

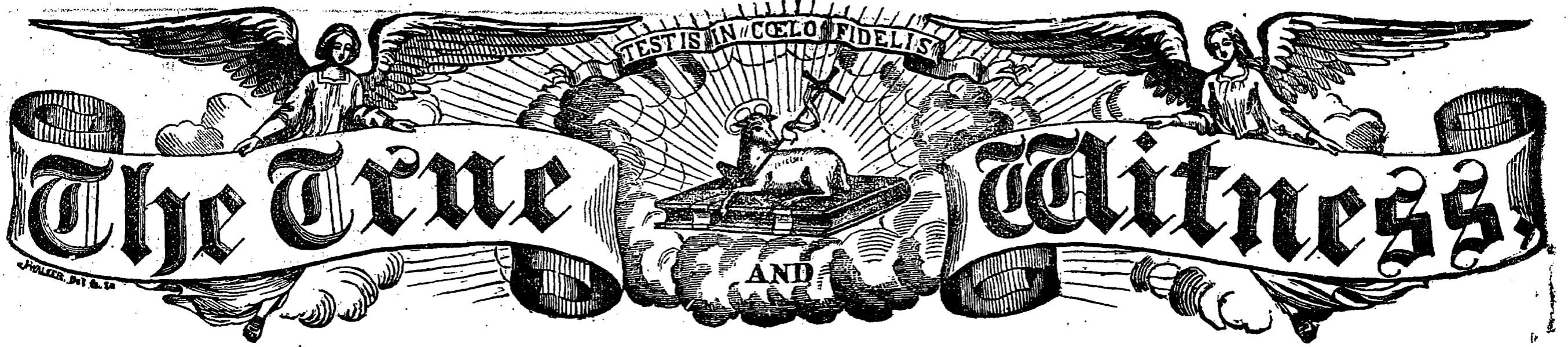
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 37.

## ELLEN AHERN; OR, THE POOR COUSIN. CHAPTER V.—Continued.

My dear and beautiful cousin, upon my honor I appreciate every word that you say, and admire your enthusiasm, but really, Fahey is the man to talk to. I know nothing on earth about the people and their affairs, and he does. Speak to him. I dare say he will do what is right. But I must say good morning. It is precisely ten o'clock, and my horse is waiting for me," said Lord Hugh, returning his watch to his pocket, and kissing his hand to her as he went out.

"The bone factory will be set up, *Aileen avourneen*," said Sir Eadna Ahern, with bitter emphasis.

"Sir Eadna Ahern, has justice and humanity no surer footing than this on earth?" said Ellen, from whose cheeks the flush of indignation had scarcely faded, as she stood before him.

"My own experience, and what I know of the history of men, has made me a skeptic on that point, a *sulphur*. We do not serve the prince of this world, therefore we are weak to contend against those who do. Have your pony brought round and take a gallop in the bracing air, it will do you good," he replied, smoothing the soft brown curls away from her forehead to kiss it.

But Ellen Ahern went out amongst the flowers—she needed quiet and soothing influences after having her faith in the general humanity of man so suddenly shaken—and having gathered enough to replenish the vases, she arranged a bouquet, and sent it with her compliments to Lady Fermanagh's room; after which she retired to her own apartment, to finish some sewing she had on hand, and to think. But after a little while spent in this manner, the silence became irksome to her, her thoughts became harassing and despondent, nor could she shake them off; her cotton knotted, her work puckered, and defied her ingenuity to fix it according to the pattern, and finally her needle snapped in two, with a click that made her start and scream, then feel ashamed of her weakness.

"I think the faculty would declare that I also am troubled with nerves," she said, folding the work deliberately up; "and Lady Fermanagh has reason to be confirmed in her opinion, that I never set a stitch in my life, if they could only have seen me this hour past. I'll don my riding habit and cap, and let Gazelle carry me just wherever his fancy may lead him. Perhaps the sunshine and air may do something for me."—And having arrayed herself for a ride, she sent a servant to have Gazelle saddled and brought round, and went herself in search of Thela.

Once more in the saddle, with the soft sea air and sunshine playing together amidst her curls, and wooing the roses to her cheeks, she threw care to the winds, and giving her pony the reins, he bore her swiftly down along the rugged *ba-leagh* towards the ravine, where a single narrow, perilous pathway skirted the angry torrent. Impelled by some wild, uncontrollable spirit of daring, she guided her horse's head towards it, but Thela, as if apprehending danger, attempted to drag her back by the skirt of her riding habit, and a quick, reiterated warning bark; but her spirit was up, and she could not see why Gazelle should not carry her along this narrow ledge, as safely as he had often before carried her along the very verge of the cliffs on the sea shore.—Thela, finding all remonstrance useless, led the way, as if to pioneer the undertaking and be at hand to rescue her if she fell. The great massive rocks, which arose towering up to a great height on each side, from whose interstices many a luxuriant vine, and an infinite variety of mosses hung like fantastic draperies, almost shut out the sunlight; but here and there a ray fell slanting down on the dark waters, and lit them up with a strange and fitful brilliancy. A bitter, startled from its nest, flew shrieking over her head, and echo repeated the notes, until the whole ravine seemed full of fiendish laughter. Ellen Ahern saw her peril when it was too late to turn back; and sat pale and silent, watching every footstep of her pony, whose fine instincts led him to place his hoofs in the surest and safest spots. But near the point where the ravine opened on the grounds of *Catha-guira*, and the stream, accelerated by a slight descent, plunged around an angle of the rocks into it, the force of the torrent had worn away the loose soil and stones, leaving a chasm of about five feet wide in the path. Ellen Ahern saw it with consternation, and reproaching herself for having so thoughtlessly placed her life in jeopardy, committed herself to the care of Divine Providence. Gazelle and Thela discovered the danger as soon as she did; and while the pony, with dilated nostrils, ears bent back, and every fibre and nerve strained to secure a sure footing, picked his way cautiously along, the dog leaped along the uneven, rugged path, uttering every now and then a sharp, quick note of warning or encouragement. The

precipitous rocks on each side, frowning down in solemn grandeur; the dark, rapid torrent, foaming along with a deep, reverberating roar; the danger ahead, and her utter loneliness, made the moment a terrible one to Ellen Ahern. She thought how terrible it would be to fall, full of life and health, with life's morning sunshine around her, down into those mad, turbid waters, to be dashed from one rugged rock to another, until all semblance of humanity was stricken out; and she felt the blood flowing away from her lips to her heart, while every instinct and feeling became concentrated and vivid in its conceptions for the impending peril. She was calm, chilled and rigid—not a nerve trembled—not a sinew relaxed—it was for life or death. If it was for life, she felt how necessary it was to retain her self-possession—if for death, she desired still more to be recollected and have the command of every faculty, that her last act and her last thought might be an earnest offering of faith, contrition, humility, adoration and hope to the Lord and Giver of Life. She raised her eyes at this moment, and at some distance off she saw Lord Hugh and Don Enrique standing on the nearest point to her they could possibly reach, with looks of astonishment and terror depicted on their countenances. They could not help her; had they attempted it, they would not only have imperilled their own lives, but her's, also. She had now reached the chasm. Thela leaped it without difficulty, but the pony halted—quivering in every limb—the loose stones gave way under his hoofs, and in another moment he would have lost his footing. "My trust is in Thee, my God!" was the strong cry that went up from Ellen Ahern's soul, as feeling that, humanly speaking, everything depended on her, she urged the frightened animal to leap—closed her eyes—commended her spirit to Him who had given it, and the next moment found herself in safety on the other side.—The rest of the way was comparatively safe and easy, but she felt her strength failing her—objects swam before her eyes—a shadow seemed to gather over her vision, and Thela's exultant barking sounded far off and dreamy. She noted all this, and, by a strong effort of will, nerved herself up, quickened the pace of her pony, as the path widened, and urged him across the shallow ford of *Catha-guira*, where the two gentlemen met her, lifted her from the saddle, and placed her weak and almost insensible, on a broken tomb. Don Enrique, without an unnecessary word, untied the strings of her hat, and, taking a small flask from his pocket, placed it to her lips, saying: "A few drops of this will revive you, Miss Ahern. Go, my Lord, to yonder hut, and procure a vessel of some kind, and fill it with water as speedily as possible. I'm afraid she is fainting. How do you feel now, Miss Ahern?"

"Better," she said, trying to smile, while she put her hands to her forehead and looked around her with a bewildered gaze. "Thela, a *bouchal*, where are we? The dog gave a low whine, and looked wistfully in her face, then laid his head on her knees.

"I fear you are ill, Miss Ahern. I wish she could shed a few tears. You are quite safe, and with friends."

"Friends!" she repeated, in a plaintive tone. "A friend who will be unto you a brother," said Don Enrique, with earnest emphasis.—"Rouse yourself, Miss Ahern. The danger is over. You had a narrow escape," he said, while he chafed her hands, and again moistened her lips from the flask of *eau de vie*; but nature had been overtaken—her eyelids drooped and she fainted, and would have fallen but that his strong arm maintained her, and her head sunk heavily on his shoulders. The long, glossy ringlets fell back from her temples, and her face, as white as Parian marble, looked more pure and beautiful than any ideal ever dreamed of by Phidias or Angelo. But had she been the shrined image of some saint, he could not have regarded her more reverently; or had she been his sister or wife, more pityingly. Lord Hugh Maguire now came towards them with a pewter can of water in his hand, which he had taken from the rude hut that leaned tottering and dilapidated against the Abbey wall.

"Hilloa!" he cried, "not fainted! Egad! but she's beautiful." Thela placed himself couchant, and snarling, before her. Don Enrique, with his direנגed hand, sprinkled her face, and let a drop or two of water trickle between her lips.

"Take my cloak, my Lord," he said, in that quiet tone of command which seemed natural to him, and spread it over that little mound. Miss Ahern will recover more quickly if she is in a recumbent position. Untasten the clasps."

Lord Hugh unclosed the short Spanish cloak which Don Enrique usually wore to conceal his deformity, and arranged it awkwardly enough over the little, half sunken grave; when Don Enrique laid her gently down, and knelt beside her to administer the only restoratives in his power. Consciousness presently returned—a delicate rose hue dawned on her cheeks—her eyes

slowly and languidly unclosed, and she looked about her with an inquiring expression.

"How are you now, my pretty cousin?" said Lord Hugh, who was seated on one of the old tombs, where he amused himself by switching his boots with his short riding whip.

"I fear that I have given you a great deal of trouble. Did I faint?" said Ellen Ahern, endeavoring to rise, while an eloquent blush suffused her face.

"Be quiet a few minutes longer, Miss Ahern. You have not sufficiently recovered your strength to stand," said Don Enrique.

"I say, Miss Ahern, what the deuce brought you over that break neck path? I wouldn't have given a bubble for your life when you got to that chasm. 'Pon my honor, I shut my eyes fully expecting to see you go down, and the mischief of it was, I could not help you," said Lord Hugh, all unconscious of the *bull* he had perpetrated.

"It was terrible!" said Ellen Ahern, with a shudder. "I remember it all now distinctly. I am thankful, though, that friends were at hand to aid me when I most needed assistance. It was a daring, reckless adventure, and I am properly punished."

"I feel some curiosity to know, Miss Ahern, what sentiment predominates, when you glance back at the imminent peril you were in a short half hour ago?" said Don Enrique.

"A sentiment that will govern me while life lasts," said Ellen Ahern fervently, while she clasped her hands, and lifted her eyes suffused with tears towards heaven. "Whenever human aid seems to fail me in the difficult straits of life, and when those dark hours come, which all mortals know more or less, in which all earthly hope is abandoned, I shall cast myself with childlike confidence, nothing doubting, on the strong arm of that Divine Providence that this day succored and delivered me from an untimely death. Oh, I can never forget this lesson of trust in God, as long as I have breath."

"I should say," observed Lord Hugh, who had listened to her with a singular blending of admiration and sarcasm expressed on his countenance, "that your pony over there ought to come in for a small portion of your gratitude. Had he been less surefooted, you would not be sitting there now singing psalms."

"And how is poor Gazelle after his fright?—Where is he, my Lord?" said Ellen Ahern, as she rose up, assisted by Don Enrique, and looked around her.

"Gazelle didn't faint," replied his lordship, "but has been, like a sensible brute, cropping the rich grass hereabouts, ever since he landed on *terra firma*." And, sure enough, through an arch of the old ruin, she saw him enjoying his repast as quietly, and in as matter-of-fact a way, as if he had not been an actor in what had like to have been a sad tragedy.

"Gazelle is sensible," replied Ellen with a smile, "but the same power that guides the wild bird to the pathless realms of air, upheld and directed his feet along your rugged ledge. Do not seek to cast a shadow over my Faith, for it is life's sunshine, my Lord."

Just at that moment a shadow fell across the group, and a low, gibbering sound caused them to start and turn quickly round, when an object scarcely looking human, met their wondering gaze.

It was an old and decrepid woman, whose skin, as yellow as parchment, was drawn tight over the bones of her face. Her eyes, small and sunken, buried like two fierce coals, far back in their sockets. Her hair, white and dishevelled, hung in tangled mass around her fish face and bent shoulders. She was toothless, and her livid lips were puckered and sunken. Her hands were long, and her fingers looked like talons. She was bent almost double, and clothed in rags, over which an old scarlet kirtle was thrown.

"Hilloa, there!" shouted Lord Hugh, tossing her a shilling, "begone back to your den. Is she a witch or a banshee, Miss Ahern?"

### CHAPTER VI.—THE BANSHEE'S CRY.

"Speak gently, my Lord, her story is a sad one," said Ellen Ahern, in tones of commiseration.—"In the troubles, or, as it is called by some, the Rebellion of '98, her two strong, handsome sons were shot down before her eyes, and her dwelling burnt to the ground by English soldiers: after which she was hunted away from the scene of bloodshed and ruin at the point of their bayonets. She became dumb and idiotic from that moment, retaining no trace of human feeling except love for her dead. They were buried there under the Abbey wall, and she, with her own hands, reared that rude hut over their graves, where she has lived ever since. Roots and herbs, and the waters of plover torrent, supply her with all she needs, nor will she partake of any other sustenance."

Ellen Ahern then took the hand of the unfortunate creature, and spoke soothing, kindly words to her, but she seemed regardless of them, and

stood, scanning with a wild and startled gaze, Don Enrique's features; then suddenly springing forward, she grasped his arm in her talon-like fingers, and pointing to an old moss-covered tomb on which lay an effigy of one of the ancient Barons of Fermanagh, led him towards it. He, full of human sympathy for so miserable and wretched a being, yielded himself to her guidance. Ellen Ahern and Lord Hugh Maguire, surprised at her singular movements, followed her until she reached the tomb, where, stooping over, she wiped away the green mould from the marble features with the corner of her kirtle, and passed her fingers carefully over them, as if to ascertain their exact form; then, by a quick movement, she rose up, and touched the forehead, nose and chin of Don Enrique, and turned again gibbering and weeping towards the effigy.

"What can she mean, Miss Ahern? How can I aid her?" asked Don Enrique.

"You cannot aid her; but her meaning is very perceptible to me. She has discovered a strong resemblance between that effigy of one of the chiefs our house and yourself."

"Egad!" exclaimed Lord Hugh, "I see it myself. I see it myself. If you were not a Spaniard, Don, I should say you were connected in some way with us."

"Strange!" replied Don Enrique, "and flattering as strange. That is a far nobler face than I could ever boast of: but it it pleases the unfortunate creature to think there is a resemblance, let her faith remain unshaken."

"Did you say the old hag lived there?" said Lord Hugh in evident disgust, pointing towards the hut over the graves.

"Yes. The hotel has been kept in repair by the people of Fermanagh, who watch their opportunity, and come while she is away in search of roots, to put a little thatch and plaster here and there. Sometimes she disappears for two or three days at a time, no one can tell where."

"I suppose she would make a terrible rout if graves, but all should have to be removed?"

"It is to be supposed she would; and I can assure you, my Lord, that such an act would stir the depths of other hearts besides old Nora's.—We are peculiar in our views about disturbing the resting places of the dead in this region," replied Ellen Ahern with emphasis.

"Just to the very line—" said Lord Hugh in a musing tone. "It will have to be done. Miss Ahern, shall I have the honor of attending you home?"

"Thank you, my Lord. I would not for the world, grieve Thela to-day, by accepting any other escort. Besides which, I am going farther up the valley, to visit a sick person."

"I feel complimented by your choice, I must confess," said Lord Hugh, whose self-love was evidently touched. "May I presume to help you to mount your pony?"

"Only see, my Lord, how ridiculous any assistance would appear," replied Ellen Ahern, springing into the saddle with a light laugh, while the pony, which had been led to her by Don Enrique, neighed and tossed his mane, as if in joy and congratulation at her safety.

"Thou art the very prince of ponies, Gazelle!" she said, as she leaned over and smoothed and patted his glossy shoulder. "I thank you both, gentlemen, for your timely assistance to-day, and wish you good morning." They lifted their caps, and stood for a moment looking after her as she rode away; both admiring her beauty and grace, but each of them governed by sentiments and feelings so widely different, that if their hearts could have been laid bare for inspection, one might have been excused for wondering whether or not they belonged to the same species.

"I'm heartily glad that girl's living at Fermanagh. She'll amuse me!" said Lord Hugh, switching off the nettle tops with his riding whip.

"Miss Ahern amuse you, my Lord," said Don Enrique in an indescribable tone of reproach and indignation.

"Yes; or otherwise I should die of *ennui*.—She's a handsome, spirited creature, and it's a pity she is without fortune or other advantages."

"The very defencelessness of her position should make all men her brothers and protectors!" said Don Enrique, with something of the lofty chivalry of a Spanish *corde* in his manner.

"Miss Ahern is with friends, sir!" said Lord Hugh, a little nettled.

"With strangers just now—" replied Don Enrique, quietly.

"You seem interested in Miss Ahern?"

"As I am in everything that is noble and good. I think Miss Ahern a gem of the finest water. Probably though, the true point of attraction is, that her position and my own bear, in many respects, a close resemblance to each other," replied Don Enrique. "But, my Lord, the matter I wish to discuss with you at present

is of quite another character. I wish to make you an offer for these lands of *Catha-guira*. I am rich, as my letters of credit and introduction will show, and am willing to pay a liberal sum for them."

"They are not for sale, sir. The lands that are advertized lie farther up in the valley, and are much more productive than these."

"Could no inducement tempt you to dispose of the *Catha-guira* lands?" persisted Don Enrique.

"I think not. I have certain plans, you understand, that I could not effect anywhere else on my estate. My revenue from this Barony is meagre, and I intended to establish a manufactory just on the edge of that stream, which, people who are acquainted with such matters, assure me will prove quite a source of wealth, and at the same time improve the habits of the people, who are an indolent, thriftless set."

"Have you ever lived amongst them, my Lord?" inquired Don Enrique carelessly.

"No; but Fahey never writes that he does not tell me of the immense difficulty he has in getting my rent-roll balanced. It is true that he manages to do it, but it is, as he asserts, at the peril of his life. Fahey is my agent."

"And do you not wonder, my Lord, when you look at the sterile region around you, and the meagre resources within their reach, how they contrive to pay even a moiety of the demands of this agent," said Don Enrique with noble indignation. "Has it ever occurred to you, that they must have deprived themselves of the simplest necessities of life to do it? Pardon me! I am a stranger, but the peasantry of this country, for whom there seems so little justice, interest me deeply."

"It is all a mistake, sir—they have more justice than any other people on the face of the earth," said Lord Hugh Maguire, looking at his watch.

"In one sense, they have doubtless," replied Don Enrique with quiet sarcasm. "But my Lord, my Lord, I beg the favor of you, to think over my proposal about these lands."

"I don't know what good it would do, because I am determined, and have made all my arrangements to carry out my plans—but come up and dine with me to-morrow evening, Don—perhaps I may be able to oblige you, and at the same time go on with my own scheme. There come those fellows now!" said Lord Hugh, as Fahey, with his arm in a sling and his face bandaged up, made his appearance, leaning on the arm of a lank, solemn looking individual, who wore gray small clothes and a Scotch bonnet, and who was no less a man than the Factor engaged by Lord Hugh Maguire, to superintend the building of the spinning factory. "I shall expect you to-morrow evening, Don."

"I shall come without fail," replied Don Enrique, as he turned away from the spot, and went to look for his horse which was cropping grass somewhere near. He had but little expectation of realizing what he wished when he accepted the invitation to dine at Fermanagh, but he hoped to be able to tempt Lord Hugh Maguire's greed for gold, by offering a sum far beyond the real value, for the Abbey and lands of *Catha-guira*.

The next morning, Lord Hugh Maguire, wrapped in his dressing gown, was walking backwards and forwards on the terrace which we have before described, smoking a cigar, and looking around him with a careless, indolent eye when his attention was attracted by a motley crowd of men and women coming towards him. Most of them were dressed in patched garments; the women were dressed in red kirtles, and the men in blue and gray cotamores, which they wore about their shoulders, as much to conceal the scantiness and shabbiness of their garments, as for any warmth they offered. As soon as they perceived they were observed by Lord Hugh, they bared their heads and shouted in stentorian chorus: "Long live the Maguire!—Long life to your Honor! May your Lordship reign over us forever!" Lord Hugh, startled and surprised at a spectacle so new to him, bowed haughtily in return to their heartfelt greeting, and as soon as their *cead mille faltha* had subsided, he asked them "What they wanted?"

"We came up to welcome your Lordship to the old barony, and beg pardon for the *scrimmage* we got up around your Lordship's carriage, all by rayson of being in too great a hurry to show how glad we was to see one of the old stock back amongst us," said Patrick McGinness in his very best English.

"What is your name?" asked his Lordship, while he puffed a cloud of smoke from his lips.

"Patrick McGinness, your Honor!" he replied bowing.

"Patrick, you can tell those people that I am obliged to them, and hope they will be industrious and thrifty, for I intend to have no idlers or loungers on my estate."

"Is it inauspicious and thrifty, your Lordship?"



said Patrick McGinness with a leer. 'Bedad, this is no choice with us about the industry, for no West Indian negurs works harder, but the profits are another thing entirely, by token of having no time to practise it. But we're willing to work—men and women of us—and hopes your Lordship will give us a chance of getting along, by taking the reins out of Tim Fahey's hands, who drives and drives us, until he's well nigh hunted the soul out of our bodies. An' your Lordship, if by sickness or misfortune we fall behind hand with our rents, he canis and rackrants us, without grave or favor for past services, not caring a tuppence whether we're driv to the ditch side or the road; and we hope, all of us, that your Lordship, bein' our true master, with the good old royal drop in your veins, will see us righted.'

'Good people, I know nothing on earth about your affairs. Fahey is an honest fellow, and you must make your complaints to him,' said Lord Hugh, brushing the cinders from his seegar; 'for really I cannot be bothered with them.'

'Ask him about Cathaigra and the graves,' whispered one of the men, nudging McGinness. 'If your Lordship thinks Tim Fahey's all that it's no use to argy the case any longer; but a day'll come—to late for us, maybe—that'll show him up in his true colors; an' how he drains and drives us for ten pound that he may pocket five of it. But is it true, your Lordship, that you're going to put spinnin' jennies beyant there at Cathaigra over the graves of our children and kindred?' asked McGinness.

'No—I shouldn't like to do that,' replied his Lordship, with a cold, cruel smile. A shout of joy arose from the crowd, and cries of 'He's a true Maguire after all!' It was one of Tim Fahey's lies! Long life to his Lordship, and a quite grave at last.'

'But,' he added, 'I am going to put up a factory over there, and all who do not wish the graves of their kindred built over, must remove them when notice is given, or I shall be obliged to have it done. Now go away, all of you, and hereafter go with your complaints to Mr. Fahey.'

Then arose a sound—as if first it was like a sigh of the tempest—shrill and mournful from their grieved and outraged hearts, gathering in strength and tone, until a wild ululn filled the air, and echoed with a sad, reverberating wail, far down in the ravine, where it was lost in the dash of the cold torrent—just as their petitions for redress had been wasted on the selfish, hard nature to which they were addressed. Their hopes—the hopes of long patient years and waiting—had been in a moment dashed out; they knew that they were still to be down trodden and scourged by an iron taskmaster; and for an instant their courage gave way. Lord Hugh stood scowling a moment or two after them, as they retreated from his presence, without a thought of pity, or a single desire to lift one jot or tittle of their burden from the shoulders of his brethren, who, 'a weevary with dragging their crosses,' had come supplicating and full of loyal emotions, to him, their only earthly hope for redress; then he turned away, and strode into the house, where he encountered Sir Eadna Ahera, who, having witnessed the scene from a window, was coming as fast as his trembling limbs allowed him, to meet him.

'Lord Hugh Maguire, I am an old man, and your kinsman,' he spoke out, 'and I can no longer hold my peace. Call back or send for those people—unsay what you have said to them or the seed your words have sown will bear a harvest of whirlwind and fire!'

'When I need advice, old gentleman, about the management of my affairs, I shall not ask it of a dotard!' responded Lord Hugh, striding past him.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PASTORAL BY CARDINAL CULLEN.—We extract the following from a Pastoral by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin addressed to the clergy and laity of the diocese of Dublin on the feast of St. Patrick: 'Though anxious to avoid every extraneous matter, I cannot conclude those few lines on our great Apostle without referring to the Fenian Brothers, whose late foolish and reckless proceedings have gained for them so much notoriety, and are so well calculated to injure the country, to stop all business, to increase the miseries and wants of the people, and to afflict every friend of Ireland.'

When writing to you a few days ago in preparation for the holy season of Lent I cautioned you against having any connection with this party, and explained to you how the course they were pursuing would inevitably lead to their ruin and disgrace. I also reminded Catholics that the Roman Pontiffs, and especially our present Holy Father, Pius the Ninth, had repeatedly condemned all secret societies, having for their object to injure the Church or civil society, whether bound by oath or not, and that consequently all those who join the Fenians, whether they be sworn or not, incur the penalty of excommunication, so that such unfortunate and deluded men are cut off like rotten branches from the Church of Christ whilst living, and are liable to be deprived of Christian burial if they die without doing penance for their sins. As far as the great body of the faithful of this diocese is concerned, I felt it quite unnecessary to refer so often to the censures of the Church. You, my dearly beloved brethren, know your duty, and discharge it for conscience sake, in obedience to the dictates of the Scriptures, which says, 'Let every soul be subject to higher powers. He that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation.'—(Rom. xiii. 1.)—Undoubtedly you feel that you suffer admitted grievances; you complain of them, and you endeavor to obtain redress by peaceful and legitimate means, following the advice and the example of the great O'Connell; but, at the same time, you abhor all conspiracies and other deeds of darkness, and you condemn revolutionary movements, always the source of the greatest calamities, and generally leading to the establishment of military despotism. This feeling is so general that even in the very neighborhood of this metropolis, where every effort was made to enlist the sympathies of the working classes, as I have learned on the best authority, the rural population, the boys and sinew of the country, could not be induced to join in any attempt to resist authority, or to violate the law. The same feeling happily prevails in the counties of Wicklow and Kildare, and in all the remote districts of this diocese, and I believe it is prevalent in every part of the kingdom—that is, the people, though sorely feeling their grievances, and suffering from the effects of past party legislation, are determined not to have recourse to revol-

ution, violence, or bloodshed, in order to obtain redress. Why, then, you will say, when you know all this, do you so often quote the censures of the Church, and refer so frequently to the evils of secret and revolutionary societies? My reason for having done so is, that I was convinced that for the last five years attempts were continually made, though without much success, to seduce insuspecting tradesmen, and to lead astray unwary and inexperienced young men into illegal combinations, by promises of liberty and independence. Whilst wolves were seeking to devour the flock I could not be silent. It afflicted me to think that even one of the poor committed to my care should be drawn away from the paths of duty; hence I found myself obliged to speak incessantly, in season and out of season, against the evils in which designing knaves were endeavoring to involve good and religious but incautious young men. Would to God that they had listened to my advice! Had they done so, our fields would not have been stained with their blood, our goals would not be filled with so many prisoners, and our hills and valleys would not be the scene of the sufferings which hail, rain, snow, cold, and hunger have inflicted on those who did not listen to the advice which had been given them for their own interest, and in a spirit of paternal charity. As it was easy to foresee the evils which were impending, why should I not have endeavored to prevent them? Now that they are known to all, let me ask, is there any heart so hard that would not be touched by the sight of so much misery? For my part, I feel the greatest compassion for the poor deluded people, and I think them worthy of the greatest commiseration. They were made dupes of by others, and they were led astray by the vilest arts and impostures. They cannot, indeed be justified; but public indignation ought not to be directed so much against the knaves and miscreants who seduced them—against the men who have introduced among us the system of plotting and of action represented by Mazzini and Garibaldi, a system admired and eulogised by public writers when applied to other countries, but which, in reality, is worthy of the reprobation of all mankind. Probably the praises given in our public Press to these heroes of revolutionism, and the ovations granted to them by the public, have had considerable influence in bringing about the misdeeds which we now deplore.

The unfortunate poor men who have been led astray by their enemies have suffered severely for their folly, but they must admit that their sufferings would have been much greater were it not that our rulers have acted with great lenity and moderation, and that the police and others actively employed in preserving the public peace seem to have been animated with a most praiseworthy spirit of humanity in all their proceedings. May God inspire all in authority to continue to act in this way. May all their undertakings be guided by a spirit, not of hatred or vengeance, but of Christian charity. Kindness is always felt and appreciated by the warm-hearted people of Ireland, and produces a great impression even on those who would be but little moved by the terrors of the law. Having said so much on present evils, dearly beloved brethren, I again exhort you to avoid all secret and dangerous societies, so severely condemned by the Church, and to cut off all communication with those designing and reckless men who are trafficking on the ruin of others, and who, whilst driving their dopes to destruction, keep far away from danger; and I implore through the bowels of the mercy of Jesus Christ I implore of those few who have gone astray to retrace their steps, to make reparation for the past, and to reconcile themselves with God and the Church.

And you, beloved members of the clergy, continue the same watchful vigilance which you have hitherto displayed. Receive with charity and paternal love those straying members who abandon their wicked ways, but cease not to raise your voice against those who persevere in their perverse designs, or who would lead their dupes to crime and destruction; and ever keep in mind the words of God in the prophecy of Ezekiel: 'Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; and thou shalt tell it to them for me. If, when I say to the wicked, Thou shalt surely die, thou declarest it not to him, nor speakest to him that he may be converted from his wicked way, and live, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but I will require his blood at thy hand. But if you give warning to the wicked, and he be not converted from his wickedness, and from his evil way, he indeed shall die in his iniquity, but thou shalt have delivered thy soul.'—(Ezek. iii.) I shall add one word in regard to St. Patrick, imploring you to avoid the dreadful vice of drunkenness on his festival, to keep away from public houses, and to shun everything that would tend to profane a day which we ought all to devote to practices of piety, and to dedicate to thanksgiving to God for the blessings of faith which He has bestowed on us. May St. Patrick intercede for us, protect our poor country, and obtain assistance for us in our present trials; and may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

† PAUL CARD. CULLEN, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland. Dublin, March 12, 1867.

The mission of the Oblate Fathers at Mountrath, Queen's County, was brought to a happy and successful termination last Sunday, when five thousand fervent Christians assembled within the walls of the spacious and beautiful church at Mountrath, to renew their baptismal promises, and bid farewell to the holy missionaries who had labored indefatigably during three weeks for their spiritual welfare. Seven thousand souls partook of the bread of life during the mission. Many years shall elapse ere the people of Mountrath cease to speak of the glorious sight they witnessed on Sunday evening, when five thousand Christians, holding lighted candles in their hands, renounced Satan, and promised to serve God and obey His Holy Church during the remainder of their earthly pilgrimage. All the publicans of Mountrath, Protestant and Catholic, have bound themselves not to sell intoxicating liquors on Sundays. These are a few of the many fruits of the mission given at Mountrath by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.—Nation.

The Bishop of Kerry has issued an important and very elaborate address to his clergy upon the question of the settlement of the Established Church.—His lordship is most careful in guarding himself against the imputation that he proposes any dogmatic opinion upon the question, assuring the clergy that 'We have no mission to judge of such controversies; and, again, 'We pray you to remember that we do not speak to you with authority, although we are deeply convinced of the soundness of the views we submit to you.' Throughout a letter extending to upwards of six columns of the Freeman, Dr. Moriarty, in a style singularly clear and elegant, and through a well-arranged classification of arguments, against, no less than in support of his views, discusses, with his usual ability and candour, some of the propositions that have been advanced for the settlement of the Church question. He is, in brief, for equality and the overthrow of ascendancy, a result to be attained, in his opinion, by splitting the existing Church temporalities between the several religious bodies by a capitation rate founded on the census. Endow all: do not disendow any. Archbishop Whately was of the same opinion, but from a different motive, as he assured Mr. Senior, because it would weaken and eventually destroy the influence of the Catholic clergy. Dr. Moriarty adopts, in fact Mr. Aubrey De Vere's principle of 'leveling up,' and distinguishes, which few but refined logical minds like his own does, between endowing 'a Church' and 'pensioning the clergy.' There can be no doubt that the Bishop of Kerry advances weighty arguments, but such that most of them are not new, and few without refutation, against the total disendowment of the Anglican Establishment. Catholic States had confiscated Church property long before the Holy See had pronounced its decision against

the proposed project of endowment many years since, nor has anything occurred in Ireland since that decision which is at all likely to influence its reversal. So far, Dr. Moriarty stands alone in the Irish Episcopacy in advocating the permanent endowment of the Anglican Church in Ireland, and in the expression of readiness to accept a portion of the present revenues of the Establishment as an endowment for the Catholic Church. He asks his clergy to petition Parliament to re-cast the Church revenues, whilst the rest of the Episcopacy sent, last year, petitions to the House of Commons, signed by nearly a quarter of a million of persons, or many more than there are men, women, and children in the Diocese of Kerry. Dr. Moriarty's address is an able one, and will be largely used by the supporters of the Establishment as an evidence, whatever its true worth may be, of disunion amongst the Episcopacy, and thus turn the flank of our strength, at a moment when everything heralds the advent of the total overthrow of the Established Church in Ireland.

The Catholic Prelate, Dr. Manning, in a pastoral letter to his London diocese, informs his hearers that for six years the numerous flock in the Irish dioceses of Cashel, Ferns and Kildare, have pledged themselves not to set foot in a public-house on Sunday.

The Irish Rebellion of 1798 broke out on the 23rd of May, and though the rising in Dublin, in which many thousands are ready to share, proved abortive, Naas, Clonsilla, Prosperous, Ballymore, Roscoe, Kilkullen, Carlow, Hackstony, and Monastereven were all attacked by the rebels within the first three days. In those three days great numbers of rebels were killed. Thus in the attack on Naas, on May 24, one hundred and fifty rebels were killed. In the attack on Carlow, May 25, four hundred rebels were killed, and two hundred hanged, or shot immediately afterwards. In the attack of Monastereven sixty-eight rebels were killed. In the attack on Hackstony two hundred rebels were killed; and in the action at Tara, on May 26, three hundred and fifty rebels were killed. The Wexford rising took place on May 27, and in four days the rebels lost the battle of Kiltomas, won the battles of Oulart, Ennisceorthy, and Three Rocks, and took the towns of Ennisceorthy and Wexford.

When we recall the bloody horrors of those evil days, the burnings, torturing, and murderings committed on both sides, and the desperate battles fought with varying success, we can scarcely hold that the Fenian rising has as yet entitled itself to be called a rebellion. All accounts up to the present time agree in bearing witness to the absence of any of the darker atrocities which usually accompany popular uprisings. All agree that, so far, there has been a remarkable abstention on both sides from person and property. So many confident assurances have been already falsified that we have no inclination to forecast the future. We have been assured repeatedly that Fenianism was a mere delusion, that it had no root in Ireland, that it had been a bubble which had burst, that it had been a false alarm, that it had been a swindler's scheme to extort money on false pretences, that it had been a cunning trick of this or that political party, in order to get credit for energy and prudence, that it had been a newspaper invention to procure purchasers by supplying a sensation, but that at any rate whatever it had been, it was now past, over, dead and buried, and would never again be heard of. With the fate of these self-sufficient prophets staring him in the face, he would be reckless, indeed, who would hazard another prediction of the speedy abatement of the Fenian nuisance. There are those who profess to know that we have only seen a preparatory and incomplete rehearsal of the play itself; that the serious work has yet to come, and that the Fenian leaders have meant no more than a demonstration. According to this view it was judged necessary to prove to the Fenians themselves, and to their sympathisers in Ireland, America, and Great Britain, that in spite of all that had been written in the press, the Fenian organization was a reality, that it obeyed orders, and that a simultaneous and combined movement over a wide field might at any moment be produced by the word of command. A slow, creeping, lingering, sluggish rebellion, always threatening a crisis, interfering with every profitable pursuit, and destroying every pleasurable opportunity, is not to be cured by shot or steel. And the only treatment is to build up the patient's strength and to invigorate his system, so as to enable him to expel the disease and to resist infection and contagion for the future. It is a slow and tedious process, and therefore there is the more reason why no time should be lost in having recourse to it. It is an infelicity of the times that the Reform question engrosses the attention of men to the exclusion of matters of far more real moment; but if the present Government remain in office they will have an opportunity, such as no other is likely to have, for when they propose remedial measures for Ireland they have a power to silence objections and remove difficulties which does not belong to the Liberals.—London Tablet

Fenianism has not struck root in the Irish soil, and is merely a noxious American exotic which a fortnight's hard weather was enough to wither up. Had the Government given way to panic, and in obedience to the dictation of the ruthless Orange faction, proclaimed martial law in Ireland, it is not improbable that Fenianism would become popular and dangerous, but the admirable manner in which the Executive has behaved has given to the conspiracy the coup de grace.

The special commissions at which the prisoners will be tried according to the regular forms of law, as if the offence charged against them instead of being the highest, were the lowest known to the tribunals of the country, will probably stamp out the pestilence, though, like the cattle plague, we must be prepared for sudden isolated outbreaks of the malady for a year or two. But we do not believe, and we never did believe or allow ourselves to be persuaded that Fenianism was anything more than a passing peril to the public peace, or that it involved any real danger to the institutions of the empire. The Yankee organisers of the conspiracy in their god-head style took no notice of the huge impediments to success that beset the Fenian path in Ireland. The Fenians proclaim themselves Republicans—they proclaim their purpose to discard legal and constitutional means, and to have recourse to physical force and violence for the accomplishment of their design; they proclaim their resolution to oust the present owners of the soil of Ireland, and to distribute the land of the country among themselves; and they have made no concealment of their hostility to the well earned influence of the Catholic clergy over the minds of the Irish people. These principles are not popular in Ireland. There are, of course, exceptions; but speaking of the Irish generally, we do not fear contradiction when we assert that they are monarchial; that they have no sympathy with Socialism; that they respect the rights of property; that they revere their clergy, and cling to them as their surest, truest, and most devoted friends; and that, if they should ever be driven to prefer violence and physical force to constitutional and legal means for procuring a redress of grievances, it will be by the culpable misconduct of the Imperial Parliament and Executive.—Weekly Reviewer.

The leaders, in fact, however sincere and earnest they may be at the present moment in their desire to get up a fight will find it very difficult, if not impossible, to induce the people to fight for them. In a former letter I said such was the state of the case; and what has recently happened in Kerry tends to confirm my view. A certain number of the members of the organization, in certain localities, may answer a summons to the field; but they can vent no on very little or no fighting, if volunteers from the populace do not swarm into their ranks. Some time ago they might have gone so, while the wealth and power of the organization were more generally believed in, and while its foremost leaders were confided in as unselfish, honest and fearless patriots. But, after their recent failures and blunders, after the

revelations that have been made of their weakness, their incompetency, or their dishonesty, the spirit of the people has been much depressed, and they are cautious about committing themselves into the hands of men on whose integrity and honor there are such dark stains. The revolutionary material that at one time was comparatively dry and ready for the match, is now heavily soaked with wet, poured on it by the very hands that had piled it up; and, if they try they will find it hard work to light it even for a brief space at any corner.—Dublin Cor. of Irish American.

DUBLIN, April 9.—The trials of the Fenian prisoners on the charge of high treason commenced yesterday, but were to-day postponed until the 22nd inst. The prisoner Massey has turned Queen's evidence.

The Irish Police, who have put down the recent attempt at insurrection, are to have rewards of the amount of \$10,000, new barracks, and breach-loading rifles, for their fidelity.

Referring to the arrests in Kilmallock, the Cork Herald writes:—'In a recent publication we alluded to the arrest in Kilmallock of a pepton named Patrick Walsh, as one of a party who attacked the police barracks in that town. It appears that the name given by the prisoner was fictitious, and that his real name was O'Brien. Up to last week he was an accountant in the establishment of a wholesale mercantile in this city, at a salary of fully £200 a year, and he left his employment to join the Fenian insurgents.'

The Ennis correspondent of the Limerick Chronicle under date 20th of March, says:—'In consequence of the great fall of snow on Monday, the country mails were late, and on Tuesday morning the usual mail cars were unable to proceed on their way to the various country towns. The mail bags had to be carried by men on horseback. The approver who has made information against the persons of this town, is at present in the police barracks, and a rumour all day prevailed relative to his having been poisoned, but, on inquiry, it turned out that he had only been slightly indisposed.'

The Galway Vindicator says that on the 19th ult., Constable Hennessy, of Glengamaddy, arrested a Fenian who gave the name of James McPheehey, one of the aliases of the notorious Head Centre Stephens. Although dressed in the meanest apparel he was evidently an American Fenian emissary. On examination the constable states he comes as near the personal description of James Stephens as it would be possible, and Constable Hennessy is not yet convinced that he may not receive the reward. The mysterious personage was lodged in Galway goal.'

FINDING OF AMMUNITION.—On Saturday evening, a boy, while walking in a field at the rear of the Gas Works, Belfast, discovered lying beside a pool of water a large quantity of ball cartridges and percussion caps. He gave information of the fact to Sub constable Robinson, who went to the place indicated, and found upwards of two hundred ball cartridges in a damp condition, and also some boxes of percussion caps. He had the ammunition removed to the police station of the district. On Friday some civilians, while in a field adjoining Mr. Reynolds's foundry, Falls road, found embedded in the ground upwards of four hundred bullets. The bullets were removed by the constabulary to the Falls-road police barracks.

BONFIRES ON MOUNTAINS.—The passengers by the last train from Downpatrick on Saturday evening were considerably surprised by the appearance of several fires some distance from various parts of the line. It was understood that these were caused by the burning of 'whins'—a practice usual at this period of the year; but there were some who regarded the event as the precursor of Fenian demonstration in the county of Down. The authorities of Downpatrick, however, entertained no fear that the peace of the county would be disturbed.—Northern Whig.

JUDGE KEOGH AND THE ORANGEMEN.—We beg to direct the attention of the Neary Telegraph, and all the Irish journals of the same stamp, to what occurred the other day at the Omagh assizes. There were some party conflicts between the Tyrone Orangemen and the Catholics, which were provoked in the usual manner by the former. They marched in procession, had their files and drums, and played party tunes insulting to the Catholic population. Riots and assaults were the consequence. Next came the trials before the magistrates, who, as they generally do, allowed all the Orangemen to escape, except one, and committed a number of Catholics for trial.

The cases came forth before Judge Keogh at Omagh, and some revelations were made respecting one of the transactions by a Constable O'Neill, which shows how justice is administered in Ulster. The Constable swore that he identified six of the Orange rioters before the magistrates, but only one of them was sent for trial. Judge Keogh saw plainly how the magistrates had acted, and observing that their decisions showed a partisan spirit, he said he would represent their conduct to the Lord Chancellor, who has the control of the magistracy.

It is creditable to the judge, although a queer character, that he did not wink at the gross injustice he knew had been perpetrated. He stated that prisoners of the Orange hue, living in Ulster, did not dread the law, and that when leaving the dock, after being acquitted by brother Orangemen on the jury, they smiled at the mockery of justice enacted on their trials; and when such deeds were done by men in authority, he said it was impossible that peace could prevail in the province.

Every one must now see the wicked agencies employed to screen the guilty Orangemen from punishment. The disturbers of the peace resolve to have a saturnalia. They march in procession into some Catholic district. They have their band with them, who play party tunes. The Catholics allow themselves to be provoked into a conflict, and that is just what the Orangemen want. And when the strife is over there are summonses and cross summonses issued. But what do the Orangemen care? They know they will have some friend in court to insist that the charges against them have not been proved, but that all sworn against the Catholics is correct in every particular. And then the Catholics are committed for trial, and the Orangemen sent home to plot new riots and new assaults on their unoffending neighbours.

Surely it is time to bring such infamy as this to a close. There is no honest man of any creed can approve of it. But the subordinates would not indulge so often on such sport, if they were not protected. They are not so courageous as to aspire to the honours of martyrdom. But they are instigated by evil passions, and nothing delights them more than torturing the Catholics. It is their favourite pastime. From their earliest years they have been taught to hate Pope and Popery, and all the Christian precepts have failed to change them from their evil courses, because men in authority smile upon them and throw the shield of their protection over them when they are prosecuted.

How the Catholics of Ulster have lived amongst such a wild, bitter and lawless community we cannot imagine. Their patience must have been extraordinary. Almost every day they have heard themselves called opprobrious names, and observed their liberty attacked and their very lives assailed. But we hope their patience will be soon rewarded. The magistracy of Ulster, or at least some of them, have been found out. The deeds which have come to light in Tyrone cannot remain unnoticed; and let us hope that if the magistrates alluded to by Judge Keogh are proved guilty of conniving at the crimes of Orangemen, a proper example will be made to deter other evil doers, and that the administration of the law in Ulster for the future will be closely watched, in order that guilty Orangemen may not escape, and that innocent Catholics may not be doomed to suffer unjustly.—Dundalk Democrat.

SAACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.—General or distiller, solicitor general or sharp practising attorney, as it may be, the roadway of Saackville street seems the liveliest. Turn to the foot pavement and you will behold even a more exhilarating spectacle. The flags are one pattern of beautiful girls. Were I an American, I should back Broadway, New York, from two until five p.m., during the season, and in the space bounded on one side by Canal street, and on the other by Union square, for a display of female loveliness not to be equaled in any other street of the world. Indeed, the young ladies of Manhattan are exceedingly pretty; but at prettiness their good looks halt. They rarely, very rarely, rise to beauty, lacking as they do the great essentials of beauty—amplitude, colour, roundness, and suppleness of form. Elles sont gentilles mais pas belles. Sir Joshua's Muscipula is pretty; but Sir Joshua's Nelly O'Brien is beautiful. As a Great Britain, a United Kingdomite, impartially enthusiastic in my admiration of the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, I must unhesitatingly—although the decision has not been arrived at without mature consideration—award the palm of peerless beauty to the graces of Saackville street, Dublin. I think you may see there the most beautiful women in the whole world. They seem not only to look better, but to dress better, to walk better than any ladies do elsewhere. The Rose and the Thistle need not be enraged at the preference given to the Shamrock. I was always of opinion that the way in which the Shepherd of Mount Ida finally decided upon his award was by means of a mental toss-up; first the old goddess out, and then two out of three. I am sure that the roguish thought in his heart that they were all equally beautiful; and if you look at their portraits in P. P. Ruben's picture in the National Gallery, you will admit with me that neither of the defeated candidates had any reason to be cast down.

When you add to a blooming bevy of belles—fresh and radiant and smiling, disdaining carmine and violet-powder, and who would laugh the cunning sybil Rachel to scorn were she to whisper them aught 'Arabian baths,' or propose to make them 'beautiful for ever' (are they not beautiful already?)—when you add to these the prettiest, rosiest, gracefulest children that Pater or Materfamilias could wish to set eyes upon, and the comeliest and most comfortable looking of matrons, and the tallest and statelyst and most unimpeachably-attired swells—real swells, mind you, no provincial bucks, no picchbeck dandies, no 'one-horse' counts; but swells who are undergoing a splendid exile here in the shape of garrison duty or staff appointments at the Castle; swells whose natural habitat is in Rotten Row and Pall Mall; and when you finish the whole picture with a native population vicious albeit rugged, luminous though slightly unkempt; the best-natured, the easiest pleased, the most elastic most pliable, the kindest hearted people in Europe—what is there and it please you, cause you to usurp the attributes of the melancholy Jacques, and profess to find this merry Forest of Arden bad?—From Belgavia for February—By G. A. SALA.

CABRICEVEN.—A meaner and a muddier place than this I have seldom come upon in the course of my travels. It is well situated at the foot of the mountains, and in full view of Valencia river and harbour, and at a very great distance looks even picturesque. But the charm which distance lends is broken when you have to pick your way through the dirty streets and get a near view of the miserable dwellings in which many of the inhabitants are content to dwell. Yet the town has a considerable trade. It is the capital of a very large country district, cut off by sea or mountain from practicable communication with more important places, and the country people flock to it in large numbers for the sale of produce and the supply of their few wants. I drove through it on the butter-market day, and the principal street was thronged with peasants and farmers and their carts. The English tongue was hardly to be heard. Irish was evidently the mother tongue, and you find yourself silent and helpless among the crowd, remembering with some mortification that you may stay within the limits of the United Kingdom, and yet hear three languages not one word of which you can understand. I have been assured that from some lips Irish falls liquid and soft, with 'syllabables that breathe of the sweet south; and one can readily believe this; but the Irish of the Cahriciven market-place seemed pre-eminently sharp and grating—a language of all others fit for haggling, wrangling, and the worst which wears itself out with words. The people bring in for sale great plenty of butter, with eggs wool, feathers, hides, and other small produce. They carry back little for they want little—a bit of salt fish, perhaps (judging by the smell, very salty), and of grocery and drapery very meagre supplies. Their thrift fattens those even who know something of the home life of the English peasant. In most cases necessity may compel this thrift, but the small farmer is given to small economies, and in clothing and food he and his family deny themselves many things which almost the humblest in England regard as necessities. With rude appliances they manufacture the freeze out of which their coats and cloaks are made; linen and woollen goods for household use or wear are also made at home, and it is only in preparing for weddings and for funerals that the country people spend with a free hand. Then extreme parsimony is followed by extreme profusion.

Around Cahriciven comparatively little land is under tillage; it consists chiefly of bog and mountain land, on which a few sheep and cattle find pasture. Among the latter the famous milker, the Kerry cow, ought to be found; but the pure breed has been bought up at fancy prices by the stranger. The peasants you meet, men and women, are mostly barefooted. Some of them seem to show marks of Spanish descent; jet black hair, full, dark eyes, and cheeks coloured half by the olive, half by the ruse, are by no means unfrequent. There were types both of the Spaniard and the Celt in a troop of children en route, just dismissed from a roadside National School, rushed after my car, 15 of them, and kept up with it for at least two miles on the road between Glenbeg and Kella. They did not shout, they did not beg, they hardly interchanged a word with each other, perhaps because they had no breath to spare, but kept on at tip top speed, looking, brimful of fun and high spirits and enjoyment. It was cruel to ask these children, just released from school, questions in mental arithmetic, but I did. English children would have tailed at once, perhaps rising with one consent as they went a groan for the unfeeling stranger who had get them lessous out of school. But these youngsters entered into the spirit of the thing at once, and answered, all pitting as they were, with a vivacity and intelligence which spoke well both for school system and schoolmaster. Moreover, when I proposed the no-ways munificent reward of ad. for division among them, the chief spokesman, with a charming naive, raised objections; because, he said they had too far apart for such an arrangement. And so we parted. As the car drove out of Cahriciven in the dusk, it was exceedingly difficult to edge through the country carts that were still standing in the street; were now being driven home. In vain my driver shouted in civil Irish and very uncivil, at times even in English, 'English! the other drivers gave it him back in a shriller and more ear-piercing, vociferous, and got out of the way with the most provoking deliberation, while pedestrians who had chosen the middle of the road showed entire willingness to be knocked down and ridden over.'

Why the insurrection should have begun at Cahriciven is a mystery. A story is now told to this effect:—An insurrection had been planned and was to have broken out all over Ireland at the same time as the rising here. At the last moment the Fenian plans were changed, and the rising was countermanded, but as Cahriciven is difficult of access, this order was not received by Colonel O'Connor in time. The same mistake was committed at Chester, though there is no want of communication with that city, because the Fenian organization is not so effective in England as in Ireland.



**ALLEGED ATTEMPTED SEDUCTION OF A SOLDIER FROM HIS ALLIANCE.**—Yesterday evening, about a quarter to ten o'clock, a young man, a pork-butcher, named Arthur McLaron, residing at Peter's-hill, was taken to the police-office charged with procuring himself a Fenian, and endeavoring to seduce a soldier from his allegiance. It appeared that the soldier, whose name is Edward Walsh, and who is a private in the A. company of the 3rd Buffs, was drinking with a companion in a public house in Peter's-hill, when McLaron came in and said he was a Fenian, and asked the soldier to become one too. The soldier ordered him out of the room, as he was engaged by himself and his companion, and the prisoner refused to go. The soldier then went to the Peter's-hill police-barrack, and reported the occurrence, when two sub-constables arrested McLaron, and lodged him in the police office. —Northern Whig.

It must be admitted that the government of Lord Derby has shown a disposition to respond to the call of the Irish people, and we trust that they will obtain sufficient time to pass their measures for our country. But the spirit of faction is hard at work. The Whigs, our greatest enemies, and the real authors of the Fenian revolt—are striving to regain their former power; and they are receiving assistance from many of the corrupt Irish members. Now we have no doubt that if this party becomes successful, and regains office, the state of Ireland will become far worse than it is. We fear that their restoration to power will add great strength to the Fenian ranks, and that Ireland will be convulsed from end to end. They will do nothing for the benefit of the country. Their object will be to depopulate Ireland more and more; and should they follow that disastrous course, we may expect troubled times; for nothing will calm down Irish resentment except taking care of the people, and this the Whigs will never attempt, for they hate the creed of Ireland, and the race that inhabits this gallant old nation. —Dundalk Democrat.

The correspondent of the Irish Times, writing from Sweneford, under date 22d ult., says:—With deep regret I have to announce the death of John S. Lennon, Esq., Sub-Inspector of police. He left his house yesterday morning at 9 o'clock, and until 6 o'clock in the evening was missing, when two of the police found him in a field adjacent to the town in a dying state, and blood flowing from his head with his revolver lying beside him. He was immediately taken to town and shortly afterwards expired. A telegraphic despatch was sent to Dublin Castle announcing his death. As yet I have not obtained full particulars. Considerable excitement prevails.

The *Deerly Sentinel* says:—A requisition to the high sheriff of the city and county of Londonderry to call a general meeting of the inhabitants of the city and county, for the purpose of manifesting their respect to the laws, and determination to support the authorities of the country at this crisis, when insurgents are in arms, is in process of signature. It is headed by the Lieutenant of the county, and several influential gentlemen have already attached their names.

**SALE OF LAND IN IRELAND.**—The advocates for facilitating the sale of land in Ireland, in such moderate lots as might prove within the means of all who could manage by industry and frugality to cultivate them with effect, may be gratified to learn that this process is already going on to a very considerable extent. By a Parliamentary return just issued it appears that among the sales of land effected in 1865 and 1866 by the Irish Landed Estate Court, 117 were of ten acres and under, forty-six between ten and twenty acres, and 108 between twenty and fifty. And these were in addition to a vast number of sales including houses with small plots of land (sometimes not very small) attached to them.

It will hardly be believed—it is one of those things difficult to understand, and had we not the authority of a Protestant bishop for the fact, we should hardly dare to make the statement—that in Ireland there are five dioceses of the Establishment in which the members of the Anglican Church are only 2 per cent. of the whole population. These are Cashel, Team, Meath, Limerick, and Kildare. In Cashel the number of the members of the Anglican Church, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which is certainly not Catholic in its views, quoting the Bishop's pamphlet, "twenty five benefices with only 233 Protestants, while their aggregate income is £4,218, so that the spiritual supervision of these 303 Protestants cost about £14 per annum apiece." And, so it always remembered that these funds are the proceeds of lands and other property of which the Catholic Church in Ireland was so infamously robbed three hundred years ago without even the excuse of a so-called "Reformation" as took place in England. The property of the Catholic Church in Ireland was much taken from that Church by violence and fraud as if Lord Derby was to morrow to confiscate the lands of the Wesleyan Methodists or the Baptists, and apply the money towards building or endowing Anglican churches. To copy from another Protestant authority, the *London Review*, "Take the district," says that paper, "where Fenianism first showed itself, namely, the tract which reaches from near Valentia to Killybegny. The Church grievances in that district are truly a disgrace to civilisation. In all Kerry the State Church numbers but 6,200 Anglicans against 135,159 Roman Catholics, and the minority of 3 per cent. have forty or fifty incumbents enjoying entire Church revenues of the diocese. But in the district itself which we have marked there are not many parsons, and few as they are they contain amongst them precious samples of Anglican clergymen. There is the eccentric parson at one place, the drunken at another, the hunting variety at a third part, and a downright lunatic at a fourth. To mend matters, a few of the agents and small landlords in the locality have taken to preaching and proselytising on their own account."

When Americans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, or others whose national or individual acts Englishmen are so fond of criticising, as if this island was the arbitrator of the wide world, read these truths, may they not be excused if they declare with us that in England there are things hard to be understood? "Can the civilised world produce in the year of grace 1867 a parallel piece of iniquity, perpetrated under the name of religion?" "Say what he will," declares the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "an Established Church kept up for the benefit of 2 per cent. of the inhabitants of a diocese, is not only regarded by the remaining 98 per cent. as an insult, but really is an insult."

There is never smoke without fire; no rebellion so utterly hopeless and desperate as that which has lately broken out in Ireland, could ever be caused without marvellous provocation. We do not justify the Fenians; but, from Protestant authorities alone it is easy to prove that the patience of the country has been sorely tried. As regards the Irish Church Establishment, men of all opinions and creeds are agreed that its total abolition is the one only remedy for the many evils with which it has so long cursed Ireland. —*Weekly Register*.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**

**FATHER NEWMAN'S OXFORD MISSION.**—The *Times* says that the *Westminster Gazette* states that the mission in connection with the Birmingham Oratory, which Father Newman, on the advice of his bishop, and with the sanction of Rome, is about to open in the city of Oxford, and the church which he proposed to build, will at once relieve Catholicism from the reproach of being inefficiently represented at the headquarters of English intellectual life. The same and characters and persuasive powers of Father Newman cannot fail to attract attention and exercise influence over the rising generation, to whose fathers he was personally well known at the time when he and so many of his friends and disciples submitted themselves so unreservedly to the Catholic Church. In spite of the change which since

that time has come over the English mind, it still cannot be doubted that many will be found open to the influences which Father Newman cannot fail to inspire in those who come to hear from his own lips the teaching of the Catholic Church on some of the momentous questions which are now agitating the public mind in England. The voice, to whose attractive tones Oxford has been so long a stranger, strengthened by an experience of over twenty years of Catholic life, will have truths to speak which every Catholic must rejoice may now have a chance of bearing fruit in a place where the seeds of modern rationalism are being scattered with no niggard hand. The general Catholic public, however, continues the *Gazette*, "has a right to know that the proposed mission at Oxford has nothing to do with any project of Catholic education at the university of Oxford. Mixed education is contrary to the views of the English bishops, and has always been discountenanced by the Holy See."

**A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.**—The *Weekly Register* learns from a prospectus sent us that a book with this title is about to appear. Its range will extend from the earliest period to the end of the year 1866. It is due to the labors of a Catholic layman, and has undergone revision by an eminent Catholic priest. We have long thought that such a book is much wanted by the Catholic community. Almost every incident connected with the history of the Catholic Church and its clergy in Scotland, previous to the Reformation, and during the progress of that event, has been falsified, distorted, or entirely misrepresented by such writers as Buchanan, Knox, Pinkerton, Jamieson, and McOrrie. To defend and slander the saintly men of Catholic times, to blacken the characters of the illustrious Churchmen and eminent statesmen of former ages, were the great leading objects of these writers; and it must be confessed that, to a great extent, they succeeded in imposing upon their countrymen—thus training successive generations of Scotchmen to believe that falsehood was truth, and to detest the religion of their forefathers.

An appendix will be given, from the most authentic sources a list of the archbishops and bishops who filled the various sees in Scotland up to the time of the Reformation; an account of all the bishops, vicars apostolic, and coadjutors, from Bishop Nicolson, the first Catholic Bishop in Scotland after the Reformation up to the present time; the names of all the priests who served on the Scottish mission, from the year 1800; the chief districts in which they labored; the age at which they died, and the date of their death; an account of the Scottish colleges, and foundations at Rome, Paris, Douay, Valladolid, and Ratisbon; an account of the cathedrals, churches, abbeys, monasteries, convents, hospitals, and religious houses in Scotland, at the time of the Reformation.

It must be pleasing to all Catholics, and it is hopeful for the future of the faith, to witness the able and impartial works that have lately been published on Scottish history, which refute the falsehood and brush away for ever the calumnies that so long tarnished the fair fame of the ancient Church of Scotland. —*Weekly Register*.

**ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY IN LONDON.**—The St. Patrick's Benevolent Society held its annual dinner on Saturday, the Duke of Cambridge in the chair. His good-natured R.oyal Highness was all benevolence and urbanity, and handed in a donation of a hundred guineas from the Prince of Wales, who was present from attending. We wish we could go along with his Royal Highness and his distinguished and benevolent relatives in their support of this society. But we cannot forget that of all the children which this society supports and educates, certainly the great majority, probably the whole are Catholics. Now, in the list of noble men and gentlemen present at this Irish charitable dinner, we do not recognise the name of a single Catholic. And this is easily accounted for, if the description of the society published a fortnight ago by our Dublin contemporary, the *Nation*, be correct, and we have no reason to doubt its correctness. "The School," says the *Nation*, "is a day school. No Catholic priest is ever admitted to visit the Catholic children. There are separate departments for boys and girls, and the children of Irish parents flock to them from nearly all parts of London. For years the average attendance was about 500, but lately, owing to the renewed opposition of the Catholic clergy, the number has considerably decreased. The teachers are all Protestants, and though the children are not subjected to any religious pressure, the whole atmosphere of the place, as far as it is at all religious, is Protestant. In addition to free education the children receive a suit of clothes once in the year, and a breakfast in winter. On St. Patrick's Day they all dine at the schools. All this is given, we will not say in exchange for, but instead of, their religion. Free education, clothes, and food, are the attractions held out to poor Irish parents to induce them to send their children there. Alas, that so many should discover to their cost, that the clothes and food were purchased at too high a price—the total loss of all religious feeling in their children. The Society now advertises their institution as 'under the patronage of her Majesty, and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.' Lord Derby and Lord Russell figure among a host of other noble lords as vice-presidents. We should like to see any society which Irishmen generally could regard as honestly benevolent obtain such distinguished patronage. But if we tried in this hope, we should die in despair. It was certainly a bright idea to call the school of such a society 'St. Patrick's.' Being chiefly ultra-Protestants, its originators and supporters must be credited with a benevolent inclination to teach the faith of St. Patrick to poor Catholic children. However, it was part of the policy of the concern to start under a good name. The name of St. Patrick, they rightly judged, would take with it the Irish, and to succeed they must deceive. An annual dinner is held on St. Patrick's Day in support of the good work."

The results of such a system of education—the "Godless" and the "Soulless" systems combined—for poor Irish children in London, are just what we should expect. Their youth is exposed to all the temptation of a great city, and they are left without the support of religion to enable them to withstand it. What wonder that their future career is often best known to the police, police magistrates, prison chaplains, and gaolers! A London priest, who was long chaplain to a convict prison, most positively declares that by far the greater number of the prisoners under his care were brought up at St. Patrick's. Even he was so deceived by the name that for some time he was under the impression it was the Christian Brothers' School established in the same neighborhood. He actually wrote to Cardinal Wiseman complaining that the Christian Brothers did not do their duty to the children under their care; for those brought up by them knew nothing of their religion, and very many of them received their first religious instruction in prison. He was soon undeceived by the Cardinal as to the management of 'St. Patrick's,' and what was before incomprehensible was now easily understood. Others who now hold the position he formerly held have given us their experience of the same sense as to the results of this 'Benevolent Society's' school. It is a startling and undeniable fact that many whose names are on the list of Ireland are charged with the commission of grave crimes. There is hardly a gang of thieves in London, whose deeds are revealed through the agency of the police, in which an Irish name does not figure on the master-roll. The most abandoned prostitutes are not unfrequently

known by the prefix O or Mac. But almost invariably the names are only inherited from Irish parents; and they to whom they are affixed have, in a vast number of instances, graduated in 'St. Patrick's' School. As long as a society miscalled 'benevolent' tries to make poor Irish children in London not earnest but indifferent Catholics, and as long as it supports a school for this purpose, so long may we expect to see 'Irish cases' in the police reports. Conducted on the principles and views of the committee, the school of the society, to the certain knowledge of those who best know its results, has been a seminary for thieves and a nursery for outcasts. Let not the blame be laid on Catholic instincts or Irish training. —*Weekly Register*.

A London correspondent of the *Belfast News Letter* says, under the head of 'Disensions in the Royal Family,' while speaking of the throng which was present when Mr. D'Israeli introduced his Reform Bill into the House of Commons:—The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince de Teck, and Prince Christian of Sleavig-Holstein, were present, as were Earl Russell and the principal members of his late Cabinet having seats in the House of Lords. It was remarked and commented upon that neither the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, nor Prince de Teck took the slightest notice of Prince Christian. The latter came alone, and retired alone; and during the whole period the royal party were in the house not a single syllable was exchanged with Prince Christian. The Prince of Wales, however, spoke to several members of the House of Commons, and on rising to leave, bowed to Lord Barrington, who occupied a seat next the gangway which separated him from the peer's box, in which the Prince was seated, rose and took off his hat as the Prince passed, and bowed. His Royal Highness, however, not only extended his hand to the noble Lord, but stopped for a few seconds to speak to him. Of Prince Christian, however, as before stated, no notice whatever was taken—a circumstance which goes to corroborate the rumor that the royal brothers-in-law are not on such affectionate terms as might be desired. Indeed, it is well known that the marriage of the Princess Helens with Prince Christian was opposed not only by the Prince of Wales, but also by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cambridge, and that all those refused to 'give her away.' The Duke of Cambridge would not even go to the wedding, pleading a sudden attack of gout as his excuse. It was under these circumstances that the Queen herself expressed her intention to give away the princess, which she actually did. Of this historical fact there can be no doubt whatever.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge made a long and able speech last week on the subject of recruiting for the army, in which he gave it as his opinion that it was not improving the condition of the soldier, but augmenting his pay, that would induce men to enlist. The Duke also made one remarkable statement of fact. He said:—'This country boasts, and justly boasts, that it is the only country, except that great American Republic, in which there is no forced labor, i.e., military service. With the exception of Great Britain, there is not a single country in Europe, however small where there is not a conscription.' There is, as our readers know, one other country in Europe where the army is raised by voluntary enlistment alone, namely, the Papal States. Not a very great country, perhaps, in a temporal sense, but quite large enough to form an exception to the sweeping assertion of His Royal Highness.

**LORD DERBY AS MECENAS.**—A bear with a sore head may be considered a happy creature compared with Lord Derby this morning. It is not enough that he sees defeat overhanging his Reform Bill, but the wicked Liberals are choosing this moment to bring a swarm of stinging exposures of his blunders to settle on his head. His government had to begin the week by defending its appointment to the bench of Mr. Churchward, a man twice convicted of bribery; and last night Mr. O'Reilly brought forward some specimens of the poetic blights of Mr. Young, to whom Lord Derby granted a literary pension of £40 a year, the recital of which made the House roar with laughter. Robert Young, who describes himself as an 'agricultural poet,' and about 65 years of age. Mr. Young began life as a writer, which is to his credit; and he left nails to nail bad verses, which is to his discredit. Lord Derby had hardly got seated in his ministerial chair before a petition from this man and his friends asking for a pension was laid before him, and unfortunately, without a glance at the poems, the pension was granted. When Young's name appeared on the pension-list the question began to be asked, 'Who is Young?' All that could be learned was that the Earl of Enniskillen had subscribed for a large number of copies and then consigned them to the flames. But Mr. O'Reilly managed to obtain a copy which he brought down to the House last night. Young regards himself as having three great missions; 1, to excite fury against the Catholics in the breasts of Orangemen; 2, to supersede Thomas Moore in the affections of Ireland; 3, to obtain Government patronage. From the preface it is plain that he expected a blind world to oppose him. 'If,' he writes, 'a Moore, the author of seditious and licentious songs, has been considered deserving of a pension by our present Whig-Radical Administration, the humble man who exerts his talents in writing loyal and constitutional pieces must surely have some claim on the patronage of those whose cause he advocates, although he cannot make pretensions to the expensive and highly cultivated genius of the celebrated Irish bard.—Should he be assailed by critics of the Romish or Radical school who scruple not in the present day at attempting to blacken by calumny every man, no matter how eminent for virtue, who has the manliness to speak or write on behalf of the Protestant religion, he tells them before that he despises their malignity, and can afford to treat their insinuations with silent contempt.'

It was ludicrous to see the sheepish look of the Cabinet of the Post Premier while Mr. O'Reilly was reading this extract, interrupted at the end of every phrase by the explosive laughter of the House. Mr. Young, having decided that the best way to take the taste of Moore (of whose writings he repeatedly declares his disapproval) out of the Irish mouth is to put something sounder into the same part of the poet's ballad, gives the world such work as the following, in which the reader will recall the movement of the 'Exile of Erin':—

'In Munster assassins in league are invited  
The laws to resist and confusion create,  
By priests of sedition to outrage excited,  
To bring back the horrors of dark Ninety-eight.'

'Oh, Erin, my country!' inspires the following:  
Thus maddened by Jesuit's poisonous chalice,  
The Popesmen no longer contented remain;  
But bigotry, fierce persecution, and malice,  
Inflame their dark bosoms and over them reign.

'The Scripture that tells of eternal salvation,  
And man, erring man, in religion renews,  
The priests of Rome, to their flocks' ruination,  
Withhold, or pervert; them to suit their own views.'

'We might,' said Mr. O'Reilly, 'at least have hoped that when the distribution of the Royal fund for rewarding distinguished literary merit rested in the hands of the noble translator of Homer, we got a judge of poetry (a laugh) to distribute it. Lord Palmerston, after appointing a pension to 'the poet Close,' found that Close was a fool, and so rescinded the appointment, and paid Close from his private purse; and it is likely, from what Disraeli said complaining that Lord Derby had been 'hoaxed'—that the same course will be followed now.'

There has been a Fenian alarm in Liverpool. On Thursday night three hundred Marines arrived at Rock Ferry from Woolwich, and were at once conveyed on board her Majesty's ship Donegal. A company of the 51st regiment has been ordered from Chester to Birkenhead, where there are large numbers of Irish. Mr. Walpole, it is reported, has expressed his opinion that the volunteers are quite entitled to use their arms in defence of their armories. The Liverpool volunteer armories are now in a thorough state of defence. The Lord Clyde and the Wivern, from Holyhead, have been ordered round to Mersey. The public officers of the Custom-house, Post-office, &c., have been requested to hold themselves in readiness to protect those buildings.

The fact of next year being a 'leap year' has added £13,000 to the estimates for the British army.—That is one day's pay for the forces.

Female evangelists appear to be on the increase in England. In addition to Mrs. Thistlethwaite and Mrs. Rooth, who occasionally address congregations in London, Miss McFarlane has been holding services at the Polytechnic Institution; Miss Octavia Jary has been addressing large congregations at Abingdon; Miss Geraldine Hooper, besides her usual ministrations at Bath, has been holding services at various other places; and Miss J. L. Armstrong has been preaching at Arbroath and Dundee.

The number of marriages celebrated at the various churches and chapels in Scotland indicates the following as the proportions of the population attached to the chief religious denominations:—The Established Church, 45 per cent.; the Free Church, 24 per cent.; the United Presbyterian Church, 14 per cent.; the Catholic Church, 9 per cent.; the Protestant Episcopal Church, 2 per cent.

What won't thieves steal? In one of the London police courts, on Saturday, a skilled pickpocket was committed to trial for stealing a Parsee merchant's turban. In another, a beery navy was sent to gaol for a couple of months for stealing leaden coffin plates from St. Pancras's churchyard—he was engaged in tunnelling beneath it—and selling them for as much as they would fetch as metal in the rough.

An English journal says: 'At no time since the Russian war has the establishment of Woolwich Arsenal been more actively engaged than at present notwithstanding the numerous new resources of improved machinery and mechanism which have advanced with the time. A moderate supply of the new rifles and ammunition is despatched periodically by the ordnance store vessels to the whole of the outstations, and in case of emergency, by railway and other means. On Friday night a large number of cases of the new cartridges and ammunition were sent off from the Woolwich Arsenal, as a reserve for the army in Ireland.'

Advertisements for servants in which 'none but Protestants' are told to apply, used to be not uncommon; but an advertisement which appeared in a recent number of the *London Times* is a unique specimen of the requirements of servanthood. Two young women want a situation 'in a gentleman's or tradesman's family, in any capacity in which they might be useful. One is seventeen years and the other fifteen; but 'no Ritualistic family need apply.'

**HOUSE OF COMMONS.—February 21.**—Mr. M'Eoy moved for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

Mr. O'Reilly and Sir G. Bowyer deprecated the introduction of the bill at the present moment unless there were a certain prospect of a practical result being attained, and they mentioned that this was the opinion of the leading Catholic prelates.

Mr. Walpole looked upon the admitted infraction of the law every day by Dr. Manning as so great a scandal to the country and so discredit to those in power, that he felt disposed to second the proposal for the repeal of an Act which was allowed to remain a dead letter. ("Hear, hear," and a laugh.) Mr. Gladstone though ready to support the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, held it to be of little use to raise this question unless Mr. M'Eoy had an assurance that the Bill would be supported by the Government.

Sir J. Gray and Mr. Raridon, and Mr. Newdegate also took part in the debate.

No member of the Government was present to give an answer, and a long conversation followed, in which various Irish members supported the view taken by Mr. O'Reilly, and urged delay. Ultimately, leave was given to bring in the bill, and it was read a first time.

**HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Feb. 25.—Cardinal Cullen.**—Mr. Newdegate asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether the attention of Her Majesty's Ministers had been directed to the report of the proceedings at the inaugural banquet of the Lord Mayor of Dublin on Wednesday last, which was published in the *Times* of Thursday, the 21st February, whence it appeared that Cardinal Cullen was present on the occasion, in the robes and capacity of a Cardinal Legate from the Court of Rome, took precedence in that capacity, and addressed the assembly on matters touching the Government of Ireland; and whether, assuming the above report to be substantially correct, in the opinion of Her Majesty's Ministers, it was consistent with the laws of this country, or with international law, that an ecclesiastical should, in the capacity of a Cardinal Legate from the Court of Rome, be permitted, as representing that Court, but without being regularly accredited to the Court of England, or recognized in any diplomatic capacity, to interfere on public occasions of an official character, by advice or otherwise, with matters touching the government of the United Kingdom.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer—Since notice was given of this question I have made inquiry respecting an event which had not before attracted my attention. The Lord Mayor of Dublin did not consult the Government as to the guests whom he invited on that occasion. (Much laughter and cheering.) But I have made inquiries, as far as I could with decent respect to the Lord Mayor, as to the arrangements and the motives which influenced him on the occasion in question. The invitation to Cardinal Cullen was certainly nothing of an exclusive character. I really do not know what are the political or religious opinions of the Lord Mayor, but invitations were also extended to the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, who was prevented from attending by some accidental cause in domestic life, to the President of the Presbyterian Assembly, and to many other distinguished members of different denominations, among them the heads of the Wesleyan body. I cannot understand that any precedence was given to Cardinal Cullen otherwise than would be given to him in any society in which he might mix. Besides the Lord Lieutenant, there was no other Peer present, and therefore, according to the rules of social etiquette, Cardinal Cullen, who is recognized as a Roman Prince, took merely the same precedence to which he would be entitled in any assembly in England, public or private. I believe he appeared on that occasion in no diplomatic capacity (hear, hear); indeed I believe that there is no diplomatic capacity filled by Cardinal Cullen which is recognized, and I am doubtful whether he is really what is called a Cardinal Legate.

Sir G. Bowyer—He is not. (Laughter.) The Chancellor of the Exchequer—I was not quite certain on that point. I have reason to believe that Cardinal Cullen had some local rank given him with reference merely to the hierarchy of his own Church, which would allow him precedence as a Cardinal Archbishop over any other Catholic Archbishop who might be present. It is pretty clear, therefore, that the e is no foundation for the assumption of my lord's friend that Cardinal Cullen acts in any diplomatic capacity in this country, or that he appeared in any diplomatic capacity on that occasion. (Hear, hear.) I must take the liberty—I do not like making long answers, but I am sure that you will allow

me some indulgence on this occasion (hear, hear)—of reminding my hon. friend that a Cardinal is not necessarily an ecclesiastical (hear, hear.) A Cardinal is a Roman Prince, and I have known Roman Princes and Cardinals who were not ecclesiastics. In fact, it is not necessary in any way that he should be an ecclesiastic. I remember a Committee of this House which, I think, was presided over by Sir Robert Inglis—of which, at all events, he was the most eminent member, and that before that Committee, which was considering very delicate questions of religious interest, the late Cardinal Wiseman was summoned. Cardinal Wiseman appeared in the dress which Cardinals are accustomed to wear, and which is their right, and there were several gentlemen on that Committee whose feelings were annoyed. (Laughter.) They protested against the appearance of Cardinal Wiseman, not only as a Cardinal, but as being in the dress of a Cardinal. Now Sir Robert Inglis was an extremely well informed man, though his opinions were perhaps extreme upon the question of the two Churches, and no man could suppose that he would have shrunk from expressing his opinions.—He was also a man of very ceremonious manners, a highly-finished gentleman, and he perfectly well knew what was the social rank of every individual. Well, in that case he admonished his friends on account of their zeal, which he said was perfectly uncalled for because Cardinal Wiseman was a Cardinal, and therefore a Roman Prince acknowledged by the laws and customs of society in this country.—Sir Robert treated him accordingly with the utmost courtesy and attention. (Hear, hear.) Sir, I will not say anything further beyond expressing this feeling of my own—that I really think it is highly desirable that the Catholic Prelates of Ireland should mix a little more in the world, and enter a little more into society than they have done. (Cheers and laughter.) I really believe that it would be mutually beneficial to both parties (cheers) that it would, to a great extent, terminate asperities for which there is no foundation whatever; and that it would perhaps tend to bring about those improved relations between the followers of the two religions in Ireland which I think every sensible man must desire. (Loud and general cheers.)

**JUSTICE TO IRELAND!**—While all are anxious about the state of Ireland and a feeling of alarm and insecurity prevails, such as in all probability has not been felt in the country for more than half a century; while the most incredulous are forced to admit the existence of things which they would have pronounced impossible a month ago; while even the most unthinking are arrested for a moment in their career of folly and vanity by a dim sense of public danger never felt before and even the veriest Pangloss has to confess that after all there may perhaps be something not quite perfect in this best of all possible worlds; at such a time, at such a crisis, it is pleasant—nay, more, it is reassuring—to find one man equal to the situation, one man who knows what is amiss in the body politic, who has no doubt what is the right remedy, and who means to use it. We are informed by the *Owl!*—and the *Owl!*, as we know, is never wrong, but snaps its bank viciously at all attempts at contradiction; we are informed by the *Owl!* with a grave earnestness which if we could suspect the Bird of Wisdom of such unseemly levity, might make us suspicious of covert sarcasm, that 'the Bishop of London, with that thoughtful consideration which characterises the right reverend prelate, has resolved not only to pay a delicate compliment to Ireland at the present critical juncture, but to recognise the union between the Established Church of England and Ireland by inviting Irish bishops to preach in the metropolis on Sunday next—this day—being St. Patrick's Day.' Hear it ye misguided men who are now 'out,' who have left the comfortable shop-boards and the flesh pots of Saxon thraldom for the cold bitter north easter—enough to make a Kingsley shudder—and the blinding snowstorm drifting pitilessly along the stately Galteea! Hear it ye ill-fated ones, as you stand shivering on the bleak mountain sides, where it is to be feared you will have to keep St. Patrick's Day with but a Lenten fare! Hear it, and be sad and repent, and wish yourselves back to a tumbler of whiskey punch and all the adornments of a rashly and, as it will now seem needlessly abandoned home! How admirably the time is chosen! how happy is the occasion which has been selected for impressing on the benighted mass of the Irish people the great, glorious, and comforting truth that the only Church known to the law in Ireland is that of a trusted and favoured minority, and that the great Church of England has made common cause with her little sister beyond the Channel to remove from the paths of others those stumbling blocks in the shape of riches and earthly grandeur which have always proved a trial and a snare. Never again let it be said that England is deaf to the vents of Ireland! Never let it be forgotten that when causes which the politician economist seeks in vain to analyse—when memories which the historian would fain bury in eternal silence—when social, national and religious inequalities, which the politician looks on hopelessly as the evil legacy of evil times—when all these causes, and others yet more complex and inscrutable, had driven a considerable portion of a brave and impulsive people into wild and hopeless rebellion—there was one man, a high dignitary of the Church of England, who, undismayed by the failure of hundreds who had gone before him, proceeded boldly to probe the wound to its depths, and apply a styptic of such sovereign virtue that it must succeed! The true remedy for Irish disaffection has been found at last; and, like all great discoveries, strikes us at once by its extreme simplicity! What Ireland really wanted—though she may have thought otherwise—was not rope and tenant right—not a resident and improving gentry—not equal laws and impartial justice—one thing alone was needed to bury in oblivion centuries of feud and violence—to heal the breach between Celt and Saxon—to reconcile 'deep rooted animosities of race and creed so that the descendants of the men of Derry should fraternise with the descendants of the men of Limerick, and the Grand Master of Ulster stretch out the right hand of fellowship to the Head Centre of Munster—and that one thing was that three right reverend fathers of her State Church, 'as by law established,' should be allowed to preach from three London pulpits on St. Patrick's Day!! —*Observer*.

**UNITED STATES.**

**ANOTHER CATHOLIC CHURCH.**—The increase in number of our Catholic population is manifest from the fact that yet another new Church is about being immediately commenced in the southern part of this city. For years past, the congregation worshipping in St. John's Church have felt the present structure inadequate for the necessary accommodation; and this notwithstanding the constant labors of the two clergymen attached to that Church with their four districts hours for Sunday service. The purchase of ground, with pastoral residences already built thereon, has been effected. The generous donor is John Tracey, Esq.; whose contribution is six thousand dollars. This is but one of a multitude of generous acts on the part of Mr. T. The Church will be known as 'St. Anne's,' after the mother of the Blessed Virgin—a designation chosen by its chief benefactor. The Bishop has appointed the Rev. T. Moran, Pastor of the new congregation. The many years untiring ministry in our midst of the Reverend gentleman appointed to this responsible charge, his known fidelity, and his social qualifications combine to render his influence a surety for prompt and entire success. The Church will be constructed of brick and will be an ornament to the city, worthy to take its place place those fine specimens of church architecture with which the Catholics have adorned the city. —*Albany Argus*.

The Legislature of Wisconsin has passed a bill declaring that their own salaries and that of the Governors shall hereafter be paid in coin. 'So we go'—paper for the people and gold for the office holders.



The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY... J. GILLIES, S. E. OLBERG, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 19.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

Friday, 19—Good Friday. Saturday, 20—Holy Saturday. Sunday, 21—Easter. Monday, 22—Of the Octave. Tuesday, 23—Of the Octave. Wednesday, 24—Of the Octave. Thursday, 25—Of the Octave.

APRIL DIVIDEND OF THE ROMAN LOAN.

Office of the Roman Loan, at the Banking House of Duncan, Sherman & Co., 11 Nassau street, corner of Pine, N.Y. March 19, 1867.

The coupon of interest of this loan due on the 1st of April, 1867, will be paid as follows:—New York, at the banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Co. Philadelphia, at the banking house of Drexel & Co. Baltimore, at the banking house of L. J. Tormey & Co. New Orleans, at the Southern Bank. St. Louis, at the banking house of Tesson, Son & Co. Louisville, at the banking house of Tucker & Co. Cincinnati, at the banking house of Gilmore, Donlap & Co. and Heman Garaghty & Co. Boston, by Patrick Donahoe. Providence, R. I., by George A. Leete, Esq. MONTREAL, Canada, Bank of Montreal. QUEBEC, Canada, Branch of the Bank of Montreal. Havana, Cuba, J. O. Burnham & Co. Lima, Peru, Alsop & Co.

AGENT FOR CANADA: ALFRED LAROCQUE, Montreal. The interest on the Bonds of this loan will hereafter be paid \$2 50 and 62 1/2 cents. ALFRED LAROCQUE. Montreal, 16th April, 1867.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Connected with the late Fenian riots in Ireland, the most important item of news is to the effect that the prisoner known as General Massey, and who was, if we mistake not, one of the leading Yankee Fenians, has turned Queen's evidence, and agreed to give information against his unhappy dupes whom he had led into the scrape in which they now find themselves.—For the latter it is impossible not to feel a certain amount of pity, but for the other, if the news by telegram be true, no terms of contempt and contumely are too strong. The prisoners will be tried by Special Commission, and judging from the general tenor of the English press, there is no desire to inflict upon them the extreme measure of punishment which the law applicable to the case allows. No fresh disturbances had occurred since our last.

The health of the Princess of Wales is such as to create lively fears amongst the British public, to whom by her virtues and graces this most excellent young lady has endeared herself since her residence in England. Parliament had adjourned for the Easter holidays, and the fate of the Ministerial Reform Bill is still a matter of conjecture. The refusal of the Spanish Government to give satisfaction in the matter of the crew of the "Tornado" had been followed by the despatch of an armed force to Cadiz, to lend weight to the reclamations of the diplomatists: the result has been successful.

France and Prussia seem both bent on war, to determine which of the two is henceforward to be the great military power of Europe; but actual hostilities will, we suppose, be warded off during the Paris Exhibition. Its close will probably be the signal for the breaking out of the long menaced Revolution at Rome: but by that time, new political combinations will have taken place, which may well have the effect of frustrating the designs of the friends of Garibaldi, and Mazzini.

It is expected that the official proclamation of the Union of the British N. American Provinces will take place during the month of July.—Sophie Boisclear, the partner in crime of the man Provencher, has been found guilty. Asked if she had ought to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon her, she pleaded that she was *excited*, and the fact having been established, she was ordered for execution on the 20th of November. She protested her innocence, insinuating that her husband had poisoned himself. Provencher, on the contrary, asserted that he knew the guilty parties who had poisoned the unhappy man; and thus both recognised the fact of the poisoning.

Subscribers in arrears in Toronto and vicinity will please send in the amounts of their indebtedness to Mr. P. DOYLE, ARCADE, TORONTO, AGENT FOR THE TRUE WITNESS, who is fully authorised to receive all monies due this office and grant receipts for the same.

The Popery, or Romanism against which many well meaning and religiously disposed Protestants protest, is but a phantom of their own creation, destitute of all existence save in their own morbid imaginations. They derive all their knowledge of the Roman Catholic religion from the enemies of that religion; from garbled, and often falsified quotations of Catholic formularies, which divorced from their context, strike them as manifestly anti-Christian, and against which all their better feelings revolt. Of Protestants of this class many are honest in their Protest; and the chief faults to be imputed to them are their laziness, which prevents them from examining and determining for themselves, whether the hard things urged in Protestant controversial works against Romanism be true; and their credulity, which induces them to place blind and unlimited confidence in the generally but half educated, and often very unscrupulous, persons whom they accept as their ministers, as their religious guides and teachers. The ignorance of the class of Protestants to which we refer, is not "invincible ignorance" in the sense in which the Church uses that term; it is, on the contrary, easily overcome, if only the proper means of enlightenment—that is to say, the recognised formularies of the Catholic Church—be employed to dissipate it; but the misfortune is, that with Protestants generally it is believed that a full and accurate knowledge of Catholic doctrine can be obtained, without taking the trouble, slight as that trouble is, of consulting the authorised standards of the Church, in which that doctrine is fully and authoritatively set forth.

Amongst the many false, strangely false, notions respecting the characteristic doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, that obtain amongst Protestants, one of the most generally entertained is this:—That the said Church teaches, or encourages the belief, that men may, and must be, saved by their own works or merits, independent of the merits of Christ; that austerities, self-imposed mortifications, can of themselves, and without faith, and without charity, deserve for him who practises them, eternal life; that the sacrifice of the cross, as the one Atonement for sin, and the infinite merits of Our Lord Jesus Christ, are in some manner kept in the background, or not insisted upon, by the teachers and preachers of Romanism: and that in short, the Papist is so trained, as to base his hopes of everlasting life, not upon what Christ has done for him, but solely upon what he is able to do for himself. This monstrous misrepresentation of *Romish* doctrine is not indeed often explicitly asserted in the writings of evangelical Protestants; but it is always more or less implied, or insinuated in all their controversies, in all their appeals to the prejudices of their own brother sectaries. They rely with a full confidence upon the ignorance of their hearers, and their blind confidence in the truth of all that falls from their teachers' lips. Hence "free enquiry," when it assumes the guise of a desire to consult the writings of the authorised teachers of the Catholic Church, or to listen to what she has to say for herself, is always sternly deprecated by your evangelical Protestant ministers. What they lay to the charge of the Pope, and his clergy, with regard to keeping the Bible from the laity, is literally true with regard to their own policy with regard to the standards, or authoritative exponents of Catholic doctrine. Your thorough evangelical would sooner see a man gloating over an impure romance of the French school, than engaged in a careful study of the Catechism of the Council of Trent.

In illustration of this very evangelical habit of "insinuating" a calumny, which, if made in express terms might be at once met by an equally explicit contradiction, couched in the words of the formularies of the Church—we may be permitted to quote from the Montreal *Witness* of the 8th inst.; wherein we find the history of the marvellous change worked in a Romish priest by the words of a simple old woman on her death bed. The priest is made to say—of course—that before this change he was esteemed a model of piety; that he practised all kinds of austerities, and mortifications—that he "confessed and communicated almost every week" but that he sought "to live upon good works and good conduct, and not by faith;" that no one ever spoke to him about, or directed him to, Christ as the Saviour of sinners, as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. To him, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, well versed in her theology, and, marvel of marvels, saying Mass every day, all these things were unknown.

But chance brought him in contact with an old woman lying on her death bed. Then, for the first time, was the truth presented to him; when the old lady, addressing him, made confession of her faith:—"If Christ had not died for me, if He had not atoned for me, and paid my ransom, I should, with all my good works and pious life, have perished eternally."

This saying "astonished" the priest, we are told; and he felt "not a little ashamed that he, a master in Israel, knew not these things." Then for the first time he, the priest, "got a sight of Christ for us;" was converted to lie, to him,

novel truth that by Christ sinners are saved; and began, amidst much opposition and persecution to preach this anti-Romish doctrine. This in substance is the story of the *Witness*; and of course the impression left, or designed to be left, thereby on the minds of ignorant, though religiously disposed Protestants, is—that it is no where taught or insisted upon by the *Romish* Church, that Christ is the only Saviour of sinners: and that if He had not died for us, if He had not atoned for us, and paid our ransom from the Cross, we should all be excluded from the kingdom of God, and under sentence of death: and that it is taught by the same Church that we can, and must save ourselves by our own works, without any reference to what Christ merited or did for us. Thus, we suppose, is the "Word of God" which, according to evangelical Protestants, the Roman Catholic Church withholds from the people, or denies; and it is the belief that such is actually the case, that prompts the protest of many honest minded, but very ill-informed Protestants against Romanism.

And yet the most cursory glance at the Catholic formularies, or the approved books of devotion most in use amongst Catholics, would suffice to dispel this monstrous misapprehension of Romish doctrine. Nay, if Protestants would but bear in mind that the greater part of the Anglican Liturgy, its Litany and its Collects, are but translations, very beautiful translations we admit, from the Roman Missal and Breviary, and that therefore the doctrine as to the work of Christ in the salvation of man, contained in the one, is the same as that contained in the other—they would see the absurdity, to use the mildest form of words, of the stale calumny urged against Romanism—that it eliminates Christ, His work, His merits, from its system, and tends to substitute in lieu thereof, man's works, and the merits of human creatures:—and this of the Church which in her public offices thus addresses her Spouse, and makes profession of her faith, "*Deus Qui!*"

"Oh God, who seest that we place no confidence in any thing we do"—Collect for Sexagesima Sunday.

And this Collect, and hundreds of others of precisely similar import: all breathing the same spirit: all asserting the same doctrine—that of ourselves we can say, think, or do, no good thing meritorious of eternal life; that our best actions, our most heroic sacrifices have, except in connection with Christ, no value of their own—our priest spoken of by the *Witness* must have been in the habit of reciting *daily* for years.—Every time too that he approached the Altar to say Mass: every time that he, in the words of the Canon after Consecration, besought the Lord for himself, and the congregation, that He would admit them into fellowship with the blessed in heaven, "*not in consideration of our merit, but of Thy own gratuitous pardon through Christ Our Lord;*" every time that, smiting upon his breast, he called for mercy on the "Lamb of God Who taketh away the sins of the world," or bowing down avowed himself unworthy that the Lord should enter under his roof "*Domine non sum dignus*"—did he assert that great doctrine, which, if evangelicals are to be believed, the Romish Church ignores, or keeps in the background; and which it is insinuated that our priest had never so much as heard of until it was propounded to him by a dying woman. Is there, we ask, can there be assigned, we ask, any limits to the mendacity of evangelical teachers, or to the simple credulity of their pupils? That the Romish priest, at all events who tells such a story as that put forth in the *Witness*, is a liar, all must admit—for he cannot be ignorant of the teachings of the Church, of the prayers which he daily offered up; and yet every converted priest tells the same story, to wit—that he renounced Romanism, because it taught that men must be saved wholly by their own works, and did not teach that Christ was our sole Saviour and Redeemer.

To be loved, the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church need but to be known; but known, not as they are given to the Protestant world in second hand, garbled quotations, dislocated or divorced from their context; but as they are to be found, living, and glowing with divine wisdom, and divine truth, and divine charity in her own formularies, liturgies and authorised books of devotion. Were the most prejudiced Protestant, for instance, but to read the Roman Missal, bearing in mind too that the Liturgy of the Catholic Church is a *daily* liturgy, that the prayers therein given are *daily* recited by the priest—he would at all events abandon his monstrous prejudice, that the Romish Church keeps Christ and His merits, His death and His atonement for sin, in the background, or concealed from her people; he would be forced to confess that in the Mass, her daily service, she ever preaches one and the same doctrine as that explicitly laid down in the Catechism of the Council of Trent:—

"Of himself the sinner is totally incapable of making satisfaction; we must therefore fly to the divine mercy; and as justice, of which God is most merciful, is an equal and corresponding attribute to mercy, we must have recourse to prayer, and to the advocacy of the passion of Christ, without which, no one ever obtained the pardon of sin; from which, as from its source, flow all the force and efficacy of

satisfaction. Such is the value of the price paid by Christ Our Lord on the Cross, and communicated to us through the Sacraments received either actually, or in desire, that it obtains and accomplishes for us the pardon of our sins."—Cat. Council of Trent, on the Lord's Prayer.

Will the *Witness* please take note of this, ere he again presume to write against Romish doctrine.

GARIBALDI'S TOUR.—Garibaldi, says a Florence letter of March 18, continues his progress. He was at Milan yesterday, and reached Turin at 11 last night. His latest prank, committed at Verona on the 11th, and excitingly related by the *Avanguardia*, the new organ of the Left, will hardly increase his prestige. It appears that on arriving at the station a child was presented to him by its parents to be baptized. He accepted the office. "I baptize thee," he said, "in the name of God and of the legislator Jesus; may thou become an apostle of truth. Love thy neighbor; assist the unfortunate; be strong to combat the tyrants of the conscience and of body; be worthy of the brave Othello, whose name I gave to thee; adieu!" The crowd frantically applauded.—Garibaldi was much affected by the enthusiastic reception he met with at Bologna. Asked whether he would return thither, he said that if he did so he should think he was returning to the bosom of his family.

DR. FULLER'S GREAT CHANGE.—However Dr. Fuller and the Orangemen of Toronto may congratulate themselves upon "the Great Change in Italy," economists and moralists will hardly join in their gratulations. The weakening of Catholic influence may, in the estimation of True Blueism cover a multitude of sin; but national bankruptcy and utter demoralization can hardly be atoned for, even by "the downfall of the Papacy." Supposing for a moment Priestcraft to be wholly the monster it is represented, surely it did its work better and cheaper and more mildly than the present model regime. In the simple matter of prisons and prisoners (the crowning accusation of Liberalism against Imperialism) the advantage to our mind appears decidedly upon the imperial side of the ledger. Doubtless Mr. Gladstone—the Don Quixote of the Bourbon windmills—is at this moment shut out from the continental world by the discordant din of Insular Reform, but we may faint hope, that in the first moment of repose the voice of upwards of 70,000 prisoners booming over the Alps, and breaking with its profane wailings the sacred stillness of their eternal snows, will penetrate across the fertile plains of France, even to the frescoed walls of St. Stephens to arouse him to action. Time was, when the voice of one man (Piero) sufficed to stir him, but in those days the sound travelled through the pure still air of Imperialism; now the thunder of 70,000 human voices rumbling through the disturbed electric atmosphere of liberalism is impotent to move. Shocked was the pious mind of the English Liberal by the bare mention of torture in Bourbon prisons; but "filthy and disgusting food"—"poisoned wine"—"fettered limbs"—"marks of torture on the body," all this in Liberal prisons proved and admitted by a Florence tribunal, have not yet had time to penetrate the exclusiveness of his liberalism. Seventeen million francs in seven years!—five and a-half millions sterling!—almost double the entire revenue of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, expended on the bagnios and prisons of a United Italy!—that United Italy not comprising Venetia, or the Duchy of Mantua! Surely Priestcraft with all its power, real and imaginary, never was equal to this.

But it is in its religious aspect, that "the great change" is most apparent and appalling. If there be aught of truth of reverence and of greatness in Christianity, it should not certainly be assailed in its very essence. Garibaldi's Baptism is simply the refinement of impiety—a refinement of which the Italian mind under "the great change" could alone be capable. And what a state of morals does this baptism reveal! Blasphemy unrepented in the glare of noon day, in open market-places, before the assembled thousands! Blasphemy in high places, amidst the noble, the educated the refined! Blasphemy carried to a degree of refinement never before dreamed of by the Christian mind. The parents of the child baptised—the self-ordained Arch-Priest of Liberty in his vestment of blood—the cortege of this raving patriot—the assembled crowds of Verona, all partaking by act assent, or by silence in this huge blasphemy. The cables of revealed religion may have been severed in Italy by too rude a storm—but Protestant ministers have surely small reason for gratulation, in beholding the noble vessel thus drifting into infidelity. Man has indeed the power to destroy, but God alone can create. It will therefore be but small cause for rejoicing, when the noble fabric of Catholicity, which has protected Italy from Goth and Vandal, and made her all she ever was or will be, shall be razed to the ground, to flod that it is at all times easier to walk round Jerusalem for the destruction of its battlements, than to rebuild.

SACERDOS.

The Sisters of Providence have published a report of their collection made on the recommendation of His Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese amongst all classes of our citizens.—The proceeds amount at this date, to \$5,920, for which the Sisters return their thanks to a generous public, both to individuals, and to the public institutions that have nobly contributed. The Sisters are about to carry on their good work in the rural districts of the diocese of Montreal.

WHAT DO THEY WANT NEXT?—We know not what to make of the Liberals or Protestant Reformers of Upper Canada. One would have naturally expected that the Union Bill just passed would have stopped their mouths, and silenced their clamors for a season at least.—They have got all that they were wont to ask for, and still they ask for more; "Give, Give" is still the burden of their song. They have got absolute control over their local affairs; they have got Representation by Population, and consequently a decided ascendancy in the Central Legislature—and yet are they not satisfied. They are still holding meetings, and laying down platforms, and passing resolutions, and girding up their loins, and Lord knows what not besides, as if they were the most ill-used and oppressed people on the face of the earth. They are indeed a "queer lot." Just look at this, which we copy from their organ the *Toronto Globe* of the 20th inst.

Mr. Scoble, M. P. P., is the speaker; the place, West Elgin; the cause of the gathering, a meeting of Reformers or Liberals to take preliminary measures for the coming elections.—When then thus Scoble:—

"You may ask me, what are the prominent questions to engage the attention of the Reform party in the coming contest?"—(A very natural question indeed.) "Representation by Population is at rest; Sectarian Schools have in some way been opened up, and I anticipate trouble on that question. What then is to be the new policy? Are we to adopt a 'no party cry.' No; most assuredly no. The political Millennium has not yet come, and Liberals have not yet accomplished all the great objects of the party." (The italics are our own)—"Cheers." So far then as I can discover, the functions of the Liberal party are: 1st. to advocate and enlarge the civil, political, and religious rights of the people, to the utmost extent compatible with good government."

We will pause here, and draw breath, for our astoundment is great, at the impudence, at the want of reticence on the part of this good Mr. Scoble; at the premature betrayal that he makes of the policy of himself, and his friends, and of the uses to which they intend to apply their newly obtained political ascendancy in the Legislature.

(1.) They—"the Liberals," so he assures us, and we believe him,—have not yet accomplished all the great objects of the party."

(2.) Their functions are to advance and enlarge the civil, political, and religious rights of the people.

(3.) Therefore there are certain "rights" in matter of religion which the Liberals claim for the people, but which in Upper Canada, at all events have not yet been realized.

What then are these "Religious Rights," of which hitherto the Liberals, or Protestant Reformers of U. Canada, have been, and still are deprived?

They can worship God as they please; and for that matter, they are free, in so far as man's laws can leave them free, not to worship God at all, or to worship the other party if that please them better. They can not be compelled, directly or indirectly, to contribute one cent towards the maintenance of any form of religion: no religious disabilities of any kind, legal or social, exist for Protestants in Upper Canada. What then are these Religious Rights—the vindication of which it is one of the functions of the Upper Canadian Liberals, in the new legislature, to accomplish?

Having no burdens to bear on their own shoulders, there is but one grievance but one restraint upon the exercise of their "Religious Rights," of which Mr. Scoble, and his party can complain. They cannot, and herein lies the gist of the matter, they cannot legally, at all events, impose burdens upon the Catholic minority: they cannot at present interfere with, or curtail the full exercise and development of the Catholic Church; they cannot make of her Ministers, tools of the State, to withhold or administer the Sacraments at the behest of the civil magistrate: they have not yet accomplished the great object of all Liberal statesman, that of asserting the supremacy of the State over the Church. This is what galls them, and hence these tears. So long as Mordecai salute him not, so long is the heart of Haman sad and troubled with him; so long will he not refrain from asserting his "rights" as he deems them, over the disrespectful, and contumacious servant of a Lord, greater than Haman's master. All else may go well with the would be persecutor; his ambition may seem to be satisfied: the robe of gold and scarlet for the man whom the King delighted to honor, may appear to be actually within his grasp; but until he shall have "put down" Mordecai, he feels that his functions "have not yet been accomplished." So is it with our good Mr. Scoble, and his friends the Liberals, or Protestant Reformers of Upper Canada. They have got all they asked for; and all that apparently, their hearts desired. Their political ascendancy is assured to them; but so long as a contumacious Church is able to assert its independence of them, and pursues its career calmly, indifferently, as if there were no Hamans, no Carous, no George Browns, no Scobles, no "Jacks in Office" big or little, in creation—so long are their hearts full of bitterness, and still they feel that one great object of Liberalism remains yet unaccomplished.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as agents for the *True Witness* in the undermentioned localities:—

- Mr. P. McEroy for Wolfe Island. Mr. Timothy Sullivan, for Ferguson's Falls and vicinity. Mr. James McOrn for Burnstown and vicinity.

La Minerve learns that Mr. Dion has sold his fire alarm apparatus patent to a person in the United States for the handsome sum of \$34,000.

Quebec Mercury says: It is expected that the Cabinet will assemble in Montreal or Ottawa on the 24th inst., to consider among other matters the action to be taken by the Executive in regard to the application for the commutation of the sentence of death, passed upon Provencher at Sorel for poisoning.



THE REFORMATION IN ITALY.—From the perusal of a work on the actual condition of Italy by a Protestant minister named Rev. J. A. Wylie, the Montreal Witness comes to the following conclusions:—

In Northern Italy, the people seem animated by the spirit of the Waldenses and the ancient Lombards; and the form which the Reformation "takes there is an effort towards ecclesiastical and political freedom."—Witness, 26th ult.  
In Central Italy, the people enjoy caricatures of the Pope and Catholic ecclesiastics; but "they care little for hearing the Gospel."—Id.  
In Southern Italy, and throughout the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, the movement "takes the form of the old atheistic pantheism. German pantheistic writers are eagerly studied, and Bible Christianity is rejected as of a piece with the mummeries of Roman Catholicism."  
In a "movement" of which the results are as above described, Protestants may perhaps be able to trace the "hand of God." We cannot. We see, or we fancy we see, the agency of the "other party;" and applying the test, "by their fruits shall ye know them," we conclude from the works of the Apostles of the Italian Reformation, to the devilish origin of their apostolic commission.

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY OF MONTREAL.—Mr. Valade, with as many of the School Commissioners as could conveniently attend, visited, in the course of last week, the Catholic Commercial Academy of this City, which is under the direction of Mr. U. E. Archambault, assisted by Messrs. P. Garnot, J. Archambault and W. McKay. This school has been attended, during the whole course, by upwards of a hundred students. The course of study pursued in this school is thoroughly commercial in all its branches. English and French reading, a most careful method of penmanship, arithmetic in all its branches, Book-Keeping, by single and double entry, Algebra, Geometry, History, Geography, Commercial Correspondence, and an extensive knowledge of literature in both languages—are taught in this school. The students answered in a most satisfactory manner in all these branches, and the Commissioners and Inspector could not but openly express their utmost satisfaction. This institution, established for some eight or nine years, has daily taken such growth and has been so efficacious that the Commissioners have been compelled to refuse thirty students from the country seeking admission, from want of accommodation. They intend to enlarge the establishment as soon as their pecuniary means shall permit them to do so. Students who at the end of their course have looked for employment in Montreal have always found advantageous situations in the best commercial houses of the city. Such also is the case this year, for those who have finished their studies have not only found remunerative, but also very desirable situations.  
This institution is called to fill a vacancy which unhappily existed too long in our French establishments of this city. It will also enable our youth to occupy most important positions in our commercial houses.—Com.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH, WOODSTOCK.

To the Editor of the Canadian Freeman.  
SIR,—It is but seldom that the readers of your valuable journal are favored with anything concerning the Catholics of Woodstock, but now I am happy to communicate the fact that the people of that town have commenced the good work of erecting a large brick church, of which the foundation was laid four years ago, but owing to certain circumstances they were unable until the present time to proceed with the building.  
On Sunday the 31st of March, His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton, the Right Rev. J. Farrell, D.D., laid and blessed the corner stone of the new church, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. G. Volkert, P. P., of Ingersoll, J. Bardou, of the Cathedral, Hamilton, and J. T. Wagner, P. P., of Windsor. High Mass was celebrated in the Town Hall at 9 o'clock, by the Rev. J. T. Wagner, after which His Lordship preached a very eloquent and impressive sermon, appropriate to the occasion. Long will his words be remembered by the assembled faithful; and let us hope that their effect will not be lost on our dissenting brethren, who formed a large portion of the congregation. Immediately after the sermon, His Lordship and the clergy proceeded to the church ground, followed by the immense congregation, where the ceremony of laying the corner stone was performed, after which His Lordship addressed the people on the importance of having the church completed at an early day, so that it may be the first church consecrated by the new Bishop of the diocese. The singing of the Ingersoll choir, whose services were kindly given on the occasion was much admired. Miss M. V. Flynn ably presided at the organ. There is no doubt but the new church will soon be completed, since our energetic and much beloved pastor, Father Volkert, has commenced it; and but for him the Catholics of Woodstock would much longer bear the reproach that they had not a suitable place to assemble to assist at the holy sacrifice of Mass.  
The generosity of the Protestant portion of the community cannot be too highly spoken of, as many of them have subscribed liberally to assist the building of the Church.  
In the afternoon His Lordship and the clergy came to Ingersoll. Pontifical Vespers were sung in the evening. The Bishop again preached to a densely crowded congregation. After the sermon Benediction with the most Blessed Sacrament was given.  
J. O'D.

A curious occurrence has taken place at St. Catharines. A drill shed in the course of erection was nearly completed, but not taken off the contractors' hands. The recent heavy fall of snow brought a pressure on the roof, equal, it is computed, to 3,000 tons when the whole building collapsed, and now lies a mass of ruins.

IRISH GRIEVANCES.

To the Editor of the Leader.

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE,  
Toronto, April 6, 1867.

Sir,—As you were good enough to permit the insertion of two letters from "An Irishman in Canada," you will be kind enough to insert a reply. I could not, under ordinary circumstances, take notice of an anonymous communication taking me to task, were not the false ideas of your correspondent so widely circulated, and so innocently believed by many persons who wish for fairplay for all people; but I think I shall serve the cause of truth, justice and humanity by stating the cause of Irish discontent. I would remark, as a preface to my observations, that it would be far better and show more loyalty to acknowledge frankly and at once the wrongs of Ireland, and help the peace-loving and loyal people of Ireland to obtain redress of their grievances from the British Parliament than to ignore and laugh at them. Such taunts sting bitterly the hearts of the injured, and lend another excuse to the revolutionary party to pursue their mad project. In Canada we are already paying heavily for Irish discontent—millions of dollars, and valuable lives, too, and how much more no one can tell. In this case we are as a father and son lashed at the same stake: the strokes that miss the father cut the tender flesh of the boy. Therefore, I say that we in Canada would help England, Ireland, and Canada itself, were we to help the peace-loving Irish to obtain redress of their grievances by Constitutional means.

"An Irishman in Canada" asserts that there is no difference whatever in the form of Government in England and Ireland, and the same laws are in force in both countries, &c., &c., &c.—in fact that Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen are precisely and in every particular in the same political condition. There are so many assertions in this paragraph so utterly false, that I conclude the gentleman who penned it must not be a member of the British Parliament, nor an Irish student of law, nor a constant reader of the London Times. How many acts of parliament have reference only to Ireland, and to Irish affairs? You could hardly afford me space were I to take assertion after assertion and show their fallacy. I would refer your correspondent to tracts published by the Irish League, and edited by O'Neil Daunt. In this peaceful league are the R. C. Bishops and Catholic gentry of Catholic Ireland. The land tenure is not the same in Ireland as in England. English possesses all the land in England; not so the Irish in Ireland. The English landlords make all improvements, build houses for their tenants, &c., or allow in the rent the value of the improvements which render the land more valuable. In Ireland the poor tenants have to make all improvements; and moreover can be dispossessed at any time, not being allowed one shilling for their improvements—a frequent occurrence in Ireland, where the landlord too often becomes iniquitously enriched by the sweat and outlay of the impoverished tenant. The Irish farmers sometimes act as other men would having no lease; they make as little improvement as possible. But then the consequences to a farmer paying an exorbitant rent! Let a bad year or two come and he is ruined, and the landlord is not exempt from loss. There is no use in talking of the land bargain.—The Irish farmer must either take the land at the landlord's rate or emigrate. He is like a poor man obliged to borrow money from a usurer—borrow, starve, or emigrate. Many hold on to the home of their ancestors to keep their family together though all adversity as long as they can. The Kamschatkan loves his home. The tenant votes for any other than his landlord's proteges for parliamentary honors—eviction! He refuses to send his children to the school of his landlord's choice—eviction! The tenant, confiding in natural justice makes improvements in the land, the land consequently becomes more valuable, but more valuable for the landlord! *res fructificat Domino!* The unfortunate tenant gets notice that the rent must be raised as the farm is of greater value. He remonstrates; the land is of greater value on account of the outlay of the tenant. No matter—eviction or an exorbitant and unjust rent. I recollect the case of a rich farmer in the county Dublin who had made vast improvements on his rented farm. He built coach-houses, stables, &c., &c., of stone and covered them with slate. His lease expired and he was demanded such an exorbitant advance on his old rent that he concluded he could not live and pay the rent demanded. He carried away as many of the moveables as he could, and his exasperated children did what harm they could to the barns, &c., &c. Such destruction was made a felony by an act of parliament soon afterwards: the British parliament during the last twenty years has made many enactments in favor of the landlords—not one to protect the tenants. The landlords are the members of parliament, and no wonder that they take care of themselves, suffer who may. Have we ever heard that in England 270,000 houses were razed to the ground, and as many poor families thrown on the roadside to perish or seek the poor-house or emigrate, to swell the numbers of the enemies of a government which favored such iniquity? Two hundred and seventy thousand houses of the poor of Ireland were levelled by the "crow bar brigade" as they were called in Ireland! British officers at length remonstrated at being called upon to aid the "levelers." They could no longer prevent their tears from mingling with those of the houseless poor. How would our beloved Queen have stood these scenes? This levelling happened not one hundred years ago, but according to official statistics presented to the House of Commons between the years 1841 and 1851, including the years of the famine. This levelling partially continues. In the bitterness of my heart, in viewing the spiritual and temporal evils arising from the consequences of a wholesale emigration of an impoverished people, such as would have befallen any other people in the same circumstances, be they English, French, or Scotch, I wrote a few years ago, a private letter [which afterwards became public] to the bishops and clergy of Ireland, with the view that they, with

their people, might beg a remedy from the British Parliament for the prime cause of the evil; but the clergy of Ireland, after thanking me for my letter, declared that they were utterly unable to do anything in the case. I pointed out very plainly the political consequences of this forced movement of an exasperated people, and events since have justified my well-founded apprehensions. Would that a few years ago the same measures of relief for Ireland as now are proposed were enacted. In England landed proprietors reside, and have a friendly care of their tenants amongst them. The Queen and Royal family reside and appear from time to time, and cultivate friendly relations with their people. In Ireland, on the contrary, the lords of the soil too frequently reside elsewhere and £4,000,000 sterling are yearly spent out of the country by absentees in gay capitals of Europe. The Chinese are objected to because they do not spend the gold in the country in which they earn it. The Revenue of Ireland is spent for the most part in England. Ships of war are built there; clothing, &c., &c. of the army are manufactured there—all of which would be made in Ireland if that country enjoyed self-government. The relative state burdens laid on England and Ireland according to parliamentary returns of 1853 is  $4s \frac{3}{4}$  in the pound sterling upon the assessed income of England, whilst it is  $6s \frac{3}{4}$  in the pound sterling upon the Irish.

In an agricultural country with few manufactures—England having monopolized that branch of trade, all would be fair and even encouraging if Ireland had her fair share in the national expenditure even if her own surplus revenue were expended within her borders. Ireland is, in fact, paying out of her capital and not out of her income. Laws are made in England for Ireland by a Parliament in which the great majority are Englishmen and Scotchmen who differ from her in interests, in religion, in nationality and in sympathy. The subject of Turkey and the East, though it be, never fails to command an amount of attention in the British Parliament, commensurate with the interests involved; and strange as it may seem, more is known by British people of Turkey, her laws, circumstances, needs and forthcoming, than of those infinitely more important regions whose population are subject to British rule. 'Laws are made in England for Ireland,' said the learned and witty Curran, 'and sent over there as cargo of shoes to fit whom they may.' Too many of them pinch.

The second proposition of your correspondent 'that there is only one grievance in Ireland' which, after all, as he says, is only 'sentimental,' is also false. The Established Church in Ireland is not the only grievance, and it is, moreover, false to say that it is only sentimental. Is it merely a sentimental grievance, to be obliged to pay money for articles which you never bargained for, that you refused to receive as valueless, that you consider noxious? The heavy burden of the Established Church is a real charge on the lands, and the tiller of the land, the Catholics, generally must pay in the last analysis the salary of the ministers of the Protestant Church. Cardinal Gullen is the owner in fee simple of his mansion in Dublin. It is only a sentimental grievance that attacks his Eminence yearly when he has to pay a large amount to the incumbent of the Protestant parish in which he lives. 'One of the hardest things I have to do in the year,' said the superior of a convent near Dublin to me, 'is to pay £16 to a Protestant minister to take care of our souls.' Thousands of Catholics in Ireland have to do that hard thing. Sentimental grievance, forsooth! Would the Protestants of Upper Canada consider it only a sentimental grievance to pay to the Roman Catholic clergy a heavy land charge? Or would the Canadian Catholics who form so overwhelming a majority as the Catholics in Ireland do would they not consider it an intolerable grievance to pay tithes to the Protestant ministers and see their cathedrals and glebe lands in their hands. Your correspondent said that nothing could be more groundless than the notion that any but an insignificant faction of Irishmen desired to have an Irish parliament in Dublin. This I consider false, if we take into account the Irish people. If we take the English landlords in Ireland as an Irish nation, then the proposition of your correspondent may be true. I know the people of Ireland thoroughly, as well at least as your correspondent. What was the cause of the late Canadian difficulties? The Upper Canadians did not want to be legislated for, as they said, by the Lower Canadians, though they had an equal number of members of parliament. Lower Canadians would never consent to have themselves governed by a parliament in which a Protestant country [Upper Canada] should have more members. I heard an intelligent and representative man in Lower Canada say 'that they would fight first.' The way Catholic Ireland is governed by Protestant England, said he, taught us a lesson. To remove the difficulty, Lower Canada is to have its own local parliament and Upper Canada its own; and confederate legislation for all imperial questions. Ought Ireland have ideas that other people, wishing to retain their rights and nationality, have not? Is patriotism a crime in an Irishman and a noble virtue in every other man? I need not refer to the wife Garribaldi was fetter in England. The Irish are an affectionate people. They cannot forget their country and their kindred at home. The poor emigrant's first earnings find their way to Ireland. From official statistics I find that five millions dollars are yearly sent to encure their relations, to keep cabins over their heads, or to pay their passages out. Ireland has no effective representation in the British Parliament; and I look with pity on a true Irishman in its halls. Vincent Scully, M.P., counted the Irish Catholic members of parliament of late years—they have fallen off from 45 to 30. The landlord class is represented and the bulk of the people misrepresented, and their wants and interests ignored. Before the union the Irish were subject to the British crown; now they are subject to the English people. In an English parliament, assembled April 4th, 1856 Lord Palmerston, in the house of Commons, uttered these memorable words:—'Every member of parliament must know that for a long series of years Ireland has been the victim of the misgovernment of this country.'

Lord Derby is reported to have said (when in opposition) 'that Ireland was occupied not governed.'  
I will briefly state a few of the grievances of Ireland at the risk of repetition, for the matter is important, and the times pregnant with difficulties.  
1st. The tenants in Ireland are grievously wronged. Out of 800,000 tenants in Ireland, only 20,000 have leases of their lands. They have no legal security against the oppression and injustice of their landlords. I have said enough on this subject above.  
2nd. The Protestant Established church in Catholic Ireland is a 'wrong' and an 'absurdity.' Alas! poor Ireland has been too long governed by the rule of absurdities. Sydney Smith said of this Established church that such an abuse is not to be met with in all Europe, in all Asia, in all the known part of Africa, nor in all we have heard of Timbuctoo. The London Times recently said, that there was no argument in heaven or on earth for it. Still, it has worked its worst in Ireland over three hundred years, and continues. Let every denomination support its own church. What should we think of a law that would oblige a man to pay his neighbor's bills, even on a road that be considered led him in a wrong direction? We would consider it not binding, at least, in conscience.  
3rd. Absenteeism is another grievance, or the consequence of a grievance, Ireland not governing herself. Four millions of pounds sterling are spent by absentee landlords out of Ireland, that produces that amount from its soil and the hard earnings of the poor Irish farmer go to enrich some other country than his own.  
Hence—  
4th. The stagnation in trade, business and industrial pursuits, except agriculture; a lack of employment for the people, as men of capital live out of the country. England of course, is mostly benefited by this state of things. I have been in many countries, and I most solemnly say that I have nowhere seen peasantry so ill fed, clothed and housed, as in Ireland. After defraying all local expenditure, Ireland is obliged to remit annually out of her taxation about three millions sterling for Imperial—that is English purposes.  
5th. The population of Ireland was in the Year. Population. Revenue paid.  
1841..... 3,191,597 £4,158,677  
1851..... 6,574,278 £4,324,865  
1861..... 5,798,967 £6,792,806  
or 10s 10d per head.  
or 13s 2d per head.  
or £1 3s 5d per head  
These figures show legislation with a vengeance. The population of 1-61 counted a little more than five and a half millions, whilst the taxes amounted to over six and a half millions, or six dollars per head.  
6th. Education is not on its proper footing. The governmental colleges were not instituted for the greatness of the people of Ireland, who are Catholics, but rather to prevent them. The denominational system prevails in England. Trinity College, Dublin, is adapted to Protestant only. It is endowed with one million acres of Irish land that formerly belonged to the Catholic Church. Four other colleges apply to med Godless, are not suited for the people of Ireland. The national school system is only tolerated by the Catholic bishops, who were obliged even to forbid Catholic aspirant teachers to go to the Normal schools, as their faith was there tampered with by a Protestant system of undermining.  
7th. The Catholic University of Dublin, founded and supported by Catholic money, cannot obtain a charter, because it is a purely Catholic institution though for an eminently Catholic country. What would be thought of a government that would refuse a charter to the Laval University of Quebec? Here colleges of all denominations are subsidized by the state. Only one is endowed in Ireland, Maynooth College; and the Government well knows the reason why. It is almost too humiliating to mention some ridiculous and insulting enactments against the Catholic clergy.  
8th. A Catholic bishop in Ireland or England cannot, without subjecting himself to a heavy fine or imprisonment, sign after his name the title of the see that he spiritually governs and for which he was consecrated. A priest cannot officiate with sacred ceremonies in the old graveyards of Ireland,—may, even over the corpse of his own mother—without incurring a so called law and subjecting himself to pains and penalties. A case of this kind recently occurred at a soldiers funeral in Ireland. The British officer commanding interfered with the Protestant incumbent's headie who notified the priest to desist. By the manly interference of the officer, promising to take all responsibility on himself, the Catholic service was read over a brave Irish Catholic British soldier. A touching custom prevails in Ireland, and in no other country that I know of. The priests there repeat after mass at the altar, the 'De Profundis,' for the souls of the faithful departed, as they cannot say that prayer at the graves of those who die in the Lord and are buried in the old Irish graveyards of their ancestors. A layman is not prohibited to pray at tombs. Being yet a child I performed my first semi-civil act in the graveyard adjoining the ruined Jarfield castle chapel in Lucan, county Dublin, by repeating the De Profundis, whilst going round the graveyard following the corpse of a school-mate. It was also the custom of blessed clay thrown into the coffin of the dead, who were of course, to be buried without the blessing of a tomb.  
The Irish ask, when they come to this country, how is it that under the same flag of England, the laws is that so different. I repeat again, if Ireland was governed on the same liberal principles as Canada, Ireland and her sons would be an honour and strength to the British Empire, and not a difficulty at home and abroad. Difficulties stare us in the face. Nations may surround themselves with their armies, navies and bulwarks; but can they shield themselves from the arm of justice? Justice and truth are the bulwarks of a kingdom. 'An Irishman in Canada' speaks of emigration. I do not wish to discourage a healthy emigration, particularly of the Catholic Irish, as they are spreading the true faith in many lands. I have raised my voice against a wholesale and improvident emigration. Ireland has been proved time after time to be able to sustain from fifteen to twenty millions of inhabitants, were all the lands reclaimed and properly tilled. During the famine, we find in governmental statistics, that more food in grain, cattle and general provisions were exported from Ireland than would amply supply food for more persons than perished by the famine. (Statistic quoted in notes in the appendix to the sermon of M. Dupanloup). A poor emigrant speaking on this subject said to one of my priests: 'I thought I knew that in three months myself and wife and children would starve, as the potatoes rotted so fast, yet we had to sell every grain of wheat to pay the landlord the rent. My poor wife and children died, and here I am left in the world alone.'  
In conclusion, as a lover of peace and the British constitution, and in our own interest I propose that we get up a petition to our Gracious Sovereign the Queen to remedy the evils of Ireland and thereby create peace to dwell there, and relieve Canada from great expense and disquietude. A voice from Toronto would show that we do not despair of seeing the evils of Ireland redressed constitutionally, and would have a telling effect in England. So think many good and loyal men who wish to see Ireland dependent on the British Crown as Canada is, an honor and strength to it. It would be unworthy in a Christian Bishop to have denunciations for revolutionary chiefs and their poor misguided dupes, and not a word of reproof for the oppressors of the poor. Our denunciations will be buried back at us as long as the evils remain unredressed. The British Parliament has in its power by a few acts, to effectually give peace to Ireland and remove from us the heavy burden of protecting our country and our homes.

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I have neither time nor inclination to answer a y more communications on this subject. Those who may require further proofs and information, I refer to Parliamentary returns, and pamphlets by the 'Irish National League.'  
I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
JOHN JOSEPH LYONS,  
Bishop of Toronto.

Fire.—About 10 45 on Sunday evening a fire occurred in a number of wooden dwellings and sheds lying between Murray and McCord streets, and respectively owned by Mr. O'Neil and Mr. M. Cannon. The houses numbering five or six were on McCord street, and the damage by fire was principally confined to the roofs. The board sheds on the other street were more or less damaged. By great exertions the Fire Police prevented the flames from spreading, and we understand the property was insured, though not to the full amount.—Telegraph  
VERY UNHEALTHY.—Dead dogs are again noticed as lying about in a large numbers in Ontario street near St. Constant street, and neighborhood. Chenneville and many such streets are in an indescribably filthy state, and the people seem to make it a habit to empty slops and the refuse of the kitchen directly in front of their doors. In one of these streets the other day within a space of ten yards a gentleman counted two

dead dogs, the wings and entrails of fowls, besides a large hole in the snow which had been used as a cess pool during the winter. The smell was very strong and could not be healthy, although the residents in the house seemed to rather like it, for this filthy hole was only two yards from the front door.—Id.

DISASTROUS.—We would call the attention of the police to a number of rowdies who collect every fine evening at Pooley's Bridge and annoy those who have to pass that way with their remarks. Ladies are afraid to pass the bridge after dark for fear of being insulted, and as the rowdies occupy the narrow sidewalk pedestrians are obliged to step into the muddy street to get past them.—Ottawa Citizen

QUACK, April 13.—A man named Graham about 30 years of age, lost his life through accident, while conversing with others in Baldwin's ship yard yesterday forenoon. Several men were engaged in hoisting a large piece of timber, when one of the guy ropes slipped, and the timber falling heavily upon the unfortunate man, crushed him below. Medical assistance was called in, but proved of no avail, life being extinct.

GUNBOATS.—The gunboats on the lakes are all ready for cruising as soon as the ice permit. At present the *Heron* is the only boat that can leave harbor. The following are the officers in charge of the British gunboats:—*Heron*, Lieutenant Solly; *Britomart*, Lieutenant Allington; *Cherub*, Lieutenant Huntley.—The Provincial gunboats have been manned from the *Aurora* as follows:—*Prince-Alfred*, Lieutenant Douglass, 3 officers, 1 surgeon, 2 engineers and 64 men; *Rescue*, Lieutenant Fairlie 2 officers, 2 engineers, and 48 men; *Hercules*, Lieutenant Hooper, 2 officers, 1 surgeon, 2 engineers, and 50 men. These boats have been in charge of Mr. Wyatt, Government Agent since they were laid up last fall. It is expected another boat will be placed on the St. Lawrence river when navigation opens.

RONNING THE LETTERS.—At the Spring Assizes held in Berlin last week, a young man named Black, well formerly in the employ of Mr. Jeffrey as telegraph operator and assistant in the Post Office, Berlin, was placed on his trial charged with abstracting money from a post letter in October last. He was found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the penitentiary.—*Coburg Star*.

A NOBLE BOY.—Near the British school at Godalming, there is a branch of the river Wey some six feet in depth. While the boys attending the school were at play on Friday, one of their number, Charles Best, a youth about nine years of age, fell into the water. As the poor little fellow was disappearing for the second time, another boy, about ten, named Wm. Shelton, courageously jumped in the water and most gallantly rescued his companion. It was all done very quickly, but those who witness the rescue, say it was a splendid sight. It was decided to present the boy with a medal, to be purchased by penny subscriptions.—*Perth Herald*.

MONOMONISM.—It may be asked of what advantage can it be to this community to hear a lecture on a delusion which is not likely ever to lead away people of common sense. It is nevertheless true that they are in this city those who have relations now in Salt Lake City, and from 5 to 6000 of our country people from Great Britain are annually recruited in England to swell the number of Brigham Young's followers. So systematic have been the reports of the Mormon apostles that they have opened a public hall in Kingston, which is nightly filled with people listening to the lying promises of these preachers.—*Montreal Herald*.

Remittances in our next.

Died,  
On the 11th inst., Francis Phillip, youngest son of Daniel McEntyre, aged 2 years 3 months and 25 days.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS  
Montreal, April 16, 1867.  
Flour—Pollards, \$4.50 to \$5.00; Middling, \$6.50 \$6.60; Pine, \$6.90 to \$7.10; Super., No. 2 \$8.00 to \$8.10; Superfine \$8.50 to \$8.75; Fancy \$8.25 to \$8.50; Extra \$8.75 to \$9.00; Superior Extra \$9.00 to \$9.25; Bag Flour, \$4.10 to \$4.22 per 100 lbs.  
Oats per bush. of 200 lbs., worth \$5.60 to \$5.75. Wheat per bush. of 60 lb.—Rang. for U. S. Spring according to samples \$1.70 to \$1.75.  
Peas per 60 lbs.—Market dull; the quotation per 60 lbs. is about 82c to 84c.  
Oats per bush. of 32 lbs.—Worth 40c to 42c.  
Barley per 48 lbs.—Market dull, at 53c to 57c.  
Rye per 56 lbs.—\$1.  
Corn per 56 lbs.—\$1.00 to \$1.02 1/2.  
Ashes per 100 lbs.—First Pots \$5.95 to \$6.00 Seconds, \$5.30 to \$5.40; Thirds, \$4.30 to 4.40.—First Peas, \$8.20 to \$8.25.  
Pork per bush. of 200 lbs.—Mess, \$19.50 to \$20;—Prime Mess, \$12.50; Prime, \$13 to \$14.  
Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs.—A sale of four loads of choice carcases, to arrive, at \$5.30 bankable funds.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.  
April 9, 1867.  
a. d. a. d.  
Flour, country, per quintal, ... 22 0 to 22 6  
Oatmeal, do ... 13 6 to 14 0  
Indian Meal, do ... 0 6 to 11 3  
Wheat, per min., ... 0 0 to 0 0  
Barley, do, (new) ... 2 0 to 2 6  
Peas, do, ... 4 6 to 5 0  
Oats, do, ... 2 3 to 2 6  
Butter, fresh, per lb. ... 1 2 to 1 3  
Do, salt do ... 0 7 to 0 8  
Beans, small white, per min ... 0 0 to 0 0  
Potatoes per bag ... 6 0 to 6 3  
Onions, per minot, ... 0 0 to 4 0  
Lard, per lb ... 0 8 to 0 9  
Beef, per lb ... 0 4 to 0 6  
Pork, do ... 0 5 to 0 6  
Mutton do ... 0 6 to 0 7 1/2  
Lamb, per do ... 0 4 to 0 6  
Eggs, fresh, per dozen ... 0 9 to 0 10  
Hog, per 100 bundles, ... \$7.00 to \$8.00  
Straw ... \$3.00 to \$6.50  
Beef, per 100 lbs, ... \$6.00 to \$9.00  
Pork, fresh, do, ... \$5.50 to \$7.25  
Milk Cows, ... \$26.00 to \$28.00  
Hogs, live-weight, ... \$5.00 to 00 00  
Dressed hogs, ... \$5.50 to \$6.00

THE NEW MONTH OF MARY;  
OR,  
REFLECTIONS FOR EACH DAY OF THE MONTH on the different titles applied to the Holy Mother of God in the Litany of Loretto. Principally designed for the Month of May. By the Very Rev. P. R. KENNEDY. Price 50 cents.  
D. & J. SADDLER,  
Montreal.

WANTED,  
By a young Lady, provided with a Diploma from the Normal School, capable of teaching both languages, a Situation as TEACHER.  
Address, (if by letter post paid) to Sec-Treasurer of Schools, Craig's Road, St. Sylvester.  
St. Sylvester, April 5, 1867.

INFORMATION WANTED,  
OF PETER O'REELLY, who left Montreal 3 years ago. Supposed to be in the vicinity of London O.W., in the employement of a Mr. John Cooke, horse dealer.  
Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his widowed mother,  
MRS. O'REELLY,  
No. 4, Smith Street Montreal, O.R.  
U. C. papers please copy.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.—The health of the Prince Imperial continues to improve... The report that General Fleury is about to be sent on a mission to Vienna is denied... The Times Paris correspondent says:—The Legislative Assembly has examined the Bill for the organization of the army...

down, and will not be put down for a long time to come. It is always ready to commence... The Fenian revolution is not an agitation for Reform, which may be satisfied by a Reform Bill... RUMORS CONCERNING THE GRAND DUCHE OF LUXEMBOURG.—The following article on the subject in a local paper, the Courrier de Grand Duché will repay perusal:—Our future destiny is again occupying public attention...

their character, their interests, their climate, all differ. The identity of the masses suggested to gain autonomy, in circumstances so dissimilar, betrays an importation from without... The Fenian agitation must be considered, as a symptom of the time; neither in its essence, its organization, or its mode of action, has it sprung from the heart of the Irish nation... SPAIN.—The Spanish Government refuses to yield to the demand made by England for indemnity and satisfaction in the case of the steamer Tornado... ITALY.—The speech by which the King of Italy opened his new Parliament on Friday last differs only as to the form, not as to the substance...

iniquities perpetrated against the Church by the invaders of Umbria; and it fell to his lot to be dragged from his bed to prison on the early morning of the 11th of June, 1864, and to remain in prison in his own city for ten months... AUSTRIA.—The marriage of the hereditary Prince Humbert with the niece of the Emperor of Austria is now accepted as among the events soon to take place... PRUSSIA.—The Times Berlin correspondent says: In Berlin and all Germany, Count Bismarck has reached the highest step in the ladder of renown in consequence of divulging the secret treaties... RUSSIA.—The London Standard says, it is currently reported at St. Petersburg that an offensive and defensive alliance has been concluded between Prussia and Russia...

The pork disease (Trichinosis) is again coming into public notice, and several alarming cases are reported as having occurred in Massachusetts... The Chicago Republican of the 26th ult. says:—A little child, four years old, taken from the poor house, was beaten with straps and boards, knug up the wall, plunged into water, and exposed to cold, until frozen to death... JAWS RISKS.—At an indignation meeting in Richmond, Va., against the Insurance Companies that refuse to take 'Jaws Risks,' Mayor Mayo said that 'he had been in the insurance business many years in Richmond; had most of his dealings with the Jewish people; and could bear testimony to the uprightness and honesty of their conduct... MASSACHUSETTS CIVILIZATION.—Stripping and flogging of young girls in New England a hoos, having been exposed by the report of Co-missioners, the system of punishment is remodelled on a plan truly puritanical and saintly... THE DESPOTIC PRESENT.—The World says: 'The Constitution declares, with as much emphasis as it says anything, that the habeas corpus shall not be suspended except in times of rebellion or invasion. There being no rebellion, it was not to have been expected that the South would be again put under martial law... UNITED STATES.—The members of the Legislature of Pennsylvania have voted to increase their pay to \$25 a day. A Pittsburg paper says of the operation, that the people are only important in these days as paymasters... NEW YORK, April 9.—The Herald's Buffalo special says: the commandant of the military forces at Fort Erie, has notified the authorities that a prominent engineer, connected with the Fenian organization, has been taking plans of the frontier below the Suspension Bridge, and asks for reinforcements to be stationed at the Village of Niagara and Suspension Bridge. It is feared the Fenians intend making another movement... THE N. Y. Sun says the crime of infanticide has become so common in that city as to demand special regulations for its arrest and prevention. Two or three cases a day are frequently reported, but no adequate steps are taken for the detection or punishment of those who are guilty of this heinous offence against innocence and helplessness... As an example of the benevolent and gentle disposition of the population of New Jersey may be quoted the following fact: A gentleman saw a man gathering what appeared to be mushrooms. Seeing that they were poisonous he warned the man, with some warmth, telling him that they were poisonous. The countryman smiled and replied, 'Thanks for your kindness, but I am not going to eat them, but sell them... WASHINGTON, April 9.—The Senate late this afternoon, after an elaborate debate, in which the Russian-American treaty; seven votes only being in the negative... The Petersburg Index says of George Washington:—'Better for the South had he never been born, and that for three generations this people joyously envied, had been learning to bear the mild despotism of—The British crown.'







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

REMOVAL. KEARNEY & BRO., PLUMBERS, GAS & STEAMFITTERS, TIN & SHEET IRON WORKERS, &c. HAVE REMOVED TO NO. 675 CRAIG STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF BUREAU, MONTREAL. JOBBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO. Montreal, April 11, 1867.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL. DIRECTORS: HUBERT PARE, Esq., President; Alexis Dubord, Esq., Louis Comte, Esq., Michel Lefebvre, Esq., L. A. H. Latour, Joseph Laramee, Andre Lapierre, F. J. Dursand.

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

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

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

FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, THE TOWEL, AND THE BATH. THE MOST AGRÉABLE & REFRESHING OF ALL PERFUMES. A quarter of a century, maintained its ascendancy over all other Perfumes, throughout the W. Indies, Mexico, Central and South America, &c., &c.; and we confidently recommend it as an article which, for soft delicacy of flavor, richness of bouquet, and permanency, has no equal.

IMPORTANT NEW WORKS.

THE LIVES AND TIMES OF THE ROMAN PONTIFFS, from St. Peter to Pius IX. Translated from the French of Chevalier D'Artaud de Montor. Published with the approbation of the Most Rev. John McCloskey, D.D., Archbishop of New York. Illustrated with Forty Steel Engravings, made expressly for the Work. Complete in Forty Numbers. Price, 20 cents each, or in Two Super Royal 8vo. volumes: \$10.00.

S. MATTHEWS, MERCHANT TAILOR. BEGS leave to inform his Patrons and the Public generally that he will for the present manage the business for his brother, at NO. 40 ST. JOHN STREET. As all goods are bought for Cash, Gentlemen purchasing at this Establishment will save at least Twenty per cent.

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

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

W. O. FARMER, ADVOCATE. 41 Little St. James Street, MONTREAL. WRIGHT & BROGAN, NOTARIES, OFFICE: -38 St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL.

JOSEPH J. MURPHY, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in-Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c., OTTAWA, O.W. Collections in all parts of Western Canada promptly attended to. June 22, 1866.

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

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

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864. In the matter of JOSEPH L'EUUYER, Trader, St. Antoine Abbe, O.E., Insolvent.

THE Creditors of the Insolvent are notified that he has made an assignment of his estate and effects, under the above Act, to me, the undersigned Assignee, and they are required to furnish me, within two months from this date, with their claims, specifying the security they hold, if any, and the value of it; and if none stating the fact; the whole attested under oath, with the vouchers in support of such claims.

T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee, Montreal, 26th of March 1867.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. [Established in 1826.] THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Planatories, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a circular. Address R. MENEELY, West Troy, N. Y.

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

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

Parents and guardians, who favor him with the care of their children, may rest assured there will be no opportunity omitted to promote both the literary and moral Education of his pupils. Mr Keegan will give PRIVATE LESSONS in any of the various branches of an ENGLISH education to young Ladies in his own house, No. 63, McCORD STREET, each evening, from half-past Four to half-past Six o'clock.

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

DEALS! DEALS!! DEALS!!! 50,000 Cull Deals, CHEAP, FOR CASH. J. LANE & CO., St. Roch, Quebec. Nov. 9, 1865.

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

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

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

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA. TRAINS NOW LEAVE BONAVENTURE STREET STATION as follows: GOING WEST. Day Express for Ogdensburg, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Ottawa and all points West, at 9.30 A.M.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST. Accommodation Train for Kingston and intermediate Stations, at 7.00 A.M. Express for Boston and intermediate points, connecting at St. Johns with the Vermont Central Railroad, at 8.30 A.M.

Express for Island Pond and intermediate Stations, at 2.00 P.M. Express by Railway throughout for New York, Boston, and all intermediate points connecting at St. Johns with Vermont Central Railroad, at Burlington with the Rutland & Burlington Railroad, also with the Lake Champlain Steamboats for Lake George, Saratoga New York, &c, at 3.15 P.M.

Night Express for Three Rivers, Quebec, River du Loup, and Portland at 10.10 P.M. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Feb. 2, 1867.

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

ESTABLISHED 1832. BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA IN LARGE BOTTLES, The Celebrated Preparation for PURIFYING THE BLOOD AND HUMORS. Especially recommended for use during spring and summer when the greasy secretions of the fall and winter months render the system liable to fevers and other dangerous diseases.

BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA Is also a safe and reliable remedy for all Eruptions and Skin Diseases; for every phase of Scrofula, whether immediate or hereditary; for Old Sores, Boils, Ulcers, Tumors, and Abscesses, and for every stage of Secret Disease, even in its worst form. It also a sure and reliable remedy for SALT RHEUM, RING WORM, TETTER, SOALD HEAD, Scoury, White Swellings, Nervous and General Debility of the System, and all Affections of the Liver, Fever and Ague, Bilious Fevers, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague and Jaundice. It is guaranteed to be the PUREST AND MOST POWERFUL PREPARATION OF GENUINE HONDURAS SARSAPARILLA, and is the best medicine for the cure of all diseases arising from a vitiated or impure state of the blood. The afflicted may rest assured that there is NOT THE LEAST PARTICLE OF MINERAL, MERCURIAL, or any other poisonous substance in this medicine. It is perfectly harmless, and may be administered in all kinds of weather, rainy or dry, to persons in the very weakest stages of sickness, or to the most helpless infants, without doing the least injury. Full directions how to take this most valuable medicine will be found on the label of each bottle.

BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA IS FOR SALE IN THE ESTABLISHMENTS OF Devins & Bolton, Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, Davidson & Co., John Gardner, Lyman, Clark & Co., Druggists. Also by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS. Purely Vegetable. The need of a safe and perfectly reliable purgative medicine has long been felt by the public, and it is a source of great satisfaction to us that we can, with confidence, recommend our BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS, as combining all the essentials of a safe, thorough and agreeable family cathartic. They are prepared from the very finest quality of medicinal roots, herbs, and plants, the active principles or parts that contain the medicinal value being chemically separated from the inert and useless fibrous portions that contain no virtue whatever. Among these medicinal agents we may name PODOPHYLLIN, which has proved to possess a most wonderful power over the Liver, and all the bilious secretions. This, in combination with LEPTANDRIN and other highly valuable vegetable extracts and drugs, constitutes a purgative Pill that is greatly superior to any medicine of the kind heretofore offered to the public. BRISTOL'S VEGETABLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS will be found a safe and speedy remedy in all such cases as Piles, Headache, Jaundice, Bad Breath, Foul Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Liver Complaint, Habitual Costiveness, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heartburn and Flatulency, Dropsy of Limbs or Body, Female Irregularities, And all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

In diseases which have their origin in the blood, BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA - that best of blood purifiers - should be used with the Pills; the two medicines being prepared expressly to act in harmony together. When this is done faithfully, we have no hesitation in saying that great relief, and in most cases a cure, can be guaranteed when the patient is not already beyond human help. For general directions and table of doses, see the wrapper around each phial. For Sale in the Establishments of Devins & Bolton, Lyman, Clark & Co., Evans, Mercet & Co., Picault & son, H. R. Gray, John Gardner, Druggists. Also by all respectable Druggists.

