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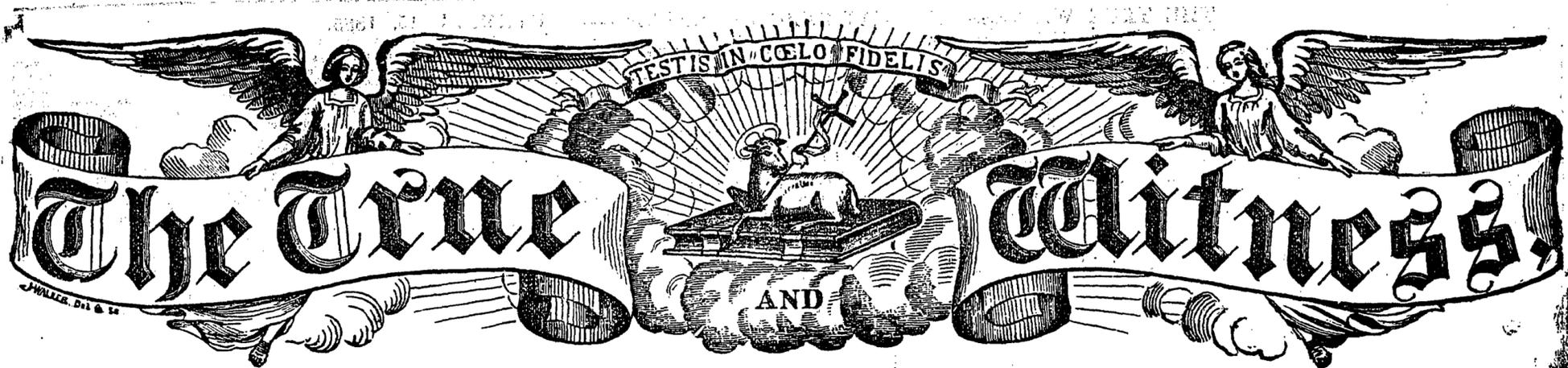
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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ANGELA;

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XI.—THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

"Oh, welcome is the thought of thee,
As the fragrance of an Eastern night!"

It was another of those fair Eastern nights towards the end of the month of October, about ten days after the scenes related in our last chapter. The blue waves of a Mediterranean gently kissed the sides of a galley which, with swelling sails, was gaily making its way towards the fair island of Malta. Yes, fair it had become beneath the sway of the brave Knights of St. John, though but a bare hundred years before a low rocky sandbank had received the heroic L'Isle Adam, with the poor remains of the devoted Rhodians, who clung to their beloved sovereign after the loss of their own fair island of roses. Earth had been brought in ship-loads from Sicily; gardens had been formed; a new city built and fortified; and it had gallantly sustained siege after siege, in which the sworn Knights of the Cross had redeemed their vows, and freely and nobly again shed their blood for the defence of Christendom.

And now the lights of the island of Gozo could almost be seen glimmering in the distance, and the low headlands lay stretching before the bows of the vessel, as she skimmed her way like a sea-bird o'er the dark blue waves.

On the deck of the galley reposed a maiden, her frail form wrapped in a long crimson mantle, which bore the eight-pointed cross embroidered on one side, while by her side reclined a knight, his elbow alone resting on the silken cushions that had been spread all around, and which supported the fair figure of his companion.

"Wrap it well around thee, Angela," said the knight; "the night-air may chill thee, and then I shall regret having given in to thy caprice of remaining all night on deck."

"Nay, Ferdinand," she replied; "it were for me to chide thee for not wearing thine own mantle; only I feel as if I were to refuse what is more dear and more sacred to me than an emperor's pail, were it to resign it."

"How so, sister mine?" said the knight playfully.

"Ah, Ferdinand, have I not read, have I not heard, have I not dreamed of the gallant Knights of St. John, till the brightest spot in all my happiness is, that a brother of Angela di Mendoza should wear their habit, take their vows, and be enrolled beneath their banner? One thing further alone remains."

"And what is that, Angela?" inquired her brother, nothing loth to hear the sweet voice of his sister sing the praises of the Order he loved more than his very life.

"Perhaps, when I am in a very communicative mood, I may tell thee," returned the maiden.

"And why not now?" persisted the knight.

"Because I want to know what brought you so luckily to Syria, just in time to carry me off, like a very pirate that you are, unknown to any one."

"We had been cruising in search of pirates," returned the knight; "you know one great use of our army is to protect pilgrims by sea on their way to the Holy Sepulchre, since we can no longer do so with our arms in our hands on the fair shores of Palestine. When we first touched at the island, on that beautiful moonlit night when you took me for a saint, Angela, we were on our way thither; and, to tell you true, never did storm make me do a thing more agreeable to my inclinations than forcing me to put into that little harbor at the back of the island."

"And wherefore?" said the maiden. "Did Angela hunt thy dreams while capturing pirates in the Archipelago, as much as she seems to have done while sleeping beneath the shade of the cave by the sea side?"

"Precisely," replied the knight; "and yet I would not go out of my way to find her. I left it in the hands of our Lady of Phalermos; for you must acknowledge that, without knowing more than you would vouchsafe to tell me while guiding me to the fountain, it was an adventure more befitting a knight-errant than a follower of the Holy Baptist to come again on purpose to look after thee. Hadst thou then told me enough to recognize thee?"

"All was rightly arranged," interrupted Angela, sighing; "and our Lady of Phalermos guided thee in time to protect me, though not to save him."

"Angela, wouldst thou begrudge him his crown?" murmured the young knight. "Ah, sister mine, the day may come when thou wilt have to see one more near to thee, even by the ties of blood, fall gloriously beneath the sword of the; and wilt thou weep o'er him? Nay, Angela; I thought thee full of aspirations more befitting the sister of a Knight of the Cross.—Our gentle mother will read thee other lessons; for she is a very St. Sympherosa over her only son, and learnt the spirit meet for the wife of a

martyr, when she bound up our father's death-wounds on the plains of Granada, and tried in vain to staunch the flowing life-blood, as she pillowed his head on her faithful bosom."

"Thou art right, Ferdinand," returned the maiden; "my sighs are womanly weakness, unworthy of her who has so often thought and felt she would have stood on the battlefields of Rhodes, and watched the live-long night beside the saintly form of L'Isle Adam, had she lived in those days. O Ferdinand!" she continued, raising herself in a burst of enthusiasm which she now had found one to appreciate, "have you ever seen that beautiful island, with its gardens of roses, and its flowing streams, and its flower valleys? Is that crescent-shaped harbor, with its glittering palaces, and its tapering spires, always to be in the hands of the foes of Christ?—Oh, shame on those who suffered the brave defenders of Christendom to battle it out alone against an innumerable host, and never move their fingers to help them! And then, when the poor, sickly, yet devoted, crowd gathered round their sovereign and their father, and he tenderly bade them follow his footsteps, even though he himself was a homeless wanderer, was there nothing but the barren rock of Malta that could be given as the portion of the Knights of the Cross?"

"Nay, talk not against Malta," returned the knight; "though there spoke out the brave blood of Mendoza."

"Mendoza, Mendoza!" echoed Angela. "I have dreamt over the fair land of Italy, till I can scarcely brook other blood to be mingled in my veins. You are called Ferdinand; but Angela is my name, and it speaks of Italy to me.—What was our mother's name? Mayhap that were more befitting me."

"Nay," replied her brother; "wait till our mother tells thee as many romances of beautiful Spain, when thou wilt no longer prefer the name of Santa Croce to that of Mendoza."

"Santa Croce!" murmured Angela. "Ay, it lifts me up indeed; in religion it shall be mine. Nay, start not, Ferdinand; for this is the one thing further that remains to be accomplished; and I vowed it on that night, when, leaning over the parapet of the lone churchyard of St. John's, I was sadly musing, as my wont used to be, that I was a nameless creature, and that this was the only bar that seemed to make me unwilling to be the Spouse of Christ. And then, Ferdinand, you stood before me, as if in answer to my prayer; our Lady of Phalermos had granted my petition; my name and kindred were restored to me; and once I have seen my mother's face, and heard her sweet voice, and knelt once more for her blessing, the vow must be accomplished."

"I blame thee not, Angela," returned the knight; "happy are they who give their hearts to God, in the first spring of their youth and beauty! Only one thing I ask: wait awhile, and let our mother see her long-lost treasure for some time and then bethink thee of an Order that befits thy rank and name."

"I vowed to be His beneath the habit of St. John," said the maiden musingly. "I then thought of the St. John before me; but he told me that 'in other lands' the great St. John was to be 'my guard, my refuge, and my rest!'"

"Because in his prophetic spirit," returned the knight, "he foresaw what was to happen to thee; and that verily the great St. John in other lands, and in Malta itself, hath the Nuns as well as the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre."

A flash of joyful surprise beamed from the maiden's dark eyes at the moment.

"Say you so, Ferdinand? Now, then, indeed my path is plain; but there is one thing more he said: a dark cloud of sorrow and trial was coming over me; first my name and kindred were to be restored, and then he made me promise to be faithful unto Christ, if needs were, unto death!"

"And has not the dark cloud been over thee, sweet one?" said her brother.

"But my faith has not been tried, Ferdinand," she replied; "other virtues have, and he has obtained me grace to be faithful, I hope; but I have not yet been called upon to confess the faith of Christ even unto death, and none of his words will fall to the ground, I am convinced."

"Brood not over the morrow," replied the knight; "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, Angela dearest," he added, seeing her thoughtful brow, and eyes now swimming in tears; for, with all her heroism, Angela could not yet face the thought of her Father with anything like calmness.

"The wind has died away," he continued, "and I fear me we shall not find ourselves nearer La Valetta till morning. I quite hoped to have found ourselves anchored there before midnight."

"A sail, Sir Knight," said Girolamo, coming up hastily at this moment, "bearing down to the right. They have the wind on them still, but we scarcely make any way through the water."

"Where, Brother Girolamo?" replied the knight, rising, and going towards the bows of the vessel. "So near Malta! It must be one of our own cruisers."

Angela remained alone. Her brother's last words would have taken away all fear had she conceived any at that moment; but her mind had wandered away to her last talk with her martyred Father, and the mystical words wherewith he had foreshadowed to her her future fate.—Calmly she prayed that, if other trials were yet in store for her, she might have strength to prove herself really worthy of the name of the martyr's adopted child; and a trusting peace seemed shed over her heart as she looked forward to the approaching meeting with her mother, whose memory still lived on within her after so many years of cruel separation. She almost fancied she was folded within her arms, and felt the maternal kiss upon her brow as she knelt for her first blessing; the joy of Ferdinand, the tears of all. How deliciously was Angela di Mendoza dreaming!

A bustle near her aroused her. Men were hurrying to and fro, arms were being prepared, the rowers swarming to their places on the oar-benches, and at the same instant her brother came up.

"Angela, my sister, the night is cold; you had better go below."

"Nay, Ferdinand," she replied, "Angela will not disgrace the name of Mendoza. There is danger."

He took her hand, and led her below.

"You are right," said he, as he hastily donned his armor; "a Turkish vessel is bearing down upon us, and another is in the distance. We may yet escape them by rowing; but the wind is in their favor. Be it as it may, stir not, Angela, from here. I charge thee, whatever happens, venture not on deck. Succor cannot fail to come ere long; and indeed I wonder at the infidels daring to venture so near the port. The cannon will, ere long, arouse our friends; but meantime we shall have to fight it out alone."

He gazed at her one moment, and she threw herself into his arms.

"Remember, loved one, we must be faithful unto death. Now is the moment of trial," he murmured, as he hastily clasped her to his bosom. "Stay here, and pray for us."

"Fear not for me, Ferdinand; God and our Blessed Lady be with you. If it be death, even death shall not part us."

He pointed to an image of our Lady of Phalermos which hung in the cabin, lighted by a lamp that burnt dimly before it; gave one look and a smile towards heaven, and burned away.

The next moment Angela heard his musical tones on deck, as a shout of welcome greeted his appearance.

"For God and St. John, brothers! Hoist up the banner, and let you infidel dogs see that they cannot show the crescent unscathed so near where the cross reigns triumphant."

For a moment Angela looked round, as was her wont in an hour of danger, to realize her position. A dagger lying on the table struck her attention. She took it up and placed in her bosom, determined, if necessary, it should be used. She then collected whatever she could lay her hands on in the shape of bandages and linen, and laid them on one side, thinking, as she did so, that very soon she might be called upon to begin the duties of the life she had vowed to God in the Order of St. John. Every weapon that lay within her reach was taken down and placed in readiness; then, calmly turning to the image of our Lady of Phalermos, she knelt down, and with her face buried in her hands, awaited the sounds of the conflict.

She did not wait very long. A tremendous crash of a whole broadside was the first signal of the struggle. Then followed the crashing of armor, the shrieks of the wounded, the shouts and curses of the Turks as they jumped on the deck and were driven back, again and again, by the devoted bravery of that little band of heroes, but above all the din she could hear her brother's musical voice, clear and ringing as an silver bugle, foremost in the attack, first at every point of danger, encouraging his men to die sooner than yield. It was a fearful time; perhaps more fearful to her who knelt in that darkened cabin, knowing nothing of the result, than to those who were engaged in the struggle. At last she heard no more the knight's voice, though the battle ceased not, and in a few more moments the door hastily opened. She started up, rushed towards it, and perceived the faithful Girolamo bearing in the bleeding form of her brother.

"Mother of God!" he exclaimed, "my master, my master, they have done for him!"

"Away, away!" cried the knight, opening his eyes. "Girolamo, haste to thy post. Leave me here; and me not. Bid them hold on to the last. Succor is at hand, and the infidels perceive it not."

"I will revenge you or die!" said the faithful brother-at-arms, tears streaming in spite of himself down his cheeks. "Lady, this is your

work!" and laying into her arms the now insensible form of the knight, he rushed back to the conflict. Calmly and tearlessly she knelt beside him, and laid him gently on the floor. She pressed her hands against the pierced side, from whence the blood was flowing in torrents; endeavored to staunch the blood that poured from his gashed and wounded brow, and whispered in his ears the names of 'Jesus' and 'Mary.' He seemed to recognise her.

"Angela, my beloved, there is yet hope; tell my mother I died for the faith of Christ."

He had scarcely uttered the words when the fighting which had seemed to rage more on the other side of the vessel suddenly ceased, and a shout was raised by the Turks, while at the same moment a turbaned head was seen making its way into the cabin.

"Glorious!" he exclaimed, seizing the arm of the noble maiden, who had risen, and placed her slight form between him and the knight, and now stood waiting the blow of his uplifted sword, without a shrinking in her frame, or a failing in the bright eye that was fixed upon him; "renounce thy accursed faith, and I will spare thee for thy beauty; else—"

"Finish not thy threat, infidel," she replied boldly, making the holy sign, "but perform it.—I spurn thy false prophet, and a Christian I will live and die."

Another moment, and with a dull curse the scimitar of the infidel would have descended, when, with an almost superhuman effort of his ebbing strength, the knight raised himself, and with one blow of his sword the infidel's head half-severed on his shoulder. With one deep groan his arm fell motionless by his side, and he lay prostrate upon the apparently lifeless body of Ferdinand di Mendoza. At the same moment retreating footsteps were heard rushing from the vessel in confusion; and a feeble shout of triumph in Christian accents, which presently was echoed by a peal of artillery. Saccorers had arrived, and the Turks, in the instant of victory, abandoned their prize, which they had only taken when not one of that gallant little crew remained that was not dead or wounded.

When the Christians boarded the vessel and entered the cabin, they found what they at first thought three corpses lying together on the ground; for the form of the maiden who had fallen beside her brother was so covered with the mingled blood that flowed from her intended murderer and her preserver, that every feature in her state of insensibility, was quite unrecognizable; but Angela di Mendoza still lived.

CHAPTER XII.—THE HOME OF THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

"I knew thee when the dog tawned on thee; A mother's eyes is quick!"

Southey's Roderick.

"Mother of Heaven!" were the first words that saluted the ears of the retiring Angela, "what doeth this maiden here?" and she felt herself lifted from the ground as tenderly as though in her mother's arms, and carried to a couch in a pair of stalwart mailed arms. The first thing that she saw was the benevolent manly face of a bronzed old knight, scarred and seamed with many a wound in defence of the Cross, leaning over her. "Why, 'tis a mere child; and, by my troth, as fair a one as my sweet sister Emilia was many a long year ago! Cheer thee, fair maiden," he continued, as he met the bewildered gaze of returning consciousness; "thou art in good hands, the hands of the brave Knights of the Cross, who would not harm a hair of thy head. Whence comest thou? and what is thy name?"

"Angela di Mendoza," murmured the still only half-conscious girl.

"Di Mendoza! Di Mendoza!" ejaculated the old knight; "and where is our brave brother-in-arms, Ferdinand di Mendoza?"

Sore repented the good knight that rash speech; for with a wild scream the maiden, everything suddenly rushing upon her mind, sprang from the couch and threw herself upon the floor beside the lifeless body of her brother.

"O Ferdinand! my brother, my brother!" she exclaimed. "Ab, Sir Knight," she added, trying in vain to raise his bloody brow,—"look not to me; there is yet hope—he may still be alive."

"And is this the good knight, Ferdinand di Mendoza?" said the old knight, who had not perceived the prostrate form of Ferdinand between the blood and the body of the Turk that covered it. "What, ho! my men, carry hence this senseless carion, and let us see to the life of this brother," he shouted, as several men-at-arms entered.

"Nay, maiden," he added to Angela, who was making trembling efforts, in vain, to loose his corslet and helmet, "I am more accustomed to this gear, and trust me, never could maiden hand do it more tenderly than will old Diego di Santa Croce."

"Santa Croce!" said the maiden, even in that

moment of agony struck by the name; "you are then his uncle!" and she burst into a passion of tears.

"Yes, yes, poor child," said the compassionate old knight; "there, weep on, poor little one, for truly thou needest it. These are no scenes for things so frail and fair as thou; and all the while he was undoing the young knight's armor, and examining the gashes with the very tenderness and skillfulness of a nurse, while his men-at-arms bore off and heaved overboard in a moment the still streaming body of the Saracen, all the while looking curiously on the scene before them. And strange indeed was it; the frail fragile form of the bewildered maiden contrasting with the bronzed manly figure of old Sir Diego, leaning together over the bleeding form and almost boyish beauty of the young Ferdinand.

"Cheer thee, maiden," he went on, as his practised hand was laid on the heart, from which the coat of mail and doublet had been now withdrawn. "He lives; it is but loss of blood; he will yet do well."

"My God, I thank Thee," ejaculated Angela. "Ah, Sir Knight, our Blessed Lady reward your charity to an orphan maid."

"Tut, tut," said the blunt old knight; "talk not to Diego di Santa Croce of thanks for tending the wounds of his own nephew, the son of his sister, when, as the vowed 'servant of the poor,' every man has a right to his services, and every maiden to the defence of his good sword. Would that I had only arrived sooner, to prevent all this mischief. Open your window, to let in the air, for he recovers; we will bear him to the couch and see to these wounds."

So saying, he took him up in his arms as easily and tenderly as he had borne Angela a few minutes before, and laid him down again upon the couch.

Slowly and languidly the young knight opened his eyes, roused to consciousness by the vigorous measures employed to staunch the blood. He cast his eyes on the face of his sister, who was leaning over him in tearless sorrow, as she actively banded all the necessary articles to the old knight, to facilitate the binding up of his wounds, now rapidly proceeding; he faintly murmured, "Deo gratias."

"Add to our Lady of Phalermos," ejaculated the delighted Sir Diego.

"Uncle?" were the next words, "you came to our rescue?" He looked first to one and then to the other of his companions, but could say no more.

"I understand thee," said the kind old knight; "thou wouldst commend this maiden to my care." Ferdinand looked his assent, and uttered the words, "Angela di Mendoza—my mother!"

"Hush thee, hush thee, Ferdinand," broke in the again weeping girl. "Think not of me; you cannot speak. I know already this is my uncle?" and taking the old knight's hand, she pressed it to her lips, while he, brushing away a tear, exclaimed:

"Rest tranquil, Ferdinand; Angela di Mendoza shall never want for a father's care as long as old Diego di Santa Croce lives; but I assure thee thy wounds are what many a brave knight hath got over before, and thou shalt yet live to defend and guard her thyself. Shake not thy head so mournfully; I tell thee thou hast no present need of shrift or priest; thou wilt do all that in our own Malta, whither we are hastening with swelling sails and favoring breeze."

"Tell him Angela," faintly whispered the knight—"tell him all; to him I commit you."

"The old knight held a cordial to his lips, and listened to the fearful account given in a few words by the sorrowing maiden of her early years, her first meeting with the knight, the martyrdom of her protector, and the subsequent flight from the island of Syria.

"And it was well done, and like a gallant knight," said Sir Diego, in vain striving to repress a tear that made its way down his cheek; "but who killed you unbelief whom I found lying here when I came in?"

Angela hid her face in the couch; for though at the moment she acted like a heroine, her woman's nature took the upper hand, and she could not think of that moment without a shudder.

"He offered her the Koran or death," said the wounded knight, his pale features slightly glowing with exultation; "she refused, and—"

"Like a true daughter of Mendoza and Santa Croce!" interrupted Sir Diego; "and thou hadst strength left to cut him down—was that it?"

Ferdinand looked his assent, while Angela lifted her wondering face, and said,

"Say, rather, uncle, as befits a simple Christian. Could I do otherwise when a Knight of the Cross lay covered with wounds at my feet? He showed me the way, I did but follow; and then my head reeled, and I fell like a foolish girl that shudders at the sight of blood; upon them both."

The bustle of reaching the harbor interrupted

them, a the old knight went on deck to superintend the work of causing the disabled galley, in which they were, to be towed in by his own, in which he had arrived just in time to the rescue, on the first sounds of the cannonade. Angela sat on a cushion beside her brother's couch, gazing out of the window, as the white battlements and forts glided by, tinged by the rising sun into a pale gold-color, the sea lying below them, imagining in its tranquil bosom the very form of the sentiments as they passed on the walls. With what different feelings had she expected to enter, at her gallant brother by her side, pointing out each spot, still fresh with the glories of only some fifty years back, when La Valette was Grand Master, and the Turks retired, after leaving their tents of thousands perishing beneath those ruined walls, unable to subdue the high courage of a handful of wounded and worn-out knights. She turned to look at him; but so pale and wan were his features, as with closed eyes he lay motionless on the couch, that were it not for the gentle breathing, and the slight movement of his lips, she might have fancied the spirit was departed. He was evidently praying, and she knelt and prayed beside him in silence, till all was ready for their departure. Four brothers-at-arms raised the wounded knight in their arms, and placed him in a litter; and in a few minutes they were treading the shores of Malta.

They stopped at a palace in a street near the water's edge. So early was it, that they passed almost unnoticed; but in that mansion all were already on foot.

'Is your mistress up?' said Sir Diego, as the menials crowded to the door.

'She is, Sir Knight,' was the reply; but is occupied in her oratory.'

'Then disturb her not,' replied he. 'Bear this wounded knight to a chamber, and I will go and break the news to her myself. Not a word, he continued sternly, as the terrified women, recognising their young master, would have broken out into lamentations; 'brave knights require not tears when they are wounded in the defence of the Cross.'

He was obeyed at once. Silently they bore the young knight up the marble staircase, graced on either side by flowering shrubs and evergreens, into an apartment on the first floor. Sir Diego, having composed with his own hands his nephew in bed, turned to the maiden, whom he had not suffered to be parted one moment from his side, and who now stood trembling between expectation and sorrow.

'Now, Angela di Mendoza,' said he, 'it devolves upon me to break this tale to my sister and your mother, the lady of this mansion.—Have you any sign by which I can bring you to her recollection?'

Without speaking, Angela took from her neck the steel chain and reliquary, and placed them in his hands. As she did so, the door opened, and a lady of majestic and still beautiful appearance was seen on the threshold, her silver hair alone betokening an age which her unobscured and lovely features seemed to belie. But still there was an expression of calm and subdued suffering if you scanned them more narrowly; and now she glided noiselessly forward, and stood by the bed before Sir Diego had time to prevent her. The maiden's heart beat wildly against her bosom; her whole soul seemed going forth from its tenement, as her yearning gaze fixed itself on the lady.

Angela di Mendoza had seen her mother.

And silently that mother gazed on the pale features of her one child, unconscious of the presence of the other, so long sought, so fondly cherished, in the depths of her loving heart, as the last beautiful pledge of the love of her long lost and to her eyes martyred husband. Her tears flowed not, though her lips indeed quivered with a mother's anguish; but she met his look of love as his languid eyes opened upon her sweet and beloved face, hanging over him with a smile almost of exultation, as she greeted him with words that might have fallen from the mother of the Maccabees.

'Ferdinand, my son, now indeed thou art a Knight of the Cross, for thy blood has flowed in its defence; and brighter joy is thy mother's this day than when first she pressed her lips on thine infant-brow, her first-born treasure.'

The young knight's face lighted up with a smile of radiant sweetness, as he turned his head to the other side of the bed, where Angela stood half concealed behind the curtains.

'Said I not, Angela di Mendoza, that our sweet mother was a very St. Sympherosa in her maternal love?'

But who can describe the start and thrill that ran through that mother's heart, as at this strange speech wonderingly she raised her eyes and they rested on the form of the shrinking girl? Silently Sir Diego led her forward, and placed in his sister's hands the chain and reliquary he had just received.

'Know you this lady, Angela?' said he, as the tears that flowed not over the wounds of her son streamed rapidly over the long lost well-remembered object, and she gazed into the features of the maiden before her.

'My mother! my mother!' burst at last from the lips of the sobbing girl; and in an instant more she was locked in her opened arms. The voice, the features, the sacred reliquary, could not be mistaken, and Emilia di Mendoza recognised at once her long-lost child.

Long, long they remained in that embrace, the child murmuring mid her tears words of love, that sounded like the cooing of the gentle dove in her lone nest mid the forest-glen, 'Mother, my own sweet, gentle mother!'

But Emilia di Mendoza spoke not. Her love, her joy, were too deep for words. She could but gaze again and again on the fair head pillowed upon her bosom, and again and again kiss the open brow, the fair eyes, the dimpled mouth, as one by one they crowded over her memory; and she seemed to forget the fair maiden before her in the remembrance of the lovely child who was torn from her arms more than twelve long years before, and of whose fate she never could gather a trace. The springs from her gushing eyes alone, like a very fount of water, seemed to be

never more to be closed, and betokened the grateful outpouring of her full heart.

The two knights contemplated the scene before them till the big tears of sympathy stood in the eye of the one, and made its way silently down the cheek of the other amid his smiles.

'And how has this miracle come to pass?' were her first words. 'My God, my God, how have I deserved this at Thy hands?'

'Twas our Lady of Phalermos and the great St. John, sweetest mother,' murmured the enraptured Angela, to whom the bliss of that moment was till then unknown, unimagined even, because unfelt before. 'They saved our precious Ferdinand.'

The mention of his name made the mother turn towards him.

'Nay, sweetest mother,' he murmured, in reply to her inquiring looks; 'this is life and health and balm to me!'

But the first transport over, Emilia di Mendoza recovered all her recollection, and soon gathered from Sir Diego the extent and number of her son's wounds, though the old knight persisted in asserting that it was only loss of blood, and no vital part had been injured. He acknowledged, however, at the same time, that any more excitement would be very bad for him, and bring on some fatal consequences. Indeed the now slightly flushed cheek of the young knight betrayed that the strength he showed was but the effect of fever; and luckily at that moment the first surgeon of the island, who had been sent for immediately on the galleys touching the shore, entered the room. This gave Sir Diego an excuse for requesting the mother and daughter to retire, and leave the examination of the knight's wounds to them.

For long he hovered between life and death; prayers were offered up in the churches; vows made to our Lady of Phalermos; and candles and lamps lighted at her shrine. Like guardian angels, his mother and sister hovered over him, and all that art and nature could afford were exhausted to procure him relief. Angela had spoken to her mother of the protector of her childhood, and Emilia's tears had mingled with her daughter's while listening to the self-sacrificing life and saintly death of the wonder-working Carga.

One evening, as they were seated together watching the feverish uneasy slumbers of the knight, Angela's head was laid, as was her wont, upon the lap of her mother, while she looked up earnestly in the now worn and pale features of her newly-found parent. Emilia's hand rested on the glossy hair, which she gently smoothed down almost unconsciously, while her eyes wandered from the thin pale features of her son, reduced now almost to a shadow by continued suffering, to the blooming countenance of the beautiful girl, and then at last fixed themselves on the picture of our Lady of Phalermos, which hung in front of the bed within sight of the sufferer.—A sudden inspiration seemed to cross her features.

'Angela, my child,' said she, after a pause, in a low whisper.

'Yes, sweetest mother?' was the as low rejoinder.

'Thou sayest the Martyr-Bishop of Syria worked miracles in his lifetime.'

'Many, mother mine,' returned the maiden; 'nay, some I have seen with my own eyes.'

'Promise, then, that we will go and visit his shrine, bearing thither rich gifts when the translation of his relics takes place, if he restore thy brother to health and the service of Christ.'

'Ah, mother dearest, many a time has this promise come across my mind; but I dared not think you would consent to such a rash vow, and I put it by as a temptation.'

'Let us then take it together, before this image of our Blessed Lady.'

Mother and daughter knelt down in prayer. Earnest and full of faith were their supplications.—and could the Martyr-Bishop disregard the request of his adopted child? When they rose and looked again on the bed, Ferdinand di Mendoza was sleeping the quiet sleep of returning health.

(To be continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Catholic Prelates of Ireland have assembled in Dublin, where they are engaged, it is said, in the consideration of the offer of the Government respecting the Catholic University.

THE ORANGE SOCIETY AND THE GOVERNMENT.—The annual Orange anniversary of Ulster has once more come and gone; and if it has passed over with less of the customary turbulence and violence, we owe the unwonted quiet to the presence of a body of military and constabulary sufficiently large to overawe the disaffected.

It is not our intention to enter upon a discussion of the origin, objects, or tendencies of Orangism.—These are all tolerably familiar to our readers. Our purpose is to show what is the duty of the Government in relation to the Orange Confederacy and the peace and welfare of this country, and of the nation at large. The Orange Association has been very leniently dealt with by the Executive and the Legislature. It is true that the institution has been condemned by almost every Government within the last half century. Whig and Tory—from Sir Robert Peel and the Earl of Derby to Earl Russell and Lord Palmerston—have alike denounced it. Laws have been passed to break it up, and stop its party displays; but so dexterous have been the managers, and so mild has been the course pursued towards it by the respective Governments of England, that scarcely is it struck at in one way until the same object is attained in another.

The history of the Orange organisation shows the difficulty of meeting the machinations of its leaders by direct legislation. The Party Emblems Act, and the Party Processions Act, in addition to the laws against the administration of secret oaths, are possibly all that are required in the way of positive enactment; but we may here remark that an opinion has been expressed that, were the law of Ireland the same as that of England, the Orange Confederacy even as at present constituted, would be illegal. But whatever the Parliament might enact, some modern Mr. Joseph Napier would no doubt be found to enable the association to evade the law by a dexterous manipulation of its rules. What we would counsel the Government to do, and what we would urge Irish Liberals to insist upon their doing, would be to declare Orangemen or Orange sympathisers ineligible for any office, employment, or mark of honour in the gift of the crown. Particularly should the Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant be weeded off all Orangemen, and of all who exhibit Orange proclivities. The first Administration of Lord Palmer-

ston attempted something of this kind; but Lord Derby shortly afterwards succeeded to power, and Lord Chancellor Brady's circular to the Lord-Lieutenants of Counties directing them to recommend for the Commission of the Peace no gentleman who would not make a declaration to the effect that he did not belong to any Orange Lodge, and that so long as he continued in the Commission of the Peace he would not have any relations with the Orange Society, was never acted upon.

Since then, we have had the Derrymacash murders, the Belfast riots, the annual processions, and all the yearly displays, and perpetual bickerings which come of the system. However much Orangism may be repudiated in form by the respectable classes, it is secretly connived at, and used for electioneering and other party purposes, and nothing will ever put an end to the evils of which it is the parent until something is done to ostracise its members and sympathisers from the pale of respectable society. The organisation is kept up by those who trade on the passions of the multitude; and it is very well known that the majority of respectable Protestants and Conservatives, throughout Ulster, knowing as they do that Orangism is antagonistic to real Protestantism and intelligent Conservatism, would rejoice if the Orange Society were dissolved or rendered innocuous in the way we suggest. But the system of terrorism practised by the Orange Lodges, and the exigencies of party leaders, such as the Whitesides, the Napiers, and the Cairneses, prevent the opinions of those moderate men from being heard. It would be a real blessing to them to have the Government dealing with a firm hand with the aiders and abettors of the organisation. Something, we think, we may remind the Government, is due to the Liberal party in Ireland. The recent general election has shown how the Orange leaders have acted throughout Ulster, and what little chance the Liberalism of this province has of making itself heard in the councils of the nation in face of the well-laid plans of the Orange Lodges. But, while Ulster is almost well-nigh prostrate at the feet of the Orange Society, other parts of Ireland have nobly sustained the principles of the Liberal party, while throughout Great Britain the majority of Liberals seat to the new Parliament is greater than at any time since the passing of the Reform Bill. The time, therefore, is favorable for the Government dealing with this question. If they allow the opportunity to pass away, they will not be doing their duty to themselves, or to the Irish Liberal party, and their supporters in the new Parliament will not be doing theirs if they do not compel the Government to act upon the policy indicated in Lord Chancellor Brady's letter of 1857.—Belfast Northern Whig.

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON IRISH ORANGISM.—The province of Ulster presents at the present moment a social phenomenon to which the press of England, headed by the Times, is properly calling public attention. It is difficult on this side of the Channel to realise the extent of rancour and hatred which, in the name of a Divine religion, is now disgracing an otherwise prosperous portion of the empire. But the private intelligence we have received during the past week confirms general rumor, and puts aside doubt or indifference on the subject. We boast of our national tranquility, but in no other part of Europe, perhaps, does there rage a social war so bloody and relentless—so unjustifiable and so unchristian—so defiant of all law and reputable order as that which so unhappily curses a considerable portion of our Irish fellow-citizens. The recent elections have only brought to the surface the hateful party spirit which for which has more or less affected all classes and creeds; perverts justice; destroys social confidence and neighborhood; and is a scandal and a stigma upon their common Christianity. We have occasionally a local riot in England, but for a parallel to the senseless, brutal, malignant, and continually recurring sectarian tumults of Ulster we must go to the annals of a darker age—to the wild deeds of the savage. The recent cold-blooded murder at Castleblaney may be taken as an index to the general civilisation of Ulster. A peaceful man, named Peter Shevlin, a dealer in poultry, was returning home by an afternoon train from the above town, on the day of the county election, when for no offence except that of giving his vote to the Liberal candidate, he was brutally attacked by two men with bludgeons on the railway platform, and deliberately shot dead by a third, against whom a verdict of wilful murder has since been returned. The attacking party belonged to a body of riotous Orangemen of the neighboring town of Ballybay, who had been escorted from the polling-booth to the station by a military force, but were no sooner within the precincts than they wantonly began the fatal outrage. One of the men charged with being accessory to the death of poor Shevlin, named John Cien, is described as 'grocer and farmer,' and this marks the respectable yeoman class from which the ranks of Orangism are recruited. It is a mistake to suppose that these men are naked, bungy ruffians, such as infest the back lanes of great cities; there is nothing of the Arab life in their birth or training; many of them are the substantial burghers or freeholders of the locality, and have the countenance of the Protestant clergy and gentry of their vicinages. It is this feature of the case which makes it so extraordinary, but which the notorious events in Belfast have so fully illustrated. Belfast is the commercial and intellectual capital of the province; it is a place of great and rapidly increasing importance; has colleges, schools, churches, and other institutions, with a numerous staff of clergy, editors, teachers, and civil functionaries, who exercise a great influence over the whole northern part of the island. It is well known that the Mayor of Belfast, many of the magistracy and Town Council, and especially the aged Dr. Cooke, are in open sympathy with the Orange faction, and, consequently, impart a prestige and respectability to the party rioting of the whole province. Unfortunately, the clergy too are as much infected with the local beatism as their flocks. As a matter of conscience they are party men, and abet what they think the cause of God and country; but, were it otherwise, the evil is too deep-seated and widespread to be eradicated by individual exertion, however enlightened and well-intentioned. The misfortune is, that law and legislation perpetuate it. One section of the community is favored by the State; the other section has been cruelly persecuted for centuries; and it is not in human nature—at least, not in the nature of the people of Ulster—to be at peace when gross injustice, or even the memory of it, is kept alive in their midst. Religion is by far the most powerful of all human interests; and among a sensitive emotional people, it is only natural that systematic attacks and insults by one party on the faith and feelings of the other should excite the social animosities and brutalities we now mourn. In these we have the unmistakable fruits of Protestant ascendancy. An ecclesiastical policy has been pursued in Ulster which has produced the disgraceful social state of barbarous hatred and sectarianism which is a stigma on British civilisation.—London Inquirer.

The case of murder at the late elections for the county Monaghan, came before the Queen's Bench Chamber on Saturday, Judges O'Brien and Fitzgerald presiding, on motion to admit three of the prisoners to bail. The prisoner Edward Gray, a vintner of the town of Ballybay, is charged by the verdict of a coroner's jury with the wilful murder of Peter Shevlin, at the railway stationhouse in Castleblaney on the 22nd of July last, the polling-day for the county Monaghan election; and Steen and Glen are charged by the same verdict with having aided and abetted Gray in the murder. On the occasion in question a number of voters from Ballybay came by train to Castleblaney to vote at the polling-booth erected there. Great excitement prevailed, and when the Ballybay men were waiting for the return train at the railway terminus, to which they were escorted by a troop of mounted soldiers, the riot took place between them and the party who favoured the

Liberal candidate, in the course of which the murder was committed. A great many witnesses made in the information against the prisoners. Of these, one swore positively that Gray was the man who fired the fatal shot, and another made an identification of his shape and general appearance. The other two prisoners, it appeared, had struck the deceased, but the medical evidence showed that death could not have resulted from the wounds which they inflicted. The present motion was grounded on the affidavits of the prisoner and three other men, residents of Ballybay, two of whom had, together with Gray, been of the party of voters that had come to Castleblaney to vote on the 22nd of July. The affidavits of Gray stated that the fatal occurrence took place in the heat of the riot, when volleys of stones and other missiles were being fired at the persons with whom he was returning home, but that Gray did not fire the shot which killed the deceased, but was sitting in a carriage of the train when it was fired. The defendant also stated that he was in a delicate state of health, and suffered from acute rheumatism and neuralgia pains, and was unable to stand upright or even to lie in bed without support, and that he had been obliged for several months past to have a person sleeping in the bed with him to assist him to dress and undress and otherwise during the night; and that he believed the effect of his imprisonment being continued till the assizes in March next would be prejudicial to his health and dangerous to his life. The affidavits of the other persons stated that they saw the man who fired the fatal shot, that he was not Gray, but a total stranger, and that they could not recognize his features again. Mr. Barry, Q.C., opposed the motion. There being a conflict of evidence between the informations and the affidavits in support of the motion, and there being no medical certificate as to Gray's health, the Court refused the motion to admit Gray to bail, but on account of the doubtful nature of the evidence of preconcert between Steen and Glen and the person who fired the shot granted it with regard to them, on condition that they gave bail themselves in 100l, and procured two sureties in 50l. each.

The Cork Constitution gives some particulars respecting the spread of Fenianism in the county of Cork, and the increased boldness of its members. If the following statements be correct the authorities are very remiss in allowing matters to rise to so serious an extent. The Cork paper says:—

That the Fenian Brotherhood are daily numerically increasing in this locality is unquestionable; that they are growing more and more careless as to whether their movements are observed or not is also quite apparent. Little attempt is made at concealment or secrecy. They no longer seek the cover of the night to practice their evolutions or to hold their meetings. In open day they assemble, not on unfrequented mountains or lonely out of the way places but close to the city, and even march along the public roads in military fashion, in closely packed and well ordered ranks. They discuss their plans and avow their intentions almost without reserve. At least such a state of things exists in this part of the county, and to a greater extent than is generally known. During the present summer the members of the organization in each locality have been in the habit of assembling at dusk every evening in some convenient place, previously arranged by the leaders. Here they go through a course of instruction as regularly and attentively as the soldier of the line—were formed into squads and taught setting-up drill, and when they can hold their heads erect and keep their shoulders square in a soldier-like fashion are marched, in slow and quick time, are then shaped into a company, told off into sub-divisions, fours, &c., in which formation they perform all the evolutions requisite to make the company eligible for its place in a battalion. They are also instructed in the use of the rifle. At certain periods the squads are marched in from the various parts where they have been instructed in the elementary drill, are formed into companies, equalized, and work together as a battalion does on parade, deploying into line, forming close and quarter distance columns, squares, &c. from the halt and on the line of march, in which movements great particularity is observed with respect to the dressing and time kept by the men as they go through these manoeuvres. While the main body is engaged at drill sentries are thrown out along the roads and on the ditches for some distance round, so as to form a complete cordon, and on the approach of any one unconnected with them the signal is passed; in an instant ranks, regular and orderly as military training can make them, collapse and fall into disorder, a football is thrown up, or they present the appearance of being what the outposts will tell the inquirer they are, a party of men engaged at a goaling match. Sunday after Sunday during the present summer this has been going on in the suburbs of the city. In the south liberties especially appear to be most of their favorite haunts. Frankfield, Lehen, and places in that locality are frequently visited by them. The roads there are not much frequented on Sunday, and the ground is such as to favor the moderate degree of secrecy the brotherhood seem to consider necessary. They are constantly seen assembling and drilling. Yesterday fortnight a gentleman saw immense crowds of men going from different sides of the country along the roads converging at a point near Frankfield. He inquired where all the people were going to, and was told a goaling match was to be held there. He watched them, and soon saw them assembling in a dense mass in a large field. Some one from among them mounted on an eminence and apparently addressed the others in a speech. When he had concluded he was succeeded by another and another, and after several other addresses had been delivered the whole mass of people fell into ranks and were put through a series of military movements by several commanders. They then marched out of the field in column of sections, and the gentlemen timing them found that two hours elapsed from the time the first rank passed out of the field till the last left it. Yesterday week a body of about 200 young men were seen at Ardaraug at drill. Seeing they were observed by a man whom most of them knew to be a Protestant, and consequently not very favorable to their views, they first endeavored to induce him to become a member, and, failing in that, they suggested that he would show his wisdom and prudence, and consult his personal safety and welling by keeping his mind to himself on the subject. That locality seems to be a favorite rendezvous with the brethren. They congregate there at dusk almost every evening in parties varying from 40 to 200, and not unfrequently at night people in their beds can hear the tramp of large numbers of men marching past their houses. Another of their favorite review fields is at Lehen, where about three weeks ago 300 of them, in training for camp life, bivouacked all night. On the following Sunday about 600 assembled in a field near the same place and spent the day at drill. In the neighborhood of Middleton and Oaslemartyr every Sunday large forces muster in the same way and for the same purpose, and occasionally encamp in the open air all night. At the drills the management of the rifle and bayonet is taught by sticks emphasized for arms. It is not to be supposed from this fact that the brotherhood are destitute of firearms, for they boast of the possession of large stores of rifles and ammunition ready for use when the proper time arrives. The drill instructors are stated to be pensioners and militiamen, who are paid for their services.

THE PLAGUE AND IRELAND.—One visitation is likely to be followed by another. While the cattle plague rages and spreads in England, another pestilence has already reached Marseilles, killing at the rate of ten per day. The cholera comes up slowly from the south east and advances steadily to the north west. Its arrival in England may be expected in the beginning of September, and, if it come, among ourselves a little later. An epidemic in human beings after a cattle epidemic is always a terrible one. The report of the Prussian Government on the Russian murain

shows that when the cattle disease abated in virulence an epidemic followed, and committed dreadful ravages among men, women, and children, though male adults suffered most. The present epidemic broke out four years ago in the north-western provinces of India. We know little of its line of march until in May last it appeared in Egypt. In less than a month Cairo lost 5,000 of its inhabitants. Other cities suffered still more severely. Constantinople received the infection from Asia Minor, and soon after the Egean Islands were attacked. Sicily, Malta, and Italy were next visited. In Ancona, one half the cases proved fatal, and some eight thousand people quitted the place. Next Marseilles was reached, and in due course it will extend to our own shores. We know little of this mysterious disease, but some points seem to be well established—that it originates in certain atmospheric and climatic influences, and describes, at each appearance, a sort of geographical course, selecting in its progress predisposed subjects in predisposed localities. It appears further, from the experience of medical men, that contact or even proximity to persons suffering from the disease, though not at all necessary to its generation, does, nevertheless, promote it. In predisposing localities predisposed individuals will be attacked, though there may be no one else ill in the same place, but when some one else has brought it they will be likely to have it. In London and Dublin the march and progress of cholera in previous attacks was in the midst of the fever districts.—These districts were as familiar to the medical officers as if they had been traced out on a map. In London, before a single case of cholera occurred in 1857, some medical men named the very spots and houses which would furnish victims, and their information proved correct. Cholera has taken up its permanent abode in Ireland and England since the first great visitation. Cases of diarrhoea with choleraic symptoms are frequent. In the last week of July there were twelve deaths from it, cause, which declined to six the week after. The last returns of the Registrar-General report the deaths of two infants from cholera. Every summer some cases occur. These, however, are only sporadic.—The seeds of the true cholera are always present, but the epidemic form does not ensue unless developed under some peculiar condition of the atmosphere. That such a condition now exists in Europe there can be little doubt, and just as little that its power will be exerted in England where another form of pestilence has preceded it.—Fremantle's Journal.

Precautions against the spread of the cattle plague into Ireland are being enforced in Dublin rigorously and zealously. The Lord Lieutenant has power, and intends to exercise it, of forbidding the importation of cattle from foreign countries. He is in doubt as to his powers with regard to cattle shipped from England, and has referred the matter to those who seem to take an unusually long time in such an emergency for their decision. The greatest apprehensions are entertained of the spread of the infection through the cattle shipped from England to the Curragh, for the victualling of the Camp. On this point, also, the Lord Lieutenant has made pressing representations.

APPREHENDED APPEARANCE OF THE CATTLE DISEASE.—Mountrath, Aug. 16.—I have it on good authority that this disease made its appearance in this county (Queen's), so far back as the commencement of the month of last June, and it is stated that several head of cattle have died of it, but it appears that some, by being properly treated, recovered. I have heard that on one property alone ten cows and some sheep died of the disease, but some of the former which had been attacked with it recovered. I have also heard that in this or some adjoining county a cow died, and was skinned, and the skin having been conveyed for the purpose of sale and thrown crossways on the back of a horse which had some sores on his back, that the horse got infected and died, and what is more strange that some dogs which eat of the dead carcase of the horse, which was but partially buried, died also. From this it would seem that the disease, if the same which has been so destructive in England and the continent, was not confined to kine alone. I have heard also that the epidemic, which I believe it to be, has shown itself in the counties of Tipperary and Cork.

DISEASED MEAT IN MAYO.—We have been informed that several deaths which have occurred amongst the peasantry during the present month have been traceable to the use of diseased pork, and as an epidemic is raging amongst those animals, large numbers having been carried off, the flesh too frequently being used by the lower order, and, as a consequence, a species of English cholera attacked the partakers of this unwholesome food. Our attention has been called to this matter by an inquest held by Colonel Rutledge and George Maloney, Esq., R.M., at Curragherow (Kilcommogue), on the bodies of John and Martin Sheridan, who it was found by medical testimony had come to their deaths after eating a small quantity of diseased pork, and which was also partaken of by members of the same family, but who fortunately, by medical care, recovered its poisonous effects. The jury very properly, under the direction of the presiding magistrate, appended the following to their verdict:—"We the undersigned jurors, from the evidence we have heard, are of opinion that the said Martin and John Sheridan came by their deaths by eating unwholesome food, and we would earnestly caution the poor people of this neighbourhood to abstain from eating the flesh of diseased animals, as we regret to say that there are persons unprincipled enough to purchase these carcases and dispose of the same to the poorer classes.—Mayo Constitution.

DUBLIN REVISED.—The International Exhibition was open, a very beautiful and very interesting sight, but comparatively few went to see it. A review in the Phoenix, or a flower show, "draw" far better than all the display of foreign art or native manufacture. The forty something regiment carried the day, as it always did, and the bright-eyed belles of Dublin bestowed their sweetest smiles on those Dunderberies, not one of whom did not believe that he owed his success to his personal captivations instead of to that intensely national tendency which induces everything Irish to do the honors of Ireland, I sauntered down to the Four Courts, and it did me good to hear an equity pleading in a brogue that sounded like an Arabian harp over the bog of Allen. Some of those I remembered as jesters were here as judges, not looking so happy at the change as gratitude might have made them. The idlers with the red noses were there still, a shade dusker in garment and a tint rosier in proboscis, but the same in the tone of slang, jocoseness, and slovenly despair as I had ever seen them. A sort of everlasting decrea nisi seemed to hang over them, and unless they could be born again, nothing could make them barristers. Here, however, there was great change. The large incomes that the bar yielded in the days of O'Connell, existed no longer—the leading men not having even half of what the great pleaders realised in those times.—I asked often for the explanation: whether the Irish had grown less litigious or more economical in their litigations? Was property less worth fighting for? or were the men who conducted the battle less estimated as pugilists? None could tell me. Perhaps, after all, the crowd never work so vigorously at the pumps where the ship has been making leaks as when the craft has only started a plank and can soon be made staunch again. There was a look of dreary weariness, of tired-out attention, over every count I entered; and it was only when the crier bawled out silence, that I knew the court was sitting, and that it was not respectful in the jurymen to yawn so loud.—Cornelius O'Dowd, in Blackwood's Magazine for August.

We are sorry to hear that the Dublin International Exhibition does not "pay, and that it is feared the guarantors will be called upon to make up deficiencies.—Athens.

On an average about 4,000 people daily visit the Dublin exhibition.

The True Witness.

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

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

MONTEAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

ECOLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.
 SEPTEMBER—1865.

Friday, 15—Oct. of the Nativity of B. V. M.
 Saturday, 16—St. Cornelius and Cyprian.
 Sunday, 17—Fifteenth after Pentecost. Of the Seven Dolours.
 Monday, 18—St. Joseph, de Cup. O.
 Tuesday, 19—St. Janvier, &c., M. M.
 Wednesday, 20—EMERSON DAY. St. Eustache, M.
 Thursday, 21—St. Matthew, Ap. E.
 The "Forty Hours" Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament will commence as follows:—
 Saturday, 16—St. Janvier.
 Monday, 18—St. Joseph, Chambly.
 Wednesday, 20—St. Cyprian.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

No political event of any importance has marked the week. The Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company have determined to renew the attempt to lay the cable in May next, by which time a new one will be ready; the Great Eastern will also be prepared to pick up and lay the cable which broke this year.

Nothing new from the United States. It is said that the Washington authorities have been forced by public opinion to assign a new, and less unhealthy dungeon to their illustrious captive Jeff. Davis, than that in which he has been hitherto barbarously confined.

The Times calls attention to the fact that as yet the cholera has been confined to the basin of the Mediterranean, and that in no instance has it penetrated inland; from this it derives hope that the plague may yet be averted, and indeed it at present manifests some tendencies to travel Eastwards rather than Westwards. Meantime the ravages of the disease both at Ancona and Constantinople are terrible. In the last named city the deaths, according to the Times correspondent, have risen to two thousand a day, and the scenes he describes remind one of Defoe's History of the Plague in London. In Ancona matters are nearly as bad, and the ordinary grave diggers having struck work, the task of burying the dead has been imposed upon the convicts.—One consequence of the pestilence is worthy of note. But a short time ago the Sisters of Charity were expelled by the Liberal party; to-day, when death is everywhere, and the bravest are appalled, when Liberals are seeking safety in flight, the Sisters of Charity are flocking back to the infected City, have taken charge of a hospital opened for cholera patients in his own house by the brave French Consul, M. de Castilane.

The French squadron had arrived at Spithead on a return visit, and had been enthusiastically welcomed. It is to be hoped that these demonstrations may have their consequences, and that the gallant sailors of France and England may never again be arrayed against one another.

AN OPEN BIBLE.—We fear that our friend the British Whig is not well posted up in his Bible, though he is the possessor of two large Bibles—both wanting, however, to his sorrows in the Apocrypha or deuterocanonical books of the Old Testament. Where, asks our contemporary, is the passage about dead flies making the apothecary's ointment to stink, to be found? and he hazards the conjecture that it occurs in the book of Ecclesiasticus, which the Anglicans reject from the canon. Our contemporary is in error. The passage he alludes to occurs in the Book of Ecclesiastes, c. x, v. 1—a book which the Protestant version of the Bible retains as canonical scripture, and to which we refer him.

THE CROPS.—An important service has been rendered to the community by Mr. Brydges, Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway. The Company's Stations extend throughout the length of the Province, and from them a report has been obtained of the state of the crops throughout the country, which has been sent to all the journals of the Province. We have not space at our command to publish this document in extenso. Suffice it to say that its contents are most cheering, and establish the fact that the Province has been blessed with a harvest considerably above the average.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF ST. LOUIS, AND THE FENIANS.—No Catholic can be ignorant of the doctrines of the Catholic Church with respect to all secret societies without exception, and if he sins, it is with his eyes open, and with a full knowledge of the penalties which that sin entails. Nevertheless, it is good from time to time to insist upon these penalties or consequences, and to point out, to Protestants especially, the harmony that exists upon this point betwixt all the Pastors and rulers of the Catholic Church throughout the world. They speak as with one voice; for that voice is the echo of Rome, whence St. Peter still addresses all the nations of the earth, and governs the entire heritage of Christ.

We know how the Prelates of the Catholic Church in this country have denounced Fenianism, warning their several flocks against being led astray by artful and unscrupulous demagogues; we know how in Ireland also the Bishops and clergy have incessantly and emphatically condemned the movement, and vigorously exerted themselves to arrest the progress of the moral pestilence; and in the United States, where the disease has its head-quarters, we still find the most strenuous opposition offered to it by those to whom by right it belongs to put the faithful on their guard. Amongst the latest declarations on the subject of Fenianism, and solemn warnings to the Catholic laity against secret and therefore anti-Catholic societies, we find the following from His Grace the Archbishop of St. Louis, addressed to, and published in, a local journal, the Republican. The document is addressed to "The Catholics of St. Louis," and runs as follows:—

The undersigned has read in the Republican, of this morning, an announcement of a funeral to take place next Sunday from St. Patrick's Church in this city, of a deceased member of the Fenian Brotherhood, who died at St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 24 inst. The occasion is evidently made for a display, on the part of those in St. Louis, who are members of that association. Hence, the deferred interment, and the pageant which is to accompany the burial. The connection of St. Patrick's Church, where the religious service is announced as to take place, and where, without any authority from the Pastor of that church, it would appear, an oration, by a gentleman of this city, is to be delivered, imposes on me the obligation of forbidding—as I have done—the pastor of that church to permit any funeral service, or other religious ceremony, to take place on this occasion. I have furthermore directed the Superintendent of the Calvary Cemetery not to admit any procession of men or women bearing insignia of Fenianism within the gate of the cemetery. I use this occasion to state publicly, what I have uniformly stated in private conversation, that the members of the Fenian Brotherhood, men or women, are not admissible to the sacraments of the Church as long as they are united with that association, which I have always regarded as immoral in its object—the exciting of rebellion in Ireland; and unlawful and illegal in its means, a quasi military organization in this country while at peace with England, to be made effective in the event of war with that power.

PETER RICHARD,
 Archbishop of St. Louis.
 St. Louis, Aug. 30, 1865.

This is the constant universal language of the Church, to which it would be superfluous, if not impertinent for us to add another word. The Catholic who enrolls himself a member of the Fenian Society thereby becomes an outcast from the Catholic Church, and ceases to have any right to participate in her Sacraments. He joins a society in short, which, no matter what its pretences, is made up, exclusively of heretics, infidels, and excommunicated apostates. Not by such men, but by such weapons as they can wield, can the just and holy cause of Catholic Ireland be promoted, or brought to a happy issue.

It is not only with the Fenians and the apostate members of his own Church that the venerable Archbishop of St. Louis is destined to have trouble. The tyrannical action of the government renders a collision betwixt the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities inevitable; and already we are proud to see that the latter have taken a firm and decided stand against the monstrous assumptions of the former. The origin of this collision was in this wise. The all triumphant democratic party in the State has passed a law, which was to have come into effect on the 2nd instant, requiring all clergymen of every denomination as a condition precedent to their exercising their ecclesiastical functions, to swear that they have never sympathized with the Southern or Secession cause. His Grace the Archbishop has thereupon forbidden his Clergy to take any such oath, since though he recognises in the State the right to define or determine the conditions upon which its members shall exercise their civil or political functions, he does not, and indeed no Christian can, recognise in that body any right to determine the conditions upon which any of its citizens shall exercise their ecclesiastical and spiritual functions.

Thus a collision is inevitable, indeed it has already occurred; but with the example of the past before our eyes, we may be assured that it will not be the Church that will yield. A long era of persecution may be, probably is, in store for her in the United States; for the unfortunate and ever to be deplored issue of the contest betwixt North and South has, for the time, left the democratic party masters of the field of battle; and democracy is, always has been, and ever will be, incompatible with religious liberty, and the bitter enemy of the Catholic Church in particular. Democracy is, if not the anti-Christ itself at all events the precursor of anti-Christ, of that

hell-born power which is to oppose and exalt itself above all that is called God or is worshipped. And indeed, as this is the very definition given by the Apostle, of the anti-Christ against which he warned the Thessalonians, so also do we find announced and preached to-day in the writings, and in what we may call the symbols of the leaders of the great democratic movement throughout the world, the dethronement of God, in the old theistic sense of the word, and the worship in lieu thereof of the Pantheistic divinity—a people-God—that is to say, the totality of all beings, which also, so closely does error strive to mimic truth, is a triune God, or God in three persons, "I, Thou," and "He"—for thus runs the Pantheistic Trinitarian formula.

This is Pantheism; and in so far as it has any religious tendencies at all, to Pantheism does modern democracy naturally gravitate. It puts "people" in the place of "God"—and the will, not of the latter, but of the former, is with it the supreme law, the basis and the measure of all moral obligations, against which there is no appeal. It already arrogates to itself the right to determine how, and in what manner we shall worship; and if as yet only by the mouths of its most advanced leaders, does it actually proclaim itself to be God, already it assumes to itself some of the exclusive functions or attributes of God, since it pretends, as in the case before us, to determine the conditions upon which alone we shall still be allowed to hold intercourse with the God of the Christians. It was so in France in the 1790; it is so to day in the United States; and as in the first named country the heroic resistance of the non-juring Clergy who refused to defile their souls by taking State-imposed oaths, was not one of the least of the difficulties with which the Revolution had to contend; so also we may predict that the contumacy of the Catholic Clergy, which the monstrous arrogance of the triumphant democratic party has provoked, will prove a fertile cause of embarrassment to the work of reconstruction of the Union. Of two things one: Either the State must be prepared for a stern relentless persecution of the refractory Catholic Clergy, a persecution as ruthless as that waged by Queen Elizabeth and the nursing fathers and the nursing mothers of the Holy Protestant Faith, against Jesuits, and Seminary Priests; or it must submit before the eyes of the world, to have its power and authority set at naught, and its tyrannical edicts trampled under foot. It has committed itself to a most deadly strife, from which for it there is no recoiling. It must either follow up its first ill-advised blow by a Penal Code, like that which was the disgrace of England and the bane of Ireland; or it must stand convicted before the world of being an impotent braggart, fertile to conceive evil indeed, but too feeble, too timid and emasculate, too faint of heart, and too weak of hand, to carry into execution the evil which its malicious brain had devised.

For this is certain—The Catholic Clergy, faithful to their antecedents, faithful to their Church and to their God, will take no such oaths as those which the State seeks to impose upon them; and that heedless of man's law they, except when prevented by brute physical force, will still continue to offer the Daily Sacrifice, to administer the Sacraments, and to reconcile penitent sinners to God, as they have done for the last eighteen hundred years. Catholics, however, will watch with no small interest the progress of the conflict which democratic tyranny has provoked; and if, as we trust, that tyranny shall have the effect of inspiring them with a deep seated and generous hatred of democracy, no matter in what guise the foul enchantress may present herself to them, then indeed we shall have abundant cause to rejoice over the persecution with which our brethren in the United States are now menaced.

THE "TIMES" AND PROTESTANT MISSIONS TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—It would be difficult to obtain better testimony as to the efficiency of these Missions—vaunted by Protestants themselves as the great triumph of Protestantism—than was given by the Protestant Bishop of Oxford on the occasion of great missionary meeting held in the month of August last. Addressing that meeting, and alluding to the visit to England of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, His Lordship thus delivered himself:—
 "An allusion has already been made to the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, now for a little while tarrying among us. I think the state of things there is a loud call for us to do something. One of the special motives of the Royal visit to this country is to try and stir up among the English people a resolution to do something at once for the population of those Islands, under the conviction of the Queen, that another 30 years, if they do not see a total moral change wrought in that people, will see their extermination from the earth."—London Times.

This is plain enough. In the opinion of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, the moral condition of her subjects converts to Christianity as propounded by Protestant missionaries, is such that, unless a total change be wrought therein the total race will, in thirty years, be extinct.—Death, the consequence of nameless diseases, the consequences again of the almost inconceivable licentiousness of these Sandwich Island converts, will in another generation have done its work amongst them, unless a total radical change

can be effected. And the Sandwich Islands, be it remembered, are the one bright spot on the chart of Protestant missions, the one solitary oasis, where all around is barren and a howling desert.

No wonder then that men, intelligent Protestants, mock and gibe at Protestant missions—that they point the finger of scorn at the evangelical missionary, and with unctuous leer roll their tongues in their cheeks, as they listen to his oft-repeated, never-filled promise of things he is just about to do if he can only get a little more cash, amongst the perishing heathen. There is indeed amongst the Protestant laity, not being members of any particular clique no reticence whatsoever in the matter.—They will admit, frankly, that from first to last their missions have been thorough failures; that they have done nothing, or that if at all they have aught accomplished, their sole positive result has been to make the heathen subject to them, tenfold more the children of the devil than they were before the first black coat and white choker of the missionary, or hoop-petticoats of the missionaress had appeared amongst them. This is so much accepted as a notorious matter of fact, that the London Times in an article meant to be eulogistic, and treating of the missionary meeting whereat the Bishop of Oxford delivered himself as above, only ventures to hope that, if the missionaries will exert themselves, and deny themselves, and do this and do that; and that if England, forgetful of indigno, and indifferent to cotton, do at last "set about the conversion of the heathen world when she finds the proper lead"—then the day will come:—

"when neither in India, nor in British America, nor anywhere else will the English missionary be a by word, raising a smile to the lips of every well-informed hearer."—London Times.

And that when the millennium of disinterested missionaries, of a Christian instead of a commercial England shall have arrived—then also,—
 "a time will come when we shall be no longer told that the work is not done, because they who were to do it are themselves the great impediment."—ib.

This implies then, that at present, and pending the advent of the millennium aforesaid, the name of the English Protestant missionary, whether in India, or in British America, or anywhere else is a "byword" raising a smile to the lips of every well informed hearer; that at present the great work of converting the heathen to Christianity is not done, because they who were to do it, i.e. the Protestant Missionaries, are themselves the great impediment.

As it is, however, the Times admits reluctantly that there are no signs of the dawn, and that the missions to which the Bishop of Oxford and so many others were urging their fellow sinners to subscribe were but a losing investment. Missions were it is true interesting to Englishmen says the Times. "They read voyages and travels, Robinson Crusoe, the lives of missionaries whether they did much, or, like Henry Martyn"—(one of the most renowned of Protestant missionaries) "nothing at all, and dreary monotonous journals that tell of conversations under palm trees with the most ignorant and unintelligent of the human race." Englishmen are liberal too, and the sums of money by them raised for converting the heathen are fabulous almost in amount. "No one" says the Times,—

"unprepared for the question would have the slightest idea of the number of missionaries, stations, and schools, the number of books translated into all languages, the vastness of the organization or the total expenditure."

But—and here's the rub, what have the Societies to shew for all this? for these vast organizations, for this vast expenditure? This is the question; and this question the Times thus answers:—

"The one comprehensive plea"—for further assistance "at Salisbury, and everywhere else, is, not that a great work has been done, and must be continued or at least secured; not that the net has enclosed a multitude of fishes and is breaking, or that the boats themselves are sinking, but that very little has been done, and almost everything remains to be done."—Times.

Thus it appears that the argument of Mr. Marshall's famous work on "Christian Missions" is also the very argument or plea of which Protestant missionaries avail themselves to elicit the contributions of their hearers. Mr. Marshall argues that the practical results of Protestant Missions in a religious point of view have been nil; the Protestant missionary himself cries out for additional pecuniary aid, in spite of the existing vast expenditure, because as yet "very little has been done, and almost everything remains to be done" in the work of converting the heathen to Christianity.

We would remind our readers of the Lecture to be given on Thursday next, 21st instant, by the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, at St. Ann's Hall. The subject will be the "Siege of America." This will be the first of a Course of Lectures.

We beg to draw the attention of the public to the change in the departure of the Quebec steamers. They leave now at Six P.M. See advertisement.

THE HEALTH COMMITTEE.—Councillor Devlin, the Chairman of this Committee, together with his colleagues, well deserve the thanks of the community for the efforts they are making to put this City in a proper condition in so far as cleanliness, and therefore health, is concerned. The Report of the Committee, which we subjoin, was laid before the City Council on Monday last. To the truth of the statements therein contained we give unlimited assent in every particular, and the recommendations as to the precautions to be adopted must commend themselves to every sane person. Montreal is at present about the filthiest hole in America, perhaps on the habitable earth; to say that it stinks day and night is but feebly to express the truth; and it is monstrous that whilst from want of proper precautions thousands are allowed to perish every year, the funds of the community should be squandered in widening the streets in the wealthiest quarters of the City, and in thus giving additional value to rich men's property, whilst the poor are left to die. It is no doubt good that the streets should be widened; but there are wants of more importance, to wit, that the drains be completed, and that the streets be cleansed from the filth with which they are encumbered. True! the poor are the first and generally the chief sufferers from an epidemic; but the rich and those who live in fine houses, and who have everything handsome and respectable about them, need not expect to escape scot free.—Death and Cholera are no respecters of persons; they knock at the gate of Dives as well as of Lazarus; nor can the sentinel, who stands posted at the palace gates, guard the mightiest of mortals from their encroachments. Business first, pleasure afterwards; and when we shall have thoroughly drained and cleansed our foul smelling City, when we shall have reduced our death rate to a level with the average urban death rate of England, then, but not before, will it be time to devote the public funds to matters of very secondary importance, such as the widening of the streets and embellishment of the City. Of Councillor Devlin and his colleagues of the Health Committee, we can but say, in rustic Hibernian phrase, "more power to their." Here is their Report:—

Councillor Devlin presented a report from the Health Committee, of which the following is the substance:—

Having held several meetings, the Committee appointed eighteen men to inspect the yards, &c., the reports of whose proceedings have already been published. They recommended the immediate removal of all garbage, &c., as adopted in other large cities. They refer to alarming state of certain places in the heart of the city, which are more particularly stated in the sub chief's report, and it would be difficult to find any other city inhabited by a civilized people so sadly neglected. In addition to these particular spots, the streets generally are in a filthy and disgraceful state. They recommended drainage in preference to the opening up of new streets or the expenditure of money for ornamenting the city, and the expenditure of every available dollar for putting the city in a proper state as regards health, and recommending a special yearly appropriation for this purpose. The ill-advised plan of scraping the mud to the sides of the streets and leaving it there is recommended to be discontinued and the mud at once carted off. The appointment of a health officer is specially recommended as well as the appointment of a health police. The disgraceful state of the old burying ground in Dorchester street is strongly commented upon, and the sad and profane abuse of a place sanctified by religion and watered by the tears of mourning, and held sacred in memory and respect for the dead, contained has excited a feeling of deep and well merited indignation amongst all classes. The Committee trusts that a prosecution of the offenders against public decency and public health may be entered upon if no other means shall be found effectual to stop this work. The Committee recommend the erection of public Slaughter Houses and the removal of Piggeries outside the city limits. Feeling that the public health is paramount to every other, the Committee trust they will be aided in their efforts to establish on a lasting basis a sanitary Code of Laws to which the citizens may look with confidence in time of danger.

The Mayor said he thought that the Report contained exaggerated statements particularly those which referred to the burial ground. He would not be suspected of being partial to the Fabrique, but he did not think the language used was justified.

Councillor Cassidy, why is it not justified? The Mayor, they have an act permitting the removal to the new burying ground. The bones are put into boxes and carefully carted away, and he saw nothing better that could be done with the wood of the coffins than to burn it. The act was being carried out with proper care. In the hot weather it being pointed out that the removal was injurious they have stopped it and would not recommence until the cold weather set in.

Councillor Devlin said the Mayor's statement was not borne out by the facts. He then drew a most revolting picture of the appearance of the cemetery and of the scenes taking place there, exonerating the priests from blame, which rested upon laymen who had no respect for the dead, he questioned if they had for the living. He had met with no man but the Mayor who defended these outrageous proceedings.—He would do all in his power, even at the risk of losing friends to bring the violators of the resting place of the dead to justice.

Coun. Cassidy confirmed the statement to its fullest extent.

A discussion arose to the proper course to be adopted with respect to the report.

Coun. Devlin stated that the time had come when no trifling could be allowed. He said there was not a filthier hole in America than Montreal, and the Health Committee would no longer stand by to have their reports treated with contempt.

Ultimately, the report was allowed to lie on the table till to-night, when the matter will be taken up.

The Ottawa Citizen, the London Prototype, the Montreal Gazette, and other journals advocate a free homestead law as an inducement for immigration and to prevent the exodus of our Canadian youth and strength. Mr. Macpherson's resolutions have done one good in calling the general attention of the people of Canada to the advisability of throwing open our public lands. His scheme has been warmly approved in many quarters; more particularly is it favored by the independent journals of both political parties.—The administration we are convinced will have to give its serious attention to plans of colonization if it would retain the confidence of the country.

"THE SATURDAY READER."—Published by W. B. Cordier, Union Buildings; \$2 per annum.

This is the last born of our Canadian Literary Journals, and, like many other youngest children, will, we think, become a favorite with the public.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—September, 1865. Dawson Bros. Montreal. There is always a large amount of amusing reading matter in this American periodical, the illustrations are well executed, and it will therefore be a general favorite with the public, in spite of its peculiar political and religious affinities.

September Illustrated: a Trip to Bodie Bluff and the Dead Sea of the West, with illustrations; Love in a Hospital; Miss Pink's first Season, with illustrations; Sketches of Social Life in China, with numerous illustrations; Tom Malloy's Revenge; Anæsthesia; The Pond House; Milford; Armadale, by Wilkie Collins, with an illustration; The Helmsman; Street Education; Margaret Bronson; Hannah Fanthorpe's Sweetheart; Our Mutual Friend, by Charles Dickens, with illustrations; Recollections of an Old Fogey; Monthly Record of Current Events; Editor's Easy Chair; and Editor's Drawer.

THE ST. PATRICK'S BAZAAR.

A report is in circulation likely to have an unfavorable influence on the efforts of the Ladies engaged in the very laudable work of raising the means of clothing and supporting the orphans of St. Patrick's Asylum, viz: that owing to the large bequest of the late Mr. Fitzpatrick, in favor of that Institution, it no longer stands in need of the Annual Bazaar.

EDWARD MURPHY, Secretary, St. P. O. A. Montreal, 28th August, 1865.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH BLOWN DOWN.

The readers of the TRUE WITNESS are earnestly solicited to lend a helping hand to the ladies of the Catholic congregation of Cornwall, who intend holding a Bazaar, on the 26th Dec. next, and three following days, in aid of the funds for the reconstruction of their beautiful new church, which was leveled with the ground during that fearful hurricane which swept over the country on Wednesday in Holy Week—12th April last.

Rev. Mr. Walsh, for some time curate of St. Paul's, is leaving that Parish. He came to Toronto for the good of his health, and now being entirely convalescent, he returns to the diocese of Montreal. Father Rooney is expected home this week.

Cornwall, 19th June, 1865.

We have been requested to publish the following notice respecting the Acton Vale Convent:—

The classes of this Convent will re-open on Thursday 7th September. The charges are as follows:— Boarders \$50. Half boarders \$25. Quarter boarders \$12. Music and English are taught on a comprehensive scale. Special attention will be paid to manual work, such as knitting, sewing, making up of dresses, &c. The education imparted will be such as is most required in a population like ours.

A DISTINGUISHED HONOUR.—M. Bossange, well known in French Canadian literary circles has been created a knight of the Legion of Honour by the Emperor Napoleon III.—Montreal Transcript.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Cornwall, Sept. 8, 1865. My DEAR SIR,—There occurred in this Parish on the 1st and 3rd instant, events which will be long treasured in the memories of its Catholic inhabitants; and, believing that they possess considerable interest, even for your general readers, I have ventured to forward you a record of them for publication in your next issue.

On the evening of the 31st ult., His Lordship, the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of this Diocese, reached the Grand Trunk Railroad Depot, at Dickinson's Landing, accompanied by the Rev. T. R. Meade, of Morrisburg, and was then met by the Pastor of this Parish, Rev. J. S. O'Connor, and by the Rev. Michael O'Connor, C.O. of St. Andrew's, with some of the parishioners, and was thence escorted to convenient lodgings at the village of Dickinson's Landing. On the following morning, His Lordship conferred on 24 postulants the sacred rite of Confirmation; and after Mass he solemnly blessed the new cemetery adjoining the church. In his explanatory exhortation to the children after Confirmation, His Lordship was extremely happy, and to the point. More than once he had the pleasure and the profit of listening to His Lordship on like occasions; but my memory does not now recall another whereon he acquitted himself with greater credit. At the close, His Lordship paid the people of that portion of this parish a graceful compliment on the respectable appearance of their pretty new church, and of all its surroundings; and I was happy to learn, on good authority, that, although there has been expended upon the church and enclosure since the 15th Aug., 1863, some fifteen hundred dollars, the total of that sum, with the exception of about One hundred and fifty dollars, has been already paid up. After partaking of a repast prepared by the hospitable Mrs. Hanes, who keeps the principal Inn at Dickinson's Landing, His Lordship was conducted to Cornwall by the Rev. J. S. O'Connor, and accompanied by the Revs. Messrs. Meade and O'Connor above mentioned. Here he remained until Sunday afternoon. At eight o'clock on Sunday morning His Lordship gave confirmation to sixty six persons, thus raising the entire number confirmed in this Parish on the occasion to one hundred and twenty souls. His Lordship also preached excellent and effective sermons at both Masses; he was particularly happy when congratulating the parishioners on the heroic zeal and Christian fortitude which they displayed in rebuilding their new church, which your readers will remember was blown down during the great wind-storm of the 12th April last; and exhorted them to go on courageously with the good work, until such time as they should have got it in such a condition as to warrant them in leaving the old Church which is fast crumbling to decay, and thus enjoy the comfort and happiness of assisting at the oblation of the Divine mysteries beneath the roof of their new Church. "To attain this end," continued His Lordship, "you will be obliged, beloved brethren, to make fresh sacrifices in behalf of your beautiful new church; but remember, my children, that in thus giving of your means to aid in the erection of a Temple in honor of the most High, you are but restoring a small portion of your earthly substance to Him who gave it to you." Much more to the same purpose did His Lordship urge upon their consideration in order to encourage them to carry on the work of the new church to (at all events partial) completion as soon as possible. After Vespers and Benediction of the Holy Sacrament, at 3 p.m. His Lordship proceeded to the parish of St. Andrew's—about six miles distant from Cornwall, in company with the venerable and much esteemed pastor of that parish—the Very Rev. Dean Hay, and followed by a train of carriages, foremost amongst which I noticed that of the Rev. Mr. O'Connor of this town. Of His Lordship's sayings and doings in the neighboring parishes, I shall of course leave to some local scribe the pleasing task of chronicling a faithful account.

Hoping that you will be able to give this insertion in your next issue, I am, very sincerely yours, MEXX.

THE COLLEGE OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS.—His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, accompanied by the Very Rev. Vicar-General Walsh, left this yesterday, to present at the re-opening of the College of Our Lady of Angels, near Suspension Bridge, N.Y. It will be remembered that this splendid institution, founded by His Lordship Bishop Lynch, was destroyed by fire last year.—Toronto Freeman.

ECCLIASTICAL CHANGES.—Rev. Father Keane, for some time usefully occupied in the mission of Brock, has been appointed by our esteemed Bishop, to reorganize a parish on the line of Lake Erie, towards Buffalo. We trust that our friends in Port Colborne and vicinity will give him every assistance in the good work.—Toronto Mirror.

Rev. Mr. Walsh, for some time curate of St. Paul's, is leaving that Parish. He came to Toronto for the good of his health, and now being entirely convalescent, he returns to the diocese of Montreal. Father Rooney is expected home this week.—Ib.

The cry of triumph rising from Orange throats, when the suspension of Capt Prince became known on Friday, was amusingly stopped by the announcement that Sergeant Major Cummings had been appointed Acting Chief.—Ib.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS.—The Province was in an extremely depressed state during the latter part of last winter and the early spring. We took occasion to point out at that time that our troubles arose from four causes: 1st. Bad crops of the last and previous years; 2nd. Over-importations by Montreal merchants in the fall of 1865; 3rd. The American war; and 4th. The doubts felt in England as to the future of Canada. By the good favour of Providence, every one of these causes of depression has been since removed—a telling rebuke to those who groaned under the burden under which they were temporarily suffering, and who were disposed to seek the most absurd and violent remedies for a passing evil.

Last year the crop was far below the average; but owing to the conclusion of the American war, the prices of all farming produce have been very good during the spring and summer, and our agriculturists have been largely recompensed by the higher rates for the comparatively small quantity which they have had to sell. The returns of the exports of the year ending June 30th, are very large, indicating that however small was the crop of grain, the high prices obtained have in a great measure made up for the deficiency. The new crop is, we believe, considerably above an average one, while in some places special articles have partially failed, there has been no general failure anywhere, and in the greater part of the country, and especially in the rear counties, there is a superabundance of every produce. Immense quantities of grain, but chiefly of barley, are being poured into every lake port and shipped to the American market at high prices. As an illustration of the demand which exists on the other side for coarse grains, we may mention that a number of vessels are to be loaded with barley in Toronto and despatched to Toledo; the ultimate destination of the freight being the breweries of Cincinnati. There is no reason to doubt that every bushel of grain which our farmers have raised will be taken up at remunerative rates for shipment to the United States or Great Britain. The demand for cattle, sheep, and hogs, is even more eager than for grain. The cattle disease in England has raised immensely the price of all meats, both salted and fresh, our pork and beef packers may calculate on a rich harvest, although they are prepared to pay unusually high prices to the farmer.—Globe.

THE CROPS.—Montreal.—There is not a very large quantity of wheat sown upon the Island of Montreal, but this year's crop is above the average both in quantity and quality. Coarse grains, such as barley and oats, are a magnificent crop; in fact, I suppose, the finest that has been known for many years upon the Island. I may say the same also of root crops; flax

is not grown largely upon the Island: the yield of hay this year has been very large indeed, and has been the best hay season within memory. The weather during the harvest time has been very fine indeed, giving the farmers a good opportunity of housing their hay, grain, &c. in good order; but in consequence of dry weather continuing so long, the after grass will be scarce, making poor grazing for cattle. Lancaster.—The crops in this neighborhood are very good, and farmers generally seem well pleased. The wheat crops much better than it has been for several years, and the coarse grains all promise more than an average yield.

QUINCY, Sept. 11, 1865.—It is stated on good authority that Mr. McDougall retires at the close of the session and takes the Collectoryship at Montreal, and that Mr. MacKenzie, of Lambton, is to take Mr. McDougall's place.

THE NEW EPIDEMIC.—A singular disease has made its appearance in Montreal. It is called 'Tete nunantia' or 'weakness in the head.' The remedy is simple—a piece of white cambric or muslin tied round the hat is said to give instant relief—in very severe cases a black cap is added. The malady for some time confined itself to the young men of the city, but of late it is observed that several young ladies have fallen victims to the disorder. This epidemic, or rather, endemic, for it is peculiar to Canada, first broke out in Kingston where it raged among the bloods and snobs for a full month. These young men soon got well and seemed ashamed of their sickness and a remedy; but the epidemic then broke out among little boys and girls, chiefly the children of poor parents, some of whom make a pretext of illness to use up worn out hats, making them look gay with new white muslin. This latter sickness still continues, but we are happy to add that it is gradually getting better, and will undoubtedly disappear when the cold weather sets in.

OBITUARY.

It was our melancholy task to chronicle in our last issue, the demise of another old citizen of Montreal, one who, though long retired from the turmoil of a busy life, still loved to frequent the haunts of former action, and greet the friends of past days.

Peter Devins, Esq., died at his residence, 198 Notre Dame Street, at 20 minutes past 2 o'clock, on Saturday afternoon the 2nd instant.

Some years past his naturally robust constitution, began to announce symptoms of decline, and sundry temporary attacks of illness gave warning that nature was gradually giving way. Though death is inevitable, and a lot feared by all, he seemed to greet it with joy, as the signal of reunion with those he loved. The partner of his sorrows, and sharer of his joys, having departed this life in the month of September 1857, this sudden stroke, for which he was ill-prepared, seemed as it were to paralyze the pleasure of his life. To be reunited to her, was all he henceforth desired, and his daily prayer was that the earliest moment might not long be delayed.

His wish has been realized—his request granted, and the portals of eternity in opening to admit a new member, has, we doubt not, reunited before the throne of God, two loving hearts.

He was followed to the grave by a large circle of valued and tried friends, of all countries and denominations, who, in seeing him lowered into the silent tomb, uttered in the secret of their own bosom, the beautiful prayer—Requiescat in pace.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Starnesboro, M. Patenaude, \$3; Weston, F G Kent \$2; Toronto, J P McDonell, \$2; Kitauil, Revd A Wasseraun, \$2; Port Colborne, P Gibbons, \$2; D McFall, \$1; Fort Erie, Rev E Voissard, \$3; Dundas, D McPherson, \$2; St Raphaels, W McPherson, \$2; Cornwall, D A McDonell, \$2; D Phelan, \$2; Starnesboro, P Brady, \$1; Sillery, J Cantillon, \$2; Quebec, Rev D Matte, \$2; Longuebois, J Lahey, \$2; Cornwall, Rev J S O'Connor, \$1; Portsmouth, U K J Cameron, \$2; Barfield, J Ryan, \$5. Per P. Parcell, Kingston—T Ery, \$5.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Montreal, Sept. 13, 1865. Flour—Pollards, \$3.25 to \$3.60; Middlings, \$3.85 to \$4.05; Fine, \$4.20 to \$4.40; Super, No. 2 \$4.75 to \$4.80; Superfine \$5.25 to \$5.50; Fancy \$5.75 to \$6.25; Extra, \$6.75 to \$7.00; Superior Extra \$7.00 to \$7.50; Bag Flour, \$2.85 per 112 lbs. Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs. \$10.00 to \$11.00 Hay, per 100 bundles \$6.50 to \$7.00 Straw, do. \$2.00 to \$2.20 Beef, live, per 100 lbs 6.00 to 7.00 Sheep, each, \$4.00 to \$6.00 Lamb, 2.50 to 3.50 Calves, each, \$4.00 to \$6.00

Married.

On the 5th inst., at St. Patrick's Church, by the Revd. Mr. O'Dowd, Mr. Frank C. O'Reilly, to Miss Maggie Cecilia Maud, second daughter of Mr. George Menemee, all of this city.

Died.

In this city, on the 23rd August, Rosanna Brady, wife of Mr. John James Drew, Montreal Post Office, aged 48 years. Deceased was second daughter of the late Mr. John Brady, Farnham, niece of the late Major William Brady, Drummellas, and the late Mr. Walter Brady, Collector of Excise, Cootehill, also of the late Rev Thomas Brady, Parish Priest of Cavan and Kilmore, County Cavan, Ireland.

ST. ANN'S HALL. COURSE OF LECTURES.

FIRST LECTURE OF THE COURSE To be delivered by THE REVEREND M. O'FARRELL, ON THURSDAY, 21st instant, SUBJECT:—"THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK." Lecture to begin precisely at 8 o'clock. Tickets for the Course, \$1; Single Tickets, 25 cts. September 14, 1865.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH ACADEMY, OF Mlle. LACOMBE & MISS CLARKE, No. 32, ST. DENIS STREET, Near Viger Square.

FOR the convenience of parents, who wish their children to attend the classes of the above Establishment, Mrs. H. E. Clarke has taken the adjoining house, where she RECEIVES PUPILS, AS BOARDERS. Children who require more than ordinary attention to their health and comfort, and for whom material superintendence is desired, would find these advantages fully attainable under the care of Mrs. Clarke. A play-ground is attached to the residence. September 14, 1865. 1m

ST. ANN'S SELECT DAY SCHOOL, Under the Direction of the Sisters of the CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, M'CORD STREET, Was RE-OPENED on TUESDAY, Sept. 5, 1865

The system of Education includes the English and French languages. Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Use of the Globes, Lessons on practical Sciences, Music, Drawing with plain and ornamental Needle Work.

CONDITIONS: Junior Classes, per Month, \$0.75 Senior Classes, \$1.00 Music, \$1.50 Drawing, \$2.00 Entrance Fee (annual charge), 1.00 Dinner per Month—\$2.50.

ST. ANN'S SEWING ROOM. The Sisters of the Congregation take this opportunity of announcing that they will re-open their Sewing Room, in the St. Ann's Schools, on Thursday, September 5 1865. The object of this establishment is to instruct young girls, on leaving school, in Dress-making in all its branches, and, at the same time, protect them from the dangers they are exposed to in public factories. Charitable Ladies are, therefore, requested to patronize this institution, as the profits are devoted to the benefit of the girls employed in it. Sept. 7, 1865.

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, MONTREAL, 31 COTE STREET, 31. M. U. E. ARCHAMBAULT, Principal, " P. GARNOT, Professor of French, " J. ARCHAMBAULT, do., " L. O'RYAN, Professor of English.

THE RE-OPENING of the Classes took place on Monday last, the 4th instant. The Programme of Studies will, as usual, comprise a Commercial and Industrial Course in both the French and English languages. We will also undertake to procure to any family experienced teachers for private lessons. For any particulars, apply to the undersigned, U. E. ARCHAMBAULT, Principal. Sept. 7, 1865. 4w.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RT. REV. DR. GUIGUES.

THIS Institution, established some Twenty years ago, is well calculated by its position between Upper and Lower Canada, to afford the greatest facilities to French and English Young Ladies, for acquiring a complete knowledge of the French and English languages. Nothing has been neglected that could contribute to attain this double end; and the ample and non-able testimony constantly rendered, proved the effort to have been successful. Among many means employed to develop the intellect and cultivate a literary taste, are a well regulated Post Office and a Weekly Newspaper, edited exclusively by the young Ladies.

In the Commercial course a practical emulation is excited by a Bank and Commercial Rooms, in which business is transacted in both languages. It is a particular point of the rule that some of the recreations of the day are, each alternate week, strictly French, or entirely English, for those who are capable of speaking both languages. Those who study Music will find everything that could secure them rapid and brilliant success; so this, it suffices to say that no fewer than Six Teachers are devoted to this Department, which embraces the Harp, Piano, Guitar, Melodeon, Organ, &c. A similar number of Misses preside over the different kinds of Painting in Oil, Pastille, Pencil, and the different kinds of drawings, Embroidery, Wax Work, Artificial Flowers, &c. The Ornamental is not permitted to supersede the useful; for all the pupils are obliged to learn the theory and practice of Domestic Economy.

No distinction of Religion is made in the admission of Pupils. Children of different denominations, though obliged to conform strictly to the order of the House, are not required to assist at the Religious exercises of the community. Circulars containing particulars can be obtained by addressing the Lady Superior. The Classes will re-open on the First September. Ottawa, Aug. 10th, 1865. 3m.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, BLEURY STREET.

THE Collegiate Term will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 5th SEPTEMBER. Besides the usual Classical Course there will be an EVENING CLASS both for the Students and the general Public. BOOK-KEEPING and WRITING, by Professor LONG. MATHEMATICS and the NATURAL SCIENCES, by Professors of the College. DRAWING, by Mr. BOURASSA. Aug. 24, 1865. 5w.

\$10 A DAY TO AGENTS—LLOYD'S GREAT TOPOGRAPHICAL RAILWAY AND COUNTY MAP OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND and WALSLEY—Six feet large, mounted and varnished; cost \$100,000 and four years time; was finished July 28, and is the best map ever made since the world was formed; shows 200,000 cities, towns, villages, market places, post-offices, castles, country seats, and 38,000 railway stations, with the distance between each station marked plainly, and the official name and total length of each railway in actual operation up to June, 1865, is given. The railway stations are all numerically and alphabetically arranged. The lakes, rivers, hills and mountains are exhibited, with the altitude of each in feet, made from trigonometrical surveys by our own engineers, draughtsmen and photographers, sent to England expressly to make a superior map of that country; the whole engraved on steel, colored superbly in counties, mounted and varnished. Price 8 shillings sterling (\$2). No map at \$20 can compare to this. Canvasers throughout the world wanted. Also men, with a small capital, to go to Canada, Ohio, Georgia, Indiana, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, East and West Indies, Australia and California, to open offices. Can make a fortune wholesaling this and other maps to sub-agents. Eighty thousand copies of this map were subscribed for in England before going to press, as can be shown by our agents' letters to us. Ten new maps now under way.

J. T. LLOYD, American Map Publisher, No. 23 Courtland street, N. Y., and No. 1 Strand, London.

MR. WILLIAM DALY, from the County Armagh Ireland, will hear of something to his advantage by applying at the Office of this paper. Sept. 6, 1865.

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

CONVENT OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, WILLIAMSTOWN, C. W., NEAR LANCASTER.

THE SISTERS of the CONGREGATION of NOTRE DAME (from Montreal) beg to inform the public that they intend opening, on the FIRST MONDAY of SEPTEMBER, an ACADEMY for Young LADIES, at the above named place. The system of Education will embrace the English and French Languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, and every kind of useful and ornamental Needle Work. Scholastic Year—10 months. TERMS: Board and Tuition in the English and French Languages, per Month, \$1 00 Music, 2 00 Drawing and Painting, 1 00 Bed and Bedding, 0 50 Washing, 1 00 Bed, Bedding, and Washing may be provided for by the parents. No deduction for Pupils removed before the expiration of the Term, except in case of sickness. Payments must be made invariably in advance. Williamstown, Aug. 15, 1865.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C. W.

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

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

TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July. July 21st 1861.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL, Nos. 6, 8 & 10, St. Constant Street.

THE duties of this School will be RESUMED on MONDAY, the TWENTY-EIGHTH instant, at Nine o'clock A.M. A thorough English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education is imparted in the above institution at extremely moderate charges. For particulars, Tuition, Fees, &c., apply at the School. W. DORAN, Principal. Aug. 24, 1865. 2m.

F. CALLAHAN & CO., GENERAL JOB PRINTERS, AND WOOD ENGRAVERS, 32 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, OPPOSITE ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

Seal Presses and Ribbon-Hand Stamps of every description furnished to order.

LUMBER.

JORDAN & BENARD, LUMBER MERCHANTS, corner of Craig and St. Denis Streets, and Corner of Sanginet and Craig Streets, and on the WHARF in Rear of Bonsecours Church, Montreal.—The undersigned offer for Sale a very large assortment of PINE DEALS—3-in.—1st, 2nd, 3rd quality, and CULLS good and common. 2-in.—1st, 2nd, 3rd quality and CULLS. Also, 1 1/2-in. PLANK—1st, 2nd, 3rd quality. 1-inch and 1 1/2-inch BOARDS—various qualities. SCANTLING (all sizes) clean and common. FURRING, &c., &c.,—all of which will be disposed of at moderate prices; and 45,000 Feet of CEDAR. JORDAN & BENARD, 35 St. Denis Street. March 24, 1864.

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

HAVE constantly on hand a good assortment of Teas, Coffees, Spices, Mustards, Provisions, Hams, Salt, &c. Port, Sherry, Madeira, and other Wines, Brandy, Holland Gin, Scotch Whisky, Jamaica Spirits, Syrups, &c., &c. Country Merchants and Farmers would do well to give them a call as they will Trade with them on Liberal Terms. May 19, 1865. 12w.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Aug. 19.—The Paris papers are full of letters from Oberburg, telling of the splendour and cordiality of the great international naval festival, of banquets, toasts, and speeches, and of the friendly and magnificent reception given to the English guests by the French Minister of Marine, by a large body of French admirals, generals, and post-captains, and by the whole of the officers and men of the French fleet. There are no better entertainments than the French, whether the place of reception be ashore or afloat, a house or a ship, a tent or a hut. Their hospitality to our fleet, judging from all the letters I have read, has been most sumptuous, and in the very best taste. The letters in question are written by Frédoiménil, but will assuredly be fully confirmed by the accounts you receive direct and from various English sources. There is no doubt that when the French fleet returns the visit it will be welcomed with equal cordiality, splendour, and goodwill.

THE NAVAL FEET AT OBERBURG.—Oberburg, Aug. 18.—At the banquet given here on the 15th inst. to the Lords of the English Admiralty, M. Chasseloup Laubat, Minister of Marine, in his speech proposing the toast of 'Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the British Navy,' said the time of hostile rivalry between the two countries had passed away. There now only remained emulation in doing everything that could advance the cause of civilization and liberty. 'The freedom of the seas, pacific contests in labor, and the beneficent conquests of commerce' were meant by the union of the flags of England and France.

The Duke of Somerset, replying to the toast, thanked the Minister for the sentiments he had expressed, and said they accepted the toast as a proof of the cordial friendship of the Emperor and the French nation for the English Queen and the English people. They also, on their part, entertained the same sentiments of esteem for the Emperor of the French. They trusted His Majesty might long continue to enjoy his present good health. This they desired, not only because it was for the welfare of the two countries, but also because it tended to guarantee the happiness and the pacific progress of Europe. In proposing the health of the Emperor he spoke not in the name of the Government or any political party, but in the name of every enlightened Englishman.

A project is now before the Council of State in France for establishing a new electric cable between France and America. The line proposed to be taken 'by the pole, via Spain and the coast of Africa, to some point of Brazil. In this way the length of cable to be submerged at one time will be less than that which the Great Eastern has been depositing.

CONVULSIONS IN FRANCE.—The abjuration by Madame Duruy, the wife of the French Minister of Public Instruction, of the Protestant faith in favor of Romanism has already been reported. A Paris correspondent, alluding to the fact, observes that the Jesuits are very active just now amongst the families of high and conspicuous personages in France as well as England. Other ladies of the Protestant religion are spoken of as likely to become Papists, and it is reported that M. Guizot will ere long declare himself a Roman Catholic. —Star.

MAGNETISM.—An extraordinary and unprecedented case has been tried at the Assize Court of the Var. A young man of 24, named Castellani, presented himself at the house of a respectable farmer named Hughes, and pretending to be deaf and dumb, obtained supper and a night's lodging. In the morning he persuaded the farmer's daughter, a modest girl of 26, to run away with him, and an indictment alleged that he obtained an irresistible influence over her entirely by means of magnetism. The moment she came to her senses she was filled with remorse, but whenever he magnetized her she was a mere instrument in his hands, and submitted to whatever he told her. Three doctors of Toulon gave their opinion in accordance with that of Dr. Tardieu, of Paris, and many other medical men of the highest reputation, that it is possible by means of what is called magnetism to obtain such influence over a young girl as completely to annihilate her will. Castellani boasted of his magnetic power while standing at the bar, and offered to magnetize the President judge. He actually tried him so much that he angrily ordered the prisoner to lower his eyes. Being found guilty by the jury, he was sentenced to twelve years imprisonment with hard labor. —Globe.

MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.—Marriages, it is true, are seldom, if ever, made for love in any class. Indeed, it is considered improper, almost immodest, for girls to feel a decided preference for this person or that, and anything like flirtations between respectable young persons of either sex is almost unknown. Occasionally a little liberty may be allowed to very near relatives, but even this is narrowly watched by elders. On the other hand, almost every marriageable girl in France has a 'dot,' according to her station in life. Her parents pinch themselves to an extent, most laudably, to be able to make this needful provision both for their sons and daughters, but the daughters are considered to have the first need, as they are commonly married at 18, and the sons only at 30.—There is no intriguing, no laying snares for young men, little underhand work of any kind. The girl is known to have a certain portion, and to be sure of inheriting by and by such and such a sum. All brothers and sisters share alike, the girl socially as important as the boy; and owing to the greater force of character, or strength of will, of the French woman, 'Le Française est une personne,' says M. Michelet, the girl is commonly more important. Even nurses in France admire and value girls more highly than boys; and the highest term of endearment they apply to the latter is to call them 'Ma fille' (my daughter). Under such circumstances the father and mother make no mystery of their losses and expectations. Why should they? The French are peculiarly aboveboard in most of their dealings, to our mind sometimes sadly so; in fact, the precise contrary of the English popular notion about the French will be generally found to hit the mark. The father and mother tell their intimate friends that they wish for a son-in-law of such an age, and with such and such means and expectations. Of course, he ought to have about the same fortune as the lady, possibly a little less or more. His family connections may make up for a small deficiency. Sometimes all is settled, almost before the young people see one another, and there is no choice exercised at all. There is never any knowledge of character, or any attempt to compare tastes or opinions. It has become a custom, however, for the young man to pay a visit of ceremony, without any declared intention, in order that the intended couple may see one another, and even converse a little, before the final conclusion is arrived at. —Fortnightly Review.

ITALY.

ROME, Aug. 21.—The Italia of to-day says:—'The rumor that a financial arrangement exists between the Italian Government and the Holy See for the settlement of the Roman debt is devoid of foundation. The Minister of the Interior has addressed a circular to the Prefect relative to a recent circular of the Minister of War. The Minister of the Interior explains that the object of the last-mentioned circular was to exhort the officers of the army not to allow their esteem and confidence towards their brother officers to be diminished until the accusations brought forward, either publicly or privately, against their comrades had been proved. He also expresses regret that certain members of Parliament had taken part in the manifestations to which the circular of the Minister of War had given rise. The Turin Lithographic Correspondence has spread

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

REPORT OF THE DELEGATIONS.—The report of the delegations contemplated in the army when the camps of instruction are raised—50,000 men in Italy, will be sent to their homes on unlimited leave.

A NEW RAILWAY ROUTE IN EUROPE.—According to a Florence letter in the *Siccle* a project is on foot to establish direct railway communication between Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, by a passage over the Helvetic Alps, and a few days ago a committee, named by the Italian Minister of Public Works, began its sittings. The statistics distributed amongst the members of the committee turn in favor of the St. Gothard as being the best passage in the Alps for establishing more direct communication with Frankfurt, Bremen, Lubek, Prussia, &c. But when this passage is adopted it will be necessary to find the funds necessary to complete so great a work, as more than two hundred million francs would be required. It remains to be seen if Switzerland and Italy are disposed to provide the funds for this great undertaking, as no private company would be able to contribute more than forty million francs to work.

ROME.—His Holiness will hold a Consistory in the course of September, and it is probable that several foreign bishops will arrive in order to assist at it, and among others the Archbishop of Westminster.

The cholera seems to be sensibly diminishing, and the register of deaths at Ancona lessens daily. The Cardinal Archbishop Antonicci shows a noble example to the authorities, who have almost all deserted their posts, and his zeal and charity know no bounds, save those imposed by the Liberal Government. Among other pious ordinances the municipality has forbidden public prayers, lest they should demoralize the people, and have opened the theatres as a proper distraction from lugubrious ideas in a season of public calamity. These wise measures have not, however, prevented above 20,000 persons from leaving Ancona. Up to the 12th of August the officially reported cases amount to 1611, and the deaths to 787; but the number is known to be diminished by at least half. So great is the panic that the dead cannot be buried, and the convicts are pressed into the service, so that the Anconitans instead of the old fashioned confraternities and religious orders who never shrunk from their duty have the consolation of being escorted to their graves by thieves and murderers.

It is difficult to see what 'progress' has done for Italy, save supplying her with a fearful amount of trashy newspapers, and in a moment of public calamity the need of the Christian element is always doubly felt. The French Consul and his lady, and Madame De Castiglione, have placed their palace at the disposal of the Sisters of Charity who have volunteered for hospital duty from Turin. Twelve of these heroic women are in charge of the sick, and are ably seconded by the medical men, to whom every praise is due; eleven have already fallen victims to the epidemic.

The mortality among the employees of Government is very great, 430 have already died, and an immense number are leaving Ancona from dread of a similar fate. The bureau is shut, the quays deserted, the streets empty, and the poor dying in garrets unattended, save by the clergy, the nuns, and the few medical men whom the disease has spared. The Cardinal is everywhere; in the hospitals, in private houses, in the churches, encouraging the sick, absolving the dying, seeing the dead buried, as Henri De Belzunce did in the plague of Marseilles, and St. Charles in that of Milan, and the very organs of the Revolution are obliged to acknowledge his eminent virtues. The Societa Vittorio Emanuele has done literally nothing, and the Turin auxiliary branch has satisfied its philanthropy by contributing a tub of ice to the sufferers, with a very pompous telegram, which received an equally pompous acknowledgment from the municipality of Ancona. —Cor. of the London Tablet.

The Union announces that His Holiness has just approved, after a careful examination in detail, the plans of M. Costa, a Roman engineer, for the construction of Ostia, the ancient port of Rome, which the power of Claudius and the genius of Trajan had made a depot for the commerce of the world. The Pontifical Government is determined to devote all its energies to the achievement of this great design. It is now admitted that the report which alleged that the Pope had taken the first step towards carrying out the articles of the Convention of Sept. 15, by increasing his army, was false. The latest *causes* of the Revolutionary press are that the Holy Father is about to summon a General Council, in order to enable him to abdicate his Temporal Power, and that he has lately sanctioned an Italian engineering association, which is to aim at the return of Catholic Deputies to the next Piedmontese Parliament. Signor Vegezzi and his negotiations seem to be already completely forgotten. —Tribune.

The official *Giornale di Roma* denies the statement which has appeared in several journals, to the effect that an extraordinary recruitment of the Papal army is taking place, the fact being that the recruitment is merely for the purpose of filling up the ranks of already existing regiments.

LISBON, Aug. 22.—Prince Amadeus has sailed for Italy. He is stated to have visited this city in order to act as proxy for King Victor Emmanuel at the baptism of the infant Prince. The Papal Nuncio, however, refuses to accept the King of Italy as godfather at the ceremony. The Government denies the current rumours, although not officially. The day of baptism is not yet fixed. Prince Amadeus is reported to have left Lisbon greatly dissatisfied with the conduct of the Nuncio.

PRUSSIA.

A letter from Berlin says that King William of Prussia, on his way back to his capital, will visit Queen Victoria at Rosenau; but that he will do so as quietly as possible, in order not to meet the Duke of

Saxe-Gotha, who by his attachment to the cause of the Duke of Augustenburg has lost all favor with the King. Some may suppose a different motive on the part of Prussia's Sovereign for abjuring Duke Ernest. It is only charitable to credit him with some feeling of shame for the manner in which he has broken his pledge and betrayed Augustenburg, whose cause he at one time so warmly upheld. Few, even of those among his subjects who most disliked his tyrannical domestic policy, would have believed a year ago that he was capable of abandoning the support of Prince Frederick's claims. Of the effectual recognition of these there now seems less chance than ever. 'You were told of the refusal to receive Samwer at Vienna, and we further learn that Dr. Lorenzen, who is at Munich on behalf of the Duke, can extract nothing but condolence from Herr von der Pforten-

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

Poland and the western provinces of Russia generally are perpetually in flames. According to an official announcement, there were 120 conflagrations in the three provinces of Kiev, Volhynia, and Podolia, from the 15th of June to the 15th of July. No less than 337 houses (of Continental size) were destroyed by this calamity, which affected 14 towns and 106 villages, inflicting a loss of 300,000 roubles upon the poor inhabitants. Fires of smaller extent are not included in these figures. In the kingdom of Poland proper six towns and 30 villages have been all but burnt to the ground within the last fortnight; while, in Lithuania, General Kaufmann issues an *ordre du jour* expressly thanking the troops for their extraordinary efforts in quenching the fires kindled by the nefarious activity of the Polish revolutionary party. It is however, as yet impossible to form any very confident opinion on the actual cause and origin of these multiplied fires. The Russian will charge the Poles with committing arson against their own countrymen, for the mere purpose of irritating the public mind, and creating an excitement which might be improved for revolutionary purposes. The charge, however unattainable to the member of a civilized commonwealth, has nothing absurd in itself, in a country where the vast majority are wholly illiterate, and, owing to the absence of each and every thing that could assist in judging of current events, open to all sorts of rumors and irrational insinuations. But the Poles have not the approach to the quarter whence it proceeds. While pointing to the fact that the alleged incendiaries have never in a single instance been caught, they aver that those destructive fires are kindled either by the Russian soldiery, with a view to plunder, or now and then are perhaps the work of some Polish but very unrevolutionary, peasant, who thinks he has not got land enough in the late emancipatory measure, grumbles at being denied the formal and definitive completion of his title-deed. In both cases, they hint, the detection of the guilty would be easy enough were the Russian Government not interested in casting the blame on the middle and higher, or, what is the same, the patriotic classes of Poland. Another way of accounting for the scourge is pretty generally accepted by the Jews, who believe they are singled out for destruction, for bowing to the victor and making their peace with St. Petersburg when Warsaw is laid low; while, as the most sober and commonplace version will have it, the activity of political incendiaries is far surpassed by the criminal eagerness of persons with a bad nose and a high insurance on it to avail themselves of this lucky period for bringing grist to the mill, without exciting suspicion. In all probability each of these several surmises is right enough as far as it goes, none, in consequence, being absolutely correct. As a dangerous proxym may sometimes end in spasms, the fires follow not unnaturally in the wake of insurrection; and as latent defects will become apparent in the violent effort of a feeble and exhausted frame to recover its balance, the fierce and baffled conspirator is seconded in his revenge by the sordid cheat and the savage house-breaker and plunderer. One of the worst consequences of the fiery epidemic is the refusal of the insurance companies to grant fresh policies, at such places as Kovno, Beryditschew and others, which have suffered most and are likely to suffer still more. While the competition of foreign companies is shut out, internal ones should not be allowed to refuse in the hour of need.

The more fully the particulars of the late Polish rebellion come to light, the greater and graver appears the struggle of that unfortunate race. In making up accounts, the Russian Government have now discovered the significant fact that the number of people who left Warsaw to join the insurrectionary bands in 1863 amounted to no less than 3,128, out of a population of 216,000. Of these 83 were children between 10 and 14 years old, 1,902 were between 20 and 25, 1,453 between 25 and 30, 869 between 30 and 35, 568 between 35 and 40, 376 between 40 and 45, 207 between 45 and 50, 110 between 50 and 55, 62 between 55 and 60, 43 between 60 and 70, 9 between 70 and 75, 4 between 75 and 80, 3 between 80 and 85. These figures have been ascertained by comparing the evidence of the police registers with the number of the missing, and the facts elicited by the courts of inquiry; and, as must be naturally the case under the circumstances, are rather below than above the mark. Among the emigrants, forming actually four per cent. of the population, were 6,447 unmarried men, 1,233 husbands, 129 widowers, 181 girls, 83 wives, and 54 widows. Classifying them according to their several professions, we find 2,226 artisans and operatives among the number; 1,066 valets and domestic servants (out of a total of 10,000 of both sexes); 197 members of the civil service, 140 public scribes, 173 pupils in the higher educational establishments, when no more than 600 were attending lectures at the time; 82 schoolboys, 42 of their teachers, 185 soldiers on furlough, 27 officers on half-pay, 9 proprietors of landed estates, 7 doctors, 32 priests, 2 rabbis, 3 Jewish teachers; and so on through every rank and condition of life down to 44 frail followers of *Venus Pulchra*. Some professions are even now hard up for hands in consequence of the voluntary and involuntary exodus which attended the rebellion. There is, for instance, such a want of bakers in Warsaw that for this reason only a loaf which cost three kopeks in 1863 is now sold at five. The authorities have repeatedly invited Russian trades people to come and settle at Warsaw, but have as yet failed to procure the necessary supply of hands. —Time Cor.

SEA SOUNDINGS.—Various sea soundings made by the new telegraph company in England, in preparation for laying the Atlantic submarine cable this summer, reveal the following results:—The Baltic sea between Germany and Sweden is only 120 feet deep, and the Adriatic between Venice and Trieste 130. The greatest depth of the channel between France and England does not exceed 300, whilst the southwest of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than 3,000 feet. The seas to the south of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the Strait of Gibraltar, the depth is only 1,000 feet, while a little more to the east it is 3,000. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6,000 feet. At 250 miles south of Nantucket (south of Cape Cod) no bottom was found at 7,500 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern ocean. To the west of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000 feet have been measured, and to the west of St. Helena, 28,000. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 26,000 feet and that of the Pacific at 20,000.

A USHER PROSCRIPTION.—A actress who is reputed chatterbox the other day sent for her doctor with all speed. She declared herself ill, and wanted him to write the requisite certificate. 'I do not know if there is anything the matter,' was the reply. 'Let me feel your pulse—just so—a little quiet will set you to rights very soon.' 'But I assure you, doctor, I am ill—look at my tongue.' The doctor looked. 'Well, I see, my dear Miss—is it like you—a little quiet will do it good.'

EDUCATION.—As the dew of heaven falling upon the new born rose draws forth its perfumes; or the soft, vernal shower expands the peerless beauty of the lily, so true education unfolds all the generous attributes of the soul. The truly educated man is affable, social, and magnanimous; he is ready to overlook and forgive more, and will not readily turn a friend into the reverse by unreasonable suspicions of his sincerity. —To.

A HAIR.—To the chemist, a hair offers a truly interesting analysis. Vaucoulin discovered that a black hair contains the following constituents: 1st, a considerable quantity of animal matter; 2nd, a small portion of a white, thick oil; 3rd, a greater quantity of a greenish-colored oil; 4th, iron; 5th, a few particles of oxide of manganese; 6th, phosphate of lime; 7th, a small quantity of carbonate of lime; 8th, a large quantity of silica, or flint; and 9th, a considerable portion of sulphur.

PHILOSOPHY, in the mind of an atheist, is like a priceless diamond in the nose of a pig. The latter exhibits as much reason as the former, in the use which it makes of its possession. Knowledge, when properly applied, carries us to truth; but, when wrongly directed, it bears us with equal force to destruction.

A MAXIM.—Mark Anthony, after the battle of Actium, challenged Augustus, who replied: 'If Anthony is weary of his life, there are other ways of getting rid of it: I will not be his executioner.'

FRANCE ATTACK OF A LION UPON A HYENA.—The *Journal de Loiret* gives the following account of an incident which has just occurred at Saumur, in a menagerie belonging to M. Schmidt:—The tamer was in a large cage with a lion and a hyena. After having made them go through several performances, he gave some meat, as usual, to the two animals, when suddenly the lion animated by the smell of flesh, threw himself on the hyena, overturned him, and bit him in the neck. The savage instincts of the king of the desert manifested themselves immediately: the more the blood flowed the more he seemed to be roused, and his sinister look inspired the most serious fears for Mr. Schmidt who did not, however, lose his courage for an instant. The first means which he employed were blows from a whip. A revolver was soon handed to him; with this he discharged several shots at the lion, which did not in the least move him, as he still kept his victim between his teeth, and it appeared almost without life. Great concern prevailed in the boxes; the women cried, and perhaps the uproar excited the lion. The employees of the menagerie assembled round the cage. They passed a draghook to M. Schmidt, who made it penetrate the mouth of the lion whilst some of them gave the animal repeated blows through the bars. The lion then yielded and precipitated himself against the bars. M. Schmidt seized this opportunity to retire, dragging with him the hyena, into the neighboring cage. A door then separated them from the lion. It was time, for, already furious, he was approaching, and his mouth being covered with blood, dashed at the door. M. Schmidt showed himself to the spectators and received their congratulations, but he was pale and covered with blood. The hyena is grievously wounded, but it is hoped that it will recover.

When a man with a scolding wife was asked what he did for a living, he said that he kept a hot house.

At a trial in the Court of King's Bench (June 1833) between certain publishing Tweedledes, as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of 'The Old English Gentleman,' T. Cook was subpoenaed as a witness. On cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, that learned counsel rather flippantly said:

'Now, sir, you say the two melodies are the same, but different. What do you mean, sir?'

Tom promptly answered: 'I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with different accent.'

Sir James:—What is musical accent?'

Cooke:—My terms are a guinea a lesson, sir! (A loud laugh.)

Sir James:—(rather ruffled)—Don't mind your terms here. I ask you what is a musical accent?—Can you see it?'

Cooke:—No.

Sir James:—Can you feel it?'

Cooke:—A musician can! (Great laughter.)

Sir James:—(Very angrily)—Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush; but tell his lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about it, the meaning of what you call accent?'

Cooke:—Accent in music is a stress laid on a peculiar note, as you would lay a stress on any given word, for the purpose of being better understood. If I were to say you are an ass it rests on ass, but were I to say you are an ass it rests on you, Sir James.'

Reiterated shouts of laughter by the whole court, in which the bench joined, followed this repartee. Silence being obtained, Lord Danman, the judge, with much gravity, accented the chop-fallen counsel:—

'Are you satisfied, Sir James?'

Sir James, deep red as he naturally was, had become scarlet in more than name, and in a great huff, said: 'The witness may go down.'

WELL ANSWERED.—A certain Duke, who invariably refused to play at cards when the stakes were high, was challenged with being fond of his money.

'Whatever I may be,' returned the Duke, pointedly, 'I am not fond of other people's!'

CONGENIAL LOVERS.—'I shall be at home next Sunday night,' a young lady remarked, as she followed her beau to the door who seemed to be somewhat wavering in his attachment. 'So shall I,' was the reply.

AN IRISHMAN'S DUPLICATE.—An Irishman once wrote a friend's address on both sides of a piece of paper. 'Because,' he said, 'if he lost one, he would be sure to have the other.'

JACOB SELWYN'S CONSULTATION WITH EQUUS WYCHERLEY ABOUT HIS WIFE'S EPITAPH.—Her name was Sarah—simply Sarah, said Jacob, as if the fact were a testimony to the modest nature of the departed.—

'She was of late years—68,' he continued, referring at the same time, to an old pocket-book; 'but according to my reckoning we lost three years or so from not keeping a check upon her birthdays. But put her down at 63; she must have known her own age better than any one else.' Mr. Wycherley wrote 'aged 68.' 'Would you say aged?' asked Selwyn.—

'I don't think she would have liked that.' 'Say in her 68th year if you please.' Mr. Wycherley wrote as he was requested.—'She was an excellent cook, Wycherley, and made hands better I think, than any woman in the country,' said Selwyn, with a pardonable feeling of pride. 'I don't think we can out that on her epitaph,' remarked Wycherley. 'No, perhaps not; but it is a pity. It ought to go down; as it might have stimulated other young women to have as much said of them,' said Selwyn, adding after a pause, 'She was good at figures, and taught me to cypher when we were first married; but that can't go down either, I suppose?'

'It would be difficult to express it,' answered Wycherley. 'Pickling' and preserving, she was a great hand at both,' said Selwyn, with an inquiring look; but receiving no encouraging response from his amanuensis, he took another shot. 'Always early with her chickens and turkeys, and pretty nigh found herself in clothes.' 'What do you say to that? That ought to go down.' Mr. Wycherley replied:—

'Well, I think all the good qualities you have enumerated—Selwyn, must be comprised in 'she was an excellent wife.' Ah! that 'she was,' said the bearded husband, 'and it is hard she can't be put stronger than that. She was affectionate, Wycherley? Yes, I'm sure of that.' 'Sometimes, rather rather to a perfection, and showed a little unnecessary anxiety about me. I used to vex her sometimes on purpose to try her temper.' 'And how did you find it?' said Wycherley, slyly. 'Well, it varied—sometimes smooth; enough; at others warm, perhaps very warm; but, as her good qualities can't be set out at length, I won't have her little infirmities advertised in the church-yard.' —Mark Lemon's *Loved at Last!*

UNITED STATES.

It is not a matter of surprise that the New England fanatics, having accomplished their object so far as concerned the social institutions of the South, should now turn their attention to other reforms.—The present crusade is against religion. 'Slavery is dead—now for Rome!' is the new battle cry. The 'Rev. Mr. Haddfield, a Massachusetts Puritan, translated in Chicago, wrote a letter recently, to the editor of the *New York Independent* (politico-religious organ of the destructives), which was published, in which he says: 'Our woe is past; slavery is dead in our country. . . . And now that this enemy to God and man is destroyed, we must prepare ourselves for an inevitable contest with the Church of Rome. . . . Hundreds of thousands of Papists in the North have been trained in the belief that their first allegiance is due to Holy Mother Church. Such is their ignorance, and so thorough is their subjugation to their spiritual leaders, that these leaders could lead them into any excess of wickedness in the interests of that church.' This reversed 'blood-hound of Zion' is not the first to lift up his voice against Catholics. Pestilent New England has been consistent in her hatred of Rome, and her divines have ceased not, in the pulpit and on the stump, from venting anathemas upon the Scarlet Woman.—These Northern fire-eaters, who preach, in the few hours they spare from politics, the gospel of blood and thunder, have resolved that there shall be no peace in this country until we have a national religion. And that 'religion' is to be orthodox Congregationalism. Following the example of their ancestors, who 'resisted' that the earth belonged to the saints, and that they were the saints, these disturbers have determined that there is but one Church—the Congregational Church. Episcopacy they pronounce diluted Romanism. The Baptists and Methodists do not come entirely under the ban; they possess the merit of intolerance. The Presbyterians are best liked; for the Congregationalists are revolutionists—Presbyterians. The peculiarity of Congregationalism is that it is bounded by no obligation of law; it is, in religion, what the United States were in political government. Each congregation regulates its own affairs, appoints and dismisses its pastors, and acknowledges no ecclesiastical government beyond itself. The Congregationalists have no bishops. Occasionally a few churches, or congregations, meet in what they term a 'synod'—although this partakes rather of the character of spontaneity than deliberation. The Congregationalists do not claim to have any peculiar tenets other than this: they declare that their religion is perfectly free, and hence this is the inevitable deduction—especially adapted to a republic. They draw no line between politics and religion; they preach abolitionism, teetotalism, and war, even more frequently than they preach the Gospel. These facts are so glaring that no special mention need be made of them. The war sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, among others, have a world-wide notoriety; while his political speeches, delivered in the pulpit during the late Presidential contest, were copied and circulated by the Republicans as telling campaign documents. The attempt to establish what these people blasphemously term a 'national' religion, is in itself unlawful. That once honoured code of laws, known as the constitution of the United States, declares in the amendments (Article I.)—'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, prohibiting the free exercise thereof.' Of course, the reformers care nothing for the constitution; and I refer to it merely to show that the founders of the Government considered the word 'freedom' to mean 'liberty'—liberty in all things not hostile to the order and well-being of society. —from the N. Y. Correspondent of the London Standard.

OLD AGE IN THE UNITED STATES.—The drollest thing is, that when the American lady comes to be about fifty years old, she gets over her leanness and her plainness, and suddenly becomes young again. The population of Broadway seems to be composed (apart from the middle-aged ladies, who are as a rule heart-rending in appearance) of pretty young ladies of sixteen, and pretty young ladies of sixty.—No, sir, I have not tripped in my speech: I repeat, young ladies of sixty. A juvenile grandmother is anything but a rarity here; gushing young things of threescore are not uncommon; and I have ventured to cast more than one humbly tender glance at a damsel of seventy. You very seldom meet with an old man in society. The men work, fret, smoke, speculate, chew, or drink themselves to death at a comparatively early age. Nor are old men very popular in the States; they are passed by as 'played-out.' I have heard more than one lawyer and statesman called a 'worn-out cuss.' It was an unflattering title of sarcasm against the Hon. Edward Everett that he was so very old; and George Bancroft, the illustrious historian of the United States—a writer who combines the accuracy of an Alison with the research of a Pinnock, the copiousness of a Grimshaw with the vivacity of a Peter Parley—is usually spoken of by the irreverent young men of Gotham as 'old Fuss and Feathers.' The truth is that American men have little reverence for age among their own sex. Strong, active, energetic, unscrupulous, noisy, pushing men, they admire and almost defy; but age generally brings with it wisdom, experience, calmness, judgment, depreciation of wild enthusiasm, dislike to rash innovation. These qualities are not to the taste of Young America. They are not go-ahead. They do not go far towards making up the beau-ideal of transatlantic humanity: 'A real live man, Sir,—' I have heard of venerable partners in mercantile firms being superseded and pushed off their stools, as obsolete and incompetent, by their juniors; and an American—mind, an American, not an English—friend once told me that he saw over a store-front in Jersey City this announcement, 'Tomkins and Father.' There lay a mine of philosophy. Tomkins the elder was evidently 'played-out'; he was a 'cuss'; and of 'no account'; and 'very small potatoes.' He was permitted, just for charity's sake, to continue in the business, mind the shop, dust the counter, and see the shutters put up by the black porter; but the real live man in the concern was young Tomkins, who, despising and disparaging his antiquated progenitor, was making rapid strides, no doubt, towards running for Congress, taking the presidency of a petroleum company, and putting himself in nomination for the highest offices in the State—say the secretaryship of the treasury, the postmastership of Connecticut, or the lighthouse-keepership at Cape Knob.

An old American gentleman, when you do meet him, which is but rarely, is generally a most delightful companion—very benignant, very tolerant, very free from prejudice, and usually a strong friend to England. The old American lady, whom, fortunately, you very often meet, is the most charming person it is possible to conceive. See her in Broadway; and handsomely, but warmly and sensibly clad; smiling and nodding and joking; with her wrinkled but rosy little face, in guise something between a waxen peach and a well-preserved pippin; with the latest set of artificial 'teeth' that Doctor Zachary could carve from a rhinoceros's tusk; and her own hair disposed, in snowy silvery bunches on either side of her temples.—George Augustus Sala.

Of the long train of physical ills to which humanity is heir, there is none more distressing than the general derangement of the digestive apparatus, which never fails to accompany a disordered state of the liver.

Read what the Hon. Jacob Broom says: Philadelphia, Oct. 7th, 1863. Gentlemen,—In reply to your inquiry as to the effect produced by the use of Hoodland's German Bitters, in my family, I have no hesitation in saying that it has been highly beneficial.

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

Is it True?—That nine-tenths of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted are the result of negligence? We fear it is. A little of Henry's Vermont Liniment, if taken in season, may save no end of pains and a train of incurable diseases.

Sold by all Druggists. John F. Henry & Co., Proprietors, 303 St. Paul St. Montreal, O.E. September, 1865.



THE MOST IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT SINCE THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE, is that of M'GARVEY'S determination to REDUCE THE PRICE OF HIS ENTIRE STOCK FIFTEEN PER CENT.

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his Friends and Customers for the liberal patronage extended to him during the last 15 years, wishes to inform them of the extension of his SHOW ROOMS and STOCK during the past winter, in order to supply the increasing demands of his business, and especially since his removal to the new buildings, notwithstanding the reports that some of his rivals in trade have endeavored to circulate of his having been sold out and left the place.

OWEN M'GARVEY'S Wholesale and Retail Furnishing Warehouse Nos. 7, 9, and 11, ST. JOSEPH STREET, Continuation of Notre Dame Street, 2nd door from McGill Street. May 26.

RECALLED TO LIFE.

The following letter was received by Dr. Picault, of the Firm of Picault & Son, Druggists, No. 43 Notre Dame Street: Montreal, O.E., May 9, 1864.

Dear Sir—Do you not remember having been called by me last summer to see my wife, who was suffering from Chronic Inflammation of the Kidneys for seventeen months. You were the ninth physician called, as I had sought advice to no avail, though he followed the prescriptions carefully.

I do remember having been called for the above case, and not bearing of anything since that time, I thought she was surely dead long ago. P. E. PICAULT, M.D. Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.—According to the late Sir Astley Cooper, no man ought to know, from any physical sensation, that he has a stomach. Let those who are daily reminded of the existence of the organ, by pain, and all the concomitants of dyspepsia—whose stomachs digest slowly, imperfectly, and with sensations which pen cannot describe, whose whole system do penance under the inflictions of the rebellious member—try, merely try, BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS. As surely as they do so, their living martyrdom will be speedily exchanged for ease.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—All the finest perfumes are obtained from tropical flowers, and of these essences of the Aromatic Flora of the Tropics, this is one of the most permanent, pure and delicate. It imparts to the breath a pleasant fragrance, when used to rinse the mouth at the morning toilet, and neutralizes the taint of the cigar.

RICHELIEU COMPANY.



DAILY ROYAL MAIL LINE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

And Regular Line between MONTREAL and the PORTS of THREE RIVERS, SOREL, BERTHIER, CHAMBLEY, TERREBONNE, L'ASSOMTIO, and other Intermediate Ports.

ON and after MONDAY, the 11th Sept., and until otherwise ordered, the STEAMERS of the RICHELIEU COMPANY will LEAVE their respective Wharves as follows:—The Steamer MONTREAL, Captain Robt. Nelson will leave Richelieu Pier (opposite Jacques Cartier, Square) for QUEBEC, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at SIX o'clock P.M., precisely, stopping going and returning at the Ports of Sorel, Three Rivers, and Batiscan.

THE GOLD FIELDS.—When gold becomes as plentiful as silver in Canada, it will doubtless be subject to the same discount, and then Bank Bills will be worth more than their actual value, if such a thing is possible.

AYER'S PILLS.

ARE you sick, feeble and complaining? Are you out of order with your system deranged and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness.

AYER'S AGUE CURE.

For the speedy and certain Cure of Intermittent Fever, or Chills and Fever, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fevers; indeed, for the whole class of diseases originating in biliary derangement, caused by the malaria of miasmatic countries.

MALARIA!—DIRTY YARDS!!—Bird's Deodorizing and Disinfecting Powder.

The property of this Powder is to destroy instantly all unpleasant smells connected with Sewers, Water Closets, Dirt Heaps, &c. In a sanitary point of view, such a simple, inexpensive and harmless deodorant should be used in every house.

JUST ARRIVED—A complete assortment of pure DRUGS and OHRMICALS.

GLASGOW DRUG HALL, OPPOSITE "WITNESS" OFFICE, 396 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

GLASGOW DRUG HALL, OPPOSITE "WITNESS" OFFICE.

BUGS! BUGS! BUGS! MAY has come and so have the BUGS!—Now is the time to get rid of them, which can be effected at once by using HART'S EXTERMINATOR.

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER.

The Subscriber is receiving twice a week fresh supplies of this celebrated Mineral Water, which is pronounced by the leading Physicians of Canada to be the best in use.

SEEDS! SEEDS!

All kinds of Garden and Flower Seeds, Bulbous Roots, Mushroom Spaw, &c., &c., warranted fresh. Concentrated Lye, Horsford's Yeast Powder, Fresh Ood Liver Oil, &c., &c.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA.

TRAINS NOW LEAVE BONAVENTURE STREET STATION as follows: CENTRAL & WESTERN DISTRICTS. Accommodation Train for Kingston and intermediate Stations, at 6.45 A.M.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

ADDRESS TO THE INHABITANTS OF MONTREAL.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to thank you for the great amount of support and patronage you have hitherto so liberally bestowed upon me, and trust, by my continued care and attention to secure the same in a still larger degree.

I remain your obedient servant. J. G. KENNEDY, MERCHANT TAILOR, 42 St. Lawrence Main Street. May 11.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

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



K. A. & G. R. MENELY, West Troy, N. Y.

The New York Tribune says, 'the reason why Drake's Plantation Bitters are so universally used and have such an immense sale, is that they are always made up to the original standard, of highly invigorating material and of pure quality, although the prices have so largely advanced.'

The Tribune just hits the nail on the head. The Plantation Bitters are not only made of pure material, but the people are told what it is. The Recipe is published around each Bottle, and the bottles are not reduced in size.

The Plantation Bitters are now used in all the Government Hospitals, are recommended by the best physicians, and are warranted to produce an immediate beneficial effect. Facts are stubborn things.

REV. W. H. WAGGONER, Madrid, N. Y. Thou wilt send me two bottles more of thy Plantation Bitters. My wife has been greatly benefited by their use.

I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and had to abandon preaching. . . . The Plantation Bitters have cured me. REV. J. S. OATHORN, Rochester, N. Y.

Send us twenty-four dozen more of your Plantation Bitters, the popularity of which are daily increasing with the guests of our house. SYKES, CHADWICK & Co., Proprietors Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C.

I have given the Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our disabled soldiers with the most astonishing effect. G. W. D. ANDREWS, Superintendent Soldiers' Home, Cincinnati, O.

The Plantation Bitters have cured me of liver complaint, with which I was laid up prostrate and had to abandon my business. H. B. KINGSLEY, Cleveland, O.

The Plantation Bitters have cured me of a derangement of the kidneys and the urinary organs that has distressed me for years. It acts like a charm. C. C. MOORE, 254 Broadway.

New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 24, 1863. Dear Sir,—I have been afflicted many years with severe prostrating cramps in my limbs, cold feet and hands, and a general disordered system. Physicians and medicine failed to relieve me.

If the ladies but knew what thousands of them are constantly relating to us, we candidly believe one half of the weakness, prostration and distress experienced by them would vanish. James Marsh, Esq., of 159 West 14th Street, N. Y., says, 'he has three children, the first two are weak and puny, his wife having been unable to nurse or attend them, but that she has taken Plantation Bitters for the last two years, and has a child now eighteen months old which she has nursed and reared herself, and both are hearty, saucy and well. The article is invaluable to mothers.'

Such evidence might be continued for a volume. The best evidence is to try them. They speak for themselves. Persons of sedentary habits troubled with weakness, lassitude, palpitation of the heart, lack of appetite, distress after eating, torpid liver, constipation, diabetes, &c., will find speedy relief through these Bitters.

Every bottle for exportation and sale out of the United States has a metal cap and green label around the neck. Beware of refilled bottles. See that the cap has not been mutilated. Any person pretending to sell Plantation Bitters in bulk or by the gallon is an impostor. We sell it only in bottles.

Sold by principal dealers throughout the habitable globe. P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York. John F. Henry & Co., 303 St. Paul Street, (New No. 515) Montreal, Wholesale Agents for Canada. March 1, 1865.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

SADLIER'S CO'S

NEW PUBLICATIONS AND BOOKS AT PRESS.

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