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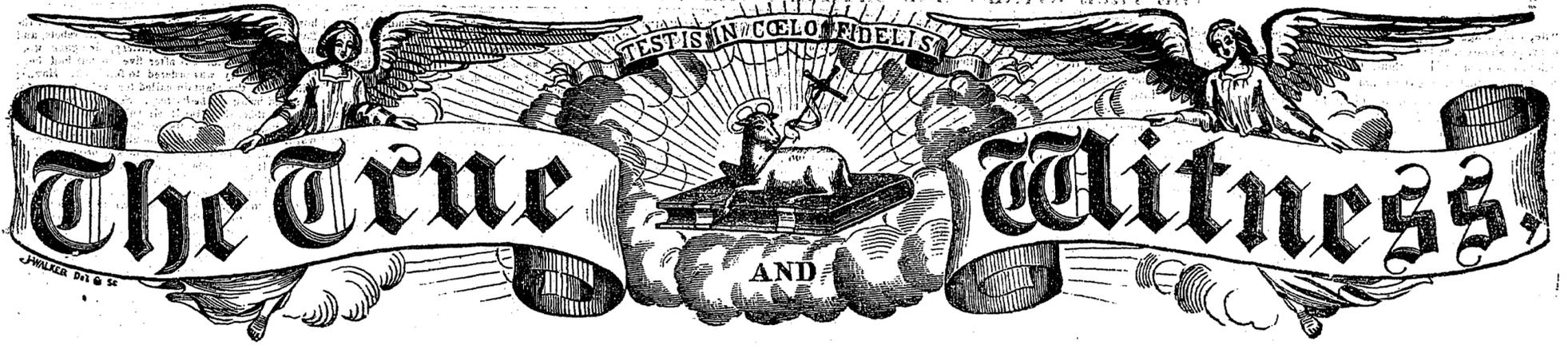
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 20.

AGNES OF BRAUNSBURG.

A LEGEND OF THE TYROL.

(From the Tablet.)

It was summer on the mountains, and in the gleams of the Tyrol. The wooded crags of that romantic region re-echoed with the warblings of the feathered tribe as they revelled in the bright sunshine. The torrent rivers of the ancient Rhoetia ran, or rather leaped, rejoicing on their way, having at length thrown off the icy fetters which had so long enchained their sparkling waves. Bright are they all, those rivers of the Tyrol, and limpid as mountain streams ever are, but none of them brighter or purer than the silvery Falzau, as it rushes to the foamy embrace of the Adige, having first received the waters of the Pässever. There was sunshine on the river at early morn, and sunshine on the crags which towered above, crowned by the embattled walls of the Braunsberg. A cloud of radiance seemed to gather around the ancient fortalice, as its windows reflected the glory of the light, and its sharp angles and massive buttresses were all tinted with the rich radiance of the sunbeam.—Nature—though there all wild and stern—had donned the gladsome robe of summer, and all without was light and joy—on the river, and the cliff—the forest and the castle-keep—but within that stately dwelling there was sadness and unrest. The lady of the castle was oppressed by the grievous burden of a sorrow which none might share. Yet Agnes of Braunsberg was young and fair—ay, fair as the lily that blw her graceful head beneath the light footfall of the zephyr. Scarce two short months had passed since she had given her reluctant hand to a noble and wealthy husband, approved of by her mother, her only parent. Then why is Agnes sad? Why is the lustre of her soft hazel eye even now dimmed by the frequent tear? and wherefore is the peachy hue of her cheek already faded—gone for ever?—her form, too, has lost much of its graceful roundness, and the buoyant step of youth is grown heavy and tardy. What blight has fallen on her young heart, that thus she withers and pines away in the dreary solitude of hidden sorrow?

She had remained passive in the hands of her tire-women while they made her toilet, suffering them to adorn her as became her high rank, but when they had finished their task she at once dismissed them, and, throwing open a glass door opposite, she stepped forth on a stone piazza, hoping that the young day, and the sunbright beauty of the world around, might cheer and invigorate her drooping spirits. Leaving over the balustrade, she endeavored to fix her thoughts on the scene before her. Never had she beheld that noble panorama of mountain scenery wear so brilliant an aspect, and for a moment her heart throbbled with delight, not unmingled with wonder. Far below rolled the Falzau, its waters here and there tossed into foam by the projection of unseen rocks. The castle was perched upon the summit of a lofty pile of rock which there descended almost perpendicularly to the water's edge, its sides thinly clothed with shrubs and bushes, with here and there a stunted pine hanging, as it seemed, from some fissure in the rock. It was a grand, yet almost a terrific sight, causing a sensation of giddiness, to look down upon the restless river, where it toiled and fretted on its way to the neighboring Adige.

For a time the Lady Agnes bowed her soul in homage before the Almighty Fashioner of this so beautiful earth, but alas! for poor, selfish human nature! her thoughts speedily reverted to her own deep sorrow, and memory wandered far away to the scenes of her happy childhood, among the fresh green hills and smiling valleys of her native Suabia. Pressed down by the weight of accumulated woe, she bowed her head on the cold stone parapet, and murmured, almost aloud:

‘My mother, my dear mother! would that I had died for thee on the day I accompanied Von Braunsberg to the altar, so that my death could have averted the ruin that awaited thee! Alas! alas! buoyed up with the hope of saving thee from utter and irretrievable ruin, and strengthened by the conscious fulfillment of my duty, I rashly deemed myself equal to the sacrifice.—But, oh fatal confidence! too late have I discovered how very weak I am! And thou, my mother! how cruelly hast thou been deceived in believing him touched with pity for thy misfortunes. Now—now that he hath secured this poor, worthless hand, which alone he coveted, and thinks no more of thee or thy necessities, and refuses to ratify his promises in thy regard. Ah, woe is me, I have then, bartered for an empty shadow—a mocking phantom, my hopes, my happiness—alas! my all!’

As she thus spoke a strain of music arose on the still air, and Agnes started from her lethargy of woe: dashing away the tears that filled her eyes, she stood up at her full height, and gazed around for the musician. The sounds seemed to

come from the river, and, leaning once more over the parapet, she discovered a person in the garb of a wandering minstrel, seated on a ledge of rock at some distance below. In his hand was the mandolin, whose tinkling notes had so startled the baroness, and far down, on the beach, was seen a small and light shallop, moored to a creek.

Agnes listened entranced to the music, for the strain was one she had often sung in her own old home, and there was magic in every note. She listened, and all of the present was forgotten.—‘The Tyrol and its wild and lonely beauty—nay, even the gloom of her wedded lot—her fears—her vain regrets—all—all had faded from her mind as by the stroke of a wizard’s wand, and she was again young Agnes Winstelbaul, the queen of her native village—the life of her pleasant home, and the love of a hundred hearts.—Suddenly the stranger looked up, whether by accident or design, and Agnes, acting on the impulse of the moment, beckoned him to ascend, pointing to some rude steps cut in the solid rock, which, at no great distance from where he sat, wound up to the piazza where she stood.

The stranger arose, and with much difficulty obeyed, for his limbs seemed crippled by age, and as Agnes marked the slow and heavy step with which he dragged himself up the steep ascent, she half repented her invitation. Having reached the top, the minstrel bowed low to the youthful baroness. His figure was slightly bent, yet through the folds of his long cloak was visible the perfect symmetry of its proportions. His face was not to be seen, being almost entirely concealed by a closely drawn hood.

Agnes pointed to a seat, but the *minnesinger* silently signified that in such a presence he preferred standing.

‘Sir minstrel!’ said Agnes, ‘I would know whether thou art of Suabia, that thus thou playest, with the feeling of a true Suabian, an old Suabian melody? Truly, my heart hath hung upon thy notes, for they are the first that have spoken to mine ear of home since I have sojourned in this strange land.’

She sighed heavily, and the minstrel’s voice trembled as he replied in tones so low as to be barely audible: ‘Dost thou so fondly remember thy fatherland, young lady of Braunsberg? Ah me! that one so fair and good should have deserted the country of her birth, and the green graves of her fathers, for this the stranger’s dwelling—ah me!—ah me!—but woe is mine should the Baron Von Braunsberg be within sight or hearing, for well I know that he loveth not the country of his bride, and would have her forget it with all its recollections.’

‘Holy Saints!’ cried Agnes, ‘how knowest thou this?—but as I live thou sayest true, for were I not assured that my lord is some league hence this hour I would not dare to invite hither one whom I believe to be a Suabian. Speak, good minstrel! knowest thou aught of mine honored mother, the widowed lady of Winchelaus? if so, oh tell me of her, I implore thee.’

‘Alas the day!’ returned the stranger mournfully, in his low cautious tones, ‘alas the day! lady, I am he that can best inform thee of all that concerns that noble but most afflicted lady. At noon but three days since I parted from her, and come hither charged with her blessing to her fondly beloved child. Poor lady! she hath been driven from her home by a merciless tyrant, and was fain to take up her abode in the dwelling of thy foster-sister, the young wife of the good Paul Ratter. And yet, amid all her grievous affliction, her chief sorrow is for thee, and she crieth ever and anon, ‘alas, alas, and for this—this—have I sold my child—yea, my treasure—into worse than Egyptian bondage. I have given her over body and soul to a man who has no heart—no bowels of compassion—my child—Oh Agnes, my child!’ and from morn till night she weeps and will not be consoled.’

During this heartrending recital the wretched Agnes had remained standing with clasped hands and closed eyes before the stranger, but when it was ended she raised her hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud: ‘Great God! have mercy on my mother—my poor, poor mother! punish me as thou wilt, but oh, take pity on her age, and lighten the load of her tribulation.’ She was silent though her pale lips still moved in mental prayer, and the stranger spoke once more:

‘And is there none else for whom the Lady Agnes would inquire? Hath Suabia not one other being worthy of a moment’s thought?’

A deep blush instantly suffused the pale cheek of Agnes, and her eyes filled with tears, but her glance was downwards, and she spoke not a word. The minstrel went on:

‘Must I, then, force myself back on thy failing memory? The blush deepened on the lady’s cheek, for the stranger now spoke in a different voice, and its tones were but too, too familiar, but still she was silent, and still her eyes rested on the flags beneath.

‘Look at me, Agnes! and say what dost

thou recognize these altered lineaments? Look here!’

Agnes raised her eyes—a moment she gazed on the now uncovered features, and the blood, receding from her face, left it paler even than before, but she resolutely turned away her head. ‘Altered, ay, altered in very deed,’ she muttered. After a moment’s painful silence she spoke again, though without looking at the face which for months she had been laboring to efface from the tablet of her heart. ‘And am not I, too, changed, Rodolph? Say, hath not sorrow written a sad tale on my features as on thine? Alas! friend of my childhood, I suspected that it was thee who had run such risk to win a sight of Agnes. From the first word I heard thee speak, I guessed the secret, disguised as thy voice was. Ah? it was once the voice of my heart, and could never be changed beyond my knowing.—But go, Rodolph! tarry not here—danger is round and about thee—go—go.’

But Rodolph heeded not the warning. His pale and sunken cheek grew paler still, and his dark eyes were fixed in deep and painful thought. ‘My voice was once the voice of her heart!’ he murmured, as though forgetting that he was not alone, ‘and she doth not even offer me her hand—no, not even that common civility can she afford to Rodolph. And yet she was wont to own that she loved me, and we were betrothed in the sight of heaven when I went to fight my country’s battles, and on my return she was to have been my wife. Since that parting I have not seen her, for when I again reached my home, I found not her—she was a wedded wife and gone with her wealthy lord to another land. And now when I have sought her presence, though it be but to say farewell forever, she hath no word, no look of kindness to bestow on one who loves her more, a thousand times more than his own life. Yet for her—so cold, so pitiless, I have pined in sorrow and in silence, till youth, and health, and strength are fading fast away. Fool, fool that I have been!’

He was turning away as if to depart, when Agnes laid her trembling hand on his arm, and he saw that her face was bedewed with tears.—‘He had not time to speak till she faltered out—‘I adjure thee by our common hopes of salvation, Rodolph Von Meinher, that thou tempt me not beyond my strength! knowest thou not that, as the wife of another, I cannot bear thee as of old? blame me not, therefore, but rather pity me, and in mercy refrain from all allusion to those feelings which in bygone days were equally shared by both!—remember that by thought we sin as well as by word or act—suffer not thy mind, then, to harbor thoughts that may delude thy soul, nor dwell on joys that are gone for ever! Tell me, rather, of my mother, and let me thank thee for all thy generous care of her. And yet,’ she added, slowly and in an under tone, ‘and yet it might be better for my peace of mind that another than thee had ministered to her wants. But go on—thou who hast been as a son—yea, more than a son to my poor desolate mother—thou who hast, as I well know, made many sacrifices on her behalf—why should I not thank and bless thee?—yea, Rodolph, I do bless thee—mayest thou—oh, mayest thou be happy!’

Alas, her own quivering lip and the ghastly paleness of her face too plainly told that for herself, at least, hope was extinct. Seeing that the knight was about to speak to speak with an air, too, of impassioned tenderness, she quickly went on, as though fearing to hear him again—

‘For me, Rodolph, I have but to bend my stubborn will to the fate which Providence hath allotted to me. Yet I complain not—nark me, Rodolph, I complain not. It is not permitted me to open my heart to thee, if even it were bursting with anguish; and she pressed her hands so tightly upon it that none might doubt the reality of the pangs she would fain conceal. ‘I will be resigned, then, Rodolph; but friend of my early days—companion of my happy hours—my tutor—my champion—my more than brother—as a last favor I ask of thee ever again to hazard thy precious life, and my peace of mind—yea, my life, too, by venturing hither.—And now I have but one word to add ere we part—for ever—tell my dear mother that I will endeavor to be happy—yea, happy,’ she almost groaned, ‘and let her not reproach herself, for as much as what I have done was with mine own free consent. God bless her—and thee, too, Rodolph—may angels guard thee now and forever. Away now, if thou dost ever love me, for thy presence here distracts me. Farewell for ever on this earth—in yon bright heaven we shall, I trust, meet to part no more.’

She was moving away when the knight threw himself on his knees before her, grasping her robe with one hand, while with the other he attempted to take her hand which she steadily withheld.

‘What! not even one touch of that hand I once deemed mine own—not one look of pity for him who hath loved thee—ay! and loves thee

still beyond all else this world contains. Oh Agnes, Agnes! is it thus we meet—thus we part after all that hath come and gone? Can the heartless vows given to that unprincipled, unfeeling old man who hath proved himself so very a wretch—can they annul the promises, the friendship, the love of years? Ah, had not Rodolph been far away this hated marriage had never been, for every acre that remains of my patrimony had been sold or mortgaged to rescue thy mother from the ruin that hath since overtaken her. Thy mother—dost thou remember we were wont to call her our mother?’

Overcome by the remembrance of hopes so long cherished, now so utterly blighted, the tears burst forth from his agonised heart, and, covering his face with both his hands, the young man wept like a very child. And Agnes stood leaning against the wall for that support which she felt necessary—her face pale as the sculptured marble—her eyes sunk and lustreless as they rested on the bowed-down form of the knight. Yet she could not weep—her heart was pierced by incurable wounds, and quivered in every fibre, yet tears were denied her. It is ever a sad sight to look upon the tears of manhood, for we know that the grief that wrings them forth must be, indeed, mighty and overwhelming; but when the unhappy Agnes looked on him who then knelt before her—when she remembered the lightsome heart, and later the martial pride, which had been his characteristics in days past—when she recalled his gay and soldier-like bearing—his form erect in the pride of early manhood, now low and drooping—when she remembered the pleasure she had been wont to take in the admiration that followed him wheresoever he moved—when too-faithful memory conjured up before her tortured mind the happy days when they were all the world to each other—painting, too, in vivid colors his unshaken devotion and protecting tenderness—above all, the services he had rendered to her mother, she longed to throw herself at his feet and pour out all her gratitude and all her sorrow. But no—no—it would only increase the more his ill-starred passion, which it was now the interest and the duty of both to quench for ever, and while her heart throbbled with mingled pity and affection, the voice of conscience, speaking within her soul, warned her to assume a firmness which she could not command, and to terminate at once an interview so harrowing and so fraught with danger. Not daring to approach Rodolph, she said, in a voice that vainly struggled for composure:

‘Wherefore this utter abandonment, Rodolph? For shame that thou shouldst yield thyself to despair! bethink thee how all such weakness becomes a warrior-knight. Look at me, Von Meinher! behold how calm I am—and yet my poor weak heart is—is—’ she paused—blushed—blaming herself for even that unfinished and surely unintentional admission; doubly mortified was she when she saw its effect, for the young knight started instantaneously from his kneeling posture, his cheeks glowing and his eyes flashing with the fire of former days.

‘Thy heart is—what?’ he passionately exclaimed. ‘Speak, Agnes, speak—speak, I implore thee! Only one word of comfort do I ask—only assure me that I am not unpitied, not entirely forgotten, and I will go hence and bless thy goodness—I will go seek to lose life and memory together in the dia of war!’

His fond appeal was unanswered, for Agnes, full of repentance for even her half-confession of sympathy, had suddenly made her retreat through the glass door, closing it after her with a sort of desperate resolution, as though fearing he might be tempted to follow her. In her implicit obedience to the dictates of duty she steeled her heart against her own sufferings as well as his whom she found to be still dangerously interesting.

For a moment Rodolph was tempted to pursue her, though it were to the presence of her revengeful and jealous lord, but this frantic resolution was soon replaced by stern resentment, as he recalled the seeming disregard of his feelings testified by Agnes during their brief interview.—Rapid in his decisions and just as prompt in carrying them out, the indignant youth hastily snatched his mandolin, gathered his long cloak around him, sprang down the steep descent towards his shallop with the speed of an Alpine hunter, making strange contrast to the affected feebleness which had made his ascent appear so very toilsome. Outraged love and a stinging sense of injustice made him desperate, lending a reckless swiftness even to the buoyant and elastic step of youth. As he threw himself breathless into his boat, he turned a look of angry contempt on the frowning walls above, and vowed never again to waste a thought of tenderness on her who had so spurned his affection.

Alone in her richly furnished chamber the unhappy Agnes gave way to the overflowing softness of her nature. Though conscious that she could not, dared not have acted otherwise than she had done, yet her exquisitely tender heart

was moved with compassion for the unmerited sufferings of one so long, so truly loved.

‘Ah, Rodolph,’ she fervently exclaimed, as, burying her head in a pile of cushions by which she had knelt, she wept in the fullness of her sorrow, ‘ah Rodolph, little dost thou know of the workings of this poor heart; couldst thou see it laid open, even for a moment then wouldst thou cease to blame me as I know thou dost, and thy generous soul would pity me. But, oh, just and righteous Providence, suffer not my weak heart to repine or murmur at thy dispensations. Grant me, O God, that I may forget him—forget him quite—that I may cheerfully bow all the powers of my soul to the faithful discharge of my duty to thee, and to him whom thou hast given me for a husband.’

She remained some time in silent prayer, and having attained some degree of composure, she rose and again walked forth on the balcony.—Her first glance was directed to the Creek below, but the boat was no longer there, and falling again upon her knees, she poured out a fervent supplication for the spiritual and temporal welfare of him whom she yet firmly trusted she should see no more on earth.

While pacing her room to and fro, lost in the depth of her own sad thoughts—her beautiful features now flushed, now pallid, and the fitting fire of her eye betraying the restless mind within, her glance suddenly rested on certain of her rings, which, in her eagerness to have her toilet completed, she had entirely overlooked, and knowing her lord’s excessive love of jewelry, she took them up, saying with a bitter smile, as she placed them one after another on her taper fingers:

‘He boasted to me that these rich baubles had belonged in succession to his two former wives, and he told me that the beauty of the wearer, differing in its kind, had outshone the lustre of the gems. Truly they made but a sorry disposal of their rare charms, these by-past ladies of Braunsberg! Their baronial honors, too, were of short duration, for it seems that five years have scarcely past since Joachim brought hither his first wife, a Milanese lady of high birth. And I, the humble successor of those high-born beauties—I, who in an evil hour took their place, how long shall I reign in this lordly prison? God alone knoweth. He will, I trust, give me strength to fulfil even a protracted term of useless duty—of duty, oh! how painful. But, sweet Mary mother! she suddenly exclaimed, ‘what meaneth this? What had become of that fatal ring wherewith Joachim wedded me? All the others are here—it alone is wanting! But what—who can have taken it hence? it the most important though least valued of all!’

Surprised and alarmed she summoned her attendants, but they all denied any knowledge of the ring, and Agnes knew that none of them had ever yet deceived her. A vigorous search was set on foot and continued till every nook and corner had been examined, but the ring was not to be found, and Agnes became really apprehensive, from a knowledge of her husband’s darkly suspicious nature. Her maidens had not yet quitted her presence when a door was thrown open, and the baron rushed in as quickly as the infirmitates of age permitted. An exclamation of terror burst from the blanched lips of the baroness, for his countenance, at all times repulsive, was now inflamed with the most deadly passion. The frightened attendants drew back on all sides, while the enraged baron approached his wife, and seizing her by the arm, shrieked out:

‘Ha! then, thou, too—young as thou art—hast given thyself up to evil courses! I deemed thee innocent, wretch that thou art—I believed thee free from guile—but I have found thee out—I have caught thee! I have caught thee!’ he repeated in a still louder voice, shaking her fiercely by the shoulder. ‘So! seest thou this, base minion? And he held before her astonished eyes the identical ring so lately missed.—‘Would none other pledge content thy guilty love than the ring wherewith I, in my folly, did espouse thee. But I have punished the vile paramour—yea, I have sent him to his reckoning with his sins reeking on his head. Ha! ha! he screamed in hideous laughter, ‘I tore his dainty fore-gift from his dead finger!’

It never entered the mind of Agnes that he could possibly have spoken of any other than Rodolph, and shaking of the fierce grasp of the baron with the strength of a maniac, she started suddenly from her seat.

‘Thou hast killed him then?’ she wildly exclaimed. ‘Barbarian! was it not enough that thou hast blighted his hopes and darkened his young life, making earth a blank to him, but thou must finish the deed, and pierce that noble heart already bleeding from a gaping wound.—Accursed be thy hand, oh, Joachim, for thou hast murdered an innocent man!’

These words, uttered with fearful energy, caused her maidens to tremble for what might follow, and they were scarcely spoken when the baron, frenzied by this supposed confirmation of his suspicions, once more caught hold of his unhappy

wife, and dragging her towards the open door, she shouted, as he paused a moment on the balcony beyond—'Hast thou, then, the hard hood to say that thou gavest him not the ring?'

'Then die—the in thy guilt—go seek thy paramour in the infernal world!' and with the strength of a giant he raised her aloft, and, without an instant's hesitation, hurled her over the low parapet into the depths below.

'Alas, my Lord, she was as pure and good as she was fair to see, and we have lost the dearest, kindest lady that ever poor maidens served.'

'Assuredly not,' replied Agnes in unfeigned surprise. 'Rodolph von Meinher could not stoop to borrow a name for any purpose whatsoever.'

'Then have I surely and indeed, shed innocent blood, for I have slain thy page Albert, and not this Rodolph—so God have mercy on my soul!'

'Why, Agnes, can it be that thou art yet living? if so, speak—speak, I charge thee in God's name!'

'She was, then, alive, for she looked up, but instantly her head was again bowed, and she made no effort to make herself heard.'

'In a little time Agnes was carried from her perilous situation to the room she had so fearfully quitted—her maidens alternately laughed and wept as they gathered around her, and the baron would have knelt at her feet where she lay exhausted in a high backed chair, but this she would not permit, motioning him with her hand not to kneel, though it was some minutes before she could express herself in words—'

'Not so, Joachim von Braunsberg, not so.—Kneel not to me, but to that God whom thou hast so grievously offended, and may He forgive thee, even as I do. From this moment, however, our marriage is virtually dissolved.'

Two hours more and there was mourning in the Castle of Braunsberg, for its young and beautiful mistress had passed its gates never to return. She had rejected the piteous supplications of the baron, and, while awaiting intelligence from her mother, to whom a trusty messenger was dispatched, took up her abode in the nearest convent.

himself—on the contrary, he spoke only of her sufferings, and, in alluring that through his own generosity they had been alleviated, he saw him: thus noble—thus magnanimous—and the love of years sprang up again within my soul in all its early fervor.

'The baron was silent for a few moments, his knitted brow and fixed eye denoting deep and stern thought. Approaching Agnes, he at length said:—'Since heaven itself hath borne testimony for thee, I may no longer doubt thy innocence—though it is hard, too, if a man cannot believe his own eyes. Saidst thou that this angelical lover of thine came hither only this day?'

'Surely, my lord, I did say so, and I could almost swear that before to-day he never set foot on ground of thine.'

'Rodolph, my lord, Rodolph von Meinher? Bore he no other name?' the baron asked again in increasing agitation.

'Assuredly not,' replied Agnes in unfeigned surprise. 'Rodolph von Meinher could not stoop to borrow a name for any purpose whatsoever.'

'Then have I surely and indeed, shed innocent blood, for I have slain thy page Albert, and not this Rodolph—so God have mercy on my soul!'

'Yes, have I not told thee so? returned the baron sullenly—'I think thou that this is a matter for bandying words? I say again it was the page, so, prithee, question me no more.'

'Agnes fell upon her knees and raised her clasped hands to heaven: 'Now may the name of the Lord be ever blessed for that Rodolph hath escaped this evil hour.' A moment, however, and the color left her cheek, and the light faded from her eye as she thought of the innocent victim of this so fatal error.'

'Alas, poor boy!' she fervently exclaimed, while the tears flowed copiously from her eyes; 'alas! could neither thy blooming youth, nor thine artless gaiety, arrest the deadly stroke? Poor, poor Albert, that I should have been the unwitting cause of his untimely doom! May heaven have mercy on his soul!'

A simultaneous 'amen' from the attendants seemed to exasperate the baron, who might, perchance, have given way to a fresh burst of wrath when a domestic entered to announce that the page was not dead, having been only in a swoon, and that he now desired to speak with the baron. The latter waited not to hear Agnes express her joy, but hobbled off to visit the wounded youth.

'Alas! for my fatal—my accursed rashness!' returned the baron gloomily; 'he says that he had been amusing himself this morning with bow and arrow, when, seeing a raven perched on the branch of a tree at some distance, he brought her to the ground with a well-aimed shaft. Whereupon, going up to the dead croaker, he found the ring close by, and he supposes she must have dropped it from her mouth. It is most probable that the ill-omened bird had flown in at an open window of thy chamber, and picked up the ring from where it lay. The bird immediately drew the rich jewel on his finger and walked away admiring its beauty. At this moment it was that I unluckily approached, and instantly recognizing the ring, which the silly youth took care to display, I was seized with a fit of uncontrollable rage, and plunged my dagger, as I thought, into Albert's heart. The rest is, unhappily, too well known to thee, Agnes! why, then, repeat it?'

A little while and Agnes, too, assumed the religious habit with the free consent of her mother, who hailed the change with delight. Knowing that her beloved child could never be happy in the world, she rejoiced to see her cast off its iron trammels and seek consolation where alone it could be found—in the bosom of religion—where weary hearts ever find rest if rightly disposed.

THE END.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG—LUMINOUS DETACHED PARTICULARS OF THE BLOODY STRUGGLE.

(From the Correspondent of the New York Times.) Opposite Fredericksburgh, December 13.

The battle of Fredericksburgh, which has been raging since 10 o'clock this morning, without a moment's pause, was closed by darkness to-night.

In its duration, its intensity, if not in the losses it has occasioned, it caps the climax of the whole series of the battles of the campaign. The Nation will stand aghast at the terrible price which has been paid for its life when the realities of the battle-field of Fredericksburgh are spread before it.

Like many of our engagements, though serving to illustrate the splendid valor of our troops, it has failed to accomplish the object sought. The sequel alone can tell whether the work of to-day is to be the prelude to a glorious victory or an ignominious defeat.

But the result thus far leaves us with a loss of ten to fifteen thousand men, and absolutely nothing gained. Along the whole line the rebels hold their own. Again and again we have hurled forward our masses on their position.

At each time the hammer was broken on the points of to-day have inspired, for while there is a bald record of facts, whatever there is in the battle scene of picturesque or sublime—and viewed merely as a spectacle—a great battle displays these qualities in a way that no manifestation of natural forces or of human energy ever can—must shrink and shiver before the awful earnestness of the issue.

Of course at this moment it is impossible to give more than the most general impressions;—the phenomena of a battle are too multifarious and complicated for the resources of any one observer; and the man does not live who can reproduce with life and truth the reality of even the smallest engagement. The theatre of operations to-day extended from Fredericksburgh on the right and down the south side of the Rappahannock for two miles. The accompanying diagram, together with a brief description, may serve to make the account a little clearer.

Immediately behind the town of Fredericksburgh, the land forms a plateau, or smooth field running back for about a third of a mile. It then rises forty or fifty yards, forming a ridge of ground, which runs along to the left for about a quarter of a mile, where it abuts at Hazel River, which empties in the Rappahannock, west of the town. At the foot of the ridge runs the telegraph road, flanked by a stone wall. This eminence was studded with rebel batteries.

To the right along up the river, the ridge prolongs itself to opposite Falmouth, and beyond; and here, too, batteries were planted on every advantageous position. Back of the first ridge is another plateau, and then a second terrace of wooded hills, where a second line of fortifications were placed. Between the rear of the town and the first ridge, a canal runs right and left, and empties into the river some distance above Falmouth.

This plain, of a third of a mile deep, between the suburbs of the theatre of operations of the Right Fredericksburgh and the first ridge of hills, was Grand Division of the army, under Major-Gen. Sumner. On this narrow theatre our brave troops surged and swept, forward and backward, in the tide of battle, for ten long hours. A word now on the scene of operations of the Left Grand Division. From the Lower part of the town the ridge on which it built slopes abruptly down to a comparatively level or undulating country, which stretches for some miles down the Rappahannock. About a couple of miles back of the river it rises into a wooded slope. At a point a mile and a half below Fredericksburgh, two pontoons had been thrown across on Thursday morning, and on Friday the whole of the Left Grand Division, under the command of Major-Gen. Franklin, had marched over the river. Daylight of Saturday found the force drawn up in battle array on the broad plain skirting the Rappahannock. The battle ground, very marshy in some places, presented a fine field for military evolutions. The turtrope leading to Fredericksburgh runs about one half of a mile from and nearly parallel to the river. Beyond is the railroad, and still further beyond, the woody range of hills in which the enemy were strongly entrenched.

of Main street was occupied by Gen. Kimball's, Gen. Ferrero's, and Zook's brigades, with portions of Hancock's division. The latter, with its artillery, lined the bank of the river in the neighborhood of the middle crossing, which is just below the railroad bridge. Other troops from the corps of Gen. Wilcox and Couch occupied the other streets of the town nearer the line of advance. Our batteries replied across the river, covering the advance of our forces. In the meantime Franklin had been for a couple of hours briskly engaged with the enemy on the left. The forces in Fredericksburgh had driven the rebels out of the suburbs of the town and rested their column on the canal. The time had now come to attempt an advance on the rebel position. The orders were to move rapidly; charge up the hill and take the batteries at the point of the bayonet. Orders easy to give, but ah! how hard of execution! Look! at the position to be stormed.

There is a bare plateau of a third of a mile, which the storming party will have to cross. In doing so they will be exposed to the fire, first, of the enemy's sharpshooters, posted behind a stone wall running along the base of the ridge—of a double row of rifle-pits on the rise of the crest—of the heavy batteries behind strong field-works that stud the top of the hill—of a powerful infantry force now lying concealed behind these—a plunging fire from the batteries on the lower range—of a double enfilading fire from a cannon to right of them, cannon to the left of them. Sebastopol was not half as strong. The line of battle was formed by French, Hancock, and Howard, the left of the line abutting on Sturgis' Division of Wilcox's Corps; (the Ninth.) The first advanced was French's, composed of the brigades of Kimball, Morris and Weber, supported by Hancock's Division consisting of the brigades of Caldwell, Zook, and Meagher. Forming his men under cover of a small knoll in the rear of the town, skirmishers were deployed to the left toward Hazel Dell; Sturgis, supporting at the same time, moved up, and rested on a point at the railroad. The moment they exposed themselves on the railroad, forth burst the deadly hail. From the rifle-pits came the murderously-aimed missiles: from the batteries, tier above tier, on the terraces, shot flames of fire; from the enfilading cannon, distributed on the arc of a circle two miles in extent, came cross showers of shot and shell. Imagine, if you can, for my resources are unequal to the task of telling you, the situation of that gallant but doomed division. Across the plain for a while they swept under this fatal fire. They were literally mowed down. The bursting shells make great gaps in their ranks; but these are presently filled by the "closing up" of the line. For fifteen immortal minutes at least they remain under this fiery surge. Onward they press, though their ranks grow fearfully thin. They have past over a greater part of the interval and have almost reached the base of the hill, when brigade after brigade of rebels rise up on the crest and pour in fresh volleys of musketry at short range. To those who, through the glass, looked on, it was a parlor sight indeed. Flesh and blood could not endure it. They fell back shattered and broken, amid shouts and yells from the enemy. Gen. French's Division went into the fight six thousand strong; late at night he told me he counted but fifteen hundred. The fire of the rebel batteries was not the only thing from which our men had to suffer. Thinking to silence the enemy's guns, our batteries plinked on the bluff, on the north side of the river, embracing the 41 siege guns, some batteries of 20-pound Parrots and the artillery of the left and left centre opened fire. The intervening space is between twenty-seven hundred and three thousand yards; too great a distance to calculate on the projectiles carrying with accuracy—particularly contractors' ammunition. If shell should fall short, or take an oblique direction, and explode among our troops, it would be difficult to see how a panic could be prevented. Promptly seeing this danger, General Hunt, Chief of Artillery, instantly dispatched orders to cease firing. It was well he did so, for immediately afterward an Aide came galloping from Gen. Couch, from the other side, of the river, begging that our batteries should cease, as they were actually firing into his command! While the broken column retires to its original position in the outskirts of the town, to re-form for a new encounter, let us see what goes on to the left. At daylight, the forces comprising the left Grand Division of this army appeared drawn up in battle array on the broad plain below Fredericksburgh and skirting the Rappahannock. At early morning the Thirtieth Massachusetts, Pennsylvania Bucktails, and two or three other regiments, were deployed in front as skirmishers, had the heavy mist cleared away, than Captain Hall's Battery, (Second Maine), planted at the right of Gibbons' division, opened fire upon the rebels. Artillery firing now became general along the whole line, which was returned by the rebels. Heavy siege guns in our rear, the First Maryland, First Massachusetts Batteries, and Battery D Fifth Artillery on the right; Capt. Ransom's and Captain Walker's in front, and Cowan's New York, and Lieut. Harn's Third New York Independent on the left, and other batteries, kept up a terrific fire on the rebels. Orders now came to advance, and about nine o'clock Gibbons' and Meade's divisions commenced moving slowly forward. Gen. Meade's command, consisting of the Pennsylvania Reserves, was arranged in the following order: First Brigade, embracing the First, Second, One Hundred and Twenty First, and Sixth Regiments at the left; Second Brigade—Third, Fourth, Seventh and Eighth, centre; and Third Brigade, (Jackson's) Fifth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth, at the right. The advance resulted in almost straightening our lines, which were before somewhat of a crescent. Considerable resistance was met with, yet the forces continued to move forward, until at mid-day the line of battle was three quarters of a mile in advance of where it had been at the outset. But now came the reserve fire of the enemy with terrific force. Shot, shell and canister were poured into our men from various points, while the rebel infantry appearing, fired with rapidity. Still they continued to press on. Several batteries moved forward at the same time. As our troops saw the enemy giving way, cheer after cheer rang out. About one o'clock, General Meade ordered a charge, which was very executed—the men pressing on the edge of the very crest, and skillfully penetrating by a movement on the flank, an opening which happened to occur between the Division of A. P. Hill and Early's Brigade, captured several hundred prisoners belonging to the Sixty-first Georgia and Thirty-first North Carolina. While the fight was progressing at that point, the enemy sent four heavy columns down our left near the river. They were handsomely repulsed and driven back, however, by Gen. Doubleday's Division—Cowan's New York and Lieut. Harn's Fourth Artillery, and Third New York Batteries aiding very materially in the discomfiture of the enemy. Owing to the lack of reinforcements, Gen. Meade's command was obliged to fall back a quarter of a mile, where they remained—three quarters of a mile beyond the ground first occupied. Very heavy musketry firing continued along the line, neither side gaining any material advantage. About half-past one o'clock the first line of battle in Gen. Gibbons' Division was relieved by the second when Tower's Brigade, now commanded by Col. Root, charged over an open field beyond the railroad, and down into the edge of the woods, occupying the breastworks which the enemy had constructed here, and capturing 200 prisoners, belonging to the Thirty-sixth North Carolina and a South Carolina regiment. General Gibbons was severely wounded in the right hand. They held their own for some time, but were eventually compelled to fall back. The Second Maine Battery advanced with Gibbons' Division. When it fell back, three guns were left to bear upon the advancing enemy. An order came at that moment to cease firing, as the force coming from the woods were our own men. When it had advanced,

however, to within fifty yards, the Commander of the Battery became convinced that they were rebels, and motioned for the capture of the battery, five guns were opened upon them, but after five rounds had been fired, the battery was ordered to fall back. Having fallen back the Captain called for volunteers to return and bring off the battery. Sergeant Berry, Sergeant Stubbs, Corporal B. Greenly, and twelve men belonging to the 16th Maine Regiment, stepped forward. The undertaking, though hazardous, proved successful, as the abandoned gun was brought off in safety. It was while the fight was progressing at this point that General Bayard was mortally wounded. He had just reached Gen. Franklin's headquarters, in a small grove of the Bernard House, and taken a seat under one of the trees, when a ball, striking a few yards in front of him, glanced and then went through his thigh, inflicting a fearful wound. He was immediately conveyed to the Bernard House and placed in the charge of Dr. Phillips, Surgeon of the Brigade. As he was lying on the couch, the Chaplain of the Harris Light Cavalry approached and inquired if he desired him to write anything for him. "By-and-by," he replied; then turning to Surgeon Hockley, he inquired if he should be able to live forty-eight hours. A negative answer being given, he further inquired if he should die easy. Several of the surgeons in attendance thought his life might be saved by amputating the wounded limb, but the chances were so small he preferred not to undergo the operation. He was perfectly sensible, and never for one lost that self-possession which has always characterized him on the field of battle.

About two o'clock General Birney's Division of General Hooker's Grand Division, which had been delayed for some time in crossing by the enemy's shells, moved forward to the left to the support of Meade's Divisions. Gibbons had become much cut up. The musketry fight was then very heavy, and this division suffered severely. Adjoining the First Corps under Reynolds was the Sixth Corps under Gen. Smith, presenting the following formation, in three lines of battle: Gen. Newton at the right; Gen. Burden at the centre and Gen. Howe on the left, connecting with Reynolds' corps. At sunrise the skirmishers commenced moving forward, General Vinton, commanding—

About 8 o'clock the rebels opened a heavy cannonade upon the men. Some of their batteries were but a short distance away. A burning dwelling, which attracted considerable attention the night previous, was destroyed by them in order to make better their range. Martin's New York Battery, Frank's First New York, and Snow's First Maryland replied to the rebel guns with much spirit. At 3 o'clock General Newton's was withdrawn from the extreme of this corps, and took a position on the extreme right of Reynolds' command, where it was actively employed during the remainder of the day. About 4 o'clock the Fourth New Jersey were ordered to charge upon a force of the enemy near the railroad, which they did, driving them back for one hundred yards or more. A superior force then appearing against them, they were forced to retire. Colonel H. B. Hatch fell, wounded in the leg. The rebels ceased their artillery fire on this portion of the army about 10 o'clock in the morning. Toward evening, however, they sent a full brigade in the direction of Martin's battery, who came on with a yell, expecting to capture it. The warm reception which they received from the battery and the Second and Fourth Vermont Regiments, which were acting as skirmishers, compelled them to fall back. At the same time the three lines of infantry, composed of Pratt's and Vinton's brigades, stood to arms, and advanced with fixed bayonets. Night put an end to further operations on either side, with the exception of occasional discharges from our heavy guns. The result of the day's fighting on the left, so diversified in its character, was to give the left possession of a space about five hundred yards in extent. So far as stubbornly holding its own and gaining somewhat on the enemy the left grand division deserves credit. It had, however, wholly failed to perform the tactical maneuvers assigned to it. Returning to the right, I found Gen. Sumner seated on the front seat of an unyoked ambulance, at the Lacey House, directly opposite Fredericksburgh, at the point where the first pontoon bridge spans the stream. The veteran soldier had been extremely desirous of crossing over and directing in person the movements of his grand division, but the Commanding General would not permit it, and as a compromise he had come down from the Phillips House, which General Burnside had made his headquarters for the day, a mile from the river, and established here at his brink, I could not help feeling regret that the lessened old war dog was not let loose at the throat of the enemy. Meanwhile, as Fredericksburgh had become too hot to visit with a decent respect for one's safety, I remained with the General in the ambulance, to follow the tide of battle as reported by constantly arriving Aides and Couriers. The old man looked anxious and fearful.—Things were not going well with his command. For three hours his men had been fighting against fearful odds. They were much exhausted, their loss was excessive, and nothing had been accomplished. Indeed, to the test of the ear, at the point where we were located, it seemed as though they were being badly pressed. The batteries had been brought down and planted at the heads of the streets. The troops were hugging the city closely to escape the fearful fire. 'Where is Franklin?' was the eager inquiry. 'Everything depends on Franklin's coming up on the flank. Franklin's position was plainly observable by the line of smoke and fire a couple of miles to our left below. He was making no nearer. At 3 o'clock an aide arrives from Gen. Couch to say that his (Couch's) troops were advancing finely; but that Wilcox was not keeping up. 'Tell Gen. Wilcox,' replies Gen. Sumner, 'tell him he must make the Ninth Army Corps keep pace with the Second, if he can.' At 3 o'clock, Sturgis, who had been clinging to the valley amid showers of fire, is so hotly pressed that 'he hardly thinks he can hold his own till Griffin comes up.' At 4 o'clock, French reports that his right is held by a brigade (Jenson's) which is without ammunition. Sumner sends a message, begging Burnside that Franklin be directed to advance. But Franklin cannot advance. He has enough to do at this moment to hold his own, for Jackson has just thrown in reinforcements and is pushing hard to turn his left. Meantime the reserves have not been touched. Hooker's Central Grand Division—fifty thousand fresh men—have not yet been engaged; indeed, are yet mainly on this side of the river. 'Tell Gen. Burnside that he had better, by all means throw some of Hooker's in.' Burnside replies that he has directly ordered Hooker to go in, and that every man on this side of the river shall cross. Promptly the column is pushed down to the pontoons. Humphrey's division of Butterfield's corps leading. The wary rebels sharply on the alert for the movement of troops, and having a battery or two admirably trained on the bridge, pour in the shells and somewhat delay operations. Happily, though they fall all around the bridge, and kill some men on the banks, they do the structure no harm. In case they do, however, a corps of pontoniers stand ready to repair any damage. At 4 o'clock, Gen. Hooker, who had not yet been across the river, proceeded over, remarking to a friend that he 'was going to put this thing through.' In half an hour prodigious volleys of musketry announced that Hooker, with the reserves is engaged. This last assaulting column consisted of the divisions of Humphrey, Monk, Howard, Getty and Sykes. They had, however, hardly got fairly engaged before the sun went down, and night closed around the clamorous wrath of the combatants. At this time, Gen. Burnside, who had remained all day at the Phillips House, came down to the Lacey House; and in the garden facing the city, followed the progress of the fight. Externally calm, the leading player in this tremendous game, was agitated by such intensity of feeling as one can conceive, and he paced the garden gloomily as night. 'That crest! he exclaimed passionately, 'must be carried to-night! The brevity of time into which the stupendous issue of the day had to be crowded seemed to add redoubled

to the cry of the combatants. Not 'Night-Blucher,' as Wellington exclaimed at Waterloo, rather Ajax's prayer for 'more light,' was the rallying cry of every heart. Grasping up on the flank the left, Gen. Galt's troops succeeded in gaining the one wall which we had been unable all day to wrench from the rebels. The other forces rushed for the crest. Our field batteries, which, owing to the restricted space, held of but little use all day, were brought vigorously into play. It was the fierce passionate climax of the battle. From both sides two miles of batteries belched forth their fiery missiles at the dark background of the night. Volleys of musketry were poured forth such as we have no parallel of in all our experiences of the war, and which seemed as though all the demons of earth and air were contending together. Rushing up the crest our troops had got within a stone's throw of the batteries, when the hill top swarmed forth in new reinforcements of rebel infantry, who, rushing upon our men drove them back. The turn of a die decides such situations. The day was lost! Our men retreated. Immediately cannon and musketry ceased their roar, and in a moment the silence of death succeeded the stormy fury of ten hours' battle. As Gen. Burnside, turning, walked off through the garden, and mounting his horse galloped back to his headquarters, what thoughts and feelings passed through his mind? No illusions could make him believe that a victory had been achieved. Shall we say, then, it was a defeat? Certainly, if to have started out to accomplish a certain object, and to have failed in doing so, be a defeat, you can apply no other term to the upshot of to-day's battle. In spite of all the glosses of official telegrams which you may receive, it seems here to-night that we suffered a defeat. Let us hope that, when fully prepared, the assault may be renewed with new tactical combinations, the position carried and the day retrieved. If it be not so, Saturday, the 13th day of December, must be accounted a black day in the calendar of the Republic. If you are disposed to indulge in criticism on the plan of the battle of Fredericksburg it will not be difficult to point out its great and radical defects. To have hurried forward masses of men against the fortified works of those terraces was certainly a manifestation of daring, untempered by the slightest prudence. Was it not, also, a fatal error to have risked the whole success of the plan on the accomplishment of a certain manoeuvre (Franklin's ability to swing round the rebel flank), where all the elements of the problem were completely wanting? What a fearful fatality, too, that our accumulation of artillery was all but entirely useless to us, owing to the distance of the range and the exposure of our own troops. And what a misfortune, equally lamentable that the approach to the rebel position back of Fredericksburg was an area so restricted that our field batteries were almost equally useless owing to the impossibility of manoeuvres! In the course of this correspondence, from the time of our first occupation of Falmouth, I have informed you of the gradual development of the rebel position, from an absolutely defenceless condition to the time that it became another Gibraltar. Never for a moment did we, who watched this progress, suppose that it would ever be attempted to be taken by hurling masses of men against those works. We had supposed that the resources of strategy would assuredly afford other means of accomplishing the desired end. Regarded as a position of defence that the rebel leaders have taken up on the Rappahannock, and which we have been pleased to assail, none could possibly be more magnificent or more nearly impregnable. With fifty thousand men they should easily hold it against three times that number of assailants. And indeed they appear never to have employed more than about that number. Every time we poured forward fresh men, they had ready reinforcements to match. From prisoners taken I learn that on the right, commanded by Jackson, half of the force only (and chiefly the division of A. P. Hill, and Early's Brigade) was engaged. I take it that they had along the line of the Rappahannock about one hundred thousand men, and that fifty thousand more or less were actually engaged in the contest. The Confederate leaders have acted with their usual wisdom in this whole matter. They did well to let us so easily into Fredericksburg, firing but half a dozen guns when they could have brought a hundred to bear upon us. The city itself was the veriest trap that ever was laid and we have walked into it. Is it any wonder that with such a position—on the inside of an arc of a circle of batteries—

Emancipation in his quarrel with the Whigs, in his demand for Repeal, in his quarrel with Lord Anglesea? It is a common cry. Many think so. We once took it for admitted, till we looked into it. But though there is a deal to say about it, we believe that just in proportion to the pains taken to judge fairly will be the strength of the conviction that, at the time, and in the circumstances, he was right. And so it is throughout. Right on every single point at the time, and under the circumstances. Right when he opposed the Whigs, and supported them. As Mr. Traddles would say, it was a pull to have to make that admission, but there is no resisting plain evidence. Right in the Tithe Agitation, and right in the Tithe Compromise. It is the fashion now to say that he was wrong, and that it was the mistake of his life. We have satisfied ourselves that at the time and under the circumstances, he was right. We are ready to be convinced by anybody who can draw up a case in black and white that will stand criticism, to show that he was wrong. And then the O'Connell Tail, and Lichfield House Compact, and the rest. A bad tale, no doubt. But, with such a tale, what was to be done? and was a better to be had? Let anybody prove that at the time, and under the circumstances, there was anything else to be done than what O'Connell did. The Sir Robert Peel came into power, and O'Connell was Lord Mayor of Dublin, and he took up the Repeal. Was he right, or wrong? It is the fashion to say that he was wrong. But for ourselves, the boys insist which then told us that he was right, has since been confirmed by everything that we have learned. At the time, and under the circumstances, it was more than the best course, it was the only course he could take. Would Repeal, if desired and asked for by the people of Ireland, i.e., by the Irish nation, do good to Ireland? We think yes. Would it injure England? We are satisfied that it would not, and that it would be far more in the interest of England than in the interest of Ireland to repeal the Union. But then, did the people of Ireland, i.e., the Irish nation, or do they now desire Repeal? For us, to whom a people or a nation has always meant something more than a numerical majority, ascertained by an indiscriminate counting of the noses of the rich and poor, the high and low, the educated and uneducated, the labouring and the affluent classes whose lot it is to obey and whose duty it is to govern, we should say that in our opinion, the people of Ireland, that is the Irish nation, or the inhabitants, did not, and do not desire Repeal, but that a great numerical majority of them did and do desire it. But we are not aware that O'Connell ever said more than that. It was his aim to persuade the Irish nation to unite in the demand for Repeal. If they had united to demand it, they would have got it; and we believe that both Ireland and England would have been the better for it. Therefore, we hold that in the Repeal struggle he was in the right throughout. But O'Connell failed in uniting all classes of the Irish people in the demand for Repeal; and in 1846 the Whigs came in again, and he was virtually abandoned the struggle for Repeal, and he saw the rise and growing strength of the Young Ireland party; and his last days were spent in counterbalancing their influence, and in a sort of renewed alliance with the Whigs. At least he was wrong there? Well it is our faith and our conviction that in the face of the disasters which were about to blight his country, which he had loved so well and served so faithfully and steered through so many dangers, if on the verge of the grave which was already open to receive him, his great intellect and his patriotic heart had been supernaturally enlightened and strengthened for the purpose, so that his last service to Ireland should be his greatest service, he could not have acted otherwise than as he did when he used all his powers and all his influence to check, to defeat, and to put down the Young Ireland party. It is our conviction that O'Connell's influence was exerted to prevent the Young Ireland party (with the most pure and excellent intentions and with the most generous and noble enthusiasm) from destroying the fruit of his life's labour, from severing the ties which unite the Catholic people to the Catholic Priesthood, from procuring the reconquest and the reinstatement of the Catholics of Ireland, and from causing the restoration of Protestant ascendancy, if not the reinstatement of the penal laws. A statue to O'Connell! If a statue were erected to him in every town and village, and a monument to his memory on every mountain and headland, the honour and the gratitude due to him would be but imperfectly expressed.—*London Tablet.*

THE MATHEW MONUMENT.—We (*Cork Examiner*) are happy to state that the Mathew monument is really in progress. The eminent Irish artist, Mr. Foley, to whom the statue is entrusted, has forwarded two sketches to the Committee, with a view to their making a selection; and as soon as that selection is made, the artist will proceed vigorously with his work. Father Mathew is represented in the act and attitude of blessing those who are supposed to kneel before him, and who have taken the pledge at his hands. The drapery in both sketches is rich in its disposition. The difference between the two consists almost entirely in the mode in which the drapery is managed. In one, it is more massive and majestic in the other, it is lighter in its effect. It falls heavily in the one, and is gathered up in the other. The figure is represented upon an appropriate pedestal, which is sketched in to show the general effect, which is full of graceful harmony and yet most imposing. The friends of Father Mathew may feel assured that the work which is to do honour to his memory is in hands every way equal to the task; for it is admitted, by every art critic of note, that Mr. Foley is one of the foremost of the sculptors of the day, and as his heart is in his present work, the Mathew monument at Cork will, we hope, be soon quoted as another of the artist's most successful achievements.

The scene which we record as having taken place yesterday at the Catholic University, in Dublin, is one which cannot fail to impress profoundly all thoughtful minds in Ireland, whether their creed be Catholic or Protestant, whether they regard it from a friendly or an opposing point of view. It is an eminently characteristic of Ireland. It is a remarkable illustration of those powers which adversity has developed in our people. The Irish are considered by superficial observers a thoughtless, giddy race, full of good impulses, but incapable of steady and continuous exertion. It needs but the most casual glance at the past to confute such an assertion.—Their national independence was indeed sacrificed, but only after a struggle which lasted for long centuries. The frivolous people took ages of agony in preference to what they conceived a base submission; and when they were at last obliged to yield to a link which seemed inevitable, they only did so upon the admission of at least a theoretical equality with their not too affectionate partner.—That theoretical equality, they will one day, with the blessing of God, convert into a practical one. As with their political condition, so it was with their faith. The history of the world has presented no instance of persecution so long and so bitter as that to which the Irish Catholics were subjected. Yet it seemed, like heated iron, to be only strengthened by strokes; and the result of three or four centuries of religious tyranny has been to leave Ireland the most staunchly Catholic country in the world. It has done more. Not only has the faith been purified, but its professors have become fearless and intomitable. Almost when they were at the lowest point they wrung from the oppressor the concession of equality—again theoretical, but like the political equality, one day, and that day not remote, to be made real. Such are the people who have now taken up the cause of Catholic education in Ireland, who, with the sanction and approbation of their Church, have founded a Catholic University. As in every other undertaking, they have been opposed. The old spirit of persecution is not dead, though its claws are pared. Where once it used the torture and confiscation and death, it can now only exhibit itself in a very peddling description of annoyance. Its embodiment was once Oliver

Groomwell; it is now Sir Robert Peel. But the spirit of the Irish people has not fallen away like that of the enemies of their faith. It is still full of hope and earnestness, and still as ready to encounter a necessary struggle, as on the proud day when the chains were struck from the limbs of the captive who it is feared would himself wrench them asunder. This is the spirit which still animates the people who have founded the Catholic University? Shall we believe that they who have overcome so much, will fall in this comparatively petty strife? Shall we believe that they who struck off the heaviest of their slavery shall not be able to fling aside the last marks of degradation which a small jealousy would seek still to hang upon their limbs? Shall we believe that they who have already won so much will be denied the privilege of educating their own youth in their own belief? We laugh at the supposition, and are fully satisfied that the opposition to their efforts can only result in the disastrous humiliation of the rancorous bigotry which suggests it. The movement in favor of the Catholic University is not a factitious one, nor one which fails to enlist the fullest sympathies of the people.—The proof is simple in the extreme. Its beginning was quiet and modest; its success amongst the class demanding university education was gradual but cumulative. It slowly but steadily gathered into its professional chairs an array of talent such as established universities, with every encouragement on the part of the State, cannot show. Year after year, despite the want of a State sanction, and while refused the commonest privileges of an university, its students resident and non-resident have steadily increased, and before long their numbers bid fair, under all disadvantages, to outstrip those of all competitors. Its position has improved as surely; its revenue gained from the popular good will is quite as secure, and less liable to cavil than the subsidies granted for the pet institutions of the Government. It has already so far advanced in material prosperity as to have outgrown altogether the limits of the original building, and to have laid the foundation of a stately pile which will be worthy of the greatness of the purposes to which it is to be devoted. The scene which was presented at the late inauguration of the Session was one as imposing in its aspect as could be offered by the proudest ceremonial in the country. The proceedings were fittingly commenced by an address from the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Woodcock, grave, able and temperate in its character, and, in its calm logic a triumphant vindication of the position taken up by the supporters and adherents of the Catholic University. In every respect we have proof of the settled and steady progress of this institution, and of the hearty feeling in its favor of the people of Ireland—a feeling that most eventually overbear all opposition.—*Cork Examiner.*

THE CATHOLIC OATH.—A Correspondent asks is there any prospect of a thorough combination of Catholic M.P.'s for the purpose of forcing 'on the attention of Ministers the necessity of abolishing the Catholic oath? We are not aware of any such prospect; but we have no hesitation in saying that the time has come for some decided movement of the kind. The Catholics are by no means content with the oath. They have taken it under a species of protest every year since '29. They speak against it every Session in more or less energetic terms. It is a sign of insulting inferiority on the one side, and brutal ascendancy on the other. It is a badge of slavery, a blot on the honor of Irish Catholics, and a standing reproach to those who impose it as well as to those compelled to swear it an entering into the House of Parliament. It carries on the face of it a most useless and unmeaning piece of insolent innuendo, in that it orders the Catholic to solemnly declare that the Pope cannot empower him to commit assassination. The inference Protestants draw from this innuendo is, that the Catholic religion makes murder lawful. The Catholic is also obliged to swear that the Pope has no civil jurisdiction in these countries—the innuendo being that Catholics regard the Pope as their political ruler. In these points, an old and often exploded calumny is still kept alive to insult the Catholic who aspires to the honor of a freeman and the exercise of an undoubted right. But the really important portion of the oath consists in the clause which bids the Catholic to swear that he has no intention to subvert the Church Establishment as settled by law within this Realm! Now, this is a part of the oath that must be abolished.—The Tablet, in a series of articles lately published, showed pretty clearly, in our opinion, that many Catholics had a scruple to go the whole hog for the abatement of the Church nuisance on account of this oath. If it tends to obstruct, in the smallest degree, the course of even one Catholic, it should be effaced; for, that it is the duty of every conscientious lover of his country to labor heart and soul for the subversion of that most infamous incubus, requires no demonstration. Every Statesman in the Kingdom whose words deserve respect at the hands of the Irish people, has pronounced the Church Establishment as a 'hideous scandal.' The Press has lavished all its scorn and denunciatory sarcasm on it; and yet Catholic Representatives are bound by oath to do nothing for its subversion! In this there is a thorough combination of insult, oppression, and barbarity unknown in any other civilized country in the world. It is time, we repeat, to take a determined stand against it; and we trust such Catholics as in future are obliged to swear that most degrading oath, will do so under a well-defined and expressive protest.—*Mayo Telegraph.*

THE MISSION IN EMILY.—Yesterday, the 30th of November, the first Sunday of Advent, was a day which will be memorable in the history of this once named seat of piety and learning. Looking round the country as far as the eye could reach, crowds of people could be beheld coming through the fields and roads from all quarters in bodies which would remind one of the migration of the Israelites of old when they trooped away from the rigor of Pharaoh. It is to be hoped that those masses of Tipperary men were leaving behind the bondage of the still greater tyrants—intemperance and violence. The arrivals for the completion of the mission afforded by the Redeemerist Fathers, continued to increase until the assemblage of persons of all ages and sexes swelled the number to thousands. High Mass commenced at 11 o'clock, before which the church was crowded almost to suffocation. The ordinary masses, four in number, were celebrated by the holy Fathers, and densely attended. This being the last day of their mission, no inhabitant at any inconvenience would fail to be present. The High Mass was celebrated by the Curate of the parish, assisted by a large body of the Clergymen, and presided over by the reverend Archbishop of the diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy. Immediately after Mass, the altar was ascended by his Grace, accompanied by the Rev. Father Harbison, holding in his hand a large paper, which the Rev. Gentleman read. It comprised a solemn declaration from the contending parties of the parish of Emily and the surrounding districts. It contained the names of the several parties in their own handwriting, with their solemn declaration of abandoning the practice of intemperance and violence. The names were eighty in number, and the parties were arranged in reserved seats in front of the altar, under the care of the respected, high minded and Rev. Father Reffer, P.P., who has evinced the utmost anxiety in subduing the abominable disorders of faction, and preparing the people's hearts and minds to become reconciled with each other, and hold fast to the bonds of fraternal union. Those who were assembled recited after the Rev. Redeemerist Father the solemn pledge contained in the written and now recorded document. Then the Rev. Mr. Harbison led them up to the altar in couples, one of each party, and they knelt down, and solemnly, before his Grace the Archbishop of the diocese, gave each other the kiss of peace, after which the benediction of the benevolent and truly loving and patriotic Archbishop was bestowed. Then his Grace eloquently observed that during the short period since his own

consideration, he had discharged his duty in the consecration of Bishops, the profession of Nuns, and the ordination of Priests, and these were high and solemn duties, including the professed to religious and holy lives, yet, however great or good the individuals, he unobtrusively stated that he never felt a more blissful feeling of pleasure in his inmost soul, than upon this solemn and happy occasion, in ratifying at the Altar the compact of social peace amongst the people. He was rejoiced to find the good holy Fathers had not toiled in vain, and that they had achieved a glorious triumph over crime—which the great arm of the law, the convict's cell, and the felon's grave, seemed to fall in ensuring. It is sincerely hoped that the unhappy feuds which have been attended with so much loss of life, liberty, and prosperity, will end for ever, and the stigma attached to this county be utterly obliterated. As evidence of the effect, I am able to state, that I witnessed at the Petty Sessions Court of Tipperary, on last Thursday, one of the leading men in faction fighting, Jerb. Quinn, nobly forgiving his opponent for grievous bodily injuries inflicted on him on the 15th of August last, since when the assailant had absconded from his house and home.—*Monster News.*

DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.—A requisition, calling on the High Sheriff to convene a meeting in the county of Kerry, to aid the operatives in Lancashire in their present destitute circumstances, is in course of signature in Killarney. The movement was originated at the last weekly meeting of the board of Guardians held in that town on Tuesday, and the requisition has there been most respectfully and numerously signed.—*Killarney Correspondent.*

Famine, that is, want of nutritious food, is experienced in portions of Clare and Kerry. In the former, in Feele, the daily laborers, not alone have no proper aliment, but are in want of the necessities of life. In the latter, we are told by the 'Kerry Star,' that the people of Ferriter, in the west of Dingle, are subsisting on turnips, things on which cattle are not fed alone. But in Clare and Kerry subscriptions are sent or sought for relief of the distressed in Lancashire; and the quality of distress existing in the respective spheres, the relief is contributed to the alien or distant one, and the higher and holier domestic claim, for the present, at any rate, save in professions, ignored.—*Monster News.*

The Belfast News Letter, in reference to the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, states that—'This long and extraordinary case is once more to come before the public, a new claimant having appeared in the person of Robert Lindsay, a retired sergeant of the 19th Foot, parish of Kilmore, in the county of Monaghan, the only surviving son of the late Mr. James Lindsay, said to be the lineal descendant of the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay.'

The Northern Whig gives the following remarkable illustration of the 'vain right' in Ulster:—'As an instance of the value set on having a good landlord, in whom confidence can be reposed by his tenant, the following facts will speak for themselves. The occupation of a small farm of land, in County Down, of ten and a-half acres, held at will, under Robert Batt, Esq., of Purdyburn, has just been sold for the sum of £245.'

THREATENING NOTICE.—THALRE.—We regret to have to announce the fact that our birthright orderly town has been disgraced by the sending of a threatening letter. On the 8th inst., Mr. Henry Stokes, the County Surveyor of this county, received through the Thales post-office a letter threatening to take away his life if he did not pay to Mr. J. Moore, in this town, the sum of £50, which it was alleged that individual had some years ago lent to a road contractor named Burke, on the security of a presentment, and which he lost, owing to the refusal of the County Surveyor to certify for the contract in question. Mr. Stokes at once placed the letter in the hands of Sub-Inspector Maguire, who entrusted the matter to the care of Head-Constable Jackson and Constable Egan. Suspicion was at once directed to Moore and his family, particularly from the fact that he had, about 18 months ago, in an interview with Mr. Stokes on this very matter, used expressions that were repeated in the letter. The two constables paid a visit on the 12th to the house of Moore, and found in the shop several account books, &c., which are, it is now sworn, in the handwriting of Thos. Moore, so to the party referred to in the threatening letter. Informations having been sworn to this effect, the accused parties, John Moore and Thomas Moore, were fully committed for trial at the next assizes, but have since been admitted to bail in heavy recognizances—themselves in £200 and two sureties in £100 each.—*Kerry Star.*

We (*Dundalk Democrat*) hear on all hands that we have a severe winter before us. The crops are the worst we have seen for a long time, and much of them are yet in the fields, and have been seriously damaged by the recent wet and stormy weather. Those farmers who secured their wheat, barley and oats in good weather are threshing away, and selling corn at a very low figure to pay exorbitant rents.

The Midland Great Western Railway is to be opened from Longford to Sligo on the 3rd of December. Thus there will be direct communication between Dublin and the chief port of Connaught, which does as much business as Galway, Westport, and Ballina, united. Sligo is the only town between Derry and Cork—300 miles—having regular weekly steam lines to Liverpool and Glasgow; but steamers are wanted to connect the port with Belmullet and Killybegs, on the west, and Killybegs, Mountcharles, and Donegal, on the north. From its position it would be one of the best Irish depots for the Peruvian guano trade. The Midland Great Western will soon be able to run their trains to Belmullet, from which a water navigation, free of dues extends to Enniskillen 22 miles, Pettigo 39, and Belleek 46 miles, through the richest districts of Ireland, by means of Lough Brue. To this lake and Lough Gill at Sligo, pronounced by Frazer's handbook, 'The loveliest of the Irish lakes,' there will be hosts of tourists during the summer, for which the railway should provide steamers similar to those lately placed on Lough Lomond.—*Mail.*

DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN MAYO.—Crossmolina, Nov. 26, 1862.—As two men, named respectively, M'Gloughlin and Walker, in the employment of Geo. H. Jackson, Esq., of Fortland, were cutting through a piece of ground, and when about ten feet from the surface, they met with a solid piece of gold weighing 6lb. 2oz. When dug up it was shown to a man who had great experience as a miner in California, and he at once pronounced it to be gold of the best quality. On the men digging a little further other nuggets of gold were discovered, and the workmen at once communicated the news to Mr. Jackson, who took immediate steps to have the ground properly explored. Already Mr. Jackson has had many applications from parties to purchase the land, and he is selling the ground along the river, in the vicinity of where the gold was discovered, at 2s 6d a foot. Over 200 men are at work at it, who have already succeeded in finding a considerable number of nuggets of the best gold. The intelligence has caused very great interest in the neighborhood.—*Irish Times.*

of his Lordship.—'The result of my inquiry is this, that I have arrived at the conviction that the Pentateuch, as a whole, cannot possibly have been written by Moses. . . . And further, that the so-called Mosaic narratives, by whomsoever written, cannot be regarded as historically true.' &c. (Preface, p. 8.) Again: 'And it is perhaps God's will, that we shall be taught in this our day—not to build our faith upon a book, though it be the Bible itself; but to realize more truly the blessedness of knowing that the living God, our Father, and Friend, is nearer and closer to us than any book can be.' &c. (p. 12) Here is a plain intimation that the day is close at hand when the Bible shall be considered no longer necessary; but that men shall be taught by the splendid results of science and Biblical criticism, to put their trust in the living God alone. The Bishop's work seems to be only a part of what we are to expect from some future luminous discoveries, which probably will end in convincing the Bishop (and many of his readers) that he has at length arrived at conviction, that what the New Testament says, on the whole, (though he is exceedingly sorry to be obliged to announce the result of his inquiries) respecting our Lord and his so-called miracles, is nothing more or less than a 'myth,' as Dr. Strauss has so clearly proved in his invaluable 'Life of Jesus'—'Das Leben Jesu!' Two facts are now staring us in the face. 1st. That German Rationalism is becoming fashionable amongst our educated classes, and also amongst many of the Protestant clergy, and even the Bishops; and, 2nd. That as Protestantism will end very soon in a positive denial of the holy Scriptures, and of everything supernatural contained therein, the great battle which we shall have to fight will assuredly be against the weakest and most leathsome form of infidelity the Christian world has ever witnessed. Amongst the various attempts now made to disturb, or rather undermine, men's faith in the inspiration and authenticity of the Sacred Scriptures, few have seemed more plausible and to have met with greater success than those attacks which have been directed against the Pentateuch. And why have Dr. Colenso and the writers of the 'Essays and Reviews' so insidiously endeavored to prove that the Pentateuch 'is not historically true'? Because they know well that it is the foundation-stone on which the rest of the Bible is built. But these attacks are not of yesterday. Bishop Colenso is only following in the track of many able and determined writers before him, both in Germany and America, and in our own country too. Spener, the founder of the Pietists in Germany; Basened, Steinbart; Sommer, the originator of the famous theory of Accommodation; Ammon, Eichhorn, Vater, De Wette, Gesenius, Wegscheider, the younger Rosenmüller, Doderlein, Bauer, Michaelis, and others too numerous to mention, have all advanced, years ago, their respective views and theories against the Pentateuch, and the miracles, and the narrative related by Moses. It is well known, however, that the infidel writers of our own country, such as Toland, Collins, Hobbes, Lord Herbert, Hume, Shaftesbury, Tyndal, &c., laid the foundation of Rationalism, not only for the infidel writers of France, but also for the modern school of Germany. It is a great misfortune for either Protestant clergymen or laymen to be acquainted with German, unless their faith in the inspiration and authenticity of the Scriptures be deep and lasting. Even this will not always be their shield and safeguard. Bishop Colenso tells us, that at one period of his religious life he had not the slightest doubts, but that the Pentateuch was 'historically true.' But the late Chevalier Bunsen's 'Egypt's Place in Universal History,' and the 'Life of Jesus,' by Strauss, have done a world of mischief, the fatal consequences of which we shall witness year by year. Several other popular writers could be mentioned, whose works are unfortunately translated into English and are extensively read in Oxford and Cambridge, besides being found in many of our large libraries. It is indeed consoling to know, that Von Pohlen's attack on the Book of Genesis has been met by Hengstenberg's most able work, entitled 'Aegypten und Moese,' which has been translated into English. It forms the third volume of Clarke's 'Biblical Cabinet,' New Series (Edinburgh, 1845.) Another book has also appeared in English, entitled 'Aids to Faith,' written by Dr. McQuil, Rev. G. Rawlinson, and others, under the editorship of Dr. Thompson (Murray, London, 1861.) Though many of the theological doctrines and principles and canons of interpretation are not such as a Catholic divine could admit, yet some of the Essays are really excellent in answer to the attempts of our modern English Rationalism to undermine the sacred Scriptures. But, unfortunately, these and other such like vindications are read but by few, comparatively speaking. The evil has already struck such deep roots, that no Pains or Penalties inflicted in the Ecclesiastical Courts of Protestant England, seem ever likely to arrest the 'freedom of thoughts and expressions' claimed by Bishop Colenso, 'as indispensably necessary for the discovery of truth.' Questions are now being raised, and points of vital importance discussed, by acute minds, which Protestantism cannot answer, nor settle in any satisfactory manner. Val is the boast of a writer in the 'Aids to Faith' (p. 185), where he exults in the idea—'that in the struggle which is coming on, our branch of the Church will not be disinherited of its privileges or stripped of its safeguard; but it will eject Rationalism in every form, more especially in the most un-English of all forms, that of Theology.'

MADRID PHILANTHROPY.—RODGUES AND HOKES' MEN.—If we might borrow a 'solitary horseman' from the late Mr. James, we would make him traverse Dartmoor on some sunny, slowery Spring day. Our horseman should, as he descended from among the 'Tors,' come upon a great building of magnificent proportions, and surrounded by a large extent of exquisite and recreation ground, and by some expanse of carefully cultivated arable. His reflections would probably be that he had stumbled upon some highly successful attempt to realize the dream of a social philosopher, and that his problem was being solved before his eyes how light labor, nutritious food, and easy stambers might all be enjoyed upon a self-supporting system by a community of happy mortals. The problem would be so interesting that we may, without any breach of probability, assume that our horseman would stop and mark how the day wears on with such a society. The first peculiarity he would note would be that there was an inequality even in this happy spot. There is work, of course, going on. They are building a new range of baths or walling in an additional piece of exercise ground, but the workmen are divided into two gangs, and he remarks that while one gang works hard and with a purpose the other gang only 'make believe.' There is as much difference between the two gangs' work as there is between two columns of soldiers, one of which is marching at the double, and the other marking time. Again, while our 'solitary horseman' is looking on, a cloud covers and a sharp hail shower falls. It is not much just enough to make our horseman draw his cloak around him, but not seek shelter. Now another difference is apparent. The leisurely labourers, before one third of their superintendents into some lofty, substantial-built sheds; evidently constructed at great cost for the purpose. No notice is taken of the inferior gang; but these go on cheerfully with their work, wet or dry, as it may happen. All day long, with intervals for meals, the routine goes on, one gang working for the other gang playing at work. When six o'clock comes, if our stranger's curiosity should induce him to follow the more favored gang into the great house he will see that each man of them is carefully fed with just that full quantity of food which is adapted to develop his animal strength. He is then put away for the night in a separate, comfortable dormitory, where there is every appliance for promoting sound and refreshing sleep. If, after seeing these gentlemen put to bed, our stranger returns to the workground, he will find the other gang still at

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

O'CONNELL.—O'Connell was the greatest National teacher that ever lived. We are not so fanatical as to say that he was always right; on the contrary, we believe and hold in a general way, that being human, he was often wrong. But somehow or other, when we descend to particulars and investigate what he did and said on each occasion under the particular circumstances of the case, our general belief that he must often have been wrong is limited by the discovery that on the special matter under consideration, whatever it may be, he was in the right—right in the general scope and purposes of his life, and in the magnificent devotion of his vast genius and stupendous powers to the regeneration of his country, and to the recovery of the rights of his religion and his race. Right in opposing the Rebellion of '98. Right in opposing the Union Right both as to time and manner, and means in his first attempts to revive the broken spirits of the people. Right in every conflict with the Catholic leaders of the time. Right in founding the Catholic Association. Right throughout in his arduous task of guiding and controlling it. Right against everybody who opposed him in it—and their name was legion. Right always till Emancipation was achieved. Well, that is cheap and easy; every one admits it. But was he ever wrong afterwards? Of course he was, and often; speaking in the general, for was not he human like the rest of us? But when we come to the particulars, and have to lay our finger on the spot and say, Here it was that he was wrong, we cannot find the spot. Was he wrong immediately after

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 26, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Greek, not the Roman, question is now uppermost in the mind of the Great Britain.—Garibaldi and his wounded leg are for the present clean forgotten, and the staunchest of Protestants neglect their good daily exercise of anathematizing the Pope in their anxiety about the successor of King Otho on the Hellenic throne.—There can be no doubt that, in so far as the Greeks themselves are concerned, they have made up their minds on this point, and that Prince Alfred has been duly elected to the vacant throne. But from the tone of the British Press, it is evidently very doubtful whether the honor, or rather the responsibility which this election involves will be accepted by the British Government. It is no light thing to provoke at once the jealousy of two such Powers as France and Russia, neither of whom can be expected to look complacently, or with indifference, upon the prospect of a great augmentation of British political influence in the Mediterranean, and the East; and the Queen herself, who in her private life, and in the management of her children is as exemplary, as in her public life she is distinguished for those qualities which endear her to her subjects, and justly entitle her to their loyalty, can scarcely be supposed to desire for one of her sons, a career that would probably impose upon him, and certainly upon his children, the political obligation of professing a religion which she, as Head of the Church of England, must look upon as idolatrous. Upon the whole therefore we think, that, in spite of his popularity with the Greeks, in spite of their almost unanimous vote in his favor, Prince Alfred will never reign at Athens.

Though the 2d of December passed over quietly at Paris, the French mind is still greatly excited by the rumors of a plot against the Emperor's life, which, so it was bruited abroad, was to be carried into execution on Sunday the 7th instant, upon the occasion of his Imperial Majesty's appearance in public to open the Boulevard du Prince Eugene. All Paris was expected to turn out at the ceremony, from curiosity to see whether the long standing predictions respecting their Emperor were then to meet with their accomplishment.

There is great distress in the manufacturing districts of France, in consequence of the cotton famine; and in the words of the *Times* correspondent, "Paris has also its Lancashire in the department of the Seine Inferieure. The sufferings of the working classes are daily on the increase. The mill-owner, and the merchant have ruin in the distance, but famine now stares the operative in the face."

But in France "famine" amongst the operatives—whose political creed may be thus summed up:—"That it is the chief end of Government to feed, clothe and comfortably house the people—that is to say the working classes"—means barricades, and revolution, and dynastic change. It is not in France, as in England, where, though partial disturbances may of course arise from the misery of the poor, no one dreams of holding the Government responsible; and hence it becomes to Louis Napoleon almost a measure of self-preservation to obtain access to the land of cotton, and thus to stave off the famine, and consequent revolution which, as things now are, seem imminent. The news of the last great victory of the Confederates, and the failure of the Federals at Fredericksburg, when it reaches Europe, will therefore probably determine Louis Napoleon to interfere betwixt the belligerents, by friendly mediation if possible, by force of arms, if necessary. The tenure upon which he holds his precarious dignity is, that there shall be no Lancashire in France, no starving operatives, and therefore no "cotton famine." Frenchmen can bear with a Government which merely deprives them of their personal liberties, which muzzles the press, which suppresses St. Vincent de Paul Societies, and imposes silence upon the Church and her Pastors; but a dynasty beneath which the people suffer from hunger, and operatives daily have famine staring them in the face, they will not long endure.

Confusion—if we may be permitted to express—

is the order of the day at Turin. Troubles many and grievous are, thank God! gathering fast around the government of Victor Emmanuel—the Ratazzi Cabinet is broken up, not however without revelations from all sides of its treacheries and infamies—thus affording another apt illustration of the truth of the old proverb—'aneit rogues falling out.' Strenuously as Ratazzi and his colleagues denied all complicity with Garibaldi in that mad expedition ingloriously terminated at Aspromonte, the facts that Victor Emmanuel and his advisers were cognizant of that movement from its inception, did approve thereof, and did stimulate Garibaldi thereunto—have been publicly established in the Parliament at Turin, and are reluctantly confessed even by the London *Times*—the unblushing apologist for all the atrocities and infamies of the Revolution—'That this charge has been brought home to Ratazzi,' says the *Times*, 'we can hardly doubt; and if this charge be true, we know that where, save in the records of the Old Bailey, to look for a transaction so infamous, or for treachery so abominable. They—the "King honest-man" and his Cabinet—first encouraged him—Garibaldi—to set on foot the enterprise which ended so sadly"—London *Times*; and then when they discovered that the success of that enterprise would bring them into collision with France, they denounced their tool, and with their own hands sacrificed the unhappy dupe of their dastardly policy. Had these things been asserted by the Catholic press, of the Sardinian Government, they would have been scouted as incredible slanders—disgraceful only to their inventors and circulators; they stand forth now, however, on the page of history, as facts admitted to be true even by the warmest partisans of Victor Emmanuel and his Liberal Government. Of course the people in Italy have been much excited by these astounding revelations of the duplicity of their rulers; and hence the fall of Ratazzi and his Cabinet, whom the "King honest-man" has sacrificed to save himself from popular indignation.—Their successors had not been installed up to the date to which our latest Italian news extends; but, according to the *Times*, Signor Pasolini had been entrusted with, and was attempting the formation of a new Ministry. In spite, however, of these forced concessions, Victor Emmanuel is fast losing his popularity, even in the North of Italy; the people testify their feelings towards him by breaking, and otherwise dishonoring the carved or graven images of the "King honest-man"; and in the places of public resort free expression is given to the sentiments of contempt with which he is now pretty generally regarded by all intelligent Italians.

All was quiet up to latest dates, at Rome.—In the Kingdom of Naples the counter-revolution was daily gaining strength, and the loyalists appear to be bolder and more numerous than ever. No less than 120,000 Sardinian troops—according to General Durando—are actually engaged in consummating the conquest and subjugation of the unhappy Neapolitans, who still bravely continue the unequal struggle for their King, their liberties, and their national independence. The *Times* correspondent, it is true, brands the Neapolitan loyalists and patriots as "brigands;" but in his letter under date 29th ult., he is forced to admit that "brigandage is a hopeless malady" which 120,000 Sardinian practitioners are unable to cure; and that the "brigands" are becoming daily more audacious in their resistance to the alien oppressors. The Civil affairs of the Kingdom under the new administration are as hopeless as are the military; and—again we cite the London *Times*, as an admirable witness against his own friends—"there are, it is to be feared, many who have been lying long in prison" victims of the execrable tyranny of the Sardinian intruders. From North to South of the Peninsula one feeling of disgust with the new order of things obtains amongst all classes of society; and shortly may we expect to see the monstrous bubble of Italian Unity collapse with a terrific explosion, and effluvia.

We have no stirring events in the field to record for the past week. Since its timely flight across the Rappahannock, the army of the Potomac has manifested no inclination to resume the offensive against any enemy so well prepared to give them a warm reception, as are the Confederates on the heights of Fredericksburg. The tone, of the Northern press, from boastful is becoming quite odorous, and the Lincoln Government is the object of almost universal dislike and vituperation. General Burnside has indeed very generously, taken upon himself the undivided responsibility of the late defeat; but it will still be suspected by many that his attack upon the Confederate lines was dictated rather by political than strategic considerations; that in short, it was in obedience to the well understood, and in the case of the dismissal of General McClellan, the strongly expressed wishes of the authorities at Washington, that he so rashly, and as events proved, so uselessly exposed and sacrificed the lives of the soldiers under his command.—Rumors of a change of Ministers, indeed of the resignation of the entire Cabinet, and a complete reconstruction of its personnel have been rife for the past week—but some how or other Mr.

Seward and his colleagues, clinging to office, with their tenacity of leeches. We suppose that they find the dealing in and selling of "army contracts," too good a thing to throw away, at all events until such time as their heap of plunder, or what gold diggers term their "pile" shall have attained a satisfactory height.

MARIA MONK REDIVIVA.—We thought and hoped that we had heard the last of this evangelical lady; and that warned by the exposure which in her case was made, Protestant editors and Protestant ministers would for the future be more cautious in their attacks upon the Religious Houses of Montreal. There are however a sort of appetites ever craving after filth, more filth; and, unfortunately, to those depraved appetites there are always at hand, both Protestant editors and Protestant ministers ready to pander.—To this vitiated appetite, to this sordid condescension, must we attribute the numbers of 'Interesting Narratives,' and 'Thrilling Narratives,' with which the evangelical press still teems; and in which are duly set forth, the cruelties practised in 'Romish Nunneries' upon amiable, highly accomplished, but unfortunately deluded 'Protestant Young Ladies'—the 'Horror of the Black Veil,' and 'Extraordinary Escapes' of the 'Young Ladies' aforesaid. One of these 'Narratives,' qualified as 'Interesting,' we find in our evangelical contemporary, the *Montreal Witness*, of Saturday last. As its perusal may possibly provoke a laugh, and as it is certainly a fair specimen of the garbage on which an 'intelligent Protestant public' delights to gorge itself, we reproduce it for the delectation and instruction of our readers:—

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.—Rev. Robert Travis, an aged and superannuated minister of the New York East Conference, called at this office the other day to give us the following narrative:—A cousin of his eleven years ago, when seventeen years old, became a member of his family, and soon after connected herself with the Jane-street, M. E. Church in this city. Five years afterward, through the persuasion of a family with whom she formed an acquaintance, she connected herself with the Catholic Church and deserted him. Although she had a good education she was induced to enter the 'Sacred Heart,' that she might become more accomplished. Here she was treated kindly for seven or eight months, when she was enticed to Montreal on a pleasure trip. At this city she was placed in a convent and persuaded to remain. Becoming dissatisfied, however, she expressed her wish to return to her friends, but was sternly denied permission. When she stated her determination to do so, whether allowed or not, she was informed that she could neither escape nor obtain the means to leave. Anxiety preyed upon her, and she was taken sick and brought near to death. In that condition, when unconscious of what she was doing, she was forced to take the black veil. In February last she wrote a letter to her friends disclosing her feelings and her situation, and confided it to an acquaintance, who promised to post it; but she betrayed her and gave it to the priest. At confession she was rudely charged by the priest with being a Protestant at heart, and in proof of this her intercepted letter was referred to. An altercation ensued, in which she became excited and charged the mother superior to allow her to return to die among her friends, but her solicitations was of no avail. She was narrowly watched, and her clothes and writing materials were kept from her. After having been five years in the convent, one evening, seeing the gate left open to accommodate an ecclesiastic, she disguised herself, inverted her hood, and made her escape, passing the priest as he entered sharply eyeing her. She went to the house of a Baptist minister, who assuring her that his home was not a safe refuge, sent her for safety to the Rev. Mr. Roussey, the superintendent of the Grande Ligne Mission, where Mr. Travis found her in a state of destitution. Before she left this city her priest declared to her that Catholics were allowed to read the Bible; that the assertion of the contrary was a Protestant slander; but when she entered the convent the priest forbade her the use of the Scriptures under pain of excommunication and the damnation of hell. During her stay at the institution she never saw any part of the Bible except the New Testament. The young woman is now with Mr. Travis.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

We were perhaps in error in asserting that Protestant editors and Protestant ministers have not learned 'caution' from the exposure of the 'Maria Monk' slanders which they instigated and circulated. They have, in fact, learned to avoid, not the 'lie,' but that particular form of lie known as the 'lie with a circumstance'; or at all events, they put in as few circumstances as possible, so as to render detection difficult, and exposure an improbable contingency. Thus in the case before us, the fatal error in the 'Maria Monk' case is avoided. The names, both of the interesting female cousin of the 'aged and superannuated Minister of the New York East Conference'—and that of the 'Convent in which she was placed and persuaded to remain,' and in which she was detained a prisoner for nearly 'five years,' and until 'one evening seeing the gate left open to accommodate an ecclesiastic, she disguised herself, inverted her hood,' and so 'made her escape'—are prudently omitted. It was also, on the part of the *Witness*, well to suppress the name of 'a Baptist minister,' in whose house, after having effected her escape in the ingenious manner above described, she took refuge; but who assured her, the 'Escaped Nun,' that 'his house was not a safe refuge'—and who 'sent her for safety to the Rev. Mr. Roussey, the superintendent of the Grande Ligne Mission, where Mr. Travis found her in a state of destitution'; for sceptics and scoffers might feel inclined to ask why 'a Baptist minister,' if he did really entertain doubts as to the safety of the 'Escaped Nun' in his own house, did not put himself in communication with the Police Magistrate?—why the interesting young lady herself did not make the legal authorities acquainted with the particulars of her long illegal imprison-

ment—and why, above all, neither of them called, through the columns of the *Montreal Witness*, the attention of the Protestant public of Canada to this gross outrage upon personal liberty, and invoked its sympathies in behalf of the much suffering victim of Romish cunning, and Romish cruelty?

Yes, as it is, the concoctor of the above precious romance *a la* Maria Monk, has been far too particular, has entered far too minutely into detail. We say nothing of the cunning artifice by which the interesting victim at last managed to effect her escape; nor of the strange process by means of which she, after having all her 'clothes taken from her,' and on the spur of the moment, was enabled so effectually to disguise herself as to deceive the sharp eyes of 'the priest' whom, as she was escaping, she actually passed at the gate of the convent; but we will confine ourselves to this one strange apparent discrepancy, or inconsistency in the above given 'Interesting Narrative.' Like the good fat knight in an emergency, it may be believed that, though clothes she had none, the victim of Romish tyranny may have 'put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so have escaped'; but how are we to account for the fact that, though her ill-treatment, her long years of imprisonment, and marvellous escape, must have been known to at least two persons in Canada—a Baptist minister, and the Rev. M. Roussey, of Grande Ligne—neither of them put themselves in communication either with the Police or with the *Montreal Witness* on the subject; but left the thrilling news to reach us by the circuitous route of New York, and through the instrumentality of 'an aged and superannuated minister of the East Conference'?

We have an hypothesis of our own upon the subject, which is this—If the entire of the above 'Interesting Narrative' be not a pure fabrication—if it have the slightest foundation in fact, it is our faith that the convent in which the cousin of 'an aged and superannuated minister' was forcibly detained for 'five years,' was none other than the establishment under the charge of Mr. McGinn, otherwise known as the common jail;—and that the young lady herself was one of that numerous class who as 'loose, idle and disorderly, are in the habit of figuring in the presence of the Police Magistrate. And as we have not heard of any romantic escape from the jail, as Mr. McGinn generally keeps a tender and most vigilant watch over his numerous boarders, we suspect that the explanation of her flight is simply this—that the term of her sentence having expired, she was dismissed from custody. Young ladies of her class would no doubt find the Grande Ligne Mission a most secure and appropriate refuge, after their discharge from jail.

We throw out the above merely as an hypothesis. If the talented and truth-loving editor of the *Montreal Witness* has any objections to offer to it, we will do our best to give him every satisfaction. Perhaps in his next he will favor us with the name of the 'female cousin,' of the convent and other particulars of his 'Interesting Narrative.'

REVIVALS.—The leading or characteristic features of a Protestant "Revival" have been so often depicted by Protestant hands; and its disastrous results, both morally and intellectually, have been so warmly insisted upon by witnesses against whose competency and impartiality it is impossible to urge even the semblance of a doubt—that it would appear well nigh a work of supererogation to say another word on the subject. All men one would naturally expect, of all denominations, would cordially unite in denouncing the ludicrous exhibitions of fanaticism, blasphemy and imparity to which the title "Revival of Religion" is given by the clique which styles itself "evangelical."

Such, however, is not the case, on this Continent at all events. In Great Britain and Ireland we believe that the recent exposures have completely discredited spasmodic religionism; and that it is there generally understood that convulsions, and hysterics form no part of the religion of Christ, and are not the work of the Spirit of peace, of love, and order. In America, both in the U. States and in Canada, the case is very different; and the professional Revivalist still drives a profitable trade amongst the "intelligent and enlightened" both of New England, and of the neighboring Provinces. It is therefore the duty of every honest man to do what lies in his power to check the progress of the moral pestilence: and above all is it the duty of the Catholic journalist to display in its true colors, the nature and probable consequences of that religious system to which such strenuous efforts are being made to convert the Papists of Lower Canada. We have looked over the names of those who, in Montreal, have figured most prominently in the late attempt to get up a "Revival" in Lower Canada; and we find that, almost without exception, they are the same names as those which figure most prominently upon the subscription lists, and the pages of the *Record*, of the F. C. M. Society. This is an important and significant fact: it is suggestive both of the processes which are employed by the *Swaddlers* for the corruption of the faith and morals of the

French Canadians; and of the excesses into which it is to be feared that the latter would fall, should they submit themselves to the teachings and influences of their Protestant spiritual directors. It is, in short, from the "Revival" and its revolting scenes, that we best learn the natural tendencies of evangelical Protestantism; and it is for this reason, and as a warning against the artifices of the F. C. M. Society, that we publish to-day some Revival statistics, which we venture to hope that some of our esteemed French contemporaries will lend the aid of their columns to circulate amongst their fellow-countrymen. It is for this reason, and in this hope that we to-day return to the subject, and reproduce some additional Protestant testimony as to the nature of that religion which is to be obtained at a "Revival" which is admired and patronized by the leading members of the F. C. M. Society—and which it is the professed object of the latter to impose upon the French Catholic population of Lower Canada.

The evidence which we are about to cite was published some time ago by the *Liverpool Albion*, a Protestant journal; and was elicited in the first instance, by the trial of the Reverend Mr. Gebbie, a Protestant Minister before the established Presbytery of Irvine, Ayrshire, on a charge of encouraging improper practices in the church of Dunlop. Amongst the witnesses examined appeared first, a Mr. Robert Orr, a shoemaker, and a Protestant; he deposed as under:—

"I went to the meeting (the Revival) about seven P.M., and left after twelve o'clock. While I was there, there was a great deal of excitement at the meeting. There was much loud singing of hymns, the congregation not being united—but singing in detached groups different hymns all at the same time; and occasionally Mr. Gebbie giving out a hymn, the congregation joined in. The church was crowded, so much so that some had to leave and go to the Free Church. There was a great deal of uproar, singing, and talk going on during the proceedings, and people jumping up on the tops of seats. I saw a group nearly opposite Mr. Gebbie, joined by the hands in a circle, some of them waving their handkerchiefs, and some their Bibles, singing at the same time loudly a hymn of Richard Weaver's, beginning with, or having a chorus of, 'Only believe, and you shall be saved.' In that group there was one or two of them 'striding' with their feet on the book-boards, i.e., standing with a foot on the bookboard of one pew, and the other foot on the bookboard of another. There were other groups at the same time, where similar scenes were going on. At intervals Mr. Gebbie was going along the passages of the church looking after the people. I was in the gallery, and while sitting there my attention was attracted to a continuous noise of singing from some individual, who also kept his feet going at the same time, and going forward to the front of the gallery to see what this was, I looked over and saw that it was a boy, who was singing loudly 'Christ for me, Christ for me,' dancing the while, and keeping time with his feet to the tune, which was the tune of 'Polly Hopkins.' (Laughter.) He sometimes stopped when he got tired, or seemed to be tired, and he then went down upon his knees and appeared to be praying, getting up and beginning again, singing to the same words and dancing to the same tune.—'Polly Hopkins' isn't a psalm tune—(laughter)—but is a comic song tune. After this I left the gallery, and went for a short time to the Free Church, to which some of the people had gone, and then returned to the Parish Church, where, when I got back, I found that the same scenes were going on. I went not into the gallery, but below, and, in going up the passage, I noticed a short built man in a pew, who appeared to me to have had some drink. Sitting in the seat beside him was 'a brown young laicic or woman,' and occasionally he was putting his arm around her waist, and requested her to sing a hymn, on which the young woman rose and began to sing. This was repeated several times while I was observing him. Sometimes he asked her to sing a hymn, and I also heard him ask her to sing a song. She always complied by singing a hymn. Mr. Gebbie was going about in the church at the time, though I cannot say he was in the passage where this was occurring. The whole scene through the evening appeared to me to be very extraordinary, and not at all like what we would expect to find in a church, though they appeared to be very earnest, and evidently thinking they were doing what was right. When the man was asking the girl to sing a hymn or a song, he kept looking into her face in a very loving manner. (Laughter.) In the course of that evening Mr. Gebbie addressed observations to the people. Once or twice when he wished to speak amid the great commotion, he went into the pulpit or preacher's desk, and, waving his hand, cried 'Whist! thus obtaining silence. He would then give out a hymn. The hymns he read out were Richard Weaver's hymns. In the course of that night I heard Mr. Gebbie, in speaking of salvation, say, that some people offered their salvation at some future time, but that he offered them immediate salvation—He also spoke of salvation being so easily obtainable that any of us might obtain it before we left the church. Mr. Gebbie was talking about our estrangement from God, and the necessity for our returning to him; and he said that we ought to go down on our knees, and so saying he fell down with a crash in the pulpit. He then rose and said that our going on our knees was not sufficient, but that we ought to go out into the churchyard and throw ourselves on our backs, and suiting the action to the word, he threw his arms and his body back in the desk or pulpit till he touched the back of the desk. He said, 'you ought to go to the churchyard, throw yourselves on your backs, and pray to God to forgive you your sins.' In the course of that night I saw and heard Mr. Gebbie clapping his hand loudly. Mr. Gebbie, in talking of those who called in question their proceedings at this meeting, clapped his hands and said he was rejoiced that such things went on. When I was in the gallery I saw an individual led out from one of the groups below, and as the person who was led passed Mr. Gebbie towards the session house, Mr. Gebbie shouted out 'Another soul to Christ, another soul to Christ.'

Another witness examined was a Mr. James Ferguson, farmer: his testimony fully corroborated that of Morris. Being asked, if he remembered attending the "Revival" meeting? and if he could relate any of the proceedings on that occasion? he replied as follows:—

"Yes. I was at a revival meeting, shortly after the 17th October, 1860, and Mr. Gebbie said, 'I saw Christ.' When did he say he so saw Him? I can't say the exact time when, but the impression left on my mind was, that it was some short time before he had been speaking. He said, 'I saw Christ; he let me see his legs. What beautiful legs! what beautiful legs! I wished to see His face; but He held away His face from me, and hid it with His garment. He let me see His side. He let me see the holes in His side.' Mr. Gebbie then stretched out his arm and his open hand, and added, 'He let me put my

ingers into the holes in His side. I still pressed to see His face, but He would not let me see His face...

The same deponent was then questioned as to whether any indecent liberties had been taken with him by any of the female devotees, the victims of the Revival excitement?

"She was not a brazen lass: She was a stout woman [laughter]. She asked 'if I had found Christ?' and I said that I could not answer that properly.

It is needless to multiply testimony to the same effect. "Revivals" have been repeatedly depicted by Protestant hands, and always in the same disgusting colors; and there is in short a dreary monotony in the accounts given by different eye witnesses, of the shocking scenes of which they were spectators.

We have been amused by reading, in an American journal, a violent attack upon certain socialistic theories of the Editor of one of the many German radical newspapers published in the United States; followed by an editorial comment to the effect, that to attack Socialism in our age and in a commercial country, is to erect a man of straw, to have the fun of knocking it to pieces.

That the middle classes, the bourgeoisie, have at all times shrunk, and do now shrink, from the practical consequences of Socialism, as set forth by its avowed advocates, we are not disposed to deny.

Our good lies in the natural order. Heaven means temporal success, and the real Hell of a man is a failure in his attempts to secure this; the amiable and domestic virtues are those which alone we should seek to cultivate; we must be intolerant of no doctrine except the doctrine of intolerance itself,—that religious dogmas are of real importance, that man has a supernatural destiny, and that he should be ever ready to sacrifice his temporal happiness to its attainment.

The thought of popular Protestantism in this matter is very well expressed in the famous essay of Macaulay on the Philosophy of Bacon. Our fathers prayed, we work; they meditated, we

act. We merit happiness hereafter, by seeking to attain it here; Christianity is the protest of Humanity against the usurpation of privilege—the cry of the people to be delivered from the temporal bondage under which they groan; it is the religion that is to bless the earth, and make the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose, and seat every man beneath his own vine and fig-tree. It is the Gospel of Equal Rights. Utility and Progress are the two keys of the true doctrine.

Christianity when it first appeared was not understood. The Church, if not actually anti-Christ, at least became corrupt as it became victorious. The subtle Greek and the profound Schoolman struck an accursed alliance between the old philosophy and the new creed. Again men sowed the wind; still the temporal improvement of the human race was contemned as unworthy of the attention of the Scholar, the Mystic or the Saint. The true philosopher was despised as a mechanic, or burnt as a sorcerer.

At length the barren Philosophy which for sixty generations had held the world in thrall, received its death-blow. What Christ essayed, but failed to do, Bacon effected. The Reformation in Religion, was the handmaid of the Reformation in Philosophy. Luther and his associates smote St. Thomas from his chair, and Bacon arose to take his place, to re-establish order amidst the intellectual anarchy which followed from his fall.

Bacon, according to the Essayist, Bacon the Philosopher of Protestantism, is the first Philosopher that turned his faculties to practical account. Others would raise us above vulgar wants—he taught us to supply them. Many before drew good bows—he alone hit the mark. Others offered Heaven as a reward for ruling the passions—he taught men to derive gratification from the wise indulgence of their sensual appetites and earthly propensities. St. Thomas prates of a happiness, that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, to be enjoyed hereafter. Bacon tells men that a happiness, which men have done wrong to despise, may be attained here, if they will but give their united and undivided attention to the realities by which they are surrounded; and abandon mystic speculations about a future state and spiritual joys, which can be submitted to no scientific test, which cannot be subjected to the microscope, or put in the crucible, which they can neither bear, see, smell, touch nor taste.

And this Philosophy has produced its tangible results. Let us hear its eloquent Panegyrist, and one of its greatest disciples—"It has lengthened life, it has mitigated pains; it has extinguished diseases: it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new facilities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of a form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendour of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscle; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled men to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth; to traverse the land on cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which sail against the wind.—These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which is never attained, which is never perfect; its law is progress. A point which yesterday was invisible, is its goal to-day, and will be its starting point to-morrow."

These are the thoughts of Protestants; these are their words. It is of these things they boast, and on these things that they base their claims for their religion. On what assumption do all these proceed, that set this down as good? What is the argument that upsets their reasoning; what the truth to silence their rejoicing? This: that man has an immortal soul. That it is yet to be proved that there is no Heaven, no Hell, no God, no eternity of happiness or of woe; and this of the Apostle, "He that soweth to the flesh, shall reap of the flesh; he that soweth of the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

It is needless to assert that those whose God is their belly, and who mind earthly things, have discarded the eternal Gospel of the Son of God. The charge of infidelity comes with an ill-grace from them; and the disciples of Bacon and the disciples of Fourier stretch to each other the hand of brotherhood across the gulf of ages.—The boasts of both are false. The Philosophers have promised what they could not give. Temporal happiness is not yet attained. Those who have adopted the Baconian premises are right in demanding further and more rapid progress towards the conclusion at which they have not yet arrived.

Moderate men may exclaim against certain doctrines as ultra and extreme; property holders may recoil from conclusions which would lead to the confiscation of their estates; patriotic men exclaim against the destruction of time-honored

institutions to which they are attached; theories appear impious and horrible to those whose possessions they attack; but the question is, whether the moderate and conservative man does not hold principles which imply the last consequences of the leveller and the fanatic who shouts all property is theft.

Protestantism is a progressive religion, and its Ministers boast of this: the Catholic Church must be destroyed, precisely because she cannot change, and cannot be reformed. But Protestantism is progressive, is changeable;—does change—adapts itself to the times, and is in fact the ever varying expression of the people's will, the Revelation of the People-God. The Protestant boasts that he is not chained to a dead past; he admits the legitimacy of the Protestant movement, and of course, cannot refuse to condemn and reject old formulas, as these are, from time to time, outgrown and thrown aside. No Protestant pretends that the founder of his sect saw the whole truth, or that the fetters of Rome were broken, that new shackles might be forged from their fragments to again enchain the world.

Protestantism,—the denial that a Revelation has been preserved,—is for the men of this generation, the practical denial that a revelation has been made; it is the admission that no Revelation has been made to them. It reduces men to nature, and to the goods of this life alone. It makes Religion consist in doing one's duty in this world. The pursuit of money, credit, power, good repute, the gratification of self, and the worship of self, is the only true worship of its God. Its Saints and Heroes, are the wealthy, the successful and the great. Its Ministers derive their mission from the world, from their people, not from Heaven and from God. They are the servants, not of the Most High, but of those of whose will, and of whose wishes, they are paid to be the mouth-piece and the oracle. Riches and honor with Protestantism, are the measure of good, the end of life. Every act of civil government is wrong that does not directly tend to increase what is thus set down as the true happiness of man. Higher objects are a folly and a dream. The only thing substantial is this life; the only wisdom, to cherish and enjoy it. Almsgiving is a sin against Society; denial of the flesh is puerile and contemptible; prayer, a waste of time; to make a stand for opinion is bigotry; there is no merit in believing this rather than that, or in believing anything at all.

Man thus reduced to the goods of this world, shall the masses abandon this—their last and only hope, and admit that there is, after all, no good for man? Shall they have rational souls, teeming brains, warm hearts, and be told that wealth, pleasure, knowledge, fame, power, worldly possessions are the only good—and pass through life without one fierce struggle to gain the end for which they were made? Time passes like the summer cloud;—shall the people not yearn to crown themselves with roses before they are withered, and leave every where tokens of joy, since this is their portion and this their lot?—Of course not.

If then this destiny cannot be fulfilled by any but the favored few, that man is a criminal and a mad-man, who recognising this as the destiny of his fellows, complains of those that would upset the existing order, and are mad for social change. Who that believes that the Supreme Good is the enjoyment of earth, and to be sought from Nature and Society, not from God and the Church, can refuse to labor for that social organisation which is to harmonise the interests of all, and to make poverty and suffering, the only real evils, disappear. Socialism is right, or the material Philosophers have set up, and are worshipping, an accursed lie. If Utility and Progress are the Evangel of Christ, Proudhon and Cabot are Saints and Heroes. The Socialists, of all Protestants, are the most consistent, the wisest, the most earnest, the honestest, the best. Let those ridicule their schemes, and those only, who either despise their end and aim, or have to propose some better means.

It is wrong to doubt the truths of Faith, to set up an idol for God, to be deceived and to err.—But to be in earnest is never wrong. Yes; the fanatical philosophers, and statesmen of the day—the Emersons, the Proudhons, the Mazzinis—are right; they are worthy of all love, of all aid, of all honor, if, as Bacon says, man's highest end is *efficaciter operari ad sublevanda vitæ humanae incommoda*; if Heaven be indeed a fable, and Hell a dream.

DR. CAHILL.—Last Sunday evening the last of a highly instructive Course of Lectures was given by Dr. Cahill in the St. Patrick's Church; after which several members of the congregation waited upon the reverend gentleman in the Sacristy, where B. Devlin, Esq., on behalf of the St. Patrick's congregation, in an exceedingly appropriate speech, returned thanks to the distinguished divine for the services he had rendered to the Orphans, to whom he had generously made over the proceeds of the Course. The Doctor was requested and consented to deliver a farewell Lecture before leaving Montreal; and this is fixed for Tuesday evening next, in the Bonaventure Hall.

ORDINATIONS.—The following Orders were conferred on Saturday last in the Grand Seminary, by His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal:—

Priests—MM. A. W. Seers, and C. Clement. Deacons—MM. J. T. Gaudet, F. X. Blanchet for Oregon City, and L. McKenna of New York.

Sub-Deacons—MM. F. X. Prefontaine, C. Palin, P. O. Renaud, J. Piche, and J. O'Brien of Hartford.

Minor Orders—MM. F. X. Laberge, C. Maillet, J. N. Lussier, P. Berard, P. Ludden of Albany, M. J. Goodwin of Brooklyn, J. McGean, G. Healy, W. J. Hussay, P. Tandy of New York; J. Barry of Portland; P. W. Coudon of Kingston.

The following gentlemen received the Tonsure:—

MM. D. Lavan of Ottawa; J. F. X. Poulin, of St Hyacinthe; J. Leuzon, R. Lanarre, L. Geoffroy and J. H. Park.

On Sunday last M. J. T. Gaudet received the Holy Order of Priesthood at the chapel of the Hotel Dieu, from the hands of His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal.

The typhus fever has broken out among the unfortunate inmates of the Provincial Penitentiary, and deaths are said to be of daily occurrence. The Kingston Whig says, that although the law expressly declares that an inquest shall be held (for obvious reasons) upon every prisoner who dies in a prison, reformatory, or asylum, the Warden has not as yet seen fit to comply with this salutary provision of the law. — Montreal Gazette.

THE RIGHT WAY TO GO TO WORK.—The Council of the Township of Hutton have passed a resolution calling a public meeting for the organization of two militia companies. — Montreal Herald.

La Reforme says, "It is rumored that the Parliamentary buildings at Quebec are to be burnt down. Whether this be true or false the rumour created alarm amongst our population. The authorities should not neglect every precaution. Excess of prudence cannot harm." We heard the same story repeated here a few days ago. — Montreal Gazette.

We should infer from a statement of our confere in London, in his letter which we insert to-day, and a remark of Mr. Tilley, of New Brunswick, that the negotiation with the Imperial Government for building the Intercolonial Railroad, is likely to be unsuccessful, by reason of the Colonial Delegates not seeing their way to agree to a sinking fund, demanded by the Council of the Executive. — Montreal Gazette.

A CANADIAN "COURT CLEVER." A remarkable case is now receiving the attention of our police authorities. A lady, well educated and married to a gentleman of respectability, but who has been deprived of reason and is now in the Asylum is charged with the crime of shop-lifting. Such charges have been made before against persons of similar rank, but in every such case that we can recall, it has been alleged that the articles purloined were intended for personal adornment, or were taken under the influence of strong temptation. This is not the charge in the present instance. It is alleged that this lady has not only stolen, but has done so systematically, and has made use of her position in society for the purpose of disposing of her ill-gotten gains. She has been in the habit of going round among her acquaintances in our best circles, and of selling at reduced prices an immense number of articles of wearing apparel; and this for more than two years, apparently without exciting any suspicion. The excuse offered by the accused has been, that the goods were the property of a widow whose husband had died immediately after coming to this country with a stock of dry goods. Silk dresses have been sold for one-half their value, and the buyers ears have been tickled with the idea, that besides getting a decided bargain, they were aiding in the support of the widow and the fatherless. It does appear extraordinary that sales of such articles could be made to so great an extent among the ladies of Toronto, without exciting the suspicion which would arise in the most innocent minds at seeing goods sold far below their real value. The side of the story makes the heroine a cool and wary purloiner. But there is another view of her position which it is well that the public should see. It presents the lady as a person of benevolent dispositions, and withal of a very active and lively disposition, occupying herself much with other person's affairs. It represents her as delighted with an opportunity of making visits to her friends, and taking delight in gossiping about dress, which, unfortunately, is too common among women. It shows her visited by a woman now supposed to be the associate of thieves, who, by a well concocted tale, enlisted the sympathies of this lady, and induced her, as a matter of charity, to dispose of certain articles for the support of a fatherless family. We have presented both sides of the picture. If the lady has stolen without assistance the immense quantity of goods she is known to have disposed of, she may be set down as one of the most extraordinary thieves. If the other side be true, she must be of a surprisingly unassuming temper. The Mrs. Wilson, from whom she is said to have received the goods, and of whose whereabouts the police have not discovered a single trace, must be a person of remarkable skill. — Globe.

FRIGHTFUL SCENE AT AN EXECUTION AT WOODSTOCK, ON.—On the 17th inst., a horrible occurrence took place in the town of Woodstock, at the execution of a man named Cook. The criminal was a blond man, aged 70, and had been convicted of the murder of his wife, which he alleged he had perpetrated under the influence of liquor, making very little defence of any other kind. The finisher of the law had constructed a part of his machinery so badly as to add double horror to the spectacle. He employed so long a rope that the man fell much further than is usual, or than was required, and the jerk of his body was consequently so great as to completely sever the head from his body. This produced a sickening effect upon all who witnessed it.

A Rifle Company has been formed in St. John's. It is also proposed to raise an infantry company. The cavalry troop of the same flourishing town lately received their uniforms—blue with white facings, and to 'wet' them, we suppose, invited Sergeant Major Langford, of the British cavalry, their drill instructor, to a substantial supper. A rifle company is also forming in Sheffield, another in Waterloo, still another in Granby. Major Langley, of Waterloo, proposes getting up another company from the hardy yeomanry in that vicinity.

THE GENEROUS HOST.—Wm Pelletier, the fashionable young man from Quebec, who boarded at Mr. Bellevue's Hotel till lately, and mixed in polite society, but whom misfortune overtook on the occasion of his inviting several of his hospitable acquaintances to a picnic in the country, when his landlord broke in on his arrangements, and finally had him arrested for paying his board and other expenses with a check on a bank in which he had no money—has been committed for trial at the next Court of Quarter Sessions. Pelletier was examined a second time before Judge Courten, but could give no satisfactory explanation of his misconduct.

We understand that it is found necessary to build another Lunatic Asylum in Lower Canada, and that there is talk of buying the College Buildings at Nicolet for the Priests for \$80,000.—Montreal Gazette.

MAYOR WANTED.—The following advertisement appeared in the St. Catharines Journal:—"Wanted, for the flourishing and enterprising town of St. Catharines, county of Lincoln, a man suitable to be converted into a Mayor for the year of grace, 1863. Good references will be required. None but a Protestant need apply. Address, post-paid, J. F. S., box 2001, St. Catharines, Dec. 13, 1862. Exchanges will confer a favor on a suffering town by giving this a gratuitous insertion or two." There were two candidates for the Mayorship a few days ago, but they both counted on the probable expense of the contest, and each flinching he would have to pay more for a reasonable prospect of winning the election than the honor of being Mayor was worth, they both resigned. Hence the difficulty. We have pleasure in giving the afflicted town a gratuitous notice.

Mrs Shaw, the lady charged with wholesale shoplifting at Toronto, has been committed to the Assizes for trial. She was afterwards discharged on £500 bail.

Relief meetings have been held in Huntingdon and Hemmingford. The handsome sum of \$258 50 was subscribed at the preliminary meetings.

It is said that the Hon. Mr. Turcotte stated to several persons that he would resign and go into the opposition. It is understood that the reason which influences him is the refusal of the Government to meet his demands in reference to the Athabaska Railway Claim.

The Hon. Malcolm Cameron is spoken of as the probable candidate for the Speakership of the Legislative Council.

The repairs of the Great Eastern having been completed, she will leave New York for Liverpool on the 3rd of January.

STRANGE STORY.—A startling instance of terrible punishment for a thoughtless oath, is thus related by a correspondent of the Salem (Ohio) Republic, writing from the 104th Ohio regiment:—"Quite a strange affair occurred in Company K, a few days ago. One of the boys got out of humor because he had to prepare for dress parade. He swore about it a good deal, and he declared he wouldn't go out; he hoped God would never let him speak another word if he went out on dress parade, and the next morning was utterly unable to speak. The poor fellow cried bitterly, but it was too late. He had prayed and was answered. Some said his language was, 'I hope Jesus Christ will strike me dumb, if I go on another dress parade or battalion drill.' Some say that he did not go out that evening. But all accounts agree on the main point, that is, he wished to be a man, and is now made a mute."

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, December 23rd, 1862.

Flour—Pollards, \$2 25 to \$2 50; Middlings, \$2 65 to \$2 80; Fine, \$3 50 to \$3 80; Super, No 2, \$4 20 to \$4 30; Superfine, \$4 47 to \$4 52; Fancy, \$4 65 to \$4 70; Extra, \$4 90 to \$4 95; Super Extra, \$5 15 to \$5 30. We hear of no sales to day, and therefore continue yesterday's quotations. There have been a few sales of No. 1 Superfine, we understand, for May delivery, but not sufficient to establish rates.

Oatsmeal per 100 lbs, at \$4 50. Wheat—Canada Spring, \$3 to 3 25 ex car; U.C. White Winter, nominal, \$1 04 to \$1 05. Our loads in good demand.

Pork per 66 lbs, 70c to 72c. Nominal. Ashes per 112 lbs, Pots, usable; Inferiors, \$6 40 to \$6 60; Pearls, \$6 40 to \$6 50; Inferiors, \$6 40 to \$6 60.

Butter little business doing; quotations as before: Inferior, 10c to 10 1/2; medium, 11c to 12c; fine, 12c to 14c; choice, 14c to 17c.

Lard per lb, dull at 7c to 8c.

Tallow per lb, 8c to 9c; in demand.

Hams per lb, dull; smoked, 6c to 8c; canvassed, 8c to 10c.

Pork per brl, Mess \$10 00 to \$10 50; Thin Mess, \$9 00 to \$9 50; Prime Mess, \$8; Prime, \$8. No transactions; quotations nominal.

Beef per brl, Prime Mess, \$3 to \$3 50. Nominal.

Hogs and purchasers at \$3 to \$3 50 for Live; and \$3 75 to \$4 25 for Dressed, according to weight and quality.

Seeds Clover, 8c to 8 1/2 per lb; Timothy, \$2 to \$2 50 per 45 lbs.

FRANKLIN NOT FOUND.—No tidings from the frozen North gives hopes of Sir John Franklin's existence. Persons inhabiting a cold climate, or one so changeable as ours, should use Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers—only 25 cents a box, and are good for sore throats, hoarseness and colds.

Sold in Montreal by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Clark & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

Birth.

In this city, on the 17th inst., Mrs. J. Cloran, of a son.

Died.

In this city, on the 12th inst., Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of John Charles.

In Carlton Place, on the 7th inst., Mrs. Poole, wife of James Poole, Esq., proprietor of the Carlton Place Hotel.

In Prescott on the 2nd inst., after a lingering illness, which she bore with great patience and fortitude, Harriet Augusta, wife of S. B. Merrill, Esq., editor of the Prescott Telegraph.

TO TEACHERS.

A MALE and FEMALE TEACHER, holding First Class Certificates, are wanted in the Roman Catholic Separate School, PRESCOTT, to whom a competent Salary will be paid.

The School will be opened on the FIFTH of JANUARY, 1863.

PATRICK GONLON, } Trustees. JOHN MURPHY, } HUGH GALLAGHER, }

TO CONTRACTORS.

THE Syndics of the Parish of St. SOPHIA, County of Terrebonne, will receive to the 30th of the present month, TENDERS for the CONSTRUCTION of a

CHURCH AND SACRISTY,

at the said Parish of St. Sophia.

Plans and Specifications are deposited in the Office of the undersigned, in the Town of Terrebonne.

Tenders must be post-paid, addressed either to the Rev. M. Payette, Priest and Cure of St. Sophia, or to the undersigned at Terrebonne.

The works must be completed by Christmas, 1864, and the Syndics do not engage to accept the lowest Tenders.

J. O. AUGER, Notary and Architect.

Terrebonne, 3rd Dec., 1862.

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

Jan. 17, 1863.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

There is to be a great fête in Paris next Sunday (7th inst.)... a new boulevard, increasing the beauty of that magnificent city, is to be opened on that day.

There has been rumours of attempts upon the life of the Emperor. It is unquestionable that the Mazzinis, conspirators of Italy hate the Emperor bitterly, and that they would slay him if they could.

Dr. Bernard, the Frenchman who was tried a few years ago for complicity in the conspiracy of Orsini and Pieri against the Emperor of the French, has died in a lunatic asylum.

Paris, Dec. 2. It is said that M. Lavalette, late Minister to Rome, who has been on a visit to the Emperor at Compiegne, believes he has made a serious impression on His Majesty's mind about Italian affairs; indeed, that he has nearly converted him to his views.

The Echo Agricole states that the Budget of the Minister of War is ready to be presented to the Chamber of Deputies at its meeting.

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The Presse, under the head of latest news, states that the Emperor is to hold a Cabinet Council at Compiegne, to take into consideration a despatch on the subject of Greece received from the French Ambassador in London.

The Member of Mr Bullion - A letter received from the British Consulate of Marseille, dated the 27th of November, confirms the reported death by violence at that place, on the 18th of November, of Mr. Allan Bullion, assistant-engineer of Her Majesty's ship Porche.

THE PARIS PLOT. - Travellers arriving from Paris state that nothing is talked of there but the plot. Foreigners and others anxious to see the Emperor at Compiegne are informed that at present all audiences are suspended.

His Oubliance. - A letter in the Standard thus describes the 'Re Galantini': 'The King of Sardinia is the best living representative of Henry VIII. that I have yet seen.'

Rome. - Even the London Times is getting ashamed of its libels upon the Queen of Naples, and does that ill-used Sovereign tardy justice.

ITALY. Confusion reigns in the Government and legislature of Victor Emmanuel. Strife, dissension, and mutual recrimination is the order of the day.

THE IMPERIAL CABINET, through the Prussian Minister at Turin, has given the Italian Government to understand that any future violation of the Austrian frontier must necessarily be attended with very unpleasant consequences to the offending parties.

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St. Petersburg, Nov. 30. - The Journal de St. Petersbourg of to-day says - We are enabled to confirm the statement that Russia has never for a moment thought of deviating from the principles expressed in the London protocol on the Great question.

INDIA.

The Times correspondent gives but a sad picture of the progress of Protestant Missions in India. He writes - Efforts are being made in Calcutta, Bombay, and Poona to meet the increasing Christian vagrancy by Bibi-women as well as city missionaries.

CHINA.

The following extracts from a letter written in February last by Mgr. Faure, Vicar Apostolic of Kouy-Tcheou, to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, will be read with interest.

1. Father John Peter Neel, of Sainte-Catherine-Riviere (diocese of Lyons), beheaded for the faith last Monday, February 17; 2. His catechist John Tchou, aged forty-two years; 3. A baptist named Martin Ou;

4. The neophyte John Tchong, whose house was the Missionary's asylum; 5. The virgin Lucy Y, belonging to a very honorable family in this city.

They were all executed at Kouy-Tcheou, by order of the mandarin Tay-Lou-Tche, the same who formerly immolated the three martyrs of Mao-Keou, February 28, 1858.

4. A letter from the Rev. Mr. Neel, dated Sunday evening, February 16th, informed me of the rising persecution; it breathes the spirit of our courageous fellow-laborer: 'I must, said he, soon set out for the capital; but I remain in my post to sustain my neophytes, the oldest of whom, John Tchong, my host, was baptised only this morning.'

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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was exhibited. The battle on our side, was a carnival of cowardice. Whichever the newspapers say, the highest officers here do not pretend to conceal that the Union troops never fought so badly. After they had once got within point-blank range of the enemy, fire nothing could induce them to advance.

It appears that the Abbe Neel's death had been premeditated and decided on previously. On Monday, after twelve o'clock, the satellites suddenly attacked his retreat, put chains on the Missionary, John Tchou his catechist, and also on John Tchong, the master of the house.

At the moment that the Abbe Neel's head rolled on the ground, a bright cloud is said to have descended rapidly from the heavens, and having remained a few moments over his body, it disappeared.

The young girl Lucy Y, who had not been taken and brought in until towards night, as the village in which she resided was at a greater distance, was not executed until the following morning.

These are all the details I have been able to gather of those martyrs. I have sent there four or five poor Christians, who will travel about the country as beggars, and gain as much information as they can pick up secretly.

The Abbe Neel was aged twenty-nine years and eight months. He was the youngest of the Missionaries of Koung-Tcheou.

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UNITED STATES.

We (Commercial Advertiser) have been permitted to make the following extract from the letter of a Canadian Surgeon in the Federal army to a relative in this city, dated from Burnside's Headquarters, on Sunday last: - Being attached for the time to Headquarters, with nothing to do but watch the progress of the fight from the gallery of the Phillip's Mansion, which commands a view of nearly the whole field of operations on the other side of the river, I had as good a sight of the battle after the fog lifted about noon as from a box seat of a theatre.

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work. He may see them separate, wet and weary, as the evening closes in, and if he will mount his horse and accompany some of them to their homes in a distant valley, he will find that they are going to sleep in the roughest fare, to crowd with wife and children in an ill-ventilated room, to sleep in the roughest way, and to be up early, to walk several miles back again to their work next morning.

SECTION FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—On Sunday evening, November 30, the Rev. William Lincoln, of Beresford Episcopal Chapel, Waltham, England, announced to his congregation his intention of seceding from the Church of England.

The English and French papers have contained a paragraph announcing the arrival of a live gorilla by an African vessel at Liverpool. On the strength of this, a scientific gentleman from the Zoological Society, started by express train, with his pocket full of gold, to acquire the valuable specimen for the gardens in Regent's Park.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

TENDERS will be received to the 20th of DECEMBER NEXT, by the Local Council of the PARISH of CHATEAUGUAY, for the CONSTRUCTION of a BRIDGE, at the Village of that District.

CANADA HOTEL,

15 & 17 St. Gabriel Street.

THE Undersigned informs his Friends and the Public in general that he has made

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS

in the above-named Hotel. Visitors will always find his Omnibus in waiting on the arrival of Steamboats and Cars.

SERAFINO GIRALDI, 5m.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF CHARLES KILLBHER, otherwise CHARLES CAMP, Timinith. He is about twenty-three years of age, five feet eight inches in height, fair complexion, stoops a little when walking, and exhibits a medal said to have been received by one of his ancestors for distinguished service in the British army.

SACRED PICTURES FROM RUBENS.

MR. TROYE invites the public to the above, as well as to his specimens of PORTRAIT PAINTING at MR. ROLLAND'S STORE,

PROSPECTUS OF THE

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE

SANDWICH, CANADA WEST.

Under the Patronage of their Lordships the Right Rev. the Bishop of Sandwich, and the Right Rev. the Bishop of Detroit, U. S.

THIS COLLEGE is under the direction of the Rev. Fathers of the Order of St. Benedict, whose Mother-house is at St. Vincent, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, U. S.

There is a Classical and a Commercial Course.—The Classical Course comprises the English, French, German, Latin, and Greek languages, together with the other branches of literature which are usually taught in all great Colleges.

The Commercial Course comprises the English, French, and German languages, Mathematics, History, Geography, Book-keeping, Geometry and Trigonometry, Natural Philosophy, etc., according to the capacity of the pupils.

There is also a Philosophical and Metaphysical department, in which are taught Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, Dogmatic and Moral Theology.

Religion is the basis on which the whole plan of education will rest, and propriety of manners and correctness of deportment will be strictly enforced.

The Scholastic Year commences on the first Monday of September, and ends on the first of July. The Discipline is strict, but mild and parental.

All letters, except letters from parents, must be submitted to the inspection of the President. The use of tobacco is prohibited.

No student is permitted to leave the College unless accompanied by his parents or guardians, and this will be allowed only on the first Monday of the month, or some other convenient day.

TERMS, (INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.)

Board and Tuition, for quarter of 80 days \$25 00
Washing, mending, and the use of Library, ditto 3 00
Instrumental Music, ditto 3 00
Spending Vacation at the College 20 00
No extra charge for Vocal Music.

School Books and Stationery will be furnished by the College at the usual prices. No advancement in money will be made by the College to the students. It is therefore desirable that each student should deposit \$10 at least, for unforeseen expenses.

The second Quarter commences on the 15th instant. OAMILLUS MACKAY, O. S. B., President. Assumption College, Sandwich, Nov., 1862. Nov. 13.

Successor to the late D. O'GORMAN.
BOAT BUILDER,
SIMPSON STREET, KINGSTON.
An assortment of Skills always on hand.
OARS MADE TO ORDER.
SHIPS' BOATS' OARS FOR SALE.

NOTICE.
PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that at the NEXT SESSION of the PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE, APPLICATION will be made by the SAINT PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY of MONTREAL for an ACT OF INCORPORATION.
JAMES O'FARRELL, Secretary.
Montreal, Nov. 28th, 1862.

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P. O'MEARA, Recording Secretary, of St. Patrick's Society.
Montreal, Oct 10, 1862.



The English and French papers have contained a paragraph announcing the arrival of a live gorilla by an African vessel at Liverpool. On the strength of this, a scientific gentleman from the Zoological Society, started by express train, with his pocket full of gold, to acquire the valuable specimen for the gardens in Regent's Park.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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2nd. The terms for board are \$75.
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3rd. By paying a fixed sum of \$24, the House will undertake to furnish all the school necessities, books included.
4th. By paying a fixed sum of \$20 the House will furnish the complete bed and bedding, and also take charge of the washing.
5th. The terms for half-board are \$2 per month.
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11th. Parents who wish to have clothes provided for their children will deposit in the hands of the Treasurer a sum proportionate to what clothing is required.
12th. The parents shall receive every quarter, with the bill of expenses, a bulletin of the health, conduct, assiduity, and improvement of their children.
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2nd. The terms for Board are, per month, \$5.00. The House furnishes a bedstead, and also takes charge of the shoes, provided there be at least two pairs for each pupil.
3rd. The price of the washing, when taken charge of by the House, is 80 cents per month.
4th. By paying \$1.50 per month, the House will furnish the complete bed and bedding, and also take charge of the washing.
5th. The terms for half-board are \$2.00 per month.
6th. Doctor's fees and medicines are, of course, extra charges.
7th. Lessons in any of the Fine Arts are also extra charges. Instrumental Music, \$1.50 per month; use of Piano, \$1.50 per annum. Drawing lessons, 60 cents per month. Flowers, per lesson, 20 cents.
8th. Parents who wish to have clothes provided for their children will deposit in the hands of the Lady Superior a sum proportionate to what clothing is required.
9th. The parents shall receive every quarter, with the bill of expenses, a bulletin of the health, conduct, assiduity, and improvement of their children.
10th. Every month that is commenced must be paid entire, without any deduction.
11th. Each quarter must be paid in advance.
12th. Parents can see their children on Sundays and Thursdays, except during the offices of the Church.
13th. Each pupil will require to bring, besides their wardrobe, a stand, basin and ewer, a tumbler, a knife, fork and spoon, table napkins. By paying 50 cents per annum, the House will furnish a stand.
N.B.—Our former Pupils will be admitted on the same conditions as they have been for the preceding years.
Aug 28.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
ALTERATION OF TRAINS.

ON and after MONDAY, November 24, Trains will run as follows:—
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FROM POINT ST. CHARLES STATION.
Mail Train for Quebec, at 8.00 A.M.
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C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director.
Montreal, Nov. 21.

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August 14

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THIS Institution will be opened for Boarders and Classes on the 2nd of September 1862. The course of Instruction will embrace the French and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, and the use of the globes; Ancient and Modern History, Rhetoric, an insight into Chemistry and Philosophy, Astronomy, Botany, Geology, Oenology, Music, Drawing and Painting. Every kind of useful and ornamental Needle-work will also be taught to the pupils. Differences of religion will be no obstacle to admission, provided the pupils conform to the general regulations of the house. No deduction, except for sickness, will be made in the terms which can be known at the Convent, or at the residence of the Rev. L. G. Gagnier in Huntingdon.

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A large and well selected Library will be Open to the Pupils.
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Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (pays la half-yearly in Advance.)
Use of Library during stay, \$2.
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July 21st, 1861.

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Navy Department, Washington, Sept. 17, 1862.
J. T. LLOYD—Sir—Send me your Map of the Mississippi River, with price per hundred copies. Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, commanding the Mississippi squadron, is authorized to purchase as many as required for use of that squadron.
GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

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Baths, Hydrants, Water Closets, Beer Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanized Iron Pipe, &c., &c., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner.
The trade supplied with all kinds of Iron Tubing on most reasonable terms.
Thomas McKenna is also prepared to heat churches, hospitals, and all kinds of public and private buildings with a new "Steam Heater," which he has already fitted up, in some buildings in the City, and which has given complete satisfaction.
Montreal, May 2, 1861.

J. McDONALD & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
36 M'GILL STREET,
CONTINUE TO SELL PRODUCE and Manufactures at the Lowest Rates of Commission.
October 2.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.

From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimple He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder-bolts). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.
One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
Two to three bottles will clear the system of bells.
Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.
One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.
Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corruptions and running ulcers.
One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.

Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.
DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT,
TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.
For Scald Head, you will cut the hair of the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.
For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.
For Scabs on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.
For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time a full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.
For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.
This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box.
Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.
For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.
Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the TRUE WITNESS with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—
St. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
Boston, May 26, 1856.

Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humor so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.

ST. ANNE ALEXIS SHORB,
Superior of St. Vincent's Asylum,
ANOTHER.

Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary; We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
Hamilton, O. W.

THE CARRIERS

OF THE

TRUE WITNESS TO THEIR PATRONS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1863.

Oh what are the words that come gushing to-day,
From the lips of true Friendship and Love?
They speak not of mirth, not of jest, or of song,
But of 'happiness' pure from above.
Day's splendor has woke to the Orient sky,
Eight times since, like Magi of old,
We cast at the Manger our hearts, and our hopes,
The mystic 'frank-incense,' and 'gold.'

'Twas then as in spirit we knelt at the crib,
And watched the bright 'Star of the East;'
The words 'Merry Christmas,' burst forth from our lips,
For we felt 'twas of childhood, the feast.
But now that with tears we have bidden 'farewell,'
To the year we can never recall;
The voice is subdued, and the heart too is full,
As we wish 'Happy New Year' to all.

For oh in the past, there is echoing round,
Gentle greetings from voices of yore;
And we think of the loving and *absent ones*,
And the hearts that are throbbing no more.
To-day as we meet with hand clasped to hand,
O'er our spirits a shadow is cast;
Shall another year spare us the dear friends still left,
Or number them too with the past?

With sorrow we watched thy last sunset, 'Old Year,'
For thy blessings they were not a few;
And while for the *dead* our "Requiem" rings,
We thank God for the *living* hearts true.
We thank Him that when the wild wailings for food,
From thousands far distant resound;
Our Canada still can stretch forth her fair hand,
Where both '*plenty*' and '*peace*' may be found.

Yes 'peace' holds its reign; o'er the battlements float,
The ensign of 'Britain's' proud sway;
While e'en by her own eaglets wounded and maimed
'Columbia' lies bleeding to-day.
Her boasting is over, her banners are soiled,
By the tramping of fast flying feet,
And the stars of her glory are '*Buller*,'—'*Mac Neil*!'
Two *hounds*, for the gallows most meet.

When we bade thee a welcome thou old '62
Our hearts, they were beating with fear;
As we thought of the desolate homes that might be,
Ere the birth of another New Year.
Brave warriors speeding from Albion's white cliffs,
And from Scotia's wild mountains and keep;
From gap and from glen of our own verdant Isle,
Had flocked hither, bright laurels to reap.

The red wreath of Victory dyed with the blood
Of kindred, they wear not to-day;
But oh who shall tell of the sieges they've laid,
Of the hearts they've led captive away?
Wear nobly, your fairly won treasures brave friends,
You love '*women*,' and you love '*golden store*,'
Then show while the heart of a soldier shall beat,
He'll '*love honor, and virtue still more*.'

And now with glad voices sing 'Glory to God,'
For '*Ignatius*' our prelate so mild;
Is spared yet awhile the bright mitre to wear,
With the meekness and grace of a child.
We feared that the Angels had tended a prayer,
As he knelt in St. Peter's at Rome.
And had won him from earth and from all earthly cares,
To their happy celestial home.

For a time he is left, let our souls then rejoice,
And we think of the blessings that ring;
From the pious the noble, the true, and the brave,
From Pius our own Pontiff King.
We think too of one whom we have all learned to love,
Our Prince whose each thought on this day,
Is dwelling on one who his young life shall rule,
With her own pure affection's soft sway.

We wish them peace, happiness; long may they live,
To gladden Victoria's heart;
And with them we pray that long long years may pass,
Ere the Sceptre from *her* hand depart.
Kind readers we bid you a grateful adieu,
May no sorrow your dear homes befall;
And while we bear '*True Witness*' to every joy,
We wish 'Happy New Year' to you all.