His inheritance from a renewal of former calamities, and to avert a scourge which falls most heavily on the poor.

We shall now refer to another evil, I mean the various dreadful plagues which are destroying the cattle in England and several parts of the Continent, and with which the country is menaced—plagues which, injuring an important article of food, must seriously affect the health and welfare of the people in general, bringing, at the same time, ruin upon many useful industrious members of society, whose property may be seriously injured. Perhaps, however, these messengers of death have been sent to correct false notions, now very prevalent in many regions. In olden times the Egyptians were accustomed to adore crocodiles, serpents, and other disgusting animals; and the same practice is still maintained in countries which are unhappily buried in the darkness of heathenism. Among ourselves the fashion of the present day appears inclined to revive the Pagan superstition, by introducing a mitigated sort of cattle worship. Horses, oxen, sheep, and other brutes of the field are now made the special object of man's solicitude, to the exclusion oftentimes of all regard for his own species. Whole fortunes are expended on horses; nearly the same honors are paid to them as the Roman senate awarded to the steed of Caligula, or of some other Roman emperor. Laws are enacted to prevent the ill-treatment of dogs and asses, hospitals are instituted for them, and wonderful efforts are made to provide for the welfare and comfort of oxen and sheep. We do not wish to insinuate that any of the creatures that are the work of God's hands should be ill-treated; but we think that solicitude for the brute creation should not absorb all the attention of the rich and the powerful. There are other creatures that ought not to be forgotten—creatures made to the image and likeness of God, and redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ—members of the human race, but poor, weak, and unable to provide for themselves. Now, let us ask, how are they treated?—How are they lodged, how are they fed and clothed?—How to our workhouses, go to the back lanes and courtyards of the city, go through our streets, which are filled with half-naked, half-clad, half-starved men, women, and children, and you will be obliged to admit that less care is taken of the poor of Christ than of the irrational creatures that were made for their service, and that the condition of a portion of the human race—the lords of creation—is worse than that of the beasts of the field. Such a state of things is inordinate—it is not in accordance with the dictates of reason and religion. Our first cares ought to be given to man, and every effort made to mitigate the miseries and sufferings of our afflicted brethren. Undoubtedly, the Almighty is provoked when millions are expended upon racing and cattle shows, whilst the poor, who have been made to become citizens of Heaven, are neglected, oftentimes driven from their miserable abodes, and left to die of starvation on the high roads, or to live in want and destitution, treated with less consideration than the vilest animals. When things of this kind happen, may it not be feared that God will punish the inordinate actions of man, in order to bring him back to a sense of duty, and teach him to form a correct estimate of the relative value of things natural and supernatural, material and spiritual, and of the superiority of those who are made to God's likeness over the brute creation? It is said that God employs the things by which men commit sin as His instruments of punishment—*per quam quis peccat, per eadem et placetur*. Perhaps this is what brings on the scourges that alarm us. The excessive attachment of man to the beasts of the field appears to be punished by the diseases which now fall on them.—Man neglects or exterminates members of his own race to make room for irrational animals, and this cattle worship is punished by the destruction of the object of adoration. In this way we are taught, by the visitation of Providence, that there ought to be less solicitude about horses and oxen, and more attention given to the wants of suffering humanity, and to works of Christian charity. If the order of nature and religion were thus maintained, if works of mercy were more general, perhaps the world would not be so severely scourged, and God would look with more compassion on the wanderings of mankind. The Scripture tells us that the charity which abounds in good works covers a multitude of sins. Those who desire to avoid the scourges of God's vengeance ought to abound in the practice of this noble virtue, and in deeds of mercy to the poor.

In the meantime, let us pray that God may mercifully avert every plague from this afflicted country; may He avert the cholera, and check the potato blight; may He avert the cattle plague; above all, may He avert the plague of infidelity and immorality, of sedition and revolution, socialism and communism—a plague which is introduced and propagated by the circulation of bad books, immoral novels and romances, and all infidel publications.

† P. CULLEN, Archbishop of Dublin.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The speech which Lord Wodehouse delivered on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Queen's University is in one respect of considerable importance, as it sketched out more clearly than has hitherto been done the intentions of the Government with regard to the new Irish University. The principle on which that University is to be founded Lord Wodehouse states to be the very just and reasonable view that respect must be paid to really conscientious objections, although we may be unable to agree with them, and although they do not assume the form of specific religious belief. The intention was, when the Queen's Colleges were founded, that Protestant and Catholic should be educated together but experience has shown that a large number of Catholic parents feel a serious objection to have their children educated together with Protestants. Notwithstanding all Lord Wodehouse says in favour of mixed education, it is becoming only too manifest that the result of the long conflict between denominational and mixed teaching is to be decided in favour of the former, and that the perseverance of the religious bodies is wearing out the long and obstinate resistance of the State. Lord Wodehouse says that it is unfair that those who entertain a scruple against mixed education should on that account be deprived of the honour and advantage of academical degrees, and he therefore proposes to form a new University at which such degrees may be given. The plan seems to be to found a single University for Ireland, to which the several Queen's Colleges, including the College to be founded for the separate use of Catholics, may stand in the same relation as the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge do to the governing bodies of the University, or, rather, as the several affiliated institutions do to the University of London. The effect of this would be to place all sects and all institutions on a perfect equality, and, while allowing them to have a separate education, to bring them together for the purpose of examination merely. The disadvantage of this scheme obviously is that it is something very like a surrender, at least so far as the middle and upper classes are concerned, of the principle of mixed education,—a concession, in fact, that the difference between Protestant and Catholic is such as to render the plan for teaching them together impracticable, and this at the very moment when some of the leading Colleges of Oxford are devising facilities for the education of Catholics by the same conditions as Protestants. On the other hand, the plan has many and great advantages. The pupils of the Catholic College will be subjected to a secular examination side by side with the pupils of the Queen's Colleges already in existence; a healthy emulation will be created between the two classes of establishments, and the Catholics will be put on their mettle to show that they can teach something else besides the tenets of their religion. The degrees obtained in an examination in which the pupils of all the Colleges will be tested side by side will have a value very different from that of the degrees bestowed by each isolated institution. When this new University is established, Ireland, in its education as in so many other things, will be, theoretically at least, far ahead of England and Scotland.—Times.

ARREST OF TWO FEDERAL OFFICERS.—Two men named Fanning and M'Niff, who have recently returned from America, and state that they were officers in the Federal army, were arrested in Killeshandra on Wednesday last, which was the fair day of that town, when passing through on their way to the county of Leitrim. The police, of course, had good reason to suspect they were emissaries of the Fenian brotherhood. They were brought before a magis trate, who committed them to Cavan Jail until next petty sessions, and, I understand, on being examined, the inevitable six-barrelled revolver, and ammunition to suit, were found on their persons, as also a good supply of money.—Irish Times of Saturday.

FINDING OF CARTRIDGES.—On Tuesday afternoon, about an hour after the Lord Clyde steamer from Glasgow had come to her berth at the North-wall, some of the porters engaged in unloading her picked up underneath the bridge two small paper boxes, about three inches long by an inch and a half broad, which proved to contain detonating cartridges for revolvers. The circumstance attracted no particular notice at the time, and the finders afterwards amused themselves by letting the cartridges off. No claimant for them appeared subsequently. It seems, however, that some five or six deck passengers had come over here by the Lord Clyde from Glasgow, who were American in their appearance, and were known to have arrived in Glasgow shortly before the departure of the Lord Clyde, by the United Kingdom, one of the screw passenger steamers between that port and America. Before her arrival, the United Kingdom was boarded by a gunboat in Lough Swilly, and detained some time. Nothing in the conduct of the passengers alluded to attracted any notice during their passage by the Lord Clyde. They had a good quantity of ordinary luggage; but as they were leaving it was observed that a very heavy chest formed part of their chattels. It is supposed that the cartridges must have been dropped by some of the passengers alluded to.

'Take,' says the London Army and Navy Gazette, the population of Ireland to be, in round numbers, 6,000,000; deduct 1,000,000 for Protestants; take 2,500,000 away for women; take 1,250,000 from the males for old men and children, and there will remain, making the usual allowance for the sick, deformed, and those incapable of bearing arms, something less than 1,000,000 men fit for the field.

THE SPECIAL COMMISSION FOR DUBLIN.—Our anticipations respecting a Special Commission for the city of Dublin are likely to be realised. It is out of the question that either the case for the prosecution or that for the defence could be ready in time for the Commission which will be opened on the 25th.—The informations are so very voluminous that it has been found necessary to print them, and, as the indictments will be lengthy and intricate, their settlement by the crown lawyers must, of necessity, take some time. Until the preliminary investigation shall have closed, no day can be named for the opening of the special, or rather extraordinary commission, for only one commission is issued for the city of Dublin at the commencement of the sovereign's reign, all other criminal proceedings taking place by adjournment. It is understood, however, that the trials will commence somewhere towards the end of November. The prisoners throughout the country whom it is intended to indict for high treason, misprison of treason, or treason-felony, will be tried at this commission.—Mail.

SEARCH FOR ARMS.—At seven o'clock this morning a large force of police, under the command of Mr. Hamilton, S.I., left Tuckey street, and proceeded to search a number of houses in different parts of the town for arms. The search continued up to eleven o'clock, and caused great excitement through the city, a large crowd of persons following the police to every place they went to. No arrests were made, and the only arms seized were about a half-dozen fowling-pieces and a few old swords and pistols. No pikes, rifles, revolvers, or treasonable documents were discovered. A large body of police, armed with muskets, proceeded to the house of Mr. Cornelius Murphy Old George's street, and made a search there. The only reason that Mr. Murphy can imagine for a search being made on his premises is, that he was acquainted with Mr. J. J. Geary, and occasionally went into his house.—Cork Examiner.

On Monday the prisoners M'Coormack, a saddler; Hopkins, a shoemaker; Reynolds, a tailor; Ward, and M'Auley, were brought before a bench of magistrates at Tuam. The informer in this case turned out to be a young man, William Faulkner, of unblemished character, who had voluntarily put his life in jeopardy to save

the lives of others, and had refused the reward assigned to Queen's evidence.—In his evidence before the bench it appeared that in the first instance, he had permitted the Fenian oath to be administered to him; and himself to be enrolled formally as a member of the Fenian Society, with the sole object of saving all his loyal fellow-townsmen at the expense of his own life. The oath was administered to him twice by Hopkins and Higgins, who has not yet been arrested; and he became acquainted with all the plans and designs of the conspirators. He at once put himself in communication with Mr. Blake, S.I., and, refusing all reward, laid open the conspiracy, and their plans from the first. They had arranged in the first instance to attack the police barracks, and while the police were engaged in repelling the assault, another body were to pike or butcher all who did not at once join them in arms or give them support. The formidable character of the conspiracy may be gathered from the fact that we find that in the town alone there are nearly 400 sworn members of the Fenian body.

The five prisoners were fully committed for trial at the assizes, without a dissentient voice on the part of the magistrates.

George Augustus Frederick Gillis, upon whose information the prisoner Moore was arrested, was arraigned before Mr. Stronge, in the office of the police Commissioners, Lower Castle-yard, for being himself a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and sent for trial for conspiracy with the members of the Fenian Brotherhood. The prisoner was then removed.

The Irish executive is still arresting Fenians so fast that Richmond and Newgate will scarcely contain the number of political prisoners—a number at present considerably exceeding that taken in '48.—This week a student and a hotel-keeper add some distinction to the staple crowd of hodmen, porters, tailors, and shop boys. Another batch of prisoners has been committed to take their trial for High Treason; and it is settled that Dr. O'Brennan is to be indicted for Treason Felony. The article upon which this tremendous prosecution is founded states as a 'well-known fact' that any Irish gentleman of Milesian blood, who goes abroad, is at once admitted to form matrimonial alliance with the most aristocratic, even with royal houses. The whole character and the degree of danger to Crown and Government, involved in this production may be judged by this one sentence. But at present, the Castle takes everything *au grand sérieux*. Fortunately the ordeal of the jury box remains.

It is rumoured that Lord Palmerston is so annoyed with the extravagant conduct of the Castle and the recent results it has produced, he has written a very warm letter to Sir Robert Peel, who has thereupon tendered his resignation. At the Foreign Office, ambassadors abroad complain that they have a bad time of it, giving explanations in answer to ironical inquiries about the state of Ireland.—Tablet.

ANOTHER INFORMER.—The Evening Mail of Saturday contained the following:—It is currently reported that the government have received information which will ultimately enable them to arrive at the root of the conspiracy in this country. According to rumour one of the prisoners now in custody, and against whom evidence of a serious character has been given, is expected to become a crown witness, and in all probability will be put into the witness box on Monday. A similar rumour points to the possibility of James Stephens being within the control of the authorities. Beyond stating that such rumours are current, we do not vouch for their accuracy further than to say that they are mentioned in well-informed quarters.

DUBLIN.—Further arrests of Fenians continue to be made, and warrants are out for the apprehension of many others suspected to be concerned in the movement. This morning a party of six policemen took into custody a young man named Walsh, who was employed in the brewery of Messrs. J. J. Murphy & Co. One escape may be mentioned which occurred last Monday, and the circumstances of which are somewhat amusing. Detonating cartridges entered the establishment of Messrs. Grant & Co., on Monday morning, and inquired if Mr. C., the young man he 'wanted,' was in the house. Luckily for Mr. C., it was he who the constable addressed, and, with great prudence of mind, he pointed towards a young man who was walking at the further end of the establishment, and said, 'There he is.' Carson went in the direction pointed out, and Mr. C. quickly put on his hat, jumped over the counter, and got out of the house, and, though a vigilant search has been made for him, he has not yet been arrested.

The Evening Mail states that:—The city is at present the resort of a number of Americans. No inconsiderable portion of these gentlemen 'have a bearing which unequivocally points them out as having received military training. Whatever their purpose in visiting the metropolis, there is no doubt that their movements are keenly watched by some of the most active and intelligent members of the detective force. It is stated that within the past week two sums of 1,000*l.* each, in gold, arrived in Dublin by hand. This money is supposed to have been forwarded from the headquarters of the Fenian Brotherhood in America, to be applied towards defraying the costs of the defence of the prisoners in this country. That these costs will be very large is manifest from the magnitude of the cases, the number of the prisoners to be tried and the extent of the informations; and that every precaution has been taken to obtain the ablest counsel is apparent from the fact that Messrs. Butt, Sidney, Dowse, and Waters have been already retained, and that in addition to Mr. Edward A. Ransie the services of Mr. John Lawless have been secured as solicitor.

PLAYING AT FENIANS.—The dark designs of Fenianism were foreshadowed on Sunday night, after rather a ridiculous fashion in the doings of four sweeps, who were arrested under the following circumstances.—The poor fellows, whose eyes had become muddied because of more than their professional labours, were marching along the streets bearing slope arms with four joints of a sweeping machine. Once the gallant sweeps, in obedience to the word of command, were making a 'charge' with their imaginary pikes, when the police, who had been watching their execution of the order, rushed upon and captured the mimic pike men. The four worthies will appear in character before the magistrates this morning.—Belfast News-Letter.

An Ovarian correspondent writes as follows:—The authorities have deemed it judicious to direct that the staff of the Ovarian Militia shall have a guard both day and night to keep 'watch and ward' over the arms of the regiment, stored in their barracks; and also a guard over their clothing and accoutrements kept in the military store, situate about a quarter of a mile from the town.

On Wednesday, Oct. 3rd, a female infant, aged about four months, daughter of a woman named McGrath, residing at Kilkna, was left in charge of two children to be taken care of, they however went out to play, leaving the infant with two pigs in the house, who took advantage of the children's absence to make a meal upon the helpless babe.—They eat the fingers of the left hand, and the greater part of the left cheek, and would have eaten the poor little creature alive, were it not they were stopped by the heart-stricken mother who discovered them at their horrible repast. The infant is not likely to recover.

At no former period, for twenty years past, at this particular period (says the Belfast News-Letter), has the tide of emigration to Australia and America been on so large a scale as at present from the counties of Louth, Meath, Westmeath and Ovaran. On one day, lately, upwards of 200 took shipping at the quay of Dundalk.

THE OUTRAGE IN COUNTY LONGFORD.—Further Particulars.—Ballymahon, Monday, October 9.—Longford county was of old one of the outposts of Northern Orangeism. Proofs of this are not wanting—for even in these days a Protestant hall 'second to none,' has been erected in Longford town; and the admirers of the so-called 'great and good' Dutch adventurer of 'Limerick Treaty,' and the 'valence' of Glencoe's notoriety, assemble at stated intervals therein, and along with him the 'rosy' a la Dick Swiveller, concoct programmes for the guidance of their lambs throughout the country. Moreover, lodges exist in many districts. In some places the scarcity of the 'loyal and true natives' has caused them to be shut up, and in others, the turbulence, and insolence, and ruffianism of their members, as in the affair of the 'Keenagh church windows,' have brought about a similar effect. Thus it has happened that the late murderous assault by an Orangeman upon two Catholics, has created much excitement in those parts; and again dilatoriness of the magistrates to come forward in the matter, has added to the exasperation of the public mind. Note this fact, Mr. Editor, and Catholics, and Liberal Protestants, and Dissenters of Ireland;—Between seven and eight o'clock on Tuesday evening Mr. Fox and Paddy M'Linn, two eminently peaceful and industrious Catholics, fathers of families, were, together with a horse (the property of one of them), on a public pass, severally fired at and wounded by an Orangeman. The intelligence spread like wild fire, causing a profound sensation throughout the length and breadth of the county. It was la question du jour in Ballymahon market on Thursday, and was much commented on by the Connaghtmen at Ballinasloe fair during the week, but yet, mirabile dictu, such are all the delays of the law, that no magistrate waited on either of the wounded parties until the afternoon of Friday. I cannot account for this, but if I am to report the matter truly, pro bono publico, I must say, that people open and fearlessly assert that if (we'll say) 'twas an Orangeman who happened to be the victim in this case, and a Catholic the delinquent, no such dilatoriness would have been evinced by the J. P.'s of the country—on the contrary, every official in the country would have been as if electricity inspired with a virtuous determination of bringing the assassin to justice. The constabulary are not, however, to be included among those considered as dilatory in this matter; and, though up to this date no trace of the would-be murderer has been come at, they have done, and are continuing to do, their duty to the entire satisfaction of the people at large. As it was rumored their murderous assault might have been under the influence of drink at the time of the commission of the crime, and might have drowned himself, the canal in the vicinity of the lockhouse of Mullatarrina and Terlickeon-bridge has been carefully dragged, but in vain. Lough Drum, a small sheet of water under the mount of Terlickeon, is being searched to-day, but the people give no credence to the idea that the criminal committed suicide. They are rather of opinion that he is 'under cover.' The wounded parties are progressing favourably, and have been pronounced out of danger. The horse, notwithstanding that it sprang into the canal with its cart and load of oats, were rescued before it injured itself. The heroism of M'Linn (who old man as he is) dashed boldly down to the scene of the assault and confronted the armed assassin—he knowing at the same time that his neighbour Fox had just been severely wounded by him—is not inferior to that displayed by Cummins and his son in the affair with O'Flynn, the highwayman.

The Presbyterians have now a well endowed theological college in Belfast. They furnish more than a third of the students in the Queen's College of that town, and they have 400 or 500 ministers paid by the State.

It is well known that the demand in Ulster for mechanics and labourers is greater than the supply, and the further growth of the prosperity of that province is retarded, because Orangism forbids Catholics to enter. Mr. B. Hughes, of Belfast, perhaps the most extensive banker in Ireland, a Catholic himself, residing at Belfast, deposed before the Commissioners, in the recent inquiry, that the reason there was not more Catholic mechanics and scientific workmen was that the Protestant employers would not engage them, and the Protestant workmen would not work with them. Every trade has an Orange lodge, and the consequence is these people know the others, they have signs and passwords, and the Catholic population have no chance whatever. I know that system has been carried out to prevent the employment of Catholics. In my own business I know such is the fact.

At the Quarter Sessions of the county of Louth, held at Drogheda Mr. Humphill, Q. C., Chairman of the county, in addressing the grand jury, congratulated them on the glorious harvest which it had pleased Providence to favour the people of this county, and also on the absence of the slightest taint of the terrible cattle plague which has made such ravages in England and other places. These were, he said, matters for which all should feel deeply thankful. He was exceedingly sorry, however, to find—and they must all sincerely regret—that wild delusion commonly known as the Fenian confederacy, which was at present the only check to prosperity in Ireland, had spread over many parts of the country. He trusted it had not made its way, or at least to any great extent, in Drogheda, for nothing could more retard the welfare of a people. Prosperity was arrived at and fostered by obedience to the laws, strict observance of order, and honest industry; while on the other hand, the unfortunate dupes of that foolish but dangerous confederation were sure to find that the career of Fenianism would bring them and their families to ruin and misery in the end. During the day the licence of a publican was ordered by the barrister to be removed, in consequence of large parties meeting there and singing Fenian songs.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A young man, a sailor, named Lawrence Norris, belonging to Drogheda, was killed on the night of Tuesday, or the morning of Wednesday, under somewhat curious circumstances. He had served for some time on board the frigate Ajax, as one of the Naval Reserve, and was discharged about nine months since, through ill health. On leaving the service he brought home his hammock, and having suspended it in an apartment of the house, after the most approved fashion, continued to sleep there in preference to our more secure beds. About eight a.m. on Wednesday his friends were horrified to find poor Norris lying on his face on the floor, surrounded with a pool of blood and quite dead. It was supposed by various circumstances, that in reaching for a match, he had overbalanced himself and fallen out of the hammock, his breast crashing against an angle of the rugged hearthstone. An inquest was held at two o'clock on Wednesday, before Wm. O'Horgan, Esq. M.D., and an intelligent jury, who, after carefully considering the testimony of a witness, Maguire, returned a verdict of accidental death, at the same time expressing censure on the family for permitting a young man in delicate health to sleep in such a precarious position as a hammock slung five feet from the ground.—Irish Times.

THE CAREER OF A REVOLUTIONIST.—Undoubtedly the greatest amount of interest centres in the proclamation offering a reward of £200 for the apprehension of Mr. James Stephens, who has up to the present managed to evade the vigilance of the police. He is known however, to be in the country, and his arrest is hourly looked for. Mr. Stephens, who is now wanted at Dublin Castle, is a native of Kilkenny, and is, says a letter from that city, a son of the late Mr. John Stephens, of Blackmill street, for many years an auctioneer's clerk. The son, who was about twenty-one years old in 1848, was one of those whom a local journal at the time used to designate 'real resolute nationalists' and to prove his pretensions to the title he joined Smith O'Brien at Ballinagarry, and acted as his aide-de-camp at the siege of Farranorey farm-house, where the rebellion of '48 began and ended. During the progress of the operations

against the temporary fortress of Sub-Inspector Trent, it having been found by Smith O'Brien that the followers who were with him in the cabbage garden, sheltered by the barn from the fire of the police in the dwelling-house, were either too few or too faint-hearted to make a determined assault on the garrison, the leader sent Stephens to ascertain if a number of men, who were also sheltered from the constabulary fire in a hollow at the other side of the premises were willing to fight. In carrying out these instructions, the aide-de-camp incautiously got within range of the garrison fire, and received a ball in the back of the thigh which brought him to the ground, and terminated his campaigning for that occasion. He contrived to creep along to a ditch till he got from under fire, and was then removed and concealed by the peasantry while under treatment for his wound. When sufficiently recovered to think of attempting to escape out of the country, it was given out as a 'blind' that he had died. It was even reported, and very generally believed, that his remains had been interred at night in one of the city cemeteries. Whether or not these proceedings really had the result of lulling the watchfulness of the authorities, he soon after effected his escape.—Being of stature, of slight build, effeminate in appearance and without a beard, the idea of dressing him as a female naturally occurred to those aiding his flight; and in the character of lady's maid, he accompanied a rather respectable female on board a vessel at Cork, and in the same capacity passed from the Dover steamer safely into France, where, having remained for some time, he went to America.—In the latter country he united himself with the Fenians and has been several times since in Ireland, under various fictitious names, as an envoy from the American to the Irish branch of the 'Brotherhood.' He was at least once in Kilkenny for a couple of days a year or two since, but he contrived to baffle the police, who had information of his visit, and kept a close look out for him. It is obvious, from the proclamation, that the Government is in full possession of sufficient documentary evidence of his 'reasonable practices in this country as a Fenian agent from America.—Irish paper.

IRISH ASSASSIN'S NOBLEMEN.—The London Times of Thursday, thus refers to the condition of the Irish peasantry and the duties of Irish landed proprietors: 'It is utterly disgraceful that absentee noblemen should be squandering large revenues derived from Irish property in London or Paris, while the laborers on their estates are living in cabins far less spacious and habitable than an English cowshed.'

Upwards of one hundred emigrants left Kilsnash, county Clare, on Thursday, October 12th, bound for America.

DUBLIN, Oct. 17.—A short time ago a policeman was dismissed for not having arrested a person who was believed to be Hayes, the murderer of Mr. Braddell in Tipperary. The detectives have been extremely active in the pursuit of this fugitive from justice. Stories have been told of his having been seen in various places, and several persons have been arrested under the supposition that each of them was Hayes, and it seems that the detectives are still under the impression that the man is alive, either in this country or America. Yet it is a fact, which I have ascertained on undoubted authority, that Hayes died two months after the murder, in consequence of a wound which he inflicted on himself when making his escape from the house where he killed Mr. Braddell. Two men having seized him by the arms, he drew a second pistol from his pocket and fired at one of his assailants, but the shot took effect on his own arm near the shoulder, shattering the muscles and arteries and causing such loss of blood that he died in consequence. A parish priest, who had personal and official knowledge of his death, lately revealed the fact to a Roman Catholic magistrate, from whom I have received the intelligence, on which, I believe, perfect reliance may be placed. The concealment of it for so long a time, and the effectual baffling of the police by the peasantry, notwithstanding their extraordinary exertions to bring the criminal to justice, are suggestive facts. Hayes was a miserable, wrinkled old man, about 70 years of age.—Times' Correspondent.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Three hundred pounds have been subscribed for establishing a Catholic cemetery at Old Elvet, Durham. The greater portion was contributed by labouring men.

EARL RUSSELL'S VIEWS IN 1863.—We take from the British parliamentary papers for 1863 the following despatch written by Earl Russell to Lord Lyons, which we suppose to be that which Mr. Adams, in his 'confidential note' of last September, recalls to memory as 'an officially published despatch' visiting with the severity of your but too 'weighty censures' the Proclamation of Emancipation, which has 'the warmest sympathies of the people of these kingdoms':— Foreign Office, January 17, 1863.

My Lord:—The Proclamation of the President of the United States, enclosed in your Lordship's dispatch of the 2nd instant, appears to be of a very strange nature. It professes to emancipate all slaves in places where the United States' authorities cannot exercise any jurisdiction nor make emancipation a reality, but it does not decree emancipation of slaves in any States or part of States occupied by Federal troops, and subject to the United States' jurisdiction, and where, therefore, emancipation, if decreed, might have been carried into effect.

It would seem to follow that in the Border States, and also in New Orleans, a slave owner may recover his fugitive slave by the ordinary process of law; but that in the ten States in which the Proclamation decrees emancipation a fugitive slave arrested by legal warrant may resist, and his resistance, if successful, is to be upheld and aided by the United States' authorities and the United States, armed forces. The Proclamation, therefore, makes slavery at once legal and illegal, and makes slaves either punishable for running away from their masters, or entitled to be supported and encouraged in doing so, according to the locality of the plantation to which they belong and the loyalty of the State in which they may happen to be.

There seems to be no declaration adverse to slavery in the Proclamation. It is a measure of war, and a measure of war of a very questionable kind. As President Lincoln has twice appealed to the judgment of mankind in his Proclamation, I venture to say I do not think it can or ought to satisfy the friends of abolition, who look for impartial freedom for the slave, and not for vengeance on the slave owner.

I am, &c., Russell.

Lord Palmerston died at a quarter to eleven on the 18th. His disease took an unfavourable turn on the previous evening and he rapidly sank and died without suffering. The cause of death is said to be effaction of the bladder. Intense anxiety prevailed throughout the country during Wednesday; great grief is felt for his loss.

The London and Provincial journals contain eloquent tributes to the character, services and public career of Palmerston.

The Morning Post says, Earl Russell will as a matter of course be called by the Queen to fill the premiership.

It is probable, should he accept, Earl Clarendon will take the Foreign office. Should Russell decline, the post might be given to Lord Granville or Clarendon, but in all probability Russell will succeed to the leadership of the House of Commons.

The Daily News finds fault with the tone of the pa-

pers on the American question. No one can predict what course the American Government will take when it learns Earl Russell's decision, but we may expect it to take up a passive attitude and decline to entertain in the counter claims until we are ready to refer these. Canadians will also have to forego advantages of the reciprocity treaty after March.

A leading London journal says: 'Admitting, for the sake of argument, that nothing could be better than the personal tone and spirit of our regiments how long will this continue? Recruiting for the service is yearly getting more and more difficult, and this difficulty will increase in proportion as the class from which we enlist our men can find lucrative employment in other callings. Strange to say the class that even now compose the majority of our regiments are no longer to be found. The bone and sinew we used to get in Ireland has gone westward; and the Tipperary man who would have made such an excellent light bob, as well as his friend from Longford whose height of ambition it was to enlist in the Iniskilling Dragoons, are now probably land-owners and citizens in the United States. Here and there we can still pick up a few raffish hangers-on in the large towns, but the genuine Irish soldier—the man who fought in the Peninsula, Afghanistan, the Punjab, the Crimea; and during the Indian mutiny—is no more to be had in the labour market, for he has betaken himself and his troubles to a land where the poorest man who has industry and energy can get on. In the highlands of Scotland it is still worse. The whole country there is divided into sheep farms, and the inhabitants have made way for the animals that graze over the mountains. Throughout the Scottish Lowlands agricultural labour is too well paid in the towns, for the recruiting sergeant to have any chance, except of picking up here and there a stray waif of humanity that seldom does him much credit. In England it is much the same, and reports from all parts of the country agree in stating that it is becoming daily more difficult to procure the number of men wanted by our army, even in these piping times of peace, unless the most indifferent that offer are accepted. What we should do in the event of a war it is impossible even to surmise. The old soldiers in our army are men who could hardly be surpassed in excellence; but when these die out, or take their discharge, how are we to replace them? The remedy suggested is to open to every well-behaved man who enters the ranks, and who, after a time, is competent to pass certain examinations, the prospect of a commission with future advancement. This would lead to a class asking for admission into the ranks very different to those now untrapped by the recruiting sergeant and his fables. Instead of the service having to seek for recruits, as at present, recruits would seek the service. Of course the system of buying, selling, and marketing in commissions would have to be abolished, and though this will be violently opposed, it must come eventually.

The Fenians may be very numerous, powerful, and formidable persons, but even under the terror of their menacing presence we do think that some little attention to principles sanctioned by the British Constitution ought to be paid by the Irish Government. Are the proceedings now going on in Ireland—the proceedings, we mean, of the police authorities—legal or illegal? If they are legal it can only be because law in Ireland is ludicrously unlike law in England. This is, of course, admi- ttedly the case to some extent. We in England are not supposed to be favored with what is called a Treason Felony Act. But even the exceptional provisions of that piece of hasty legislation do not seem to us to cover the fantastic performances now going on in Dublin and Cork. We do not profess to know the precise provisions of the Treason Felony Act, but we presume the Act requires some sort of evidence, some manner of relationship between the charge made and the conduct proved. Much of the evidence on which men are now daily committed as Fenians in Ireland would be rejected as impertinence by any English magistrate. Letters are put in addressed by somebody to somebody else, and the detective produces them deposes that he has no doubt some utterly commonplace phrases in them are disguised Fenianism, and the somebody else who is guilty of having the letters addressed to him is committed for trial straightway as a Fenian, and marched off to prison. Some document is produced in which allusion is made, let us say, to an undiscovered or unknown Kaffery; and a police constable deposes that he rather suspects Kaffery means Mulligan who is at present under arrest in handcuffs, and off goes Mulligan to goal, formally committed for trial. A Mr. O'Brennan, editor of a Connaght paper, is arrested because of an article published in his journal. He is taken out of his bed in Tuam, brought to Dublin, and committed for trial. We have read the article (which Mr. O'Brennan avers he never wrote, but for which, as registered proprietor and editor, he is held responsible), and it assuredly is a very foolish, bombastic production, full of high flown nonsense about the ancient glories of Ireland, and the general opprobriousness of the Saxon. But so far as we can understand its prodigious eloquence, it seems to be an article written to warn Irishmen against any present attempt at rebellion. It decidedly protests against the 'stupendous calamity' of any such movement not certain of success, and denounces any Irish Fenian who has taken an oath to any secret organisation.—A disloyal article we understand it to be, for it candidly owns a desire to see Ireland free of the Saxon and his Government; and a very turgid and silly article it decidedly is. But unless it be treason to tell the Irish Fenians not to 'rise,' we positively fail to discover anything reasonable in it. The police who arrested O'Brennan produced in court a quantity of manuscripts found in his house, which the hapless editor declares were letters 'offered for publication but not inserted.' Is it possible the Crown prosecutor really means to offer papers of this kind as evidence? One of the heaviest charges against Bacon is that he made such use of an unpublished manuscript; and we are all familiar with the memorable case of Wilkes and the manuscript of his essay.—Really we trust that the Dublin authorities are not about to imitate these disreputable and sinister precedents. The Journal of St. Petersburg, we perceive has already a hit at the proceedings of the Irish Executive, and reminds us of all the harsh things we used to say two years ago about arrests and incarcerations in Warsaw. The hit comes quite naturally from such a quarter, and we only wish we could think it wholly undeserved. No matter how absurd, how insane, how guilty the Fenians may be, yet we cannot help saying that many of the proceedings of the authorities in Ireland are absolutely unjustifiable—a mere scandal. To assume that a twopenny rebellion like that lately planned in Ireland cannot be put down without a sudden suspension of civilised law, is simply to insult and degrade our whole governing system.

A NOVEL THEORY.—A writer in the Liverpool Journal attempts to prove the extraordinary proposition that drunkenness is a sign of national greatness.—Our readers will not fail to note the arrogance and self sufficiency that distinguish his remarks. He says:—'As man, as I, so said to Michael Oassio, may be drunk. Ingo was a bad man, but good men will repeat his saying, but not in his invidious sense. Men have got drunk ere now in taverns, and they were not bad men. Men have got drunk even in public-houses, and yet they were not bad men. Men have got drunk in private houses, and they were not bad men. They have got drunk at festive boards, and they were not bad men. They may have got drunk at your table—through no fault of mine, for I never was present—but no bad men ever sat down at your table. Drunkenness is rather a qualified term—very. Drunkenness now, enormous as it may appear, is a sign of national greatness.—Be not startled. Don't imagine I am going beyond

proper bounds. I adhere to a fact. I am about to state a fact, of which you and every well read man in the world is cognizant. The nations which now govern mankind have been nations addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors. We are the greatest people in the world and we consume still more whiskey brandy, gin beer, ale, and porter, than any other people on the earth of the same number, and yet we are the greatest people on earth. It might be much better that we did not consume so much of these, as you consider them, detestable liquors, but that is a question—a very great question. You cannot settle it; I cannot settle it. We cannot have it settled—I am concerned only as to the facts, and you, as a truthful man, must also pay respect to facts. Now, on the other hand, the basest people on earth have been temperate people. I do not by any means desire to lead you to believe they are base because they are temperate. They constitutionally differ from ourselves. Climate may have much to do with it, habit a great deal; but the fact is undoubted, that the less advanced people in Europe are temperate people. All over the East they are very temperate people, and you will hardly contend that they are a civilised people—civilised in our sense of the word. But, however, they are not drunkards. They have no public-houses; they have hardly any taverns; they have very few hotels, properly speaking; and although they consume wine, they drink very bad wine that seldom intoxicates. Some in the East, the Chinese for instance, can drink pretty tolerably, and the Chinese, as you are aware, are certainly a superior race to all around them. I don't attach a great deal to this fact, but as a fact it is entitled to your consideration. Our ancestors all loved alcoholic waters, and our ancestors were a very fine people. They were our ancestors, and we are obliged to respect them. We are a fine people because we are their descendants. They had public-houses; they had their banquets; the wine cup flowed freely; they drank freely, and they got drunk now and again; but, notwithstanding, they were a great people. They were our fathers. We are a great people, and we do still indulge in intoxicating drinks. If you have any doubt upon this point, just look at the last returns of the Board of Trade, just look at the last returns of the Excise department, you will find that we are a social people; and mind me, Mr. Crupper, there can be no social people where the board is not well replenished with those viands and those drinks which, through habit, if you like, or through constitution if you like it better, we are addicted to.

SCOTCH SABBATH MORALITY.—Although Scotland is in a ferment on the subject of Sunday travelling, it would seem that the town councilors of Edinburgh are almost unanimously of opinion that the day of rest may righteously be made a day of justification. At the meeting of the town council on Tuesday last, Mr. Hope moved 'that this council resolve that in future no portion of the city funds be spent in drink or food for behoof of members of the council or others either between sermons or at any other hour of the Sabbath. Mr. Hope explained 'that his reason for making this motion was, that whilst he was out of town an account came up and was passed by a majority of the council, from which it appeared that upwards of £13 had been spent on luncheon on Sabbaths between sermons. He thought it was not fitting for the council to endorse this proceeding, for he had seen most unbecoming scenes upon such occasions in passing from the council chamber through the room where these Sunday orgies were celebrated, and he thought the practice should not continue to be followed.' During the stormy discussion which followed, Ballie Alexander said 'he was sure Mr. Hope's objections to these Sunday justifications at the public expense were not "homologated by the public," and on division, that gentlemen's motion was lost, the votes being twenty-five to three. It is probable therefore that, from conscientious motives, none of the town council of Edinburgh will travel by railway next Sunday, and that a large majority of them will, as usual, get 'fou' at the public expense 'between sermons.'

PROTESTANT MEETING OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.—On Sunday, the half yearly conference of the 'saints' of the London districts was held at the Music Hall, Store Street, Tottenham-court-road. There was throughout the day a numerous attendance. Brigham Young, jr., who is engaged on a special mission in England, was present. He arrived at the hall, and left, accompanied by two neatly attired sisters. He appears to be much honored, and took his seat in the centre of the platform, and was supported by upwards of thirty deacons and elders.—The proceedings being opened by singing and prayer.

Brother Bullock, president of the district, gave a brief sketch of the efforts of the 'faithful.' They numbered, inclusive of officers and members, 1133. Since the last conference 55 had been baptised, and 16 had been cut off from the order. Financially, things looked favorable; the receipts amounted to upwards of £700, upwards of £400 being for emigration purposes, £108 for the mission fund, and £6 13s. for the poor. Up to the last audit (June 30th) there was a balance in hand of £23.

The President introduced several of the apostles who had recently left the 'palace of the mountains.' Among them were Brethren Warren, Leonard, Rice, Brown, &c. Each expressed the pleasure he felt in thus meeting with so many of the 'saints' engaged in the latter-day work. Though the conference was small as compared to conferences held in the Holy City at the Salt Lake, still they were forcibly reminded at such a meeting of their mountain home.

Brother Kemble, from the Cheltenham district, and Brethren Barlow, Hales, and Wright, from Scotland, addressed the assembly. One testified to the difficulty he encountered by his unbelieving relations. They would not believe in Joseph Smith nor Brigham Young. They, the apostles, were as so many firemen who were engaged in rescuing the inmates of this world from the doom which awaited them if they persisted in refusing to listen to the voice and to obey the prophecies of the faithful.

Brigham Young, in addressing the 'saints,' implored them 'to give heed to the words of heaven-sent teachers. He felt great pleasure in beholding the faces of so many who, like himself, had vowed obedience to God's commands and acknowledged His truth on the earth. He had been much gratified with the reports brought before that conference that their cause was in a good condition. The brethren spoke as with authority; God's truth was upon the earth, and they all must feel it a great privilege to live in these latter-days. They must show their gratitude by showing to the world they possessed the wisdom from above, for it was no use preaching truth without putting it into practice. Though he pronounced the conference to be in a good condition, still there were some entering into condemnation.—But if they continued faithful, God would bless them.

Brother Bullock then stated that he had been afflicted with partial paralysis. He was much better, but he felt if he could have the prayers of that assembly he should be fully restored.

This request was complied with, prayers being offered up that Brother Bullock might be 'healed up' and made every 'whit whole.'

In the afternoon the various officers were chosen by a show of hands. Brigham Young, sen., was unanimously elected to be sustained as the president, prophet, seer, and revelator of the Church all over the world; and Brigham Young, jun., as the president of the mission to Great Britain and to all European States.

In the course of his remarks in the afternoon Mr. Young cautioned the saints against trials that were in store to test their faith. The United States made an attempt in 1857 to uproot the faithful; the States since had been severely visited, still they seemed bent on persecution. In that course of extermination of the saints they would have the moral support

of every civilised State in Europe. They were marching an army celerately against the Indians; but, in pursuance of a resolution to put down polygamy, that very army probably would be employed to drive out the inhabitants of the Holy City. This was a time then for the 'citizens of Zion' to be firm and watchful and united.

Various other speakers followed, the meeting being continued till a late hour in the evening.—Morning Advertiser.

A MARRIAGE CEREMONY SUSPENDED.—The other day, in accordance with previous arrangement, a couple attended at St. Oysth Church, Colchester, for the purpose of being united in wedlock, the Rev. Mr. Agassiz, of Great Clacton, being present to officiate in the absence of the incumbent. All went well until the clergyman required the bridegroom to repeat after him the "I, —, take — to be my wedded wife . . . for better, for worse," &c., when, with illtimed levity, he altered the formula to "I'll take her for better, but not for worse." The Rev. gentleman immediately closed the book and quitted the church.

A DELUSION.—Some unfortunate individual in the well-known—we might almost add famous—Wiltshire village of Bishop's Cleeve has been recently doing his best to keep up the 'charter.' We hear that he has held one or two open air services of a 'revival' character, and that on Sunday afternoon last he announced his intention to raise a dead man to life.—We cannot personally vouch for the fact, but learn on credible authority that by his desire the turf was removed from the grave of a person recently interred, and that this deluded man prayed for some time over the grave in the expectation that the dead man would be restored to life. But this is not all. It is actually stated that the friends of the unfortunate deceased were persuaded by Bailly to bring out sheets to the churchyard in which to wrap the body when it should be restored. However, we believe the churchwardens, learning what was going on, at last put a stop to the folly, and desired the policeman to interfere to prevent any renewal of such an absurdity.—Wiltshire Independent.

ORRONS ON HISTORIOLOGICAL RELIGION.—Mr. G. D. Lockhart's ship Ravenscraig, Captain D. B. Inglis, of London, just arrived from New Zealand, reports having brought home a curious relic of the ancient orthodoxy of those islands in the form of an egg of the Moa, or Dinornis, of New Zealand. The egg is alleged to have been discovered under somewhat singular circumstances. While some labourers were marking out a site to build upon in the Wairakio district, a pick struck upon a cave. On opening it it was found to contain the skeleton of a Moa in a crouching position, holding with both hands the egg, and in such a manner as if death came upon the unfortunate native while in the act of partaking of the contents of the egg. Although the shell is slightly broken, the gigantic proportion of the egg yet remain perfect.—It measures about nine inches in length, and seven in diameter.

CHOLERA NEAR EPPING.—Great alarm has been created at Epping and in the neighbourhood, in consequence of Asiatic cholera having made its appearance in a very virulent form. Twelve cases have occurred, out of which five have died; one of the five however, has not died from cholera but from other causes. A sanitary inspector from the Privy Council has been down to the neighbourhood, and has been materially assisted in his investigations by Dr. Clegg and the other medical gentlemen of the district. His report will, of course, be given in to the Board of Health. It appears that a farmer residing at Theydon had been down to Weymouth for change of air, and while there had an attack of Asiatic cholera, from which he got better, and returned home on Sunday, the 24th of September. On the following Tuesday his wife was taken ill with an attack of cholera, and confined to her bed. On the following Saturday one of the little girls was attacked with the same disease, and died in about eight hours. On the same night a boy who slept in an out-house on the premises was similarly attacked, but he recovered. On Monday night Dr. McNab, sen., one of physicians who attended on the patients, was attacked with the complaint, and in a few hours succumbed to its virulence. On the Tuesday following another daughter of the farmers' was attacked, but she is now recovering. On Wednesday the housemaid was attacked, but recovered. On Friday the farmer himself was again taken ill, and so severe was the attack that he died in about ten hours. On the same night a labourer on the farm was taken ill and died on the following Saturday. He was removed to his cottage close to Epping previous to his death, and Mrs. Saville, who laid him out, was subsequently attacked with cholera and died yesterday. The lady of the house got over the attack upon her, but when she found her husband was dead she refused to take food or anything that was necessary to sustain her in her then debilitated state. This case, therefore, could not be said to be a death from Asiatic cholera. The mother of this lady was severely attacked, and although she is 87 years of age is still battling against the malady. The whole of these cases seem to have originated in one house, and to have spread a little in the neighbourhood; but from the judicious arrangements that have been made by the magistrates of the district, at the suggestion of the medical gentlemen who have been concerned in these cases, it is hoped that the disease is on the wane, no new case having occurred since Sunday last.—Globe.

The demand for all kind of mill-workers in Glasgow is on the increase, it appears, and employers now, in some instances, find it difficult to procure a sufficient number of hands.

UNITED STATES.

New York, October 30th.—The members of the Fenian Senate continued their sessions to-day. The proceedings were secret, but it was reported that agents were to be sent to Ireland at once to organize the great revolution which, it is believed, will take practical shape in a short time. It is also said that the Fenians have received the endorsement of officials in this country, whose names will tend not only to inspiration to give the movement, but will be a guarantee of its success.

New York, Oct. 31.—The Express prints the following:—The Havana steamer at this port this p.m. brings the confirmatory news of the uprising of the negroes in Jamaica against the whites. Her Majesty's Consul at this port it is said, is in receipt of despatches of the utmost importance. Many revolting murders had been perpetrated by the negroes. A white magistrate had been shockingly mutilated—his fingers and toes cut off, and then murdered him, after which a negro woman ripped open his bowels. The mutiny was spreading rapidly at last accounts, and the greatest alarm prevailed among the whites.

An odd scene is said to have occurred at Barnum's Museum. A lecturer employed there having been notified that his services could be dispensed with, seized the opportunity of his last public appearance to give the astonished audience some information not usually promulgated from the platform. He stated that the dwarf on exhibition was a mere baby; that the Circassian female was born in Brooklyn and spoke English in private; and made other interesting disclosures of a similar character as to other features of the Museum.

SUNDAY IN BOSTON.—The citizens of Boston are just now in a state of great excitement, arising out of an attempt on the part of their Police authorities to enforce the better observance of Sunday. It seems that the chief conservator of the Peace in that city has determined to shut up all barbers' shops, Sunday newspaper stalls, and so forth, at 10 o'clock precisely. Some of the newspapers say that it may be all very well, but they do not see if the police have a right to close such places after 10 o'clock, how their proprietors can have any right to keep them open before that hour.—Montreal Herald.

The True Witness.

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MONTEAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER—1865.

Friday, 10—St Andrew Avellin, O. Saturday, 11—St Martin, B. C. Sunday, 12—Twenty-third after Pentecost. Monday, 13—St Stanislaus of Koska. Tuesday, 14—St Didacus, O. Wednesday, 15—St Gertrude, V. Thursday, 16—St Martin, P. M.

The "Forty Hours" Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament will commence as follows:— Saturday, 11—Blessed Alphonse. Monday, 13—Of the Epiphany. Wednesday, 15—St Liguori.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The death of Lord Palmerston, though an event not to be wondered at considering the advanced age of the deceased, seems to have taken the community by surprise. His name had been so long before the British, indeed we may say the European public that he had become, as it were, an institution, and by all parties his death at the present crisis of affairs is looked upon as a very serious public calamity.

The cholera still continued to manifest itself in England, but the disease had not, up to the last dates, assumed the dimensions of an epidemic. Cattle disease continued in all it fury, and an early session of Parliament was spoken of to discuss its effects upon the agricultural interests of the country.

The deaths from cholera at Paris have not as yet exceeded about 200 per diem—not a very large mortality considering the population: the cold weather it is expected will have a favorable effect upon the health of the City.

The Cholera has made its appearance on this side of the Atlantic, having broken out on board of an emigrant steamer from Brest. The disease was not spreading in New York, but the accounts which we receive of the filthy and neglected state of that city and the dwellings of the poor, assure us that the return of warm weather will also bring with it a serious outbreak of pestilence, which will no doubt spread itself over all North America.

Mr. Ogle Gowan, improving the occasion, has made an appeal to the Orangemen to take up arms against the Fenians, and it is much to be feared that this advice will be followed; in which case Fenianism will indeed become formidable, because it will in the minds of many be associated with the cause of Catholicity.

should be especially odious, since it is the wedge which alone prevents the natural union of Catholics and Conservatives. "How," ask the former, "can we unite for political action with a party which numbers amongst its supporters the sworn enemies of our religion?"—and alas! to this question it is difficult to give an answer.— Would the Conservatives however, would all who sincerely desire to uphold British connection, frankly and openly repudiate Orangeism, the one great obstacle to a Catholic and Conservative union would be done away with, and Catholics would then cease to look for allies in the ranks of the Liberals, and demagogues of Upper Canada.

As it is, Mr. Ogle Gowan and his Orange brethren are doing their best to promote the object of the Fenians, and to counteract the influence of the Catholic clergy. No one can deny that the latter have strenuously opposed Fenianism, and have constantly denounced it to their people; but little will the opposition and the denunciations even of the Catholic clergy avail, if the anti-Orange sympathies of Irish Catholics be evoked in its behalf. A greater blunder than this, a greater crime could not be perpetrated.— Orangeism and Fenianism in that they are both essentially anti-Catholic, are naturally friends and allies, and the now defunct Irish People, in its abuse of the Romish priesthood, was never surpassed by the most rabid of the organs of Orangeism. In the United States it is the same. The men who are the most prominent in the Fenian ranks are either Protestants, or infidels, apostates from the Catholic Church; men whom she abhors and excommunicates whilst living, and to whom she refuses as far as lies in her power, the rites of Christian burial and her prayers when dead.

Only by one course of action can the sympathies of the most ignorant of Catholics be provoked for such men; and that cause of action Mr. Ogle Gowan and his Orange brethren seem inclined to adopt. It is the interest then of all loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, without distinction of creed or origin, to deprecate this insane and wicked movement, of which the only effects will be to give an enormous impetus to Fenianism, to neutralise the influence of the clergy, and to renew in Upper Canada the hideous massacres of Belfast. For of this we may be certain: That if this Ogle Gowan's advice be followed, if the Orangemen of U. Canada in pursuance therewith proceed to arm themselves with "rifles, bayonets and fifty rounds of ball cartridge" the Irish Catholics of Upper Canada will do the same, as a legitimate measure of protection against their implacable enemies.

We shall have to provide then, not merely against a Fenian raid—of which we hope there is but little prospect—but against intestine war; and that at a critical moment when all our attention, all our energies, should be devoted to, and concentrated upon the defence of our common country against the stranger. Mr. Ogle Gowan we doubt not ignores these facts, patent to every man not a fool or blinded by passion. Mr. Ogle Gowan we suppose thinks only of his own personal interests; sees only in an Orange excitement which he seeks to stimulate the chances of increasing his political influence, of acquiring notoriety, and perhaps a government situation, with a handsome salary. We do not suspect him even of intentionally playing into the hands of the Fenians; but nevertheless we tell him, and we are sure that every unprejudiced person in Canada will agree with us—that he is doing the very thing which the Fenians of the United States, were they to be permitted to dictate the course of action most favorable to their designs against this country, would themselves prescribe, as the course most certain to array every Catholic on their side.

Hitherto we have been inclined to treat Fenianism rather lightly, as a bug-bear rather than as a real danger—as a cleverly devised scheme by which, at the expense of their dupes, a few clever but unprincipled demagogues in the U. States have been enabled to feather their nests very comfortably—as a commendable safety valve for the escape of that flutulent verbosity with which your pot-house patriots, and bar-room "martyrs of liberty" in the United States, are so commonly troubled. But now we begin to think the matter really serious; and should unfortunately the Orangemen of Upper Canada take advantage thereof to arm, organise, and make a public display—we shall have every reason to apprehend the worst consequences.

In Lower Canada we have already had several warnings that winter is not far off; and that the season, so hard upon the poor and which this year threatens to be harder than ever, must be prepared for by the charity of the wealthier classes. Everything is at famine price, and the prospects before the poor are most gloomy, since at the present rates, the first necessities of life are beyond the reach of any except the rich.— Added to this we have the prospect, nay the certainty, of a visit from Cholera in a few months. The civic authorities have done nothing to meet the danger; they seem to be incapable of doing anything, and unless the citizens themselves take the matter out of the hands of these incompetent, death will make pretty havoc in our midst before long. A great part of the City is one

mass of corruption, stinking, fetid and an outrage upon decency, and not an effort has been made towards its purification, or the doing away with the nameless abominations with which it swarms. In another column we copy from the Montreal Gazette an article upon this subject, to which ere it be too late the serious attention of the citizens of Montreal should be directed.

The Kidnappers in the case of Mr. Sanders having been remanded to jail to await another trial in the month of March next. Mr. Devlin their indefatigable advocate, has made a motion for their release upon bail; the result of this application had not been published at the time of our going to press.

THE POPE AND LOUIS BLANC ON FREE MASONRY.—It is no new thing for the Catholic Church to condemn "secret societies" in general, and Free-Masonry, in particular, as a very dangerous secret society, dangerous to the altar and to the throne, subversive of the civil as well as of the religious order. This condemnation has again been launched by Pius IX against Free-Masonry, and we find that in consequence he is severely taken to task by Protestants, by the infidel, and by the revolutionary press. Is the old man mad, they ask, thus to condemn a society which reckons amongst its members men of all grades, princes and noblemen, and of which the chief objects are, according to its champions, charity and conviviality? Free-Masonry, according to the Times, may be ridiculous with its badges, its aprons, its ceremonies, and its quaint titles of honor; but dangerous to Society, dangerous to religion or to civil order, it is not, and cannot be.

But the Catholic, who believes that without good cause, and a good knowledge of the facts of the case on which he delivers himself, the Pope would not venture to speak as he has spoken, of Free-Masonry, will consult other witnesses as to the nature and objects of the condemned Society, besides the Times and its infidel and revolutionary contemporaries. Such a witness we have in M. Louis Blanc; and we propose in reply to the strictures of our Protestant champions of Free-Masonry, to give a few extracts from the writings of that very competent witness upon the same subject.

We say competent witness, because he is a witness to whom no Protestant, no infidel, no partisan of the Revolution can demur. In politics a Socialist, and the head, one may say, of French Socialism, in religion a pantheist—no one can suspect M. Louis Blanc of an undue bias in favor of the Pope and Papal pronouncements, or of hostility to the revolutionary cause and its agents; and Protestants, therefore, when such a witness, so competent, because so free from all prejudices in favor of Catholicity, testifies as to the essentially anti-Christian and revolutionary character of Free-Masonry, especially as it exists on the Continent of Europe—must admit that the Pope has done it no injustice in his late Allocution. Now what in substance is the testimony of M. Louis Blanc as to the character and objects of Free-Masonry? It amounts to this:—

That Free-Masonry is a secret oath-bound organisation, having for its especial object the overthrow of every altar, of every throne in Europe, and the destruction of the entire existing social system.

This thesis—and be it remembered that M. Louis Blanc does not impute blame to Free-Masonry in that it represents the Revolution organised—is stated, developed and defended in a long chapter in the second volume of his great work lately concluded, on the French Revolution. The caption of the chapter is "Les Revolutionnaires Mystiques;" and in it M. Louis Blanc shows that the great social and political cataclysm of which he treats, received, if not its first impulse, at all events its peculiar anti-social and anti-Christian character, from secret societies, and notably from the Society of the Free-Masons. The subject is so important, and so interesting, that we offer no apology to our readers, for laying before them some extracts from the work in question. We may premise that, in foot-notes, M. Louis Blanc gives his authorities for all statements of facts made by him, and not falling within the sphere of his personal knowledge.

Having described the strange agitation that prevailed in France during the middle and the latter part of the last century, below those regions where the Queen abandoned herself to her amusements, the Comte de Provence to his cabals, and Necker to his calculations; and amongst a crowd of enthusiasts who aimed not only at judging the priest and pulling down the king, but at the reconstruction of Society on a new basis, and the establishment of a novel code of morality—having spoken of Cagliostro, and others of the Illuminati of the same epoch—the historian thus introduces the Free-Masons:

"But first it behoves us to lead the reader into the mine which revolutionists, profound and active, but of a very different stamp from the Euclypedists, were then digging beneath thrones and altars. An association composed of men of all countries, of all religions, of all ranks, linked together by conventional symbols, bound by oath to inviolable secrecy as to their interior existence, subject to

lugubrious trials, engaged in fantastic ceremonies, but for the most part works of beneficence, and considering themselves as equals—though divided into three classes: apprentices, companions and masters. It is in this that Free Masonry consists; a mystic institution which by some is carried back to the old initiations of Egypt, and by others is attributed to a confraternity of architects founded in the third century.

Now on the eve of the French Revolution Free-Masonry had received an immense development.— Spread over the entire of Europe, it seconded the meditative genius of Germany; secretly—sourdement—agitated France; and everywhere presented the image of a Society founded upon principles contrary to those of civil society.

"In fact in the Masonic Lodges the pretensions of hereditary pride were proscribed, and the privileges of birth banished. When 'the profane,' who sought to be initiated, entered the room, styled cabinet des reflexions, he read upon the walls covered with black, and funeral emblems, this characteristic inscription: 'If thou clingest to human distinction, begone: none are recognised here.' From the discourse of the orator the postulant learnt that the aim of Free-Masonry was to efface all distinctions of color, rank, and country; to abolish fanaticism, to extirpate national hatred, and that this was what was signified under allegory of an immaterial temple raised to the Great Architect of the Universe by sages of diverse climes—an august temple whose columns symbolic of force and wisdom were crowned with the pomgranates of friendship. To believe in God was the sole religious obligation exacted of the candidate; and thus over the throne of the president of each Lodge, or venerable, there appeared a radiant delta in the centre of which, in Hebrew letters, was written the name of Jehovah.

"Thus by the simple fact of the constituent bases of its existence Free-Masonry tended to deary the institutions and ideas of the external world by which it was surrounded. It is indeed true that the Masonic code enjoined submission to law, observance of the forms and customs of external society, respect for sovereigns. It is also true that at table, Masons drank, to the King in Monarchical States, to the supreme magistrate in Republics. But similar reticences, enjoined by prudence to an association menaced by so many distrustful Governments, sufficed not to annul the naturally revolutionary though generally pacific influences of Free-Masonry. They who belonged to it continued in profane society, to be rich or poor, noble or plebeian; but in the Lodges, temples open to the practice of a higher life—rich, poor, noble and plebeian met as equals, and called themselves brothers. It was an indirect denunciation, yet a real and constant denunciation of the iniquities, and misery of the social order; it was a propaganda in action, a living sermon."

"On the other side, the darkness, the mystery, the dread oath, a secret to be learnt as the guardian of many a gloomy trial bravely borne, a secret to be preserved inviolate under penalty of being devoted to execution and death, private sages whereby at the ends of the earth, the Brethren might recognize one another, ceremonies which referred to the history of a murder, and seemed to cloak the idea of vengeance—what better fitted than these things to form conspirators? How could such an institution, as the crisis sought for by a Society in labor approached, have failed to furnish weapons to the well calculated boldness of the sectaries, and to the genius of a prudent liberty?—Histoire de la Revolution.

We skip over as making too great a demand upon our columns, and as irrelevant, the details given by Louis Blanc concerning the initiatory ceremonies and puerilities of Free-Masonry—the legend of Adoniram—his murder—the discovery of his body—and the "lost word;" but pass on to what the writer says respecting the Revolutionary tendencies of the Society:—

"As the three grades of ordinary Masonry embraced a great number of men, who, by their condition, and on principle, were opposed to any project of a social overthrow, innovators multiplied the steps of the mystic ladder which it was necessary to climb; they created 'back lodges, des arrieres loges,' reserved for the more ardent; they instituted the high grades of 'elect, knight of the Sun,' of the 'strict observance,' and of the 'kadousch,' or regenerate man, dark sanctuaries whose gates were only opened to the adept after a series of trials, so calculated as to determine the progress of his revolutionary education, to prove the firmness of his faith, and to try the temper of his heart. In these, amidst a crowd of customs, sometimes puerile, sometimes ominous, everything had relation to the idea of effacement and equality."

"In the grade of knight of the Sun, for instance, when a reception took place, the Very Venerable commenced by asking of the first watcher—'What is the hour?'—and the latter was to reply—'The hour of darkness amongst men.' Questioned in his turn as to the motives which prompted him to seek for admission, the postulant replied—'I come in search of light. For I and my comrades, we have gone astray in the darkness that covers the world. Clouds obscure the face of Hesperus, the star of Europe, formed by the incense that superstition offers to despotism.'"

"The seventh grade of high Masonry, that of knight of the sword and the rosy cross, gave rise to scenes equally characteristic. The forms and allegories of this grade were borrowed from what history relates of the captivity of the Jews in Babylon the destruction of their temple, and the permission to rebuild it, granted by Cyrus to Zerobabel."

"It was to these subterranean schools in which these teachings were given that Gondorcet alluded when, announcing that history of the progress of the human mind which his death cut short, he promised to divulge what blows monarchical idolatry and superstition, had received from secret societies, daughters of the Order of Templars."

"We need not therefore be surprised if the Free-Masons inspired a lively dread to the most suspicious of governments; if they were anathematised at Rome by Clement XII, pursued in Spain by the Inquisition, persecuted at Naples; if in France the Sorbonne pronounced them worthy of eternal punishment. And still, thanks to the skilful mechanism of the institution, Free-Masonry found fewer enemies than protectors in princes and nobles. It pleased sovereigns, it pleased the Great Frederick to take the trowel and to grid themselves with the apron. Why not? The existence of the high grades being carefully concealed from them, they knew of Free-Masonry so much only as could be confided to them without risk; and they had no cause for uneasiness, kept back as they were in the inferior grades, where the substance of the doctrines came to them confusedly through a medium of allegory, in which many saw only occasions for merry making, joyous banquets, principles laid aside and taken up at the Lodge gates, formulas bereft of any application to ordinary life, in a word only the comedy of quality. But in these matters comedy treads close upon tragedy; and it happened, by a just and remarkable dispensation of Providence, that the most haughty scorners of the people were led to covet with their names, and blindly to promote by their influence, the hidden plots directed against themselves.—(They despised the warning of the Church, and they perished in their folly).—Ed. T. W."

"There was one prince, however, amongst those of whom we are speaking towards whom discretion was unnecessary. This was the Duc de Chartres, the future friend of Danton, that Philippe-Egalite so famous in the annals of the Revolution, to which he became an object of suspicion and which slew him.— Though young and abandoned to the dissipations of pleasure, already he felt stirring within him that spirit of opposition which, sometimes the virtue of younger branches, is often their crime, always the main spring of their actions, and their torment. Free Masonry attracted him. It gave him power without the neces-

sity of exertion; it promised to lead him by hidden ways to the domination of the forum; it prepared for him a throne not so obvious as, but also less vulgar and less exposed than that of Louis XVI; and in fine along side the known klad in under which fortune had placed his house on the second level, it formed for him an empire peopled with voluntary subjects, and thoughtful soldiers. He accepted therefore the Grand Mastership directly it was tendered to him; and the following year (1772) Free Masonry in France, long a prey to anarchical rivalries, consolidated itself beneath a central and regular direction which hastened to destroy the immobility of the Venerables, established the order upon an essentially democratic basis, and assumed the name of Grand Orient. There was the central point of the general correspondence of the Lodges; there met and resided the deputies of those cities which the hidden movement embraced; thence went forth the orders whose meaning was concealed from hostile gaze by a special cipher, or enigmatical language.

"From this moment Free Masonry opened its bosom day by day to the greater part of the men whom we subsequently find in the midst of the Revolutionary storm. In the Lodge of the Neuf Sceurs were gathered together in succession Garat, Brieot, Bally, Gamille Desmouline, Gondorcet, Chamfort, Danton, Don Gerle, Rabaut St. Etienne, Petion, Fauchet, Goupil de Prestin and Bonneville took the lead in the Lodge Bouche de Fer. At the Palais-Royal Sieyes founded the Lodge of the Vingt-Deux. The Lodge of La Candeur became when the Revolution thundered, the meeting place of the partisans of Philip of Orleans—La Olos, La Touche, Silley, and amongst them might be met Custine, the two Lametths and Lafayette.—Histoire de la Revolution. Tom. ii.

From Free Masonry sprang; the Illuminati; over whom Weishaupt presided, and of which the design was to bring Europe to such a pass, that—

"all superstition should be destroyed, all monarchy beaten down—all privileges of birth proclaimed unjust, the right of property abolished, and the equality of the first Christians proclaimed. This was the gigantic plan of the founder of Illuminism."—Ib.

Grafted upon Free Masonry—"extee sur la franc-maconnerie"—in the words of our author, appeared the Martinists, disciples of Saint Martin whose religious doctrines presented a strange mixture of pantheism and manichaeism: and whose political and social formula became of dread significance in coming years—"Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity"—the Holy Triad, the "Ternaire Sacre" of the Revolution.

This is the testimony of one who was, who is a leader amongst the Revolutionists of Europe—who is the avowed partizan, champion, and apologist of the Revolution; and with such testimony, so clear, and so explicit we see not how any one can pretend that Free Masonry is not, in its higher grades at least, essentially a Revolutionary, an anti-social, and an anti-Christian organisation—worthy therefore of the condemnation pronounced upon it by several Pontiffs, and again in these our days by the illustrious Pius IX. In the lower grades, such as obtain in England to-day, and amongst the nobles and princes of Europe in the generation that preceded the French Revolution, the designs of Free Masonry are unknown. It is looked upon as a mere convivial and charitable society: but what it is essentially and in its higher grades, Louis Blanc the Socialist and the Revolutionist has himself told us. Who shall presume to call his evidence in question?

WANTED! THE CONFESSORIAL.—Amongst the many crimes which, from their frequency and their atrocity, have given to the great Yankee Republic an unenviable notoriety, there is one kind of murder of which there have been several specimens of late. The seducer has in repeated instances been deliberately murdered, stabbed, or shot down either by the victim of his lust, or by the hands of some of her male relatives: and under such circumstances it has been by no means of rare occurrence to find Judge and Jury before whom the murderer was tried, proclaiming her innocence, and, as in the case of Billy Taylor, renowned in song, "very much applauding of what she had done."

But this, and the impunity attendant upon the particular class of murders, more particularly alluded to, presents but a feeble barrier against the ever swelling flood of licentiousness with which the United States are inundated. "Shooting down" the seducer, though a summary process, no doubt, does not meet the emergency; and hereupon the Chicago Commercial Express, quoted approvingly by the Montreal Witness indulges in the following moral reflections:—

"Boys are now hardly into pantaloons before they are into vices that fill the mind with pollution, and the body with rotteness. It is criminal to wink at these things. A different standard of youth and manhood must be held up to boys by parents, teachers, and companions in such a way as to secure their earnest admiration for virtue, as their greatest safeguard against vice. It will no longer answer to leave boys to the teachings of nature and the world; they should be enlightened and purified by wise instruction and considerate advice. There is not one depraved man in a thousand, but would have preferred to have lived a pure life, could he have known, as he might, the result of debauchery. Cannot vice be made odious in prospect, as well as in reality? It is well worth an attempt by those who possess or can secure the attention and confidence of early youth while yet the passions sleep, and the blood flows gently. There are other punishments than those which overlook Burroughs and Ward, more dreadful, though less public, attendant upon a vicious life. They can, and should be made warnings more effectual."

Though the writer of the above proposes only temporal or natural motives for preferring purity to licentiousness, and seems scarce to realise the fact that the supernatural and eternal consequences of a vicious life are more fearful to contemplate than those which he chiefly proposes to hold up as warnings to the young—yet in that he recognises the advantages of, almost the necessity for, securing the attention of youth to the inevitable results of a life of debauchery, and that by some one in whom young men can re-

pose confidence, he virtually recognises the advantages of, and necessity for, the Confessional and the Director. The priest, sitting in the tribunal of penance, speaking in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and pledged to inviolable secrecy, is one in whom the young man can indeed place such confidence, from whom he can receive enlightenment and considerate advice.— This is why Catholic parents send their children to the Confessional; this is why they invoke the aid of the Spiritual Director; and though alas! in spite of all these precautions Catholic youth do often go astray, yet it is equally certain that thousands, and tens of thousands are thereby preserved from the perils which await them in their career through life. Who is there, we ask, even amongst Protestants, who, looking back on his past career, will not admit that he might have been preserved from many errors, from many sins, if only he had had in his youth, one kind, confidential and considerate adviser to warn him of the snares with which the paths of life are set?

THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—The usual Monthly Meeting of this Society was held on Monday last, B. Devlin, President, in the Chair. The inflammatory address of Mr. O. Gowan to the Orangemen was taken into consideration, and a Resolution was passed denouncing in strong but temperate and constitutional language the folly and the wickedness of this attempt to arm class against class, and thus create strife betwixt two different sections of Her Majesty's subjects upon the false pretence of the superior loyalty of one section. We understand also that a strongly worded but respectful letter framed in the spirit of the said Resolution, was ordered by the Society to be laid before the Executive Council which assembled in this City on Tuesday last; pointing out the evil consequences which would inevitably ensue from the giving arms to Orangemen in their capacity not of British subjects, but of members of a secret politico-religious Society, and to the exclusion of others of Her Majesty's subjects. We are happy to have it in our power to add in connection with this unpleasant business, that the Protestant press of Lower Canada generally, condemns and in strong terms, the impertinent and mischievous interference of Mr. Ogle Gowan.

The Bishop of Kingston passed through Montreal on his way to Quebec on Friday last.

His Lordship the Bishop of Tioa, Administrator of the Diocese of Quebec has issued a Pastoral Letter enjoining that, on Thursday 21st of December next, a Solemn High Mass and Te Deum be sung in thanksgiving to God for the abundant harvest with which He has been pleased to bless the country.

The collection for the poor, taken up on Sunday last, in the St. Patrick's, St. Anne's and St. Bridget's churches of this City, amounted to the sum of \$210.30.

RECIPROcity TREATY.—By the latest accounts it would seem that this Treaty will soon entirely cease, and that it is not at present the intention of the U. States Government to renew it in any form.

NEGRO INSURRECTION IN JAMAICA.—A serious insurrection has declared itself amongst the negroes of Jamaica; and already the most brutal cruelties, recalling the horrors of St. Domingo have been exercised towards the white population by the insurgents. Troops have been sent to restore order.

TRIAL OF THE KIDNAPPERS.—A second trial of these gentry has had the same issue as had the first. Though the evidence was as clear as any proposition in Euclid, yet the Jury would not see it, or agree to find a verdict of Guilty.— This gives but a melancholy view of the benefit of trial by jury. It is not however the system that is so much in fault, as the class from whom our petit jurors are too often selected. From their disregard of the obligations of an oath, it would certainly appear that many of them have a better right to a place in the dock than in the Jury box.

ARTEMUS WARD, HIS BOOK.—Who is there who has not heard of the great Artemus and his Betsy Jane?—who is there who does not appreciate his jokes, and his cacography ingenious as that of the Yellowplush papers? It is not therefore incumbent upon us to do more than notice the fact that Mr. Worthington, Great St. James Street, Montreal, has just brought out a cheap and well finished edition of Artemus Wardiana, illustrated with plates, and containing amongst the rest his "Travels amongst the Mormons." We hope this little book will be well received by the Canadian public, and that its raucy humor will be appreciated. Here is a reflection which from its piety and its applicability might have dropped from the editor of the only daily religious paper in the world:—

"Alas! Alas! how unthankful we are to that Providence which kindly allows us to live, and borrow money, and fail, and do business."

YANKEE MORALITY.—We read in the Montreal Witness of the 1st inst.:—"Constitutional papers tell of an epidemic of Divorces in that State." If from the virulence of Cholera in any given place we may at once conclude to its filthy physical condition, so in like manner from the moral epidemic to which non-Catholic communities are subject, and known as Divorce, we may with infallible certainty conclude to their moral depravity.

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH COLONY IN CANADA. By M. L'Abbe Faillon.

We have already spoken of the first volume of this valuable work to which the researches of the author amongst the ancient records both of France and Canada have imparted a high degree of interest. The second volume is now before us, giving the history of events extending over a period of twenty-one years, from 1641 to 1662;—a very critical period in the annals of the Colony, as it was signalled by several terrible wars with the Iroquois Indians. We may soon expect to have the pleasure of perusing the third volume which is already under press: and the entire work when completed will furnish the public with a full and accurate history of this country. It is to be hoped that some competent translator may be found to make its contents accessible to the English speaking portion of the community.

THE JUBILEE IN PERTH, LANARK CO

We are pleased at having occasion to record the success which attended the Jubilee in this Parish. Upwards of twelve hundred persons partook of the Blessed Eucharist, many of whom had not previously approached the Sacraments for a number of years, and whose conversion on this occasion to a sense of their religious duty, proves the wisdom of the Church in proclaiming the indulgence. The Pastor of the Mission, Vicar-General McDonagh, took great pains on every possible occasion to explain the nature of the Jubilee; indeed both himself and his Curate, Father D. O'Connell, labored incessantly for the spiritual benefit of their people, not merely contenting themselves with pulpit exhortations, but travelling from house to house over a tract of country about fifty miles square, thereby literally carrying the Gospel to every man's door.

During a week spent in the town previous to going on the Stations, the church was daily crowded with a multitude of people eagerly bent on receiving instruction, and preparing themselves for a worthy reception of the "Bread of Life." Sermons appropriate to the occasion were delivered by clergymen from the neighboring Parishes, among whom were Father O'Brien of Brockville, whose fame as a preacher is well known in the country; Father Clune of Smith's Falls, a worthy wearer of the mantle of St. Patrick; Father Peter O'Connell of Richmond, a quiet unassuming gentleman, and a most effective preacher; and Father Stanton of Wolfe Island, a recent graduate of Regiopolis, who gives fine promise of future excellence in his sacred office. Much good has resulted from their discourses; and the occasion altogether has been a happy one, alike for pious, and wayward sinners; for the self satisfied "man of grace," if such a queer Christian exists within the bosom of the Church; and the humble but penitent sinner, who meekly approaches the footstool of mercy, and cries out to his Redeemer for forgiveness.—Com.

A CARD.

The new Catholic Church at Cornwall, which was overthrown by the memorable hurricane of the 12th of April last, is now completed as to the exterior with the exception of the spire. In accomplishing this task, the Contractor and the Committee have both made generous sacrifices. It is to aid both, as far as possible, to meet their liabilities in this connection, that the Catholic Ladies of Cornwall are now laboring to get up a Bazaar to be holden on the 26th and three following days of December next. Kind reader! your mite, however small, is earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received, on behalf of the good work. Cornwall, C. W., Sept. 19th, 1865.

The Atlanta has reached New York, with a number of cholera cases on board. So cholera may be held now to have effected a lodgement in America. How are we in Montreal prepared to meet this direst of foes? Precious months, in which so much might have been done to escape from wholesale slaughter! An order has at last gone forth to clean the streets, and we are told. But what about the back yards and pools of stagnat, filthy water? What about slaughter houses and their pollutions? What about forcing people to take ordinary precautions to cleanse their own premises? We submit reports from two hands about the condition of affairs, hoping they may serve to urge forward the good work of purification, and rouse public opinion to the magnitude of the risk run:—

"I have had the misfortune to go through Griffintown this afternoon, and had good reason to remember it. As attention to the subject may, however, do some good, I herewith request you to publish the following rough notes which I took almost flying, so intense was the stench and sickening the sights I there beheld. To premise, my route was along the canal and up McLeod Street, branching off right and left into the pestiferous little streets which, to our disgrace, rot and reek into the polluted air:— Canal or Common Streets—Decidedly common.— Mud three inches deep; overflowing the footpaths.— Garbage, pigs, rotting flour and vegetables, slightly varied, at upper end especially, by stumps and other detestable compounds. Stench strong and nasty. Wellington Street Crossed this important thoroughfare opposite Middleton's store Mud up to ankles; in some places up to and over the footpaths. Canoe to cross would pay well. McLeod Street—Lower end, so so. Smell increasing and increases as you go by, interspersed here and there with the fragrance of the piggeries and stables placed at nicely calculated distances along route. As you pass the church the mud increases in depth and agricultural wealth; a rich, feculent mass of unexpunged power and very pungent smell. This, however, is said de cologne compared to the sour sickening smell which comes up in whiffs from the overflowed filthy soaked vacant lots on either hand. There are at least, 25 of these in a distance of less than a quarter of a mile, and as each has been selected for the odal and filth of the neighbourhood, the result may be imagined on a wet heavy day especially.

Smell superlatively strong. Fit as Mr. Brown says, 'to kill a horse'—much more a Christian. The streets of McLeod Street are no better—some even worse. Low filthy lots are almost the rule and not the exception. No improvements in St. Joseph's suburbs, by way of which I returned to escape Griffintown and its abominations. The principal streets are just as dirty, and the lots and lanes, although not submerged or boggy, are just as filthy.—Montreal Gazette.

It is no exaggeration to say that, for a considerable time, our city as regards the neglect of sanitary regulations, and the scavenging of the streets has been in a condition as disgraceful as dangerous.— Where we had heaps of dirt and putrifying masses of garbage in dry weather, we have, since the recent rains, repulsive and pestiferous quagmires and seas of mud. The Suburbs, particularly the western, including Griffintown, where the ground is low, are in a vile and disgusting state. There are streets lanes and back-yards which have not been swept or cleaned for months; and where the filth, from six inches to a foot, in depth, continually agitated by man and beast, gives forth emanations that poison the atmosphere. Now, consider the number of drains choked up with muck, in addition to all this, and it is hard to evade the conclusion that our city offers an inviting field for the pestilential destroyer. We learn that at last, yielding to the pressure of public opinion through the press and otherwise, the Mayor and the City Fathers have determined to take action, and begin with cleaning of all the streets before snow fall. At first it was thought that the public streets should alone be attended to but fortunately the civic authorities have discovered that this would be but half-doing the work, and that the best way is to do the whole and do it effectively. A great improvement would be the banc range hnsforth, in Macadamizing, it being a stone that would last much longer than the soft black mud now used. The latter seems to be most useful for making money for the contractors, and making dust and mud for the citizens, which has to be removed at great expense.

FENIANISM DENOUNCED.—In St. Patrick's Church, yesterday morning, the Rev. B. McGauran, pastor, took occasion to warn his flock against the errors of Fenianism. He was happy to say that so far as he could learn, the movement in this community originated with persons not members of his congregation. It was, he believed, confined to a few obscure individuals from the back streets of the city. It was a thing of evil from the beginning, and from evil no good could come. Secret associations were condemned by the Church, and the association in question was moreover condemned by the civil authorities. He was as good an Irishman as any, he loved his country as well, and would be as happy to see her prosperous but at the same time he must denounce, in the strongest terms, the secret brotherhood in question, as well as the means by which they proposed to attain their end. No man could be a good patriot unless he were a good Christian, and the voice of the Church which they must all obey, was opposed to secret societies. I conclude, he said that he believed the congregation under his care was, as a body as religious as well-conducted, and as truly loyal and dutiful as it was possible for any congregation to be. He did not however, wish that even a few individuals should be misled by the dishonest and designing, and for that reason he considered it his duty to make these remarks.—Quebec Chronicle.

FENIANISM IN QUEBEC.—A city contemporary alludes to a meeting alleged to have been held on Thursday evening last, in a public building, "ostensibly for a raffle and dancing, but in reality to hear arguments in support of, and to circulate intelligence regarding the Fenian movement." The writer then goes on to say. It is stated that about a thousand cards were sold at thirty cents each, but that many buyers afterwards thought better of it and did not attend the meeting. It is also asserted that persons whose curiosity prompted them to try and gain admittance, were promptly and without reason refused entry." We may add that we are aware that rumors of this kind have been in circulation for the last two days. There appears to be no doubt that some such meeting was held, but its results seem to have been of an exceedingly vague nature. At the same time we have full confidence in the proper authorities, and believe they are sufficiently vigilant to prevent the folly of a few individuals from effecting any mischief however trifling.—Quebec Chronicle.

Mr. Justice Coursol, some weeks ago, sent to the Executive a formal answer to the report of the Commissioner in the case of the inquiry into his (Mr. Coursol's) conduct in dismissing the St. Albans raiders. We understand that the consideration of his case has been postponed until the return of the Governor-General from England next spring.

It has been rumored in town for two or three days past that a considerable force of Volunteers will again be ordered to the frontier shortly for the winter. By some the Montreal quota has been set down at three battalions.—Gazette.

A SMUGGLING INCIDENT ON LAKE ERIE.—On the night of the 13th inst., a young man, Samuel Johnstone, of Fort Erie, undertook to smuggle a cask of whiskey to Yankeeland. He started from the Old Fort at Fort Erie, and having to row some four miles, was about to land his booty, when he was attached by some fellow who claimed to be a U. S. revenue officer. This man rowed alongside and attempted to board the bold smuggler's little craft, and demanded the surrender of himself and the contraband goods. Johnstone, however, immediately showed fight by attempting to floor his antagonist with one of his oars. The Yankee immediately drew his revolver and shot Johnstone through the right breast. Johnstone, not feeling daunted, although the blood immediately filled his mouth and throat, and issued in copious streams from the wound in the breast, stood to his oars and continued to belabor his foe, until he cried out, "Hold, enough." Johnstone, then feeling himself getting weaker, pulled away to the Canada shore; he had not gone far when he fainted, and after drifting some distance down the lake, he awoke to the consciousness of his being near the rapids; he then resolved to pull for his life, and at length got near enough to the shore, after rowing a distance of four miles to cry for help. His friends being on the lookout espied him, and brought him and his cargo to land. The poor fellow was nearly gone. Dr. Kempson, of Fort Erie, was sent for, and for some time considered the case hopeless; however after dressing his wounds and administering stimulants, the patient revived and under the careful treatment of Dr. Kempson he is likely to be on the lake again.—Welland Telegraph.

DEFENCE OF CANADA.—A return has been prepared, in compliance with an order of the House of Commons, for showing in the three years 1862 '64 the amount of Imperial and colonial expenditure in relation to the defence of Canada. The return states that the expenditure by Canada for the militia and volunteer forces in those three years amounted to \$74,000. The sum of 2,760,242. has been paid out of the Imperial Treasury for transport of troops to Canada, and the maintenance of them while there, and for arms and military stores, the return including a part of 1861, so as to embrace the expenditure in consequence of the Trent affair.

The Toronto Globe mentions that \$10 000 has been offered to a Mr. McKinnon, a bookseller of Toronto, who was recently drugged in his own shop with it is supposed prussic acid, and rendered insensible, if he will cease the prosecution; but the offer has been declined. One of the guilty parties, one 'Dr. Davis, was arrested at the time; the other has been traced to New York, and has been sent for.—Kingston News.

It is rumored in Quebec that one of the regiments stationed in Canada will be transferred to Halifax to replace the 2nd battalion of the 17th Regiment, now on its way to repress the negro insurrection in Jamaica.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—A shocking tragedy was enacted in a quiet locality on the 1st of October, Cornwall, about two miles and a half east of this town, last Sunday afternoon. The result was the death of a boy about 12 years of age named William Lalonde, at the hands of a neighbour boy, Robert Lightbody. Lalonde's parents were out visiting, the deceased and a younger boy being the only occupants of the house. Lightbody came along with a gun, and at the door of Lalonde's house met the deceased, and told him he was going to shoot him. The boy, Lalonde, thinking it a joke made no effort to get out of the way, when Lightbody raised the gun and fired, the shot entering the groin, and passing through the body, penetrated the door behind. The poor boy fell backwards but was dragged into the house by his murderer who told the younger brother to throw some water over him. Lightbody then went out, shut the door after him and went home. An inquest resulted in a verdict of wilful murder against Lightbody. He was committed to stand his trial.—Cornwall Freeholder, 20 A.

FATAL STABBING AFFRAY IN KINGSTON.—On Tuesday evening, a fatal stabbing affray occurred in Kingston. One John O'Tool who resided with his father-in-law, Michael Gethina, a tavern keeper, went home under the influence of liquor. A row ensued with Gethina who went for the Police. O'Tool followed him and a struggle took place in the street during which the fatal blow was struck. Gethina ran to the door of the Police station and then fell dead.

A CHARGE OF CORRUPTION.—Since the Defence of Canada against an American invasion has become the subject of much talk, the Beauharnois canal has been pronounced a very weak link in our navigation, because constructed on the Southern Shore, and the question has been raised, how it came to be located there instead of the North Shore, which was infinitely preferable? In answer to this, Mr. L. H. Masson is out in the Montreal Mirror with a great array of facts and affidavits to show that Mr. Eulene Parent is responsible for this blunder; that he was one of the commission appointed a quarter of a century ago to decide upon the location; that Governor Bagot wanted to please his friend M. Ellice by taking the canal through his seigniory; that Mr. Parent was bribed by the promise of the Secretaryship to the Executive, with a salary of £600 a year; and that after having voted for the North Shore, he treacherously, during the night, withdrew his name, and assented to leave the decision of the matter with the Governor. The discussion of this case is likely to occupy for some time the French press of the province.—Leader.

IMPROVED FINANCES.—A fact indicative of the reason of the good harvest, and prosperity of the country (by high prices) is that no less a sum than one hundred and eighty thousand dollars has been paid during the past month into a Canadian financial institution, for the release of mortgages. This sum is lost to the country as capital for it is all being sent back to England on account of the high rate of interest ruling in the mother country, as compared with Canada; but, though thus lost for the further development of the resources of the country, the sum represents an amount of indebtedness wiped out that must be of the greatest relief to the condition of our agriculture and commerce, and exhibits a condition of things gladdening to all.—Kingston News.

Mr. Ogle R. Gowan, we understand, sent a letter to the Leader, in which he says he has positive information that it is the intention of the Fenians to attack Canada this winter. His letter is an appeal to Orangemen to arm.

The Quebec Mercury of Saturday night makes up a list of seven runaways, or developments, from the city within the past few weeks.

Parliament is further prorogued from Oct. 28th to Dec. 6th, when it is, pro forma, called to meet in the City of Ottawa.

THE PACIFIC PROVINCES.—The British Columbian by the last mail, says a rumour was in circulation, to the effect that the Hon. S. L. Tilley, of New Brunswick, would be appointed Governor of the United Pacific Colonies. The business of Vancouver Island appears to be in a healthy state, amounting for the past six months of the year to nearly two millions and a half.

TORONTO, Nov. 2.—The military authorities are taking steps to protect the armory from being suddenly rifled.

OTTAWA.—A correspondent writes— I like Ottawa very much. All the people are extremely civil, and I may mention particularly trades people and cabmen, for they contrast brightly with the same class at Quebec. The town of Ottawa certainly appears rather unfinished—neither town nor country. The saying that 'extremes meet' was curiously illustrated here the other day,—one of the employes having occasion to visit his office at rather an hour early of the morning, disturbed a partridge reposing in one of the windows. Nature and art surely met in the bird and the Gothic window.—Montreal Gazette.

The London Gazette of the 20th contained the appointments of Sir R. G. Macdonnell to the government of Hong Kong, and of Lieut. General Williams to that of Nova Scotia.—Id.

BODY FOUND.—The body of a man named Charles Spaulding, was found dead in Concord, New Hampshire. He is supposed to be from Montreal, and had letters upon his person signed by Alexander and Jane Crawford, and also a considerable quantity of money. He appeared to be a man of business, and about 35 years of age and light complexion. Any information concerning his friends or relatives will be received at the office of the Chief of Police.

The great prevalence of crime in Canada can fairly be traced to the return home of those graceless vagabonds, who for mere mercenary motives, broke the laws of their own country to fight in a bad cause, that of the North against the South. Those who were not spoiled before they enlisted, became utterly demoralized in the United States Army, where every species of robbery and rascality against the unhappy Southerners was openly countenanced by their officers. Hence on their return to Canada, these men became Murderers, Burglars, and Thieves. Barreau was one of this kind, and O'Tool, the Kingston Murderer, was a Bounty Jumper. Some of the burglars at London, Toronto and Hamilton have been United States Soldiers, while others again are Yankees who have deserted from their own colors, of whom Canada is full. But whether Canadian or Yankee, almost every crime of importance committed in Canada during the present year, can be traced to some one who has been an American Soldier.—Kingston Whig.

TAXATION PROPERTY IN CANADA.—A summary of the municipal returns for 1864 has just been issued. It states the number of acres assessed in Canada to be 31 808 361; the assessed value of real estate 409, 084,560 dollars, and the personal property 26,416, 797 dollars: and the number of ratepayers assessed 496,310.

The Liverpool Transcript says: We learn from good authority there are several Fenian spies through Nova Scotia at the present time—mostly begging—professing to hail from Canada and other parts. There was one last week in Liverpool, who moved on foot from the East and travelled towards the West. He professes to have been a merchant, at Montreal, driven to begging by fire. He is said to be collecting considerable money for Fenian purposes. He met with a cold reception in this town.

The Morning Post says that all the Hudson Bay Territory Company has now to do is to send in its bill to the Canadian government, which it will pay at once. It believes that we shall not be asked more than £2,000,000 sterling, which will do very well, indeed—for the Company.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Smith Falls, J. Donohue \$1; Holy Cross U.S., Rev J O Moore, \$2; Grenville, M O'Brien, \$4; Caran R Smith, \$2; Greenock, J Paban, \$2; Straterville, R Sibly, \$1; Starnesboro, J McGill, \$5; Dalhousie mills, W Bathurst, \$1,75; St Medard de Warwick, Rev L Pothier, \$2; Quebec M R O'Ryan, \$2; Deschambault Z Bouille, \$1; St Martine, Rev M Bythe, \$5; North Stukely, Rev O L W Gauthier, \$2; North Shefford, Chas Moran, \$2; Morrisburg, T McGuinness, \$1; St Gregoire, Dr G A Bourgeois, \$2; Cornwall, Donald A McDonald, \$1. Per Rev T Sears, Fort Mulgrave, N S.—Rev M Thomkins, Goyaboro, \$2. Per O F Fraser, Brookville—P W O'Connor, \$1. Per Rev J J Schmitz, Formosa—self, \$1; Prof. J B Dorward, Milwaukee, \$3. Per W Fetherston, Ingersoll—J Hickey, Burgessville, \$1; Walter Scott, Culloden, \$1. Per R Rennie, Napanea, J Phelan, \$2; D J Hogan, \$2; T Trimble, \$2. Per J O'Rielly, Hastings—Self, \$2; J Smith, \$2; J Armstrong, \$2; J Gorman, \$1. Per W Obisholm, Cornwall—St Andrews, Capt McIntosh, \$7; Martintown, J McDonald, \$2,25; St Raphaels, A J Mc Donald, \$1,75; R Gorman, \$2,5; N Loughrey, \$11. Per E Kennedy, Perth.—A McEllan, \$3,50. Per Very Rev Alexis Balanger, Bay St. George, N B.—Self, \$2; J Gillies, \$2; J Thomas, \$2. Per J O'B Scully, Picton.—Self \$1; Rev Mr Scully, Dublin, \$2. Per P Doyle, Toronto,—T Walls, \$3,40, P Hanly Loydtown, \$1. Per J O'Brien Quebec,—J Harwood, \$5; J Enright, \$2,50; J Veldon, \$2; J Nolan, \$2,50; J Rockett, \$2; J O Johnson, \$2; L A Cannon, \$5; Mrs Murphy, \$2; J O Leary, \$5; Frampton, J Ood, \$2,50 Charlesburg, Rev Mr Beaudry, \$2; St Mary, Baucou, Dr R A Fortier, \$2.

In this city, on the 27th ultimo, Mrs. R. Wall, of a son.

In this city, on the 30th ult., Mrs. Edward Murphy, St. Catherine Street, West, of a son.

In this city, on the 7th instant, the wife of George E. Clerk, Esq., of a daughter.

Died On Sunday morning, 22d Oct. last, at his residence, South Branch Township of Charlottenburgh, after a short but severe illness, which bore with Christian resignation and submission to the will of God, Alex. McDonell, Esq., aged 77 years, a native of Glengarry, Invernesshire, Scotland. Mr. McDonell emigrated to Canada in the year 1802, and engaged in the lumber business of the country, which he continued for a series of years with but checkered success, and settled down on a farm on which he resided until the time of his death. In him the poor man lost a friend, the orphan an asylum; he was always zealous to forward the cause of religion and the Catholic Church, of which he was a good member. His remains were followed on Tuesday morning by a large number of sorrowing friends and acquaintances to the new Church of St. Andrew, where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up for the repose of his soul, and thence to its last resting place to mingle his dust with those of his kindred who had gone before him. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Butter, Dressed Hogs, Beef, Sheep, Lamb, Calves, Hay, and Straw.

INFORMATION WANTED.

THE next of kin of JAMES FLYNN, deceased, son of the late Michael Flynn, of Montreal, whose mother is stated to have married a second time, are requested to apply at this Office. James Flynn, on leaving Montreal, entered the American army, was taken prisoner, and died at Andersonville prison.

WANTED for the Perth Separate School a FEMALE TEACHER; one who holds a First Class Certificate.

WILLIAM WALSH, Secretary.

A TEACHER WANTED for an Elementary School (Married man preferred); good references required for further information, apply (post paid) to MICHAEL TRAHEY, Sec.-Treasurer.

St. Columba, 18th Oct., 1865 } County Two Mountains. }

DEALS! DEALS!! DEALS!!! 50,000 Cull Deals, cheap for Cash. J. LANE & CO, St. Rochs, Quebec.

Nov. 3, 1865.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS

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

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

A large and well selected Library will be OPEN to the Pupils.

TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2.

The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July. July 21st 1861.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT, Corner Craig and St. Lawrence Streets.—W. Dalton respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he keeps constantly for sale the following Publications:— Frank Leslie's Newspaper, Harper's Weekly, Boston Pilot, Irish American, Irish Canadian, Comic Monthly, Yankee Notions, Nick-Nax, N.Y. Tablet, Staats Zeitung, Oriental Zeitung, Courier des Etats Unis Franco-Americain, N. Y. Herald, Times, Tribune, News, World, and all the popular Story, Comic and Illustrated Papers. Le Bon Ton, Mad. Demoreaux's Fashion Book Leslie's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, and Harper's Magazine. Montreal Herald, Gazette, Transcript, Telegraph, Witness, True Witness, La Minerve, Le Pays, L'Ordre, L'Union National, Le Perroquet, La Scie and Le Defericheur.—The Novellista, Dime Novels, Dime Song Books, Joke Books, Almanacs, Diaries, Maps, Guide Books, Music Paper, Drawing Books, and every description of Writing Paper, Envelopes, and Station Materials, at the very lowest prices. Albums, Photographs and Prints. Subscriptions received for Newspapers and Magazines.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Oct. 16.—The medical reports of the sanitary condition of Paris concur in stating that, from all appearance, the cholera is sensibly on the decline; not that the cases have been much less in number for the last two or three days, but that they are less grave, and that the mortality has notably diminished. The 17th and 18th arrondissements—the first and most severely attacked—are now said to be, if not quite free from the malady, at least in a promising condition. The hospitals contain fewer patients, especially patients seriously attacked; but the Hotel Dieu, on account of certain special arrangements, has still a considerable number. 'We may, then, hope,' adds Dr. Montanier, from whom I quote (for no official reports as yet appear), 'as we stated in our last bulletin, that the epidemic is in full decline.'—Times Cor.

The Papacy and the Empire are in fact engaged in a struggle, in which the Pope cannot give way, because the Emperor wants him to do what is wrong. Whether the Emperor will give way on the other hand, when the last crisis comes, remains to be seen.

Certainly no worse policy in the interest of his dynasty can be conceived than the withdrawal of the protection of France from the Holy See. But it is very possible that the Emperor is acting at this moment, not so much in the interest of his dynasty as in the interest of his life. Ever since the nearly fatal attempt of Orsini, the apprehension of assassination has had a directly calculable effect upon his Italian policy. The discovery of some fresh Mazzinian plot by the French Police has been the inevitable prelude to some new concession to the Revolution—until we begin to suppose that the Sect thoroughly understand this advantage, and merely spread some such rumors as that which suddenly arose at San Sebastian last month, when they desire to force his Majesty's hand a little. If fear has become a permanent element in the policy of such a man, there is no saying what real and tangible dangers it may drive him to confront.

It seems to us, all things considered, as if there were only one way of avoiding the execution of the Convention, and that is by another war with Austria at a date preceding that fixed for the execution of the Convention. Instead of Rome, His Majesty may at the last moment offer the Revolution Venice.

TOULON, Oct. 14.—The Frigates El Dorado, Gomer, Magadar, and La Bradar are being fitted out to proceed to Civita Vecchia, where they will meet on the 1st November, in order to embark 3,700 French troops, infantry and cavalry. Yesterday there were seven deaths from cholera in this town; at Arles only three took place.

The Marquis de Bellune, brother of the duke, entered the seminary of St. Sulpice last Monday. The literary world has been startled by this disappearance of one of its most promising young writers. Last year the marquis attracted considerable attention by his original and piquant romance—'De Mademoiselle Bertha,' which he published in La Revue de Paris. One of his productions had considerable success at the most dreaded of all theatres, the Odeon. The marquis is but twenty-five, but his friends state that he has long felt a vocation for a monk's life, and only waited till he had attained the accepted age.—Paris Cor. of the Star.

The following reclamation, says Galvani, may be called a chef d'œuvre in its way. In the window of a fruit dealer in the Rue Lepelletier, Paris, may be seen a common soup tureen with a hole in it, surrounded by the following inscription in black letters.—'Victim of the attempt made on the person of the Emperor in the evening of Jan. 14, 1858!'

A CHINKING DOG.—A curious fact has occurred in an isolated country-house in the neighbourhood of Toulon. A person flying from the epidemic came to seek an asylum there, and was perfectly well received by the occupants; a watch-dog only, after having smelt at the new comer, left his master and took up his quarters in an adjoining house. On the following night the guest died of cholera and the dog returned.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Oct. 13.—Cholera is diminishing in this city, 370 cases occurred yesterday, of which 85 proved fatal. To-day 50 deaths out of 208 persons attacked took place.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT, Florence, Oct. 12.—The Opinions of to-day, in an article upon the financial condition of the country, contradicts the current rumors of intended credit operations by the Government next year, and points out the improbability of such assertions.

The circular of Signor Natoli leaves little choice for Catholics in the coming election; the Government is at sixes and sevens, and Lamarmora and the King remain aloof in their desire of conciliating Rome, not so much from any religious feeling as because it is the condition of the execution of the Convention. Napoleon never threw a greater apple of discord into the Italian Cabinet than the stipulation contained in the Convention, that Italy should reconcile herself with the Holy See, and the Mazzinian element find in it an excellent text from which to preach a crusade against the Moderates, who are daily losing ground. War with Austria is the daily cry in the Italian journals, even the semi-official, and it is evident that a middle course is impossible much longer in Florence. The religious corporations are to be entirely forbidden, save on application by the Bishop to the Prefect.—Cor. of Tablet.

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.—A letter from an Italian engineer in the Paris Temps announces that the workmen employed in piercing Mont Cenis had come upon a bed of extremely hard quartz, which turned the edge of the best tempered steel, and it was feared that this obstacle might retard the opening of the tunnel for four years. As long ago as the month of May or June the engineers were expecting to come upon quartz; but, a geological survey of the mountain had long since been made, the impediment must, to a certain extent, have been reckoned upon. Perhaps the quartz has proved harder than was expected; but early in the year they were lucky in finding an unusually soft vein of rock. It is to be observed that foreign engineers have expressed an opinion that the tunnel will take longer to complete than the Italian managers anticipate. The summit railway is likely to be made before the end of next year, and will shorten to four hours the passage of the mountain.

ROME.—The Giornale di Roma announces that on the 29th of Sept., the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, the Holy Father, after having celebrated the Sacrifice of the Mass in his private chapel at the Vatican, assisted by Mgr. d'Avila, Auditor of the Rota, conferred with the usual ceremonial the pallium upon His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. It is a remarkable coincidence that this ceremony, by which His Holiness has conferred upon the Archbishop the plenitude of Metropolitan authority, took place on the fifteenth anniversary of the publication of the Brief Universale Ecclesie, by which His Holiness re-established the Catholic hierarchy in England.—Tablet.

Oct. 12.—Contrary to the assertions of some journals, no movement of French troops in the Pontifical States has taken place up to the present.

The Minister of War has, however, received a notification from the French Government that the army of occupation will be concentrated at Rome, Civita Vecchia, and Vierbo, in January next.

Letters received at Florence state that M. Merode had resigned the portfolio of minister of war and that the vacant post had been entrusted to Cardinal Antonelli. Other ministerial changes were expected.

October 11.—Yesterday, a party of ten Pontifical gendarmes encountered a band of brigands near Spargola, and effected the release, without any payment to the brigands, of a prisoner for whom they demanded a ransom of 12,000 crowns.

A CONTRAST.—The Roman correspondent of the Register says—Lamoriciere's death has caused a natural and I could almost say a pleasing sensation here. He died so well, in a manner so worthy of a Christian soldier; cross in hand and on his knees, as if awaiting God's own military sentence. Heaven's martial law seems indeed to be proclaimed; for contrast with this death that of Lamoriciere's Piedmontist successor in Ancona, Lorenzo Valerio, who died the other day of a carbuncle at Messina, when still in the flower of his age. The wretched man asked for a priest, it seems, but would make no retraction of his sacrilegious acts. And so he died impenitent in reality, but something after Cavoni's fashion, keeping up a mask of religiousness to the end. The Freemasons performed his funeral rites, after their own fashion, in the church itself into which he had been carried by Christian hands, and which he infected for several days with the stench that came from his coffin. Though of strong lead, it had exploded!

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—A Florence letter says:—"The King of Naples is seriously disquieted by the approaching departure of the French troops. Before the 15th of September, 1866, he will have to decide on some course. He holds frequent councils of his ministers at the Farnese Palace.

A deputation of the German nobility recently arrived in Rome and presented to the King and Queen of Naples a buckler, offered by them to the Royal pair as an homage of devotion. It is of beautiful workmanship in silver, chased with gold. In the middle of it are seen Francis II. and Marie Sophie, and all around are represented the principle events of the siege of Gaeta. The offering is accompanied by an album containing 40,000 signatures of the German aristocracy. The King, in acknowledging the gift, expressed his confidence that Southern Italy would one day repent and call the Bourbons back.

The liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius took place last week in the Cathedral in the midst of an immense and most devout congregation. It is very annoying, doubtless, to the Government that they cannot prevent this annual manifestation of God's power. Even Victor Emmanuel, however, dare not outrage Neapolitan devotion so far as to suppress the public assistance at the miracle, as if anything would cause a revolution in Naples it would be an attempt on the honour of the patron saint.—Cor. of Tablet.

The correspondent of the London Tablet narrates his personal experiences amongst the 'brigands,' or Neapolitan loyalists, in arms for their rightful king and against the Sardinian usurper:—

"Having rested an hour or two we remounted our horses, and having heard that some often dreaded 'brigands' were to be met with on the road between Triaulti and Casamari we purposely chose that route leading by the mountain of San Meola and passing through the fields and forests on the very edge of the Neapolitan territory. We were not deceived in our expectations; on nearing the Sta Francesca we heard the sound of an organ and in a few moments came in sight of four tall remarkable fine young peasants, advancing with a rapid swinging step along the narrow pathway. There was no mistaking them for the ordinary workman or laborer of the district. The red and blue Bourbonian cockade falling in a long bundle of ribbons on their left shoulders, their clean workmanlike dress, every strap and thong in its place, the long polished rifles slung behind them and the arms in their red belts, all denoted other than peaceful occupations, even had not their keen handsome features borne the unmistakable impression of courage and resolution that ennobles the most ordinary physiognomy and which is the peculiar characteristic of men daily accustomed to face death and danger. We pulled up and entered into conversation with the 'brigands' and found them to be a part of the band of Cappazzo eighty in number, and through whose frontier posts we were passing; they unsling their carbines for our inspection, beautiful and nearly new arms taken from the Piedmontese in a recent encounter and kept in perfect order for action. The band they said was, like Andreozzi's, Fuoco's, and all those on the frontier entirely composed of Neapolitans, no foreigners of any class or nation being engaged in the reaction. Most of the men were very young—not above thirty—and were refractory to the conscription, and there was a sprinkling of old soldiers, chiefs d'armes, and peasants raised by the invasion. The others are all either ex-gendarmes, soldiers, or cacciatori. Nothing could be more polite or respectful than their manner or I may say less alarming, and this though we knew ourselves to be entirely out of reach of help and within a hundred yards of the Neapolitan line, which was occupied by the rest of the band. On our expressing a desire to see some of their comrades one of the men gave a shrill whistle, which was answered from a copse on the flank of the mountain, and in about a minute more mountaineers similarly armed came leaping down the grey splintered rocks that bristled the hillside like wild deer and joined their friends. The 'brigands' told us they had posted on the mountains all the way down to Sta Francesca and that they would warn the rest of the band that we were mere travellers and were to pass free unmolested, as they only made war on the Italian and French posts and wished on the contrary to show us every courtesy. The chief accordingly sent off a little boy, fulfilling I imagine the office of scout along the valley and fired three times in the air as a signal to the band to warn them of our approach; we offered them some cigars, which they declined at first, saying they had plenty, and then accepted for their comrades. They most indignantly repudiated all idea of robbery, ransoming, mutilations or any of the atrocities with which they have been so often charged and considered themselves in every respect sovereigns of the national independence and legitimate sovereignty, and were about as like criminals as a MacDonald or Cameron in the proscription following the '45. Such are the bands your Whig contemporaries have presented as ferocious outlaws. Many of these poor young outlaws will force the Piedmontese cordons, and come at the risk of their lives to receive the sacraments at the hands of a good and pious priest instead of the Passigians who have been introduced into many of the Abruzzian villages. I can only say from personal experience, that I should feel far safer in the midst of even the worst band of the Abruzzi than in the powers of the bands of Garibaldi and his crew of liberators. The 'brigands' do not rob, murder or mutilate, and I was assured by the proprietors of every village we passed that there is no crime at present, for the precise reason that the bands on the frontier are now political and act as a police, driving away the thieves and robbers who shelter themselves under this name.—Cor. of Tablet.

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, Oct. 11.—It is semi-officially stated that the rumour that Baron Hubner was appointed Austrian Ambassador at Rome, in consequence of the demand of Hungarian statesmen that a revision of the Concordat should take place, is without any foundation.

The Vienna papers assert that the publication of the diplomatic correspondence between Spain and Austria, in reference to the recognition of Italy by the former Power, has been caused by the French Government.

PRUSSIA.

BERLIN, Oct. 11.—The semi-official Provinzial Correspondenz of to-day publishes an article upon the visit of Count Bismark to Biarritz, in which it says:—

The honourable and cordial reception of Count

Bismark by the Emperor Napoleon and the observations of His Majesty upon pending questions are guarantees for the unaltered continuance of the friendly relations between France and Prussia. It is mainly owing to this fact, indeed, that the question of the Duchies could be brought to a solution in conformity with German national and Prussian interests without European complications. No doubt exists that the Emperor has resolved to continue the calm, honourable and disinterested policy he has hitherto pursued.

THE FATE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.—We have reason to know that fate of Schleswig Holstein has been actually decided. The Prussian Government have finally and formally resolved upon carrying the policy of annexation into effect. Coute qui coute, the Duchies are to be Prussian. An elaborate justification of this policy has been already drawn up, and will, we presume, be circulated presently among the Courts of Europe. How Austria is to be arranged with for her share of the spoil we have not yet learned.

WILD CHILDREN.—The Melbourne Age says:—"A painful circumstance was brought under our notice a few days since, of two little girls having got into a wild state through neglect. It appears that their mother died some four years ago, since which time they have been with their father, Michael Doolan, in a miserable hovel in the Wild Duck Creek, who leaves them frequently for a week together without and protection. They are perfectly naked, and, if approached in the bush, will run away like young kangaroos, or climb the trees, and not unfrequently jump into the water-courses of the creek to escape. We believe the attention of the police authorities has been called to the subject."

SHORTNESS OF TIME IN DREAMS.—One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with dreams is the shortness of time needed for their consummation. Lord Brougham says that in dictating a man may frequently fall asleep after uttering a few words, and be awakened by the amanuensis repeating the last word to show he has written the whole; but, though five or six seconds only have elapsed between the delivery of the sentence and its transfer to paper, the sleeper may have passed through a dream extending through half a life time. Lord Holland and Mr. Babbage both confirm this theory. The one was listening to a friend reading aloud, and slept from the beginning of the sentence immediately succeeding; yet during the time he had a dream, the particulars of which would have taken more than a quarter of an hour to write. Mr. Babbage dreamt a succession of events, and awoke in time to hear the concluding words of a friend's answer to a question he had just put to him. One man was liable to feelings of suffocation, accompanied by a dream of a skeleton grasping his throat, whenever he slept in a lying posture, and had an attendant to awaken him the moment he sat down. But though awakened the moment he began to sink, that time sufficed for a long struggle with the skeleton. Another man dreamt he crossed the Atlantic, spent a fortnight in America, and fell overboard when embarking to return; yet his sleep had not lasted more than ten minutes.

UNUSUAL ELECTRICAL EFFECTS PRODUCED BY LIGHTNING.—A very strange property has recently been observed in the bodies of persons, &c., struck by lightning—the power of giving a strong electrical shock when touched. It might be supposed that the electricity would be completely carried off by the conducting power of the human body, and especially if that power were rendered more complete by the presence of moisture. Such, however, is not the case, and it is not possible to explain the anomaly by means of any principle furnished by the present state of our knowledge. The facts, however, are indisputable, the two following cases having been brought before the Academy of Sciences, at its sitting on the 10th of July, by M. Bouin:—On the 30th June, 1854, a man was killed by lightning in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, and the body remained exposed for some time to a very heavy rain. When the storm was over two soldiers, who attempted to take the dead body away, received a violent shock the moment they touched it. Two artillerymen charged with the removal of telegraph posts, which had been thrown down at Zara, in Dalmatia, by a storm, on the 8th September, 1858, at first on laying hold of the telegraph wire, two hours after the lightning had ceased, experienced light shocks, and then were suddenly thrown down, one of them having his hands severely burned, and the other remained without any sign of life. A comrade who attempted to render assistance, was attacked with nervous symptoms, and had his arm burned.—Scientific Review.

DON'T LIKE THE WIDOWS.—In endeavouring to take the census for the Government, the marshals occasionally meet with such difficulties as well might deprive them of their senses. The following colloquy is said to have taken place somewhere between a marshal and an Irishwoman. 'How many male members have you in the family?' 'Nivir a one!' 'When were you married?' 'The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for America. Ah, Well do I mind it. A sunshiner day nivir guild it the sky of old Ireland.' 'What was the condition of your husband before marriage?' 'Divil a man more miserable. He said that if I didn't give him a promise within two weeks he'd blow his brains out with a crowbar.' 'Was he at the time of your marriage a widower or a bachelor?' 'A which? a widower did ye say? Ah, now go away with your nonsense! Is it the like of me would take up with a second hand husband? A poor divil, all legs and consumptive, like a sick turkey. A widower! May I be blessed if I wouldn't rather live an old maid and bring up a family on butter and milk and prunes.'

THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—At the present time the population of the world is estimated to amount to 1,000,000,000 of persons speaking 3,064 languages, and possessing 1,100 forms of religion. The average duration of human life is estimated at 33 years and six months. A quarter of the children born die before their seventh year, and one half before their 17th. Out of the 1,000,000,000 persons living, 33,000,000 die each year, 91,000 each day, 3,730 each hour, 60 each minute, and consequently one every second. These 33,000,000 deaths are counterbalanced by 41,500,000 births—the excess being the annual increase of the human race. It has been remarked that births and deaths are more frequent in the night than during the day. Calculating one marriage for every 120 persons of both sexes and of all ages, 83,000,000 are celebrated annually.

SHOWING HIM A MIRROR.—Ernest Renan having said in his 'Life of Jesus,' that the proper way of proving the reality of a miracle is to show one, a pamphleteer shows him one in a letter. 'Upon the Establishment of the Christian Religion,' which we here translate:—

Sir,—Permit me to-day to draw your attention again to the establishment of the Christian religion, a fact upon which naturally differ in opinion. Like you, when I have striven to identify its cause with the mere forces of man, I have failed in my endeavor. The supernatural, then, has been the only conducting thread which has helped me to escape from the labyrinth, where I see you continually seeking to rectify yourself, without ever doing it, and condemned to escape therefrom only when you shall have proved that there is nothing miraculous in the establishment of Christianity. Pardon this little digression; I go straight to the work. There is a religion called the Christian, whose founder was Jesus, named the Christ. This religion, which has lasted sixteen centuries, and which calls itself the natural development of that Judaism which ascends near to the cradle of the world, had the apostles for its first

propagators. When these men wished to establish it they had for adversaries:

- The national pride of the Jews;
- The implacable hatred of the Sanhedrim;
- The brutal despotism of the Roman Emperors;
- The rancor and attacks of the philosophers;
- The liberalism and caste-spirit of the pagan priests;
- The savage and cruel ignorance of the masses;
- The fagot and bloody games of the circus.

- They had an enemy in Every miser;
- Every debauched man;
- Every drunkard;
- Every thief;
- Every proud man;
- Every slanderer;
- Every liar.

Not one of the vices, in fact, which abuse our poor humanity which did not constitute itself their adversary.

To combat so many obstacles they had only Their ignorance; Their poverty; Their obscurity; Their weakness; Their fanness; Their Cross. If you had been their cotemporary at the moment when they began their work, and Peter had said to you, 'Join with us, for we are going to the conquest of the world; before our word pagan temples shall crumble, and their idols shall fall upon their faces; the philosophers shall be convicted of folly; from the throne of Caesar we shall hurl the Roman eagle, and in its place we shall plant the cross; we shall be the teachers of the world; the ignorant and the learned will declare themselves our disciples'—hearing him speak thus, you would have said, 'Be silent, imbecile!' And as you are tolerant from nature and principle, you would have defended him before the Sanhedrim, and have counseled it to shut up the fisherman of Bethsaida and his companions in a madhouse. And yet, sir, what you would have thought a notable madness is to-day a startling reality with which I leave you, face to face.

SHODDY.—Shoddy! Its odious presence is everywhere apparent in the Paris streets. I met it in my walks; I elbow it in the cafes; I am nearly overthrown by it in my drives; I gaze upon its peacock gorgeousness at the theatre; I hear of it in the gambling house and the billiard-room. It is omnipresent loud, vulgar, bragging, surliferous shoddy. The English miller has had his day. Even the stag—that conservator of old prejudice—has consigned him to the same limbo as that yellow-visaged nabob who was once the only representative of boundless wealth in a theatrical point of view. The Russian boyard is still sought after by the gold worshippers, who bow before unpronounceable Tartar names, while visions of mines of malchite worked by myriads of serfs float before their admiring eyes. The Brazilian also retains something of that golden halo which makes a god of man, and imagination—the imagination of the Rus Breda—pictures him stuck as thickly with precious stones as were those pieces of meat which the rocs fished out of the Valley of Diamonds. But Russian prince and Brazilian merchant may not long reign alone. Shoddy is here at last; and the ears of Paris tingle at the sight and sound of its well filled pockets. I have just returned from half an hour's lounge in the court-yard of the Grand Hotel, Shoddy's headquarters. Behold him in his magnificence as he reclines gracefully upon two chairs, one arm thrown over the back of a third, his boot heel resting, at an elevation considerably higher than his head, upon the rim of one of the wooden tubs that contain the fanlike palmiers. He is smoking his seventh cigar while he waits the return of his wife and daughters from their drive—he is recorded en passant that female shoddy never walks—and here comes! Fat, sallow, and long past forty, the matron Shoddy, sits bolt upright, for if she reclined the world would lose half her attractions, and while seeing she desires to be seen. She has diamonds in her ears, she has pearls round her neck; and a Niagara of pearls flowing over her mountainous bosom. She has heavy bracelets on her arms, rings upon her fingers, and would have bells upon her toes if the prejudices of society were not against such a fashion. The Shoddy maidens are as indulgent to their mother. The whole court yard as they enter brighten up as with a sudden burst of sunbeams, as they descend, which they do somewhat heavily, from the carriage there is a prolonged metallic rattle as though they wore, which in great part they do, chain armour over their clothes. Shoddy himself sear in mouth—it is never out except eat, drink, or spit—lounges over to them, consults his watch, a costly affair, a size or so smaller than the hotel clock above his head, and hinting that it is luncheon time, states his intention of putting himself outside of something right off. The ladies replying, through their noses, that they have no objections, the whole party shies and rattle up the steps, and are soon engaged 'in taking stock'—the phrase is Shoddy's of a light and elegant repast, consisting of Strasburg pie, pickled salmon, lobster salad, cucumber and cheese, washed down by two bottles of Cluquet, and concluded with what the ladies denominate a 'fresher up,' and the gentleman a 'corpsa-reviver.'—Paris Cor.

'Pay no attention to my bad temper, John,' said a passionate man to his servant, 'for you know that my ill-humor is no sooner on than it is off again.' 'Yes, sir,' replied John; 'but it is no sooner off than it is on again.'

An impatient boy waiting for his girl said to the miller, 'I could eat the meal as fast as the mill grinds it.' 'How long could you do so?' inquired the miller. 'Till I starved to death,' was the sarcastic reply.

UNITED STATE.

HE LIKED THE SAMPLE.—'One of the drier humorists I ever met,' says Sala, 'is P. T. Barnum. On board the river steamer in the States they feed you for a moderate outlay, very sumptuously, but the portions supplied are usually of microscopic dimension. Barnum had taken passage by one of these stately Noah's Arks. He called at tea-time for a beefsteak. The negro brought him the usual little, shrivelled mite of broiled flesh, certainly not sufficient for more than two mouthfuls. Barnum poised the morsel on his fork, scanned it critically, as though it were a sample of steak submitted to his inspection, then returned it to the waiter, saying, 'Yes; that's what I mean. Bring me some of it.'

A SAD FALL OF A BABE OF GRACE.—The fall of a man as Colonel Jacques is sufficient to arouse the sorrow of every man who knows the former worth of the gallant Jacques. He was one of the first and most influential of the Methodist denomination in Illinois. When that body established a female educational school in Jacksonville, he was placed in charge of it. He managed it with such talent and success that when a greater educational enterprise was projected he was transferred to it. He was engaged in this when the rebellion commenced. Col. Jacques was a man of intense loyalty, of commanding influence, and of great oratorical ability. He took the field in behalf of the Union, and raised one of the finest regiments that Illinois gave to the service of the Union. It was called the preacher's regiment, on account of the number of preachers enlisted in it. Of this regiment Jacques was made Colonel, and he served with great distinction. During the progress of the war, Colonel Jacques had numerous conferences with Bishop Simpson, and both were well satisfied that if a Methodist of proper position in the North could get among the Southern Methodists much might be done toward crippling the rebellion. This mission Colonel Jacques undertook with the approval of Bishop Simpson and of Mr.

Lincoln. Colonel Jacques bravely met the 'peril and traveled extensively among the Southern Methodists. He returned just before the battle of Chickamauga, and took a conspicuous part in the battle. Colonel Jacques was the companion of Mr. Gillmore in a visit to Richmond for an interview with Jeff. Davis, in which mission they succeeded. This visit was intended to bring about peace. The Col. has recently been detailed for breaking up the negro camps, such as Camp Nelson. This is the cause of his presence in Kentucky.—Louisville Press.

FROM JOHN B. WICKERSHAM, Esq., firm of Wickersham & Hutchison, the celebrated Manufacturers of Fancy Iron Works, 269 Canal St.

I am the recipient from you of one of the greatest favors that can be conferred upon man, viz., that of health. For many years I have suffered from one of the most annoying and debilitating complaints that the human family can be afflicted with, Chronic Catarrh.

During the long time I was suffering from this disease, was attended by regular physicians, giving me but temporary relief. The cause seemed to remain until I was induced to try Hoodland's German Bitters. After the use of a few bottles of that valuable medicine, the complaint appeared to be completely eradicated.

I often inwardly thank you for such a valuable specific, and whenever I have an opportunity, cheerfully recommend it, with full confidence in its reliability.

Truly yours, JOHN B. WICKERSHAM. New York, Feb. 2, 1864.

FOR Sale by Druggists and Dealers generally. John F. Henry & Co., General Agents for Canada. 303 St. Paul St., Montreal, C.E.

FROM A LADY. A NEAR RELATIVE OF ONE OF THE LEADING PHYSICIANS IN MONTREAL. New York, Dec. 3, 1863.

Messrs. Lanman & Kemp, N. Y.: Gentlemen—The object of the present letter is to present to you my heartfelt thanks for the great good that your BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA has done me. For over six months I had been suffering with a Rheumatism that seemed to extend over my whole body, and which, from the tortures I endured, had reduced me almost to a skeleton. I could not move either my arms or legs, and had to get assistance to enable me to do the smallest household duty.

Taking your advice I began the use of your BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA. I was so weak that the smallest doses of it seemed to agitate me very much, but I persevered, and latterly I could increase the size of the dose. My pains all ceased little by little, and after using eight bottles I am about entirely cured. Now I can perform my household duties without assistance, and I cannot too highly recommend your excellent preparation to all those who suffer with Rheumatism.

I am, gentlemen, respectfully yours, FELICITE CREHIN, 119 Laurier St., New York. Any person who may wish to inquire into the above extraordinary cure, are referred to Dr. Picault, Nos. 60, 62, and 64 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, who is familiar with the facts, and can testify to the truth of every statement.

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GET THE BEST.—Never buy an inferior article because it is cheap. Don't get a worthless thing merely because it is popular, or because somebody else has it. Get the Best. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir is the best remedy for coughs, colds, asthma, croup, hoarseness, and all kindred pulmonary complaints that lead on to consumption. Take care of your health in season, for health is wealth. Without it the poor man would starve, and the rich have but an indifferent enjoyment of life. Try Down's Elixir.

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A MOMENTOUS QUESTION FOR THE SICK!—This vital question, involving the bodily health of tens of thousands, is submitted to all who suffer from dyspepsia, costiveness, bilious complaints, general debility, or any other disease originating in the stomach, the liver, or the bowels. Will you persist in drugging yourself with drastic mineral purgatives, that weaken, rack, and destroy the internal system, or will you accept certain, swift, and permanent relief through the medium of BRISTOL'S SUGAR COATED PILLS, a vegetable cathartic, which controls disease without depreciating the physical strength, is absolutely painless in its operation, and actually removes that necessity for continual purgation, which all the violent and depicting purgatives create? If you desire to enjoy the blessings of a good appetite, a vigorous digestion, a sound liver, regular excretions, and the mental calm which results from this conjunction of healthful conditions, BRISTOL'S SUGAR COATED PILLS will realize your wish.

They are put up in glass vials, and will keep in any climate. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood, BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA should be used in connection with the Pills. 418

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MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—Besides its superiority as a perfume over its costlier foreign competitors, this delicious floral essence forms a delightful tooth-wash and a soothing application after shaving, when mixed with water. A handkerchief wetted with it and applied to the brow will relieve the severest nervous headache, and ladies who value a clear complexion and a velvet skin, will find it extremely useful in removing blotches, pimples, cold sores, chaps, sunburns and all those external eruptions and discolourations which militate against the purity, transparency, and flexibility of the skin. See that the names of 'Murray & Lanman' are upon every wrapper, label, and bottle; without this none is genuine. 191 Agents for Montreal:—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicine. John F. Henry & Co. Proprietors, 303 St. Paul St. Montreal C.E. November, 1865.



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MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. THE MOST AGREEABLE & REFRESHING OF ALL PERFUMES. A quarter of a century, maintained its ascendancy over all other Perfumes, throughout the W. Indies, Mexico, Central and South America, &c., &c.; and we confidently recommend it as an article which, for soft delicacy of flavor, richness of bouquet, and permanency, has no equal.

DYSPEPSIA, AND DISEASES RESULTING FROM DISORDERS OF THE LIVER, AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS, Are Cured by HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, THE GREAT STRENGTHENING TONIC.

These Bitters have performed more Cures, GIVE BETTER SATISFACTION, Have more Testimony, Have more respectable people to Vouch for them, Than any other article in the market.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, Will Cure every Case of Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a disordered Stomach. Observe the following Symptoms: Resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing.

REMEMBER THAT THIS BITTERS IS NOT ALCOHOLIC, CONTAINS NO RUM OR WHISKEY, And Can't make Drunkards, But is the Best Tonic in the World.

From the HON. THOMAS B. FLORENCE. From the HON. THOMAS B. FLORENCE. From the HON. THOMAS B. FLORENCE. Washington, Jan. 1st, 1864. Gentlemen—Having stated it verbally to you, I have no hesitation in writing the fact, that I experienced marked benefit from your Hoofland German Bitters.

From the Rev Thos. Winter, D D, Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church. Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I feel it due to your excellent preparation, Hoofland's German Bitters, to add my testimony to the deserved reputation it has obtained.

From Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reformed Church, Rutztown, Berks County, Pa. Dr. C. Jackson—Respected Sir: I have been troubled with Dyspepsia nearly twenty years, and have never used any medicine that did me as much good as Hoofland's Bitters.

From the Hon. JACOB BROOM: Philadelphia, Oct. 7th, 1863. Gentlemen: In reply to your inquiry as to the effect produced by the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, in my family, I have no hesitation in saying that it has been highly beneficial.

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S. MATTHEWS, MERCHANT TAILOR, BEGS leave to inform his Patrons and the Public generally that he will for the present manage the business for his brother, at 130 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, (Next Door to Hill's Book Store.)

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B. DEVLIN, ADVOCATE, Has Removed his Office to No. 32, Little St. James Street.

J. J. CURRAN, ADVOCATE No. 40 Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

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

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

C. F. FRASER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROOKVILLE, C. W. Collections made in all parts of Western Canada. RIVERROSS—Messrs. Fitzpatrick & Moore, Montreal M. P. Ryan, Esq., James O'Brien, Esq., " "

MR. F. TYRRELL, JUN., Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c., MORRISBURG, C. W. Nov. 29, 1864.

"THE LAMP," New and Improved Series, in Monthly parts, price 9d. The Lamp in 1865. It is little more than two years ago since the New Series of the Lamp commenced. The great increase in its circulation has been the most convincing proof that satisfaction has been given by the improvements effected in the periodical.

THE LAMP has now the largest Circulation of any Catholic Periodical in the English language. It contains this week a New Story of great interest, and other articles of sterling merit, with illustrations by the first Artists of the day. Price, in Monthly parts, 9d. Agents for Canada—Messrs. D. & J. Sadler & Co., Booksellers, Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets, Montreal, C.E.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, HELD BY THE GREY SISTERS, CONVENT OF OTTAWA. UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RT. REV. DR. GUIGUES.

THIS Institution, established some Twenty years ago, is well calculated by its position between Upper and Lower Canada, to afford the greatest facilities to French and English Young Ladies, for acquiring a complete knowledge of the French and English languages.

Nothing has been neglected that could contribute to attain this double end; and the ample and honorable testimony constantly rendered, proves the effort to have been successful.

Among many means employed to develop the intellect and cultivate a literary taste, are a well regulated Post Office and a Weekly Newspaper, edited exclusively by the young Ladies.

A similar number of Mistresses preside over the different kinds of Painting in Oil, Pastille, Pencil, and the different kinds of Drawings, Embroidery, Wax Work, Artificial Flowers, &c. The Ornamental is not permitted to supersede the useful; for all the pupils are obliged to learn the theory and practice of Domestic Economy.

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

HAVE constantly on hand a good assortment of Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Spices, Mustards, Provisions, Hams, Salt, &c. Port, Sherry, Madeira, and other Wines, Brandy, Holland Gin, Scotch Whiskey, Jamaica Spirit, Syrups, &c., &c.

JORDAN & BENARD, LUMBER MERCHANTS, corner of Craig and St. Denis Streets, and Corner of Sanguinet and Craig Streets, and on the WHARF in Rear of Bonsecours Church, Montreal.—The undersigned offer for Sale a very large assortment of PINE DEALS—3-in.—1st, 2nd, 3rd quality, and CULLS good and common. 2-in.—1st, 2nd, 3rd quality and CULLS. Also, 1 1/2-in PLANK—1st, 2nd, 3rd quality, 1-inch and 1 1/2-inch BOARDS—various qualities. SCANTLING (all sizes) clear and common. FURRING, &c., &c.—all of which will be disposed of at moderate prices; and 45,000 Feet of CEDAR.

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

REMOVAL. THE SUBSCRIBER begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has REMOVED from his Old Establishment, known as "Goulden's Hotel," to his new three story Stone Building, on the Corner of Sussex and Bolton Streets, within three minutes' walk of the Steamboat Landing and Railway Station.

L. DEVANY, AUCTIONEER, (Late of Hamilton, Canada West.)

THE subscriber, having leased for a term of years but large and commodious three-story out-stone building—fire-proof roof, plate-glass front, with three flats and cellar, each 100 feet—No. 159 Notre Dame Street, Cathedral Block, and in the most central and fashionable part of the city, purposes to carry on the GENERAL AUCTION AND COMMISSION BUSINESS.

Having been an Auctioneer for the last twelve years, and having sold in every city and town in Lower and Upper Canada, of any importance, he flatters himself that he knows how to treat consignees and purchasers, and, therefore, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. I will hold THREE SALES weekly. On Tuesday and Saturday Mornings, FOR GENERAL HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, PLANO-FORTES, &c. &c. AND THURSDAYS FOR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, &c., &c., &c.

CHEAP AND GOOD GROCERIES, &c. THE SUBSCRIBER begs leave to inform his Customers and the Public that he has just received, a CHOICE LOT of TEAS, consisting in part of— YOUNG HYSON, GUNPOWDER, Colored and Uncolored JAPANS, OOLONG & SOUCHONG. With a WELL-ASSORTED STOCK of PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAMS, PORK, SALT FISH, &c., &c. Country Merchants would do well to give him call at 128 Commissioner Street. N. SHANNON. 12m. Montreal, May 25, 1865.

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

MATT. JANNARD'S NEW CANADIAN COFFIN STORE, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, MONTREAL. M. J. respectfully begs the public to call at his establishment where he will constantly have on hand COFFINS of every description, either in Wood or Metal, at very Moderate Prices. April 1, 1864.



BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA IN LARGE BOTTLES. The Great Purifier of the Blood. Is particularly recommended for use during SPRING AND SUMMER, when the blood is thick, the circulation clogged and the humors of the body rendered unhealthy by the heavy and gross secretions of the winter months.

THE PERMANENT CURE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS AND CONFIRMED CASES OF Scrofula or s Old Sores, Boils, Tumors, Abscesses, Ulcers, And every kind of Scrofulous and Scabious eruptions: It is also a sure remedy for SALT RHEUM, RING WORM, TETTER, SCALD HEAD, SOREY, It is guaranteed to be the PUREST and most powerful Preparation of GENUINE HONDURAS SARSAPARILLA, and is the only true and reliable CURE for SYPHILIS, even in its worst forms.



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

These Pills are prepared expressly to operate in harmony with the greatest of blood purifiers, BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA, in all cases arising from depraved humors or impure blood. The most hopeless sufferers need not despair. Under the influence of these two GREAT REMEDIES, maladies that have heretofore been considered utterly incurable, disappear quickly and permanently. In the following diseases these Pills are the safest and quickest, and the best remedy ever prepared, and should be at once resorted to: DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, DROPSY, and PILES. Only 25 Cts. per Phial. FOR SALE BY J. F. Henry & Co. 303 St. Paul Street, Montreal General agents for Canada. Agents for Montreal: Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Davidson & Co. Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicine.