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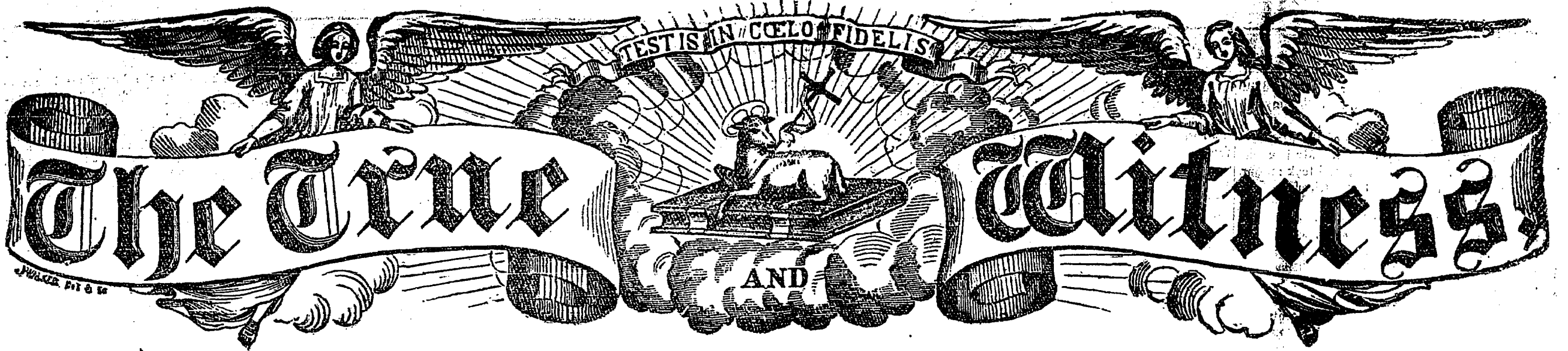
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UNCLE GEORGE; OR, THE FAMILY MYSTERY. By Wilkie Collins.

Was it an Englishman or a Frenchman who first remarked that every family had a skeleton in its cupboard? I am not learned enough to know; but I reverence the observation, whoever made it. It speaks a startling truth through an appropriately grim metaphor—a truth which I have discovered by practical experience. Our family had a skeleton in the cupboard, and the name of it was Uncle George.

I arrived at the knowledge that this skeleton existed, and I traced it to the particular cupboard in which it was hidden, by slow degrees. I was a child when I first began to suspect that there was such a thing, and a grown man when I at last discovered that my suspicions were true.

My father was a doctor, having an excellent practice in a large country town. I have heard that he married against the wishes of his family. They could not object to my mother on the score of birth, breeding, or character—they only disliked her heartily. My grandfather, grandmother, uncles and aunts all declared that she was a heartless, deceitful woman; all disliked her manners, her opinions, and even the expression of her face—all, with the one exception of my father's youngest brother, George.

George was the unlucky member of our family; the rest were all clever; he was slow in capacity. The rest were all remarkably handsome; he was the sort of man that no woman ever looks twice at. The rest succeeded in life; he failed. His profession was the same as my father's. He had, like my father, the best medical education that London and Paris could afford; and he profited by it, by dint of dogged industry, so as to be quoted among his medical brethren as one of the promising surgeons of his time. But he never got on when he started in practice for himself; for he never succeeded in forcing the conviction of his knowledge and experience on the wealthier class of patients. His coarse, ugly face, his hesitating, awkward manners, his habit of stammering when he spoke, and his incurable slovenliness in dress, repelled people. The sick poor, who could not choose, employed him; and liked him. The sick rich, who could—especially the ladies—declined to call him in when they could get anybody else. In experience he gained greatly by his profession, in money and reputation he gained nothing.

There are very few of us, however dull and unattractive we may be to outward appearance, who have not some strong passion, some germ of what is called romance, hidden more or less deeply in our natures. All the passion and romance in the nature of my Uncle George lay in his love and admiration for my father. He sincerely worshipped his eldest brother as one of the noblest of human beings. When my father was engaged to be married, and when the rest of the family, as I have already mentioned, did not hesitate to express their unfavorable opinion of the disposition of his chosen wife, Uncle George, who had never ventured on differing with any one before, to the amazement of every body, undertook the defence of his future sister-in-law in the most rebelling and positive manner. In his estimation, his brother's choice was something sacred and indisputable. The lady might, and did, treat him with unconcealed contempt, laugh at his awkwardness, grow impatient at his stammering—all that made no difference to Uncle George. She was to be his brother's wife; and in virtue of that one great fact, she became in the estimation of the poor surgeon, a very queen, who, by the laws of the domestic constitution, could do no wrong.

When my father had been married a little while, he took his youngest brother to live with him as his assistant. If Uncle George had been made president of the College of Surgeons he could not have been prouder and happier than he was in his new position. I am afraid my father never understood the depth of his brother's affection for him. All the hard work fell to George's share; the long journeys at night, the physicking of wearisome poor people, the drunken cases, the revolting cases—all the drugging, dirty business of the surgery; in short, was turned over to him; and day after day, month after month, he struggled through it without a murmur. When his brother and sister-in-law went out to dine with the country gentry, it never entered his head to feel disappointed at being left unnoticed at home. When the return dinners were given, and he was asked to come in at tea time, and left to sit unregarded in a corner, it never occurred to him to imagine that he was treated with any want of consideration, or respect. He was part of the furniture of the house, and it was the business as well as the pleasure of his life to turn himself to any use to which his brother or his sister-in-law might please to put him.

So much for what I have heard from others on the subject of my Uncle George. My own personal experience of him is limited to what I remember as a mere child. Let me say something, however, first about my parents, my sister, and myself.

My sister was the eldest born and the best loved. I did not come into the world till four years after her birth; and no other child followed me. Caroline, from earliest days, was the perfection of beauty and health. I was small, weakly, and, if the truth must be told, almost as plain-featured as Uncle George himself. It would be ungracious and untruthful in me to presume to decide whether there was any foundation or not for the dislike that my father's family felt for my mother. All I can venture to say is that her children never had any cause to complain of her. Her passionate affection for my sister, her pride in the child's beauty I remember well, as also her uniform kindness and indulgence towards me. My personal defects must have been a sore trial to her in secret, but neither she nor my father ever showed me that they perceived any difference between Caroline and myself. When presents were made to my sister, presents were made to me. When my father and mother caught my sister up in their arms and kissed her, they scrupulously gave me my turn afterwards. My childish instinct told me that that there was a difference in their smiles when they looked at me and looked at her, that the kisses given to Caroline were warmer than the kisses given to me, that the hands which dried her tears to our childish griefs touched her more gently than the hands which dried mine. But these and many other small signs of preference like them, were such as no parents could be expected to control. I noticed them at the time rather with wonder than with repining. I recall them now without a harsh thought either towards my father or my mother. Both loved me, and both did their duty by me. If I seem to speak constrainedly of them here, it is not on my own account. I can honestly say that with all my heart and soul.

Even Uncle George, fond as he was of me, was fonder of my beautiful child-sister. When I used mischievously to pull at his lank scanty hair, he would gently and laughingly take it out of my hands; but he would let Caroline tug at it till his dim wandering gray eyes winked and watered with vain. He used to plunge periously into the garden, in awkward imitation of the cantering of a horse, while I sat on his shoulders; but he would never proceed at any pace beyond a slow and safe walk when Caroline had a ride in her turn. When he took us out walking, Caroline was always on the side next the wall. When we interrupted him over his dirty work in the surgery, he used to tell me to go and play until he was ready for me; but he would put down his bottles, and clean his clumsy fingers on his coarse apron, and lead Caroline out again, as if she had been the greatest lady in the land.—Ah! how he loved her!—and, let me be honest and grateful, and add, how he loved me, too!

When I was eight years old and Caroline was twelve, I was separated from home for some time. I had been ailing for many months previously: had got benefit from being taken to the seaside; and had shown symptoms of relapsing on being brought home again to the midland county in which we resided. After much consultation, it was at last resolved that I should be sent to live, until my constitution got stronger, with a maiden-sister of my mother's, who had a house at a watering place on the south coast.

I left home, I remember, loaded with presents, rejoicing over the prospect of looking at the sea again, as careless of the future and as happy in the present as any boy could be. Uncle George petitioned for a holiday to take me to the seaside, but he could not be spared from the surgery. He consoled himself and me by promising to make me a magnificent model of a ship. I have that model before my eyes now while I write. It is dusty with age; the paint on it is cracked, the ropes are tangled, the sails are moth-eaten and yellow. The hull is all out of proportion, and the rig has been smiled at by every nautical friend of mine who has ever looked at it. Yet, worn out and faulty as it is—inferior to the cheapest miniature vessel now-a-days in any toy shop window—I hardly know a possession of mine in this world that I would not sooner part with than Uncle George's ship.

My life at the seaside was a very happy one. I remained with my aunt more than a year. My mother often came to see how I was going on, and, at first, always brought my sister with her. But, during the last eight months of my stay, Caroline never once appeared. I noticed also at the same period a change in my mother's manner. She looked paler and more anxious at each succeeding visit, and always had long conferences in private with my aunt. At last she ceased to come and see us altogether, and only wrote to know how my health was getting on.

My father, too, who had at the earlier periods of my absence from home travelled to the seaside to watch the progress of my recovery as often as his professional engagements would permit, now kept away like my mother. Even Uncle George, who had never been allowed a holiday to come and see me, but who had hitherto often written and begged me to write to him, broke off our correspondence. I was naturally perplexed and amazed by these changes, and persecuted my aunt to tell me the reason of them. At first she tried to put me off with excuses; then she admitted that there was trouble in our house; and finally she confessed that the trouble was caused by the illness of my sister. When I inquired what that illness was, my aunt said it was useless to attempt to explain it to me. I next applied to the servants. One of them was less cautious than my aunt, and answered my question, but in terms that I could not comprehend. After much explanation, I was made to understand that 'something was growing on my sister's neck that would spoil her beauty for ever, and perhaps kill her, if it could not be got rid of.' How well I remember the shudder of horror that ran through me at the vague idea of this deadly 'something!' A fearful awe-struck curiosity to see what Caroline's illness was with my own eyes, troubled my inmost heart; and I begged to be allowed to go home and help to nurse her. The request was, it is almost needless to say, refused.

Weeks passed away, and still I heard nothing except that my sister continued to be ill. One day I privately wrote a letter to Uncle George, asking him in my childish way to come and tell me about Caroline's illness. I knew where the post office was, and slipped out in the morning unobserved, and dropped my letter into the box. I stole home again by the garden, and climbed in at the open window of a back parlor on the ground floor. The room above was my aunt's bed-chamber, and the moment I was inside the house I heard moans and loud convulsive sobs proceeding from it. My aunt was a singularly quiet, composed woman; I could not imagine that the loud sobbing and moaning came from her; and I ran terrified into the kitchen to ask the servants who was crying so violently in my aunt's room.

I found the housemaid and the cook talking together in whispers, with serious faces. They started when they saw me, as if I had been a grown-up master who had caught them neglecting their work. 'He's too young to feel it much,' I heard one say to the other. 'So far as he's concerned, it seems like a mercy that it happened no later.'

In a few minutes they had told me the worst. It was indeed my aunt whom I had heard crying in the bedroom. Caroline was dead.

I felt the blow more severely than the servants or any one else about me supposed. Still, I was a child in years, and I had the blessed elasticity of a child's nature. If I had been older, I might have been too much absorbed in grief to observe my aunt so closely as I did, when she was composed enough to see me, later in the day.

I was not surprised by the swollen state of her eyes, the paleness of her cheeks, or the fresh burst of tears that came from her when she took me in her arms at meeting. But I was both amazed and perplexed by the look of terror that I detected in her face. It was natural enough that she should grieve and weep over my sister's death; but why should she have that frightened look also, as if some other catastrophe had happened? I asked if there was any more dreadful news from home beside the news of Caroline's death. My aunt said No in a strange stifled voice, and suddenly turned her face from me. Was my father dead? No. My mother? No. Uncle George? My aunt trembled all over as she said no to that also, and bade me cease asking any more questions. She was not fit to bear them yet, she said; and signed to the servant to lead me out of the room.

The next day I was told that I was to go home after the funeral, and was taken out towards evening by the housemaid, partly for a walk, partly to be measured for my mourning clothes. After we had left the tailor's I persuaded the girl to extend our walk for some distance along the sea-beach, telling her as we went every little anecdote connected with my most sister that came tenderly back to my memory in those first days of sorrow. She was so interested in hearing, and in speaking, that we let the sun go down before we thought of turning back.

The evening was cloudy, and it got on from dusk to dark by the time we approached the town again. The housemaid was rather nervous at finding herself alone with me on the beach, and once or twice looked behind her distrustfully as we went on. Suddenly she squeezed my hand hard, and said, 'Let's get up on the cliff as fast as we can.' The words were hardly out of her mouth before I heard footsteps behind me; a man came round quickly to my side, snatched

me away from the girl, and catching me up in his arms without a word, covered my face with kisses. I knew that he was crying, because my cheeks were instantly wetted with his tears; but it was too dark for me to see who he was or even how he was dressed. He did not, I should think, hold me half a minute in his arms. The housemaid screamed for help, I was put down gently on the sand, and the strange man instantly disappeared in the darkness.

When this extraordinary adventure was related to my aunt, she seemed at first bewildered at hearing of it; but in a moment more there came a change over her face, as if she had suddenly recollected or thought of something. She turned deadly pale, and said in a hurried way very unusual to her, 'Never mind; don't talk about it any more. It was only a mischievous trick to frighten you, I dare say. Forget all about it, my dear—forget all about it.'

It was easier to give me this advice than to make me follow it. For many nights after, I thought of nothing but the strange man who had kissed me and cried over me. Who could he be? Somebody who loved me very much, and who was very sorry. My childish logic carried me to that length. But when I tried to think over all the grown-up gentlemen who loved me very much, I could never get on, to my own satisfaction, beyond my father and my Uncle George.

I was taken home on the appointed day to suffer the trial—a hard one, even at my tender years—of witnessing my mother's passionate grief and my father's mute despair. I remember that the scene of our first meeting after Caroline's death was wisely and considerably shortened by my aunt, who took me out of the room. She seemed to have a confused desire to keep me from leaving her after the door had closed behind us; but I broke away, and ran down stairs to the surgery, to go and cry for my lost playmate, with the sharer of all our games, Uncle George.

I opened the surgery door, and could see no body. I dried my tears, and looked all round the room; it was empty. I ran up stairs again to Uncle George's garret bedroom—he was not there; his cheap hair brush and old cast-off razor case that had belonged to my grandfather, were not on the dressing-table. Had he got some other bedroom? I went out on the landing and called softly, with an unaccountable terror and sinking at my heart, 'Uncle George!'

Nobody answered; but my aunt came hastily up the garret stairs. 'Hush!' she said. 'You must never call that name out here again! Never.' She stopped suddenly, and looked as if her own words had frightened her.

'Is Uncle George dead?' I asked. My aunt turned red and pale, and stammered. I did not want to hear what she said; I brushed past her, down the stairs—my heart was bursting—my flesh felt cold. I ran breathlessly and recklessly into the room where my father and mother had received me. They were both sitting there still. I ran up to them, ringing my hands, and crying out in a passion of tears, 'Is Uncle George dead?'

My mother gave a scream that terrified me into instant silence and stillness. My father looked at her for a moment, rang the bell that summoned her maid, then seized me roughly by the arm, and dragged me out of the room.

He took me down into his study, seated himself in his accustomed chair, and put me before him, between his knees. His lips were awfully white, and I felt his two hands, as they grasped my shoulders, shaking violently.

'You are never to mention the name of Uncle George again,' he said in a quick angry trembling whisper. 'Never to me, never to your mother, never to your aunt, never to the servants, never to any body in this world! Never, never, never!'

The repetition of the word terrified me even more than the suppressed vehemence with which he spoke. He saw that I was frightened, and softened his manner a little before he went on.

'You will never see Uncle George again,' he said. 'Your mother and I love you dearly; but if you forget what I have told you, you will be sent away from home. Never speak that name again—mind, never! Now kiss me, and go away.'

How his lips trembled—and, oh, how cold they felt on mine! I shrunk out of the room the moment he had kissed me, and went and hid myself in the garden. 'Uncle George is gone—I am never to see him any more—I am never to speak of him again!—those were the words I repeated to myself, with indescribable terror and confusion. The moment I was alone. There was something unspeakably horrible to my young mind in this mystery which I was commanded always to respect, and which, so far as I then knew, I could never hope to see revealed. My father, my mother, my aunt—all appeared to be separated from me now by some impassable barrier. Home seemed home no longer with Caro-

line dead, Uncle George gone, and a forbidden subject of talk perpetually and mysteriously interposing between my parents and me.

Though I never infringed the command my father had given me in his study (his words and looks, and that dreadful scream of my mother's, which seemed to be always ringing in my ears, were more than enough to insure my obedience), I also never lost the secret desire to penetrate the darkness which clouded over the fate of Uncle George. For two years I remained at home, and discovered nothing. If I asked the servants about my uncle, they could only tell me that one morning he disappeared from the house. Of the members of my father's family, I could make no inquiries. They lived far away, and never came to see us—and the idea of writing to them, at my age and in my position, was out of the question. My aunt was as unapproachably silent as my father and mother; but I never forgot how her face had altered, when she had reflected for a moment, after hearing of my extraordinary adventure while going home with the servant over the sands at night. The more I thought of that change of countenance, in connection with what had occurred on my return to my father's house, the more certain I felt that the stranger who had kissed me and wept over me must have been no other than Uncle George.

At the end of my two years home, I was sent to sea in the merchant navy by my own earnest desire. I had always determined to be a sailor from the time when I went to stay with my aunt at the seaside—and I persisted long enough in my resolution to make my parents recognize the necessity of acceding to my wishes. My new life delighted me; and I remained away on foreign stations more than four years. When I at length returned home, it was to find a new affliction darkening our fireside. My father had died on the very day when I sailed for my return voyage to England.

Absence and change of scene had in no respect weakened my desire to penetrate the mystery of Uncle George's disappearance. My mother's health was so delicate that I hesitated for some time to approach the forbidden subject in her presence. When I at last ventured to refer to it, suggesting to her that any prudent reserve which might have been necessary while I was a child need no longer be persisted in, now that I was growing to be a young man, she fell into a violent fit of trembling, and commanded me to say no more. It had been my father's will, she said, that the reserve to which I referred should be always adopted towards me; he had not authorized her, before he died, to speak more openly; and now that he was gone, she would not so much as think of acting on her own unaided judgment. My aunt said the same thing, in effect, when I appealed to her. Determined not to be discouraged even yet, I undertook a journey, ostensibly to pay my respects to my father's family, but with the secret intention of trying what I could learn in that quarter on the subject of Uncle George.

My investigations led to some results, though they were by no means satisfactory. George had always been looked on with something like contempt by his handsome sisters and his prosperous brothers; and he had not improved his position in the family by his warm advocacy of his brother's cause at the time of my father's marriage. I found that my Uncle's surviving relatives now spoke of him slightly and carelessly. They assured me that they had never heard from him, and that they knew nothing about him except that he had gone away to settle, as they supposed in some foreign place, after having behaved very basely and badly to my father. He had been traced to London where he had sold out of the funds the small share of money which he had inherited after his father's death, and he had been seen on the deck of a packet bound for France, later on the same day. Beyond this nothing was known about him. In what the alleged baseness of his behavior consisted, none of his brothers and sisters could tell me. My father had refused to pain them by going into particulars, not only at the time of his brother's disappearance, but afterwards whenever the subject was mentioned. George had always been the black sheep of the flock, and he must have been conscious of his own baseness or he would certainly have written to explain and to justify himself. Such were the particulars which I gleaned during my visit to my father's family. To my mind they tended rather to deepen than to reveal the mystery. That such a gentle, docile, affectionate creature as Uncle George should have injured the brother he loved by word or deed, at any period of their intercourse, seemed incredible; but that he should have been guilty of an act of baseness at the very time when my sister was dying, was simply and plainly impossible. And yet, there was the incomprehensible fact staring me in the face, that the death of Caroline and the disappearance of Uncle George had taken place in the same week!—Never did I feel more daunted and bewildered

by the family mystery than after I had heard all the particulars in connection with it that my father's relatives had to tell me.

I may pass over the events of the next few years of my life briefly enough. My nautical pursuits filled up all my time, and took me far away from my country and my friends. But, whatever I did, and wherever I went, the memory of Uncle George, and the desire to penetrate the mystery of his disappearance, haunted me like familiar spirits. Often, in the lonely watches of the night at sea, did I recall the dark evening on the beach, the strange man's hurried embrace, the startling sensation of feeling his tears on my cheeks, the disappearance of him before I had breath or self-possession enough to say a word. Often did I think over the inexplicable events that followed, when I had returned, after my sister's funeral, to my father's house; and oftener still did I puzzle my brains vainly in the attempt to form some plan for inducing my mother or my aunt to disclose the secret which they had hitherto kept from me so perseveringly. My only chance of knowing what had really happened to Uncle George, my only hope of seeing him again, rested with those two near and dear relatives. I despaired of ever getting my mother to speak on the forbidden subject after what had passed between us; but I felt more sanguine about my prospects of ultimately inducing my aunt to relax in her discretion. My anticipations, however, in this direction were not destined to be fulfilled. On my next visit to England I found my aunt prostrated by a paralytic attack, which deprived her of the power of speech. She died soon afterwards in my arms, leaving me her sole heir. I searched anxiously among her papers for some reference to the family mystery, but found no clue to guide me. All my mother's letters to her sister at the time of Caroline's illness and death had been destroyed.

More years passed; my mother followed my aunt to the grave; and still I was as far as ever from making any discoveries in relation to Uncle George. Shortly after the period of this last affliction my health gave way, and I departed by my doctor's advice, to try some baths in the south of France. I travelled slowly to my destination, turning aside from the direct road, and stopping wherever I pleased. One evening, when I was not more than two or three days' journey from the baths to which I was bound, I was struck by the picturesque situation of a little town placed on the brow of a hill at some distance from the main road, and resolved to have a nearer look at the place, with a view to stopping there for the night, if it pleased me. I found the principal inn clean and quiet—ordered my bed there—and after dinner strolled out to look at the church. No thought of Uncle George was in my mind when I entered the building; and yet, at that very moment chance was leading me to the discovery, which, for so many years past, I had vainly endeavored to make—the discovery which I had given up as hopeless since the day of my mother's death.

I found nothing worth noticing in the church, and was about to leave it again, when I caught a glimpse of a pretty view through a side door, and stopped to admire it. The churchyard formed the foreground, and below it the hillside sloped away gently into the plain over which the sun was setting in full glory. The *cure* of the church was reading his breviary, walking up and down a gravel-path that parted the rows of graves. In the course of my wanderings I had learnt to speak French as fluently as most Englishmen; and when the priest came near me I said a few words in praise of the view, and complimented him on the neatness and prettiness of the churchyard. He answered with great politeness, and we got into conversation together immediately.

As we strolled along the gravel-walk, my attention was attracted by one of the graves standing apart from the rest. The cross at the head of it differed remarkably, in some points of appearance, from the crosses on the other graves. While all the rest had garlands hung on them, this one cross was quite bare; and the more extraordinary still, the name was not inscribed on it. The priest, observing that I stopped to look at the grave, shook his head and sighed.

'A countryman of yours is buried there,' he said. 'I was present at his death; he had borne the burden of a great sorrow among us, in this town, for many weary years, and his conduct had taught us to respect and pity him with all our hearts.'

'How is it that his name is not inscribed over his grave?' I inquired.

'It was suppressed by his own desire,' answered the priest, with some little hesitation. 'He confessed to me in his last moments that he had lived here under an assumed name. I asked his real name, and he told it to me, with the particulars of his sad story. He had reason for desiring to be forgotten after his death. Almost the last words he spoke were, "Let my name die with me." Almost the last request he made was that I would keep that name a secret from all the world excepting only one person.'

'Some relative, I suppose,' said I.

'Yes—a nephew,' said the priest. The moment the last word was out of his mouth, my heart gave a strange answering bound. I suppose I must have changed color also, for the priest looked at me with sudden attention and interest.

'A nephew,' the priest went on, 'whom he had loved like his own child. He told me that if this nephew ever traced him to his burial place, and asked about him, I was free in that case to disclose all I knew. "I should like my little Charly to know the truth," he said. "In spite of the difference in our ages, Charly and I were playmates years ago."

My heart beat faster, and I felt a choking sensation at the throat, the moment I heard the priest unconsciously mention my Christian name in reporting the dying man's last words. As soon as I could steady my voice and feel certain of my self-possession, I communicated my family name to the priest, and asked him if that was not part of the secret that he had been requested to preserve.

He started back several steps, and clasped his hands amazedly.

'Can it be?' he said in low tones, gazing at me earnestly, with something like dread in his face.

I gave him my passport, and looked away towards the grave. The tears came into my eyes, as the recollections of past days crowded back on me. Hardly knowing what I did, I knelt down by the grave, and smoothed the grass over it with my hand. O, Uncle George, why not have told your secret to your old playmate!—Why leave him to find you here? The priest raised me gently, and begged me to go with him into his own house. On our way there, I mentioned persons and places that I thought my uncle might have spoken of, in order to satisfy my companion that I was really the person I represented myself to be. By the time we had entered his little parlor, and had sat down alone in it, we were almost like old friends together.

I thought it best that I should begin by telling all that I have related here on the subject of Uncle George, and his disappearance from home. My host listened with a very sad face, and said when I had done:—

'I can understand your anxiety to know all that I am authorized to tell you—but pardon me if I say first that there are circumstances in your uncle's story which it may pain you to hear'—he stopped suddenly.

'Which it may pain me to hear, as a nephew?' I asked.

'No,' said the priest, looking away from me; 'as a son.'

I gratefully expressed my sense of the delicacy and kindness which had prompted my companion's warning, but I begged him at the same time to keep me longer in suspense, and to tell me the stern truth, no matter how painfully it might affect me as a listener.

'In telling me all about what you term the Family Mystery,' said the priest, 'you have mentioned as a strange coincidence that your sister's death and your uncle's disappearance took place at the same time. Did you ever suspect what cause it was that occasioned your sister's death?'

'I only knew what my father told me, and what all our friends believed—that she died of a tumor in the neck, or as I sometimes heard it stated, from the effect on her constitution of a tumor in the neck.'

'She died under an operation for the removal of that tumor,' said the priest in low tones. 'And the operator was your Uncle George.'

In those few words all the truth burst upon me.

'Console yourself with the thought that the long martyrdom of his life is over,' the priest went on, after allowing me a few moments to control the violent agitation which his disclosure had caused in me. 'He rests; he is at peace. He and his little darling understand each other, and are happy now. That thought bore him up to the last, on his death-bed. He always spoke of your sister as his "little darling." He firmly believed that she was waiting to forgive and console him in the other world—and who shall say he was deceived in that belief?'

Not I. Not any one who has ever loved and suffered, surely!

'It was out of the depths of his self-sacrificing love for the child that he drew the fatal courage to undertake the operation,' continued the priest. 'Your father naturally shrank from attempting it. His medical brethren, whom he consulted, all doubted the propriety of taking any measures for the removal of the tumor, in the particular condition and situation of it, when they were called in. Your uncle alone differed with them. He was too modest a man to say so, but your mother found it out. The deformity of her beautiful child horrified her; she was desperate enough to catch the faintest hope of remedying it that any one might hold out to her, she persuaded your uncle to put his opinion to the proof. Her horror at the deformity of the child, and her despair at the prospect of its lasting for life, seem to have utterly blinded to all her natural sense of the danger of the operation. It is hard to how to say it to you, her son, but it must be told, nevertheless, that, one day, when your father was out, she untruly informed your uncle that his brother had consented to the performance of the operation, and that he had gone purposely out of the house because he had not nerve enough to stay and witness it. After that, your uncle did not hesitate. He had no fear of results, provided he could be certain of his own courage. All he dreaded was the effect on him of his love for the child, when he first found himself face to face with the dreadful necessity of touching her skin with the knife. It is needless to shock you by going into particulars. Let it be enough if I say, that your uncle's fortitude failed to support him when he wanted it most. His love for the child shook the firm hand that had never trembled before. In a word, the operation failed. Your father returned, and found his child dying. The frenzy of his despair when the truth was told him, carried him to excesses which it shocks me to mention—excesses which began in his degrading his brother by a blow, which ended in his binding himself by an oath to make that brother suffer public punishment for his fatal rashness in a court of law. Your uncle was too heart-broken by what had happened to feel those outrages as some men might have felt them. He looked for one moment at his sister-in-law (I do not like to say your mother considering what I have now to tell you), to see if she would acknowledge that she had encouraged him to attempt the operation, and that she had deceived him in saying that he had his brother's permission to try it. She was silent; and when she spoke it was to join her husband in denouncing him as the murderer of his child.—Whether fear of your father's anger, or revengeful indignation against your uncle most actuated her, I cannot presume to inquire, especially in your presence. I can only state facts. Meanwhile your uncle turned to your father, and spoke the last words he was ever to address to his eldest brother in this world. He said: "I have deserved the worst your anger can inflict on me, but I will spare you the scandal of bringing me to justice in open court. The law, if it found me guilty, could at the worst but banish me from my country and my friends. I will go of my own accord. God is my witness that I honestly believed I could save the child from deformity and suffering. I have risked all, and lost all. My heart and spirit are broken. I am fit for nothing but to go and hide myself and my shame and my misery from all eyes that have ever looked on me. I shall never come back, never expect your

pity or forgiveness. If you think less harshly of me than I am good, keep secret what has happened; let no other lips say of me what yours and your wife's have said. I shall think that forbearance atonement enough—atonement greater than I have deserved. Forget me in this world. May we meet in another, where the secrets of all hearts are opened and where the child who is gone before may make peace between us!" He said those words, and went out. Your father never saw or heard from him again.'

I know the reason now why my father had never confided the truth to any one, his own family included. My father had evidently told the worst to her sister, under the seal of secrecy. And there the dreadful disclosure had been arrested.

'Your uncle told me,' the priest continued, 'that before he left England, he took leave of you by stealth, in a place you were staying at by the seaside. He had not the heart to quit his country and his friends for ever, without kissing you for the last time. He followed you in the dark, and caught you up in his arms, and left you again before you had a chance of discovering him. The next day he departed from England. He had spent a week here once with a student friend, at the time when he was a pupil in the Hotel Dieu. And to this place he returned to hide, to suffer, and to die. We all saw that he was a man crushed and broken by some great sorrow, and we respected him and his affliction. He lived alone, and only came out of doors towards evening, when he used to sit on the brow of the hill yonder, with his head on his hand, looking towards England. That place seemed a favorite with him, and he is buried close by it. He revealed the story of his past life to no living soul here but me; and to me he only spoke when his last hour was approaching. What he had suffered during his long exile no man can presume to say. I, who saw more of him than any one, never heard a word of complaint fall from his lips. He had the courage of the martyrs while he lived, and the resignation of the saints when he died. Just at the last his mind wandered. He said he saw his little darling waiting by the fireside to lead him away; and he died with a smile on his face—the first I had ever seen there.'

The priest ceased and we went out together in the mournful twilight, and stood for a while on the brow of the hill where Uncle George used to sit, with his face turned towards England. How my heart ached for him, as I thought of what he must have suffered in the silence and solitude of his long exile? Was it well for me that I had discovered the Family Mystery at last? I have sometimes thought not. I have sometimes wished that the darkness had never been cleared away which had once hid from me the fate of Uncle George.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The *Cork Examiner* says:—"The arrival of the telegram announcing the execution of the convicted prisoners, Allen, O'Brien, and Larkin, caused an excitement unequalled even by the startling news which agitated the community on the 6th of March last. Although for a short time before public opinion regarded the event as almost certain, the news that it had really occurred was received at first with almost general incredulity, and it was only when successive telegrams had confirmed the first announcement of the tragedy; that many people could bring themselves to believe that the deed had been done. The popular suspense in the country districts was no less deep and universal than in the city. The people had been anxiously watching at the railway stations for every rumour from Cork, and the passengers by the early trains were besieged with eager inquiries. Everywhere the one topic engrossed all conversation, and till the last hope was dispelled a merciful commutation of sentences was confidently discussed. The decisive intelligence was received with every manifestation of feeling—a feeling not confined to particular classes, but strongly shared by persons vehemently opposed to the principles for which the doomed men suffered. Judging from the tone of public comment the execution of the prisoners appeared to have excited the most wide-spread and bitterest sentiments of sorrow and indignation. It was feared that the step taken by Government might be followed by some undesirable demonstrations, and the soldiers in garrison have therefore been confined to barracks after half past four o'clock during the past few days in readiness for any contingency that might arise. Armed patrols of police paraded the city on Saturday night and last night, but the streets were on each occasion more than unusually quiet and deserted. Immediately upon the announcement of the execution, a large number of shops, particularly in the North and South Main streets, were closed and shuttered as a mark of mourning for the unfortunate men, and business in these establishments was suspended throughout the day. On Saturday the rush on the newspaper offices assumed the form of an actual panic, the resources of the publisher being taxed to the utmost to supply the clamouring crowds. Yesterday, in most of the Catholic churches of the city, after the usual prayers for the departed, a special appeal to the faithful was made in behalf of the three deceased, and received, it is most needless to add, a fervent response from the congregations, who were deeply affected. On the entrance gates of several of the churches of the city appeared a placard printed on superfine glazed paper and with a deep mourning border having the words—"O for your charity pray for the repose of the murdered patriots, Allen, O'Brien, and Larkin. God save Ireland!" This placard had no doubt been put up during the night. Prayers were also offered for their eternal repose after each Mass at Queenstown and in different other churches through the country. On yesterday numbers of the young men of the city wore crepe round their hats, with the addition in most cases of green rosettes. Funeral processions were also formed. A gentleman from the city driving out by Glountane, near Carrigtwohill, met a procession of upwards of a hundred men, most of them of respectable appearance, all wearing mourning badges and attended by an immense crowd. Yesterday the excitement aroused by the event had of course cooled down considerably. Nevertheless, even gentlemen of adverse faith and hostile politics were heard to characterize the execution as a cruel and barbarous proceeding, adjectives which it may be supposed would receive a much stronger form of expression from the large class whose sympathies are wholly with the sufferers.

Cork, Monday.—The wide-spread and all but general sympathy existing here on behalf of the men who suffered the extreme penalty of the law on Saturday was plainly shown after intelligence of their execution had reached the city. In less than an hour the greater number of the shops were in mourning, so far as putting up shutters went, and any one not aware of the inciting cause would naturally be led to the conclusion that some great benefactor had ceased to exist, or some national calamity befallen the State. In addition, at the street corners groups of people congregated and with bated breath and significant gestures carried on conversation. Along the two main streets, George's-street, Oastle-street, and all the avenues for traffic at the north and south sides of the city, the majority of the shops were half closed; but the owners of public houses, many of whom reaped harvests out of the Fenian organization, were conspicuous in their display of sympathy and deep feeling for the three men who ended their days on the scaffold. These demonstrations continued throughout the entire day, and until the places of business were closed at night, and altogether the city presented an appearance from noon to near midnight that was strange in the extreme. During the night parties of armed police patrolled the streets. Fearful any disturbance more than the usual vigilance was exercised, but all remained perfectly quiet. Yesterday in the city and rural districts the Fenian sympathy was manifested by the wearing of crepe on the

arm and in the button-hole, and in some instances the wearers were rather demonstrative in their exhibition of grief. No occurrence for many years seems to have occasioned such a general sympathetic feeling as this; and yesterday printed notices, surrounded by a line of deep mourning, were posted on the chapels calling on the people to pray for the souls of the murdered patriots, and ending with the sentence "God Save Ireland."—*Cork Constitution*.

THE PROCESSION.—DUBLIN, Dec. 3.—The extraordinary spectacle presented in the City of Cork on Sunday last is a subject of varied comment in the journals. The *Press* which contributed to produce it surveys its handiwork with the satisfaction which an artist would feel in pointing out his favorite points in a *chef d'œuvre*. It is full of exaltation and enthusiasm. The *Cork Examiner* raises a cry of joy which the *Freeman* responds to with the redoubled force of an Irish echo. 'Nearly 15,000 persons, the former states, "walked in solemn procession." The latter, fired with military ardor declares that "the people, numbering over 40,000, marched in a solemn funeral procession." The *Cork Herald* proclaims that "the procession was about 30,000 strong, while the *Constitution*, which is highly unimaginative, sets down the numbers at "4,000 men and 2,000 women, girls, and boys." Whatever the numerical force may have been, it is stated to have represented "almost every town in the country; and the *Examiner* remarks that there would have been half as many more, and of a higher social grade, "but that there is a certain hesitation among many about joining in a demonstration which might be supposed to identify them with the Fenian organization." It may be reassuring to timid people to have the admission, on such excellent authority, that there are half as many more of a higher social grade who disown Fenianism. The *Constitution* putting this less delicately, says there was "not one man of any position here or anywhere else to be seen in it." This does not tally with the more complimentary description of the *Herald* which states that after the hearse came the members of the Young Men's Society, the gentlemen connected with the several drapery establishments, some students of the Queen's University, and mercantile men.' In the same journal the motive which induced the women to take part in the demonstration is candidly admitted to have been "not so much to exhibit their regret for the violent death of O'Brien, Allen, and Larkin as to evince their sympathy with Fenianism and their abhorrence of the red hand of tyranny being lifted against those who honestly endeavored to free their country." The *Freeman*, with characteristic gallantry, expresses warm admiration of the female contingent. Its reporter exclaims in impassioned terms, "it has been my lot to have witnessed many public displays and great gatherings of people, but like others, I was not prepared for the imposing spectacle of a procession of young ladies of the educated middle classes." He could judge of the accomplishments at a glance. 'It remained for Cork,' he adds, 'to make such a comedy and at the same time portentous innovation.' Although not equally impressed by the appearance of the 'Fenian Sisterhood,' as the *Herald* frankly calls them, all the reporters concur in the description of their dress. They were profuse in their display of the national colour. Crapes were very generally worn with the green, 'but the predominant colour,' we are told, 'was the green.' Salwaris and tiny children had their share of it lying from their coats or around their caps, but the show of it by their fair sisters threw them altogether into the shade.' Many of them appeared absolutely covered with green, while the young boys of the monastery and other schools wore in addition to ribbons green neckties. The features of the procession have been already described, but a few more particulars may be of interest. The haberdashers had made a good harvest of the opportunity. Up to 11 o'clock on Saturday night they had been busily engaged 'selling green riband by the mile,' as the *Freeman* informs us. One establishment disposed of 721 worth, and others were more fortunate.

But while the popular journals are exulting in the demonstration of Sunday, it is viewed in a very different light by the Conservative organs. The *Daily Express* has the following observations:—

'The Government have now an opportunity of showing their determination to enforce the Party Processions Act with impartiality. If the display at the mock funeral in Cork on Sunday last be not a violation of that law, it is impossible to imagine how it can be broken. It was intensely and openly seditious. The organs of the agitators leave no doubt on that point. The *Cork Herald* avows that its object was "to express sympathy with Fenianism; and that "sympathy with Fenianism means hatred of England;" and the *Cork Examiner*, owned by Mr. John Francis Maguire, M.P., says that the people intended thereby "publicly to express their sense of the motives which had brought them (the Manchester murderers) to an untimely doom, and the harshness of the decree which consigned them to it." When we read the glowing accounts of what the Fenian sympathizers did, and do not yet hear that any steps have been taken to prosecute the leaders, we ask in amazement what is a party procession? The Legislature never could have intended to suppress loyal demonstrations only, and to permit declared sympathizers with Fenianism to march with impunity through a large city in open day bearing among them the emblems of sedition. We trust that the Government, therefore, will at once bring the Cork offenders to justice, or will declare that they cannot hope to prosecute the Northern Protestants with the slightest prospect of success.'

The *Evening Mail*, after commenting upon the means which were employed to excite the people, observes:—

'After all the efforts that have been put forth, the resulting demonstrations are marked with the agitator's brand, and not with the characteristics of a spontaneous sentiment. It was an organization of religious confraternities, rather than of trades; and, in order that the rising generation might not escape influences so benign, the boys of the Christian Brothers' School were prominently introduced. It is said that no priests were present, but societies were there in groups over which the Roman Catholic Bishop has control. The Cork procession, though it will teach, as we hope, our English friends much, ought not to be unfairly held as evidence that the Irish people are in any excited condition in consequence of the late determination of the Government to make the laws respected. It had none of the features of an outburst of Irish feeling. That it was a defiant breach of the law need hardly be said. It offers a signal opportunity for the display of that "impartiality" which has been boasted of as a reason for pursuing loyal men with most legal zeal and parade of indignation. With the merely peaceable ending of such an event all responsibility does not cease.'

The *Freeman* contends that no breach of the law was committed by the procession, but it will be difficult to persuade the people of Ulster that even handed justice is administered if such demonstrations can pass with impunity in the South while 105 prisoners are present in gaol awaiting their trial for taking part in loyal though illegal processions in the North.—*Times Cor.*

DUBLIN, Nov. 23.—The news of the execution of the Fenian murderers in Manchester has not elicited any demonstration of sympathy or indignation here. While every person of humane and generous feeling must deplore the necessity of vindicating the law by so terrible an example, yet a deep impression prevails that no other course was left open to the authorities after the attempts at intimidation which were made by the friends of the prisoners. There is reason to expect that it will have a salutary effect upon the disaffected classes. They have been taught by a certain class of journals to believe that under no circumstances would the British Government venture to enforce the extreme penalty even for the

highest crime known to the law where it can be construed as a political offence. They are now undecided, and it is to be hoped, will profit by the lesson. The national press is, of course, highly incensed at the failure of its efforts to frighten the Government; and speak in no measured terms of the conduct of the jury, the Judges, and the Crown. The *Nation*, which is the most able and respectable of the popular organs, has an article on what it calls "the tragedy at Manchester," and another article, headed "Hypocrisy unmasked," and written in the same spirit, discusses at length the evidence given at the trial, and asserts that upon such grounds the Crown might doom three fourths of the population of Ireland to the fate of the convicts. The *Irishman* is published in mourning sheets. There is no expression of repentance for the language which it used—indiscreet, to say the least—while the fate of its friends was trembling in the balance, but in a strain of half tombs, half blasphemy, it seeks to draw a mischievous lesson from the 'Holocaust.'—*Times Cor.*

DUBLIN, Nov. 26.—The Fenian executions are still a fruitful topic of discussion in the journals. In most of the organs which profess Radical principles they are condemned in strong terms. The *Evening Post*, for example, compares the treatment of Ireland to that of Poland. The *Freeman's Journal* compares Allen and his companions to Algernon Sydney and Lord William Russell. The *Cork Examiner* says the Irish people will believe that three of their fellow countrymen 'were offered up on the scaffold as a sacrifice to the spirit of hatred and brutal revenge,' and adds, 'we, at least, shall not attempt to persuade them to accept injustice as one of the inevitable decrees of Providence.' The reckless perseverance with which a portion of the press endeavours to embitter their national prejudices and represent the executions as a cruel and unjustifiable tragedy may produce a crop of future mischief. In admirable contrast with the tone of such journals is an article in the *Northern Whig*, which enforces with ability and earnestness the true moral to be drawn from the scene on Saturday. The *Whig* observes:—

'A stripling of 19 and two other Fenians have died for Kelly and Deasy, and, of course, much Kelly and Deasy care. Stephens is in Paris, avowing himself with suspicious ostentation to be in great poverty, and borrowing money from his friends to pay even the expenses of the advertisements he issues for pupils as a teacher of English. Kelly and Deasy are skulking in places best known to themselves, evidently not disposed to run any risk. The challenge had been openly given for this Fenian organization if it possessed any vitality worthy of acknowledgment by its enemies to show itself. It slunk away to its fitting home, the slums of Salford Manchester, and Liverpool, and allowed its wretched dupes to die the Fenian's death. It is capable of midnight assassination of the most atrocious threats, and the vilest bombast. When, however, it is resolutely confronted, whether it be by a dozen Irish policemen, or openly braved, as on Saturday morning at Manchester, by all that can stir the blood in, like the bully and coward it is, thinks nothing of its solemn pledges and is only anxious to save its own skin. Compare this conduct with that of Garibaldi and his volunteers near Rome. And yet we have read in the Irish organs, which alone abuse the liberty of the press, and are themselves a proof that never before did a Government tolerate so much, that Garibaldi, for whom the whole Italian people have such a passionate veneration, is a mere filibuster, while Kelly and Deasy are heroes!—*Times Cor.*

SEARCH OF ARMS IN CORK BY ALLEGED FENIANS.—Some excitement was occasioned in the city on Saturday morning when it became known that the extensive establishment of Messrs George Richardson and Son, gunsmiths, Patrick street, had been entered during the night, and a considerable number of firearms removed. On inquiry we were informed that the work in the factory was suspended as usual at half-past five o'clock on Friday evening, and at half-past eight the shop was closed. At half-past eleven, having seen all secure, Mr Richardson retired for the night, after depositing the key of the back door, which opens into William street, in its usual place of keeping—the desk on the counter. The proprietor and his family reside in the upper portion of the premises, and they do not appear to have heard any noise during the night to alarm them. Saturday morning Mr Richardson was astonished to find the key of the back door in the lock on the outside, and on making a search, he found that four large cases of new revolvers, containing about thirty each—some six some twelve, and others of sixteen chambers—had been abstracted from shelves inside the counter. From the large glass case in which the guns are ranged he missed eight new Snider rifles, not one of the many muzzle-loaders, which were there also, having been removed. It is also believed that a small quantity of revolver cartridges were taken, but this is not certain. No violence whatever had been resorted to, and there seems little doubt that the robbery was either committed or facilitated by some person well acquainted with the premises. All the weapons taken were of the newest pattern. A meeting of magistrates was held in the city on Friday, Mayor presiding. The object of the meeting, which was strictly private, was, it is understood, chiefly to consider whether or not the extraordinary occurrence at Messrs Richardson's, on the previous evening, would necessitate magisterial interference with the proposed procession on Sunday. The matter having been discussed, it was decided that no step should be taken to prevent the procession.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.—Active measures were taken on yesterday by the authorities for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a clue to the person or persons by whom the arms were stolen out of this establishment on Friday morning, but no trace has been discovered nor have any of the articles been yet found. The affair presents some highly singular features. For instance, a number of ordinary rifles arranged in racks near the door by which the burglars apparently entered were left untouched, nor were any of the glass-cases filled with guns of various kinds meddled with save the one containing the Snider rifles. An open box containing a large number of ordinary pistols lay at the near end of the counter but was evidently undisturbed, while the cases in which were the revolvers, and which were in a much more convenient position were forcibly opened with it, would appear, some of the tools from the workshop, and by a craftsman of some kind, the lip of each being neatly burst up with scarcely a bruise of the timber, as if the burglar had actually been careful not to disfigure the boxes and had done his work in quite a leisurely manner. A rifle with a short dagger-bayonet fixed on the muzzle was found lying on the floor near the door as if dropped by the thieves when leaving. The number of arms taken is 130 revolvers and 9 Snider rifles—among the latter the prize rifle won by Mr O'Sullivan (Mr Richardson's secretary), at a recent rifle shooting match. The key of the back door was found in the lock inside, the door itself being open. The watchman of the district says that he met three men that morning at the corner of William street, one of whom knocked him down. Upon getting on his legs he ran down the lane, where he met two others, one of whom 'snapped a cap' or 'fired some sort of shot at him.'

On the 26th ult., Cols. Warren and Halpin, with Capt. Costello, were removed from Mountjoy prison to Kingstown, whence they were forwarded to one of the English convict prisons. During transportation they were manacled, but were not dressed in prison garb.

O'DONOVAN (ROSSA).—It is said that O'Donovan (ROSSA), who was for a long time the most unmanageable prisoner known to the convict prison authorities, has lately become one of the most docile of his class. A considerable treatment has worked his reformation so far.—*Daily News*.

APPROPRIATION OF AN ALLEGED FENIAN LEADER. BURKE.—At Bow-street, on Saturday, a gentlemanly-looking man, who gave the name of Bowry, and who described himself as a medical student just returned from Hamburg, but who is alleged to be Burke, a Fenian officer (supposed to have commanded at the raid at Ochester Oasle in the month of February last) and who, it appears, was charged before Sir T. Henry with treason felony within her Majesty's dominions, and another man, named Casey, was charged with assaulting the police and obstructing them in the prosecution of their duty.

Mr. Poland appeared for the prosecutor, instructed by the Solicitors to the Treasury. Mr. Poland said it was originally proposed to send the prisoner Burke to Ireland, but as most of the overt acts were alleged to have been committed in England, it was thought that it would be better to proceed here.

Mr. Thompson, Inspector of the Detective Force, Scotland-yard said—On the night of the 20th inst. shortly before eight o'clock, I was in Clarendon-st. St. Pancras, with a man named Devanny. We saw the prisoners; and followed them to Woburn-square. We had then got into a position to see their faces—Devanny especially. The latter made a communication to me about Burke. I had in the meantime got the assistance of a police constable, E 63, who had known me before. The constable and I followed the prisoner. I said to Burke, 'I am Inspector Thompson of the Detective Force, and hold a warrant for the apprehension of Richard Burke for a serious crime.' He said, 'What do you mean? I am not the person at all.' I said, 'Then who are you?' He replied, 'My name is George Bowry. I am a medical student, and just arrived from Hamburg.' I said 'Whether you are a Bowry or Burke you must come with me to the station-house.' He said, 'Let me see your warrant.' I said, 'You will see it at the proper time and place.' He replied, 'I refuse to go anywhere.' I then told the constable to take hold of him on one side, and I took hold of him by the shoulder on the other. Casey interferred. He was present all the time. He obstructed me in taking Burke, and struck me several blows. He struck me in the chest. The prisoner Burke then walked quietly. He protested very much against my apprehending him. When we got to the corner of the square, near Russell-square, Burke made a sudden effort, and said, 'I am not going to be held in this manner,' wrenching himself out of my grasp, and pushing me on one side and the constable on the other. He then became very violent, and struck at us, and pushed us about. After a little of this struggling, I drew a revolver, and said, 'Burke, if you attempt to escape I will shoot you.' He said, 'Don't do that.' I then called a cab and at last got the prisoner Burke into it. I then sent for John Devanny, who said when he looked at the prisoner, 'That is Richard Burke.' I was about to search him, when he said he had no documents. John Devanny, the informer, said that in October, 1865 he was in New York, and joined a conspiracy called the Fenian Brotherhood, with the object of overthrowing the British government in Ireland, and establishing a republic in its place. Meetings were held for the purposes of the organization and for raising money. I knew the prisoner Burke in New York. I first saw him in September. He then went by the name of Captain Richard Burke. He went to Ireland in 1863, and returned in July, and I saw him on his return. He said he had been in Ireland. He also said he had been in London and had gone by the name of Major Windsor an officer in the Confederate army, and that he was working the thing in London. He asked me if I thought there was any chance of success, as the men in Ireland were anxious to fight. He said he had seen men lying down and crying because they were not allowed to fight. I cannot say for certain when he left America. It was after I left. I next saw him about three months ago on Hungerford-bridge. On the night of the 20th I was with Thompson and the prisoners. I had not known Casey before. I had not seen him before to my knowledge. I spoke to Thompson about Burke. I left Thompson following the prisoners. I was afterwards sent for to the police station, where I saw the prisoner.

Being cross examined by the prisoner Burke, the witness said that when he joined the Fenian organization he took the Fenian oath. He left America to go to Ireland, where he was sent by the police to give evidence in the case of Meany. He did not then give a different version of the oath, but as clearly as he could remember the same as he had given now. He was cross-examined at great length by the prisoner on this point, and also as to his expectations of reward, in respect to which he said he only told the truth and did not care whether a conviction followed or not. He had received money for his support. From £50 to £100. He had never considered whether he would be paid if the parties were not convicted.

Mr. Poland, at this stage of the examination, asked for a remand, which was granted.

A correspondent of the Daily Express reports that for the last fortnight large bodies of men supposed to be Fenians, have been seen and heard marching in military order outside the town of Banisosthy, that recently an assembly of them was seen by several persons in the direction of Vinegar-hill and that shots have been fired at night, which were thought to be signals. Another correspondent of the Express states that on Thursday night the establishment of Messrs. Richardson, of Patrick street, Cork, gunsmiths, was robbed of no less than 150 revolvers of the best kind, and eight new Snider rifles. It is feared that other arms have been taken which have not yet been missed. The whole value of the articles which were found to have been abstracted is 800l. There were no marks of violence about the place, and it is supposed that some one or several opened a passage for accomplices at the rear of the premises. Fenians are suspected, but no arrest has been made. The question 'What is a name?' received an able solution yesterday in a case which came before Mr. Justice Keogh in Chambers. An action has been brought by Mr. McKenna, the editor of the Ulster Observer, a Belfast Roman Catholic paper, against a priest for alleged slander. The words complained of among others are, 'He is a Garibaldi,' and the meaning of the proper name was thus developed in the innendo,—"meaning thereby that the plaintiff had been unfaithful to the trust reposed in him as a newspaper editor, and misconducted himself as such editor, by holding and expressing opinions at variance with the views for the expression and diffusion of which the said newspaper was established." This interpretation of a name rivals in expressiveness Lord Broughier's famous shake of the head in the play of The Critic. Judge Keogh observed that it was interesting to have such a copious explanation of what 'Garibaldi' means, and hoped it would appear in the next dictionary. Defendant's counsel wanted to traverse that it meant all that, and his Lordship gave him liberty to do so.

Maria was formerly a prominent member of the Young Ireland party, was associated with John Mitchell in the publication of the United Irishman, and was exiled for participation in the rebellion in 1818. He has since been an advocate of the repeal of the union, and is chief of the Irish National League, an organization but indirectly, if at all, connected with the Fenian movement.

In the Annual Report of the Directors of Convict Prisons, printed in the early part of the present year, Dr. McDonnell, the medical officer to Mountjoy Prison, made some remarkable statements. Having observed that one of the untried prisoners had died in 1866, he added that all other cases of serious illness were reported to the Government, and were discharged from prison, upon its being understood that confinement was likely really to aggravate their disease. This statement has a certain bearing on the case of John Fottrell, whose death

was attributed to injury to health received while in prison. In this case the evidence, as we said is insufficient to sustain the charge; but the charge against a certain a priori credibility if had cases are discharged that they should become worse in prison. Dr. McDonnell further adds that, 'apart from diseases, the health of a good many of these prisoners has deteriorated from their prolonged confinement.' 'There are at present,' he continues, 'thirteen untried political prisoners who have been confined in this prison for eight months or upwards, and who are subjected to a cellular discipline more strict in some respects than that to which a convict is submitted.' There were many others of the same class, part of whose confinement had been spent in other prisons. On strictly medical grounds the physician strongly recommended that they should be allowed, if possible, some degree of association with their fellows. The necessity for treating the political prisoners in their cells where sick, he adds, instead of admitting them into the hospital wards for treatment, increased the severity of the discipline to which they were submitted. 'In consequence of the remonstrances of the medical officer, Lord Nase, replying to a question from Mr. Blake early in May, stated that he had ordered an enquiry to be made and give directions for a material relaxation of the rules. The amount of exercise was doubled, the prisoners were allowed to smoke while at exercise, and to walk in association, one prisoner with another, during that time. In the recess he had ordered a report to be made, and was informed there had been no cases of serious illness amongst the Fenian prisoners. They were permitted to obtain their food from outside; and, if they were unable to do this, the prison dietary was made more liberal in their behalf. Other relaxations had been allowed them; the object of the Government was to do nothing harsh, but only to adopt those measures that were absolutely necessary. This amelioration has, we believe, been fairly carried out in Mountjoy Prison, where the medical officer had frequently urged it. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that all the Irish prisoners have had their rules relaxed in like manner. In Kilmainham the untried prisoners are still subject to almost everything from which they have been relieved in Mountjoy; and with regard to other prisons the same rule holds good.—London Chronicle.

The Waterford News of the 29th ult., says:—On Saturday evening last an affray took place at Fenora, near Tramore, which has since terminated fatally for one of the parties engaged, the primary cause being the debating indulgence in intoxicating drink. On the evening named, two parties of men were drinking in a public house, and after some time, one of the two parties left for home—On the way, Thomas Flynn, a youth bearing a peaceable character, thought he missed one of his comrades and returned to the public house to find him. Outside the door he met the members of the party, and from them he inquired for his absent companion. One of the party cried out to a comrade, on Flynn repeating the inquiry, 'why do you answer him—strike him.' The other, it appears without any hesitation, raised a heavy blackthorn stick, struck poor Flynn a fearful blow on the head and felled him to the ground, fractured his skull. Flynn lingered until Tuesday evening, when he died. A man named John Walsh has been committed to jail on charge of the homicide.

MURDER IN THE COUNTY LONGFORD.—Athlone, Nov. 23.—Information has just come in here of a barbarous and cold-blooded murder committed last night at a place called Toome, near Ballymahon, in the county Longford. The victim was a respectable Protestant farmer, named Andrew Waters, holding over 100 acres of land under the Hon. King Harman, of Neweastle. Mr. Waters had been in the town of Ballymahon up to 6 o'clock, attending the market. Shortly after that hour he was last seen alive on his way home, and this morning his body was discovered about a mile from his house on the public road with two wounds—one in the back, the other in the chest from a knife or dagger. Death must have been instantaneous, as the heart and lungs were penetrated by the thrust. There is great excitement here as well as in Ballymahon, at this occurrence.—There are parties who attribute it to Fenianism, as Mr. Waters was heard on that evening very freely to give his opinion on the conviction of the Manchester rioters.

ARRESTS AT FERNS, CO. WEXFORD.—Two arrests were made on Friday by Head constable Blackwill and men under his charge, at Ferns, county Wexford. One of those arrested gave his name as John Byrne and stated that he was a pensioner, belonging to the Royal Artillery. It is said that his appearance answers to the description of the person who fired at the Crown witness, George Reilly at Blackrock, some time ago, as given in the Hue and Cry, while the name of the person so described is given as James Byrne, a pensioner of the Royal Artillery. The other man who has been arrested gives his name as William Smith, a blacksmith. He is said to be such a person as the Hue and Cry describes as the smith, Kearney, who was suspected of the shooting of Constable O'Neill, some months ago, in Dublin. On Saturday the prisoners were brought before T. G. Cranfield, Esq., J.P., who remanded them for a week.—Express.

THE CASE OF JOHN FRANCIS NUGENT.—Drogheda, Monday.—Captain O'Keefe R.M., attended at our county prison here and received the information of Robert Gardiner, Esq., sub-Inspector, Constable Colman, and sub-Constable Cannon, charging the prisoner, Nugent, at present confined, with having on the 16th of May, 1867, while in custody under a warrant of the Lord Lieutenant, effected his escape from deponents by jumping from a back window of his father's house into a yard beneath. Nugent was lost sight of subsequently until the Mauchess affair. The prisoner now stands fully committed to take his trial at the ensuing Drogheda assizes on the charge named.—Freeman.

Sympathy with Fenianism means hatred of England. Therefore, when in a single city of Ireland tens of thousands of its inhabitants come forth in the face of day to walk in a procession, the object of which is to express sympathy with Fenianism, the fact is plain that tens of thousands in that one city hate England. By no sophtistry or ingenuity can any other conclusion be arrived at. The thing is an axiom; in fact needing no demonstration.—Cork Herald.

ARREST IN BELFAST.—On Sunday morning the police arrested, in a boarding house in Gamble-street, a young man named Charles Ferguson on suspicion of being implicated in the Fenian conspiracy. The prisoner, after being arrested, was taken to the police office, when he stated that he had only arrived in Belfast from Glasgow the previous morning. The prisoner was remanded for a week.—Belfast News-Letter.

THREATENING LETTER.—Mr. Price, the Governor of Kilmainham prison, whom Halpin, the Dublin Fenian convict, lately attacked so violently, has since received a number of threatening letters, but it is stated there is a likelihood that the authorship of some of these, which evidently spring from the same source, may be traced.—Pall Mall Gazette.

ARREST IN GRANARD.—An arrest was made in this town on Thursday evening, which it is said will prove to be of great importance. It is reported that the prisoner is one of the principal organizers of the Fenian conspiracy in this country. The prisoner has been conveyed under a strong escort to Longford Gaol.

The Government have agreed to pardon John Francis Nugent, one of the prisoners who was acquitted at Manchester, but re-arrested and brought to this country on a charge of Fenianism. The condition of his liberation is that he is to leave the United Kingdom.—Times Dublin Cor.

FENIAN ASSASSINATION COMMITTEE.—The authorities are reliably advised of the formation of Fenian bands of assassins to take the lives of eminent men.

We have promise of an unhappy winter in this part of Ireland. The Fenian desperadoes have, within the last few days, become more outspoken and daring than heretofore, and I am sorry to have to record, as meeting with encouragement from men holding her Majesty's commission of the peace. Parties are going openly abroad levying subscriptions for Fenian objects, and this day the names of deputies-Justices and Justices of the peace were unreservedly mentioned as throwing in their mites to the Fenian treasury. Besides this, preparations on the most extensive scale are making for the defiance of the law. The sale of crapes for hand-bands and female bonnet trimmings has been unprecedented. One establishment in this city—and I have the statement from the department salesman—sold yesterday nearly four thousand crapes hand-bands. The quantities disposed of by the other drapery establishments in this city are equally astounding. This alone will show the gigantic nature of the rebel display proclaimed for to-morrow. The question but by every loyalist is, 'Have we a Government at all?' Every hour during the day it was expected that a proclamation would appear from the Castle of Dublin directing the suppression of such a defiance of the law, but up to the moment I write no relief is afforded to the loyal. It is known that rebels congregate more than ever, that they are better provided with the munitions of warfare, and that they are more daring than heretofore. The country swarms with American rowdies, and life and property are jeopardised.—Saunders.

In the Probate Court, Dublin, Judge Keating presiding, a suit was recently brought by Right Rev. Gillooly, Bishop of Elphin, to establish the will of the late Mr. George O'Shaughnessy, of Ooolock, county of Galway. The Bishop was named executor in the will to carry out certain religious trusts. The niece of the testator was the defendant, the will being disputed on her behalf by her mother, Messrs. P. Kennedy and Jas. Hurley proved the execution of the will by deceased. Judge Keating said he would give a decree establishing the will. Defendant's counsel applied for costs. Judge Keating said there was no ground for disputing the will, and he refused the application.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP CLERKENWELL PRISON.—December. 13.—To-day, at the hour of four o'clock in the afternoon, three men accompanied by a woman were observed by persons passing at the moment to roll a barrel against the wall of the Clerkenwell Green prison, where Col. Burke, who was arrested a short time since—charged with an active complicity in the Fenian riots in Manchester—and other Fenian prisoners are confined; some under remand from a magisterial examination in the Police Court, and others awaiting transmission to different towns for trial. The barrel was placed at the wall bounding the side of the prison yard in which persons confined in Clerkenwell are permitted to take exercise at the hour of four o'clock p.m. Soon after it was fixed in what may be called its position, an awful explosion followed by most disastrous consequences, took place. The prison wall was blown down to a great extent, a gap almost one hundred feet wide having been made in a ruin. The dwelling houses situated on the line of street opposite to the prison were shattered many of them being almost completely leveled to the earth. Two men, with a woman, who, it is supposed, are the parties who fired the barrel, were immediately arrested, but the third man, who was seen to light the fuse which was applied to it made his escape. None of the prisoners confined in the jail got out, as the term of their time of outdoor exercise had terminated and they had been marched from the yard and locked up in their cells just before the explosion took place. The street opposite which runs parallel with the prison, at the spot is narrow and built with houses three stories high. They are for the most part rented out in apartments of one or two rooms each. The inhabitants of the extensive suburban parish district of Clerkenwell are very poor. Twenty houses were almost utterly demolished and rendered untenable by the crash. The city firemen were immediately summoned to the spot, and are now employed in digging in and under the ruins for dead bodies. Forty persons, men, women and children, have been found to be wounded.—A house which stood in the street just directly opposite to where the breach has been blown in the prison wall, has been suspected for some time as a Fenian headquarters, or place of rendezvous for Fenians. The police authorities had ordered that a strict search should be made on the premises to-morrow. The remainder of the injured persons have been removed to the nearest hospitals. The scene presented in the neighborhood during the darkening evening and since nightfall is exceedingly romantic and picturesque, thousands of people being gathered in the vicinity, each one discussing the event, its origin and consequences, with his or her neighbor. The ruins of the dwelling and the prison wall are guarded by a strong force of police. The street highway has been ripped up to a considerable distance by the explosion and the walls of the jail have fallen to some extent, into the breach, revealing the interior of the prison yard. No damage has been done to the prison buildings.

LONDON, Dec. 19.—An attempt was made to-day to blow up one of the walls of Millbank Jail, in which a number of Fenians are confined. The preparations were all completed, and the fuse had been lighted by the conspirators without attracting attention, but owing to some defect in the arrangement of the materials the powder did not explode, and the plot was discovered before the attempt to carry it out could be renewed. No arrests have been made, and no clue has been obtained to the guilty parties.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FENIANS.—The Warwickshire county constabulary have been armed when on night duty with Olin's six-chambered revolvers and cutlasses, which have been lent by Government at the request of the Court of Quarter Sessions. The Militia stores at Warwick and Leamington have also been rendered more secure. The depot at Warwick is at the rear of the County-buildings and could only be attacked from Dracock street. The high wall abutting on that thoroughfare has been perforated with loopholes for musketry so as to command the whole of the street. The entrance gates have also been strengthened and provided with additional bars, and the store room door where the rifles and ammunition are deposited has been coated on the inside with sheet iron. At Leamington a square tower has been erected over the entrance to the quadrangle and the walls are perforated by loopholes so as to command the approaches to the stores. The whole of the rifles, both at Warwick and Leamington, with the exception of those used by the permanent Staff, have been temporarily rendered useless by the removal of the locks and ramrods. On two occasions rumours have been circulated that attacks on the stores were contemplated, but both seem to have been without foundation.

A FALSE ALARM.—On Sunday morning just before the church bells at Edinburgh began to ring for Divine service, a startling noise was heard, resembling the discharge of firearms in the open air. Ten or twelve shots were heard in rapid succession, and in the quiet of the morning, the reports coming from the south-west part of the town, were heard even in the eastern and northern districts. A vague apprehension of a Fenian outrage spread through the town, and in the locality whence the noise proceeded there was great excitement and many ran to find out the spot, and, if possible, discover the supposed conspirators against the public peace. It was found that the discharge proceeded from a railway bridge over the Caledonian Railway, which, having to be removed in connexion with the improvements of the access to Edinburgh station, had, for the sake of expedition, been blown up with gunpowder, it being necessary to use the only oppor-

tunity afforded for the purpose by the cessation of traffic on the Sunday morning.

We protest that there has not been as yet in the public mind of England any impulse of 'revenge.' What feeling may be roused among a certain class of our population if these threats are persisted in, or acted on, we dare not say; but hitherto the universal feeling of Englishmen is one of intense regret that fellow-subjects—members of a nation whom we admire and have reason to be proud of—should, under the most baseless of delusions, be dashing themselves and their fellow-countrymen to pieces against our laws.

But there is, we think one argument which ought to have weight with the disseminators of this seditious rant. We are denounced by every epithet in the language for having enforced the penalty of death. Now, would we have it considered whether we have done anything more than accept a challenge which has been persistently forced on us. The journals from which we quote declare war against us and our institutions in the plainest language. Do they expect to wage war upon us, and that we should abstain from fighting our own battle and waging war with them? What do the Fenians mean, what have they ever meant, by storing rifles, revolvers, and pistols, but that they may inflict death on those who resist them? Are they to have the privilege of putting their enemies to death, while their opponents are to be precluded from meeting them with their own weapons? It has often been argued that an armed insurrection may, under certain circumstances, be justified, but it has never yet been maintained that an armed resistance to the peril of their lives, and if a different rule is to be established, rebellion will become, not only the gravest, but the most respectable of crimes. The Nation appeals to 'that mighty people who, at the termination of the great revolution that ever shook the earth, never sullied their laurels with a drop of blood not shed in battle.' The exception is instructive. The Americans shed sufficient blood in battle to render it perfectly unnecessary to shed a drop of blood after the battle. But if the South appealed to arms, they did not expect the North to reject the appeal. We were not the first to shed blood in this unhappy business. Allen and his associates were executed, because they were concerned in the murder of a policeman. Until an unmistakable murder was committed, we abstained, as not a few thought, with misplaced leniency, from inflicting the capital penalty upon men who had justly rendered themselves liable to it by overt rebellion. Even if the Fenians abstained from what they call unnecessary outrages in the Spring, they undoubtedly levied war against us, they did their best to shoot the Irish constabulary who defended their stations, and it is palpable that they would have done more if they could. Blood was shed on that occasion, but English justice did not retaliate by bloodshed. In a word, if the language upon which we are commenting has any meaning, it means that we are to fight with our hands tied. Is such a proposal worthy of a cause 'which can count among its martyrs the noblest spirits that ever the love of liberty inspired?' To us it appears unworthy of men who have counted the cost and made their resolve. If they persist in their insane struggle, they must expect us to defend ourselves by all the means in our power. We should certainly hold our own, whatever the cost; but to generous and manly enemies we should entertain, as we entertain now, not the least animosity. It is a different matter if we are confronted by men who refuse to risk their own lives while they claim the right to take our own. It may be quite true that except upon some such understanding the Fenian scheme is perfectly impracticable. That proves the absurdity of the conspiracy, but it does not acquit the conspirators of something too closely allied to a quality which is equally repugnant to English and Irish nature.—Times.

THE PROCESSIONS IN IRELAND.—BOSS OF LORDS.—Lord Dufferin moved for the police reports of the processions which had recently taken place in Ireland in order to show sympathy with the Fenians who had been executed at Manchester. He would not express, or ask the Government to express, his opinion as to whether the parties had kept within the letter of the law. He deprecated the tone assumed by the respectable portion of the press which represented Allen and his companions as martyrs, and earnestly impressed on the Government the absolute necessity of impartially administering the Party Processions Act throughout Ireland, without reference either to religious or political opinions. It was contended that green was not a party colour, but an Irishman who was put in prison for wearing a blue ribbon would not easily recognize the difference, for the national colour was now certainly degraded into a party emblem. He hoped that the Government would continue to administer the law with the same manliness and impartiality which they had shown, especially in the case of the Orangemen of the North, who were the most staunch political supporters of the Government. The Earl of Derby whilst doing full justice to the general, he hoped not the exclusive loyalty in Ireland of the Orange society, had never hesitated to carry out the law with the utmost impartiality, and he knew that his regret was shared by the leaders of that society. He deeply regretted that a portion of the press should have represented the executions at Manchester as dictated by political reasons. The offence was not a political one, but a simple murder, and the Government, without vindictiveness and without political feeling, felt it was necessary after the leniency shown last year in not carrying out the extreme sentence of the law, that they should not be deterred by any consideration of the consequences to themselves from carrying out what they felt to be a most painful but imperative duty. He could assure the noble lord that the Government would continue to carry out the law with firmness and impartiality. The Party Processions Act, however, did not meet the case of these funeral processions, the parties engaged in them having, by not displaying banners or other emblems, kept within the law, as far as his information went. The motion for the reports was then withdrawn.

Lord Stanley had laid before Parliament a despatch to Mr. Ford, at Washington, of date so recent as the 16th ult., which shows clearly the state of the question pending between this country and the United States with regard to the Alabama claims. The difficulty raised so gratuitously by Mr. Seward on Lord Stanley's accession to office still obstructs a settlement. Mr. Seward had so framed his acceptance of Lord Stanley's offer to refer the American claims to arbitration as to convey the impression that it is the desire of the United States Government that any tribunal to be agreed upon in dealing with the Alabama claims may enter into the question whether the act of policy of her Majesty's government in recognizing the Confederate States as a belligerent Power was or was not suitable to the circumstances of the times when the recognition was made. Lord Stanley says distinctly that the Queen's government cannot consent to a reference of the question. In any reference of the Alabama claims to an arbitration it must be assumed that an actual state of war existed between the government of the United States and the Confederate States, that point being conceded, it would be for the arbiter to determine whether there had been such failure on the part of the British government in its duties as a neutral as could be deemed to involve a moral responsibility on the part of the British government to make good losses of American citizens caused by the Alabama and other vessels of the same class. This is the purport of Lord Stanley's despatch, which we print in another column. The public we believe, is by this time heartily weary of a discussion which seems unprofitable, and we are not going to multiply words upon it. There is one thing, however, most necessary to be remembered—Mr. Seward is undoubtedly the most aggravating of correspondents, but he may have for his successor some one who would

write less and behave worse. A great transfer of political power in the United States is fore-shadowed by the late elections, and it is all in favour of the democratic party—the old and bitter enemy of England, the party, moreover, to which the American Irish belong and to which they are indispensable. If it should come into office while these claims are unsettled, and while Fenianism was rife, the consequences might be such as the friends of peace and civilization on both sides of the Atlantic deplore.—London Times.

A VERBATIM SWINDLER.—The *Carlisle Journal* recognises a John Hall, who pleaded 'guilty' to a charge of forgery and false pretences at Middlesex Sessions last Monday, the man who, in conjunction with the Irish 'poet' Young, was nominated by Lord Derby for a grant of 50l. from the Royal Bounty Fund. The applications made a good deal of noise at the time, and after the check had actually been signed it was discovered that Hall, who had represented himself as a literary man in distress, was 'not a deserving person.' Hall resided in Carlisle three or four years, and tried various modes of swindling. One of these was to write to gentlemen whose death had just been announced, making fictitious claims upon them either for goods supplied or for money owing, in hopes of obtaining money from executors. A few days after the death of the late Sir Gilbert East was announced in *The Times* Hall sent in a claim for 57. 18, under the name of Henderson, from some alleged transaction between them. A similar fictitious claim was made upon the late Lady Alvanley. Another mode of operation was to write under another name directing attention to the condition of 'poor Hall,' as a person to whom the recipient of the letter should send money in order to make him some reparation for an injustice or injury done him in years gone by. He left Carlisle not long after the attempted fraud upon Lord Derby was discovered and exposed, and thence he appears to have come to London, where, by forging the names of Lord Vivian, Lord Elcho, and others, he attempted to obtain goods under false pretences. Having pleaded 'guilty' on Monday, sentence was deferred till inquiries could be made concerning his previous history.

STRAIDERS.—The London *Athenaeum* directs attention to the Registrar-General's curious return of the number of suicides in England during the eight years from 1858 to 1865. They average 1,300 annually, and to every million of the population run thus in each successive year; 66, 64, 70, 63, 65, 64, and 67. Hanging has always been the death generally adopted by suicides, 28 out of the ratio of 67 per million suicides falling under this head. After hanging follow cutting, stabbing or drowning, poisoning and by firearms. The ratio of suicides per million of the respective populations in 1864 was 110 in France, 64 in England, 45 in Belgium, 30 in Italy, and fifteen in Spain.

UNITED STATES.

SMUGGLING AS A FINE ART.—How it is practiced in New York—Some interesting incidents.—The New York Tribune publishes an extended report of frauds on the customs at that port, and specifies some instances which have occurred within a few weeks. When a foreign steamer arrives and the baggage of the passengers is all on the wharf, the following scenes usually take place:—The inspectors detailed for the vessel while in port take charge, and seal the trunks. The passengers descend to the pier, and the inspection begins. Each passenger, before the examination, fills out a blank form, in which he enumerates the contents of his trunk, if there is nothing but his own wearing apparel he certifies that there are no saw or dutiable articles within. Then commences the ludicrous scenes. They are requested to unlock their trunks. The ready, easy manner with which many open them, without being called upon, produce a good effect, convincing the officer that they have travelled, and therefore understand the form. He gently passes his hand down the inside and under a few articles of clothing, shuts the lid, and exclaims 'O.K.' But you must not fancy yourself safe. Keen gray eyes are watching you from a distance, and if there is any expression of exultation, if one is nervous or irritable, he goes through another ordeal. He is suspected. His trunk is measured inside and out, the sides and the top sounded, and a general manipulation takes place. If anything dutiable or new is found, it is immediately confiscated, and becomes the property of Uncle Samuel. In the meantime the Deputy Surveyor and his aids are taking a general survey of the scene of operations. One of the aids has his eye on a large, heavy looking man, who is wrapped up in a great coat. He walks like an invalid, and is attended by a friend who has met him on the pier. The aid thinks his garments fit him too 'munchly'; he takes the Inspector aside and informs him that after he (the officer) has examined his baggage he will stumble over his valise or bag. Of course the large man with so much clothing on will stop to pick up his baggage, which has been so suddenly and clumsily displaced, at which time the Inspector must watch his back. The ruse succeeds; the back of his coat appears as if it covered a pan full of biscuits. Trembling with fear the passenger is taken inside the small office and from under his coat is drawn a well padded vest containing fifty gold watches. He is now subjected to a thorough examination; his boot legs and heels do not escape their scrutiny. The heel of one boot is found to be hollow—out of it green and inside is found a single enclosed in cotton two brilliant worth \$200.—When entirely stripped of his superfluous garments he appears like a second 'Calvin Klien'. Another victim has been selected, and is called aside and subjected to corporal examination. He is partly and tries to be jolly. He laughs boisterously, and informs the officer that he supposes he must do his duty. Underneath his shirt are hundreds of yards of costly lace deftly wound around his waist. After the officers have denuded him of his smuggled under garments he looks more like a plucked fowl than a human being. Another man has passed the inspection, and his trunks are strapped to the rack of the carriage. He seems very much elated and is in a great hurry. On his arm he carries a lap rug, of which he seems to be very careful. As he is about to step into the carriage, the aid taps him on the shoulder and accosts him familiarly. He asks him if he enjoyed his trip, and gives him a friendly poke in the ribs, by which he detects a rather spongy something about the waist. Of course an examination follows and he turns out to be another 'lace reel'. The lap rug is ripped open and found to contain more of the same precious material, point applique and Valenciennes lace, appraised at \$12,000. These three men are professional smugglers, who in all probability have made several successful trips. After being detected and stripped of their valubles, they are set at liberty.

The negroes in all the Southern Conventions vote for the highest compensation, and in the Virginia Convention those distinguished and intellectual patriots have fixed their pay at \$8 per day—a larger sum than they ever received for barbering, whitewashing, or blacking boots. They regard \$8 per day as a 'luxury of freedom,' and they are disposed to enjoy their rights.

When John Brown was hung, the national debt did not exceed \$60,000,000. Eight years afterward, the national debt amounted to \$3,000,000,000. It is thus seen in what direction John Brown's soul has been working on.

One of the most original juvenile inventions was that of little Fanny, who, instead of saying her prayers at night, spread out her alphabet upon the bed and raising her eyes to heaven, said, 'O, Lord I here are the letters; fix them to suit yourself.' Severe distress prevails among the white and negroes of the South, and worse times are coming.—Starvation actually menaces many.

The True Witness.

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY. No. 696, Craig Street, by J. GILLIES. G. E. CLERK, Editor.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE: To all country subscribers Two Dollars. If the subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year then, in case the paper be continued, the terms shall be Two Dollars and a-half. To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a-half in advance, and if not renewed at the end of the year, then, if we continue sending the paper, the subscription shall be Three Dollars. The True Witness can be had at the News Depots Single copy 3c. We beg to remind our Correspondent that no letters will be taken out of the Post-Office, unless pre-paid. The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "JOHN JONES, August '63," shows that he has paid up to August '63, and owes his Subscription FROM THAT DATE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 27, 1867.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR. DECEMBER—1867. Friday, 27—St John Ev., Ap. Saturday, 28—Holy Innocents, M. M. Sunday, 29—Sunday of Octave, St Thomas of Canterbury, B. M. Monday, 30—Of the Octave. Tuesday, 31—St Sylvester, P. O. JANUARY—1868. Wednesday, 1—Circumcision of Our Lord. Thursday, 2—Octave of St Stephen.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

No better means for arousing a social persecution against the Irish population in the large cities of England could be devised than are those which certain infatuated parties are actually pursuing. The past week brings us tidings of several fresh outrages, akin to that which was so fatal to life at Clerkenwell. An abortive attempt to blow up the wall of Millbank prison; a nitroglycerine explosion in the North of England, by which many innocent persons were killed and mutilated; attempts to set fire to warehouses—all these things, attributed, God knows with what of truth to Irish Fenians, have stirred up the English mind, and prepared the nation for a panic such as that which in the days of Charles II., was taken advantage of by Oates, Dangerfield and others, the Whalleys and Murphys of the seventeenth century, to goad the not easily moved Anglo-Saxon to madness. God knows where all this will end: but two things are certain.—First that no nation, or community ever achieved its independence, or bettered its condition, by means either of the dagger of the assassin, or the torch of the incendiary: and secondly, that a terrible, cruel and indiscriminating persecution of the poor Irish laboring classes in England will be the consequence of recourse to such ignoble weapons and modes of warfare, which the great and true hearted patriots of Ireland in days of old, would have repudiated with scorn and indignation. At the same time it should be remembered that some at least of the devilish outrages to which we allude, may just as well have been the work of the English criminal classes, and have been resorted to for purposes of plunder, as of the Irish Fenians, and designed to effect a political object. They do in fact savor strongly of Trades Unionism, an organization which as recent enquiries have demonstrated, is accustomed to employ assassination and arson as its favorite weapons.

The inquest on the bodies of the victims of the Clerkenwell explosion was held on the 17th inst., but no fresh evidence as to the guilty parties was adduced. The Jury brought in a verdict of murder against Timothy Desmond and Jerry Allen: four other persons, Mulvaney, Eoghan, O'Keaffe, and W. Desmond have also been arrested on the same charge, and their case was undergoing preliminary investigation at the last advices. The authorities are everywhere on the alert: the police force is being augmented, and the Cabinet has determined to apply to Parliament to suspend for a season the operation of the Habeas Corpus Act in England. This shows to what depths the naturally sluggish English mind has been stirred by recent events.

The much talked of Conference on the Roman question has been given up, as every one saw that no good could possibly come of it. There are but two ways of settling the Roman question. One, the plan of Garibaldi and the Revolutionists; which consists in the annexation of the Pontifical States to Piedmont, and the expulsion of the Sovereign Pontiff from Rome.—The second, which is the only plan consistent with justice and common honesty, consists in the restoration to the Pope, of the dominions wrested from him by Piedmontese arm. Any other plan that may be proposed as a compromise, or middle term betwixt these two extreme plans would be but an intrigue, which would satisfy nobody, and which would scarce endure till the ink with which its conditions had been written, were dry. In the meantime, and with a view to fresh attacks upon the Holy See, the Catholics throughout the world, are tendering their services, their fortunes and their persons for the defence of the

Sovereign Pontiff. In this noble race Canada we are happy to say will not be the last.

And perhaps after all it is not the throne of the Pope that is at the present moment the most in danger from the Revolution. That of Victor Emmanuel himself seems to be in a far more precarious, or unstable condition, and far more likely to be overthrown in the inevitable and not very remote struggle. The party of Mazzini is again active throughout the Peninsula from North to South, and recent events have tended to make King "honest-man" something more than merely unpopular amongst the Italian peoples. Besides, a financial crisis, or in other words bankruptcy seems unavoidable in spite of the heavy sums extorted by the tax gatherers, and the robbery of the monasteries, convents, and Catholic Church generally. The day of retribution is evidently at hand: and as in France, Robespierre and Danton were respectively the successors of Necker and Mirabeau, so too in Italy, Cavour and Ratazzi will ere long be succeeded by fresh and more "thorough" revolutionists, whose work will as far transcend that of their predecessors, as the Revolution of '93 transcended that of '89.

There are who maintain, that Ireland has no valid grievance against England, and England's legislation to complain of. If there be any who seriously entertain this opinion, we commend to their perusal, and attentive consideration, the following paragraph from a late issue of an Irish paper:—

'An action is now pending in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, to test who is rightful owner of Menlo Castle. It is an objection to the title, the disputed question being whether the marriage celebrated between the late Sir Valentine Blake and Miss Donelan, in 1803 was legal or not.—Sir Valentine Blake, being as it is alleged a professing Protestant within a year previous to his said marriage; the Plaintiff (Valentine Charles Blake) living in Wales, out of the jurisdiction, being the eldest son of Sir Valentine's second marriage in 1843.'

This action therefore has its origin in one of the Penal Laws which still disgrace the British Statute Book, and which brand as concubinage all marriages contracted in Ireland by a Catholic convert, with a Catholic wife, before a Catholic priest, in the face of God and His Church, if contracted within a year of the said convert's profession of the Catholic faith. Is not this a grievance of which the Catholic people of Ireland have a right to complain, and which if all the talk with which our ears are assailed about "equal rights," about "civil and religious liberty" be not mere cant, the British legislator is bound to redress? Is it but a light thing that before the law, the Irish Catholic woman who so marries a convert to her own faith some ten or eleven months after his conversion, should be not a wife, but merely a mistress, or concubine? Is it no valid grievance that the legitimacy of children in Ireland, and their right to succeed to the property of their parents should be called in question, because one of those parents in obedience to the dictates of conscience had embraced the Catholic Faith, and had been married in accordance with the laws of the Catholic Church, within a year of such conversion? And mark this! That the law is peculiar to Ireland: that it does not extend to Canada, or other parts of Her Majesty's Dominions: and that therefore it is a law not necessary for the maintenance of her authority, or the integrity of the Empire. It is but a wanton insult to Irish Catholics; a most wicked and gratuitous outrage upon the civil and religious liberties of the Queen's Catholic subjects in that one portion of her dominions: an oppressive and most cruel penalty inflicted by British law upon converts to Romanism, of which the painful effects are not limited to the converts, but are with hellish malignity extended to his children to the latest generation—a relaxation indeed of the Penal Laws of Elizabeth, when the rack was the palmary argument of Protestantism, and when reconciliation with the Church was a capital felony; but still an outrage upon religion, upon liberty, and the rights of conscience.

Nor does the case above indicated show the full extent of the working of this iniquitous law. But the other day a respectable tradesman in Dublin gave his daughter—after due enquiry—in marriage to a person of respectable exterior, of ample means, with excellent references, and in every respect, to all appearance an eligible match.—Shortly after, the husband who called himself a Catholic abandoned his wife, and married another woman. Prosecuted for bigamy, he pleaded that he had not been a professing Catholic for the whole of the required twelve months, before his first marriage, and that therefore, in virtue of the existing Penal Law against such marriages, it—his first marriage—was null and void. The plea was good in law; the scoundrel escaped the punishment he so richly deserved; and his wife deserted and betrayed was sent back ruined and broken-hearted, to her disconsolate parents. Has Ireland then no valid grievances against England to complain of? Has the latter nothing in her treatment of Ireland to redress? When before the tribunal of the universe she pleads her cause against Fenianism, does she come into Court with clean hands?

M. Chapais, Minister of Agriculture, has been re-elected by acclamation to represent the County of Champlain in the Local Legislature.

CONSECRATION OF A NEW CHURCH AT ST. SOPHIE.—On Thursday, the 19th December instant, Ste. Sophie was made the witness of a highly edifying spectacle in the blessing of a new church, recently erected there for the accommodation of the faithful, whose number, it appears, are fast augmenting of late years. The sacred edifice is commodious and tasty in size and appearance, and was built by James Sheridan, Esq., contractor, of Montreal, under the supervision of M. Auge, architect. Amongst other persons of note who assisted at the interesting ceremony were the Hon. Edward Masson and other members of the same family, besides a host of the neighboring gentry. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. A. Froulx, of St. Jerome, and the sermon preached by the Rev. Father Landrigan, of the Church of the Nativity, Montreal. This sermon, one of the most eloquent, perhaps, that has been heard for years, was founded on the following text, taken from St. Matthew, 7th chap. 25th verse: "And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." The Reverend gentleman's discourse occupied over an hour in its delivery. It painted in glowing language, and sublime imagery, the triumphs and glories of Mother Church from the infancy of her existence down to modern days—depicted, in bold colors, the many dangers which the bark of St. Peter had to undergo from the ever surging billows of heresy; how it rode triumphantly, notwithstanding, over the angry waters, and proudly weathered the shocks of every tempest, and how to-day, despite the storms of twice nine hundred years, it is seen floating upon the waves under the pilotage of the saintly Pius IX., as buoyantly and sea-worthy as ever it did, when the helm obeyed the touch of its first Master and Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Such is a condensed summary of the substance of a sermon which is sure to remain engraved upon the minds of those who heard it for long years to come. A sumptuous repast was afterwards served to a large number of invited guests, lay and clerical, amongst the former being James Sheridan, Esq., already mentioned, and Edward McKeown, Esq., J.P., both of Montreal. After the good things of the table had properly been discussed, the day was terminated by the toast of the prosperity of the village and the new Church, and the health of the builder was also toasted and received with all the honors.

COOL, NOT TO SAY IMPUDENT.—The English Bible Society, so we learn by telegram, has had the impertinence to wait upon the Emperor Louis Napoleon for the purpose of presenting him with a copy of the Bible. How the Emperor managed to keep his countenance during the interview with the deputation we can scarce understand; but that he did so, argues well in favor of his powers of self-command, and his natural politeness. For see what the action of the English Bible Society implied—That he to whom the Bible was given was ignorant of its contents, and was in little better plight than a heathen, or dusky South Sea islander. Besides, as a professing Catholic, Louis Napoleon could not accept the book presented to him as the Bible, since it is condemned by his Church as a corrupt, and mutilated version of the Holy Scriptures.

We wonder what English Protestants would think if by way of reciprocating the compliment, the members of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith in France were to send a deputation of their members to England to present Queen Victoria with a copy of the Apostles' Creed; and yet to say the least, this would be quite as useful a present to a Protestant, as is the present of a Protestant Bible to a Catholic.

Here is what the Commercial Bulletin of Boston says of the industrial condition of the Northern States:—

'In no part of the country is industry at so low an ebb, capital so unremunerative, and their products so poorly paid for as in New England at present. Not only are our manufactories closed, or running on short time, and thousands thrown out of employment, but our commercial classes are suffering immense losses from the stagnation of trade, and shrinking in value. In fact the noble race of import and shipping merchants, once the boast of our New England sea-ports, whose ships poured into our markets the wealth of every clime, are now falling into comparative decay.'

In similar gloomy colors does a correspondent of the Boston Journal depict the collapse of business in the State of Maine:—

'The fact cannot be gainsayed that, go where you may in Maine, business will be found crippled, and the cry of dull times goes up on every hand. There will be less lumbering by one half this winter than usual, and there is such a prostration in our ship building interests that hardly a vessel can be found upon the stocks.'

And it is in a season of universal depression like this, when business is almost at a stand still every where, that the working men of Quebec are such fools as to quarrel with their bread and butter, and to refuse work when offered to them! Truly the mercenary demagogues who incite them to this suicidal action have much to answer for, before both God, and man!

The Journal de Quebec denounces energetically the violence and brutality which, according to that paper, characterized the late municipal elections at Quebec.

Some interesting facts have been communicated to us respecting the late Mary McDonald, wife of the late Ewan McDonald, of Lancaster U. Canada. This lady attained the advanced age of 100 years, 1 month and 20 days, having been born in the parish of Croagard, Invernesshire, Scotland, on the 5th of January, 1761, and having died on the 27th February, 1861. She was married at the early age of 16. Shortly after with her husband she emigrated to Nova Scotia, but subsequently removed to Glengarry, Upper Canada. This venerable lady, truly a mother in Israel had 11 children, 73 grandchildren, and 448 great-grandchildren, 17 of the next generation, and 8 of the next, all of whom might have attended at her funeral. Of her sons three served their king and country in the war of 1812, and thirteen of her grandsons did the same in the rebellion of 1837-38.

On Sunday 15th inst., His Grace, the Archbishop of Quebec, assisted by the Rev. Grand Vicar Cazeau, and by the Rector of the Laval University solemnly blessed the new church of St. Saviour. High Mass was celebrated by M. the Cure of St. Roch in the presence of a great assemblage. The sermon was delivered by the Archbishop who took occasion to remind his hearers of the obedience which they owed to their spiritual guides—and of the danger and wickedness of certain societies condemned by the Church. It is to be hoped that the fatherly counsels of their Pastor will be listened to by the people of Quebec—and that they will spurn with horror the pernicious maxims of the blatant demagogues who seek to lead them astray.

The Mission at the Gesu was brought to a close on Sunday afternoon. This mission has been eminently successful, and the seed sown by the learned and eloquent Father Smarius has already brought forth good fruit in the shape of conversions to the Catholic Church. In our next we hope to lay some interesting particulars before our readers.

PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. JOHN WALSH, D. D., BISHOP OF SANDWICH.

John, by the Grace of God and Appointment of the Holy See, Bishop of Sandwich.

To the Clergy, Religious, and Laity of our Diocese, Grace to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,—It has pleased our Holy Father, Pius IX., the supreme visible ruler of the Church, to appoint us Bishop of the diocese of Sandwich. We accept the burden imposed upon us by Christ's vicegerent with fear and trembling,—conscious alike of its weight and our own weakness. The grave responsibilities, the momentous interests connected with the sublime office of the Episcopate may well inspire with diffidence and fear him who is called upon to undertake the arduous duties of that office. Still the Great Shepherd of our souls works through human instruments, and it is our consolation to believe that He frequently chooses for the execution of His work on earth instruments and means which, humanly speaking, would appear least adapted for His purpose. St. Paul tells us (1 Cor. i. 27,) "The foolish things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the wise, and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong, and the base things of the world and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen, and the things that are not, that He might bring to naught the things that are, that no flesh should glory in His sight." Our Divine Redeemer sought His Apostles, not amongst the great and rich and educated, but amongst the poor and illiterate. When the Apostles went forth to execute the commission given them,—a commission that was to embrace the entire earth for its sphere, and extend to every generation of man for all coming time,—the world was then politically united in one grand human organization known in history as the Roman Empire. Civilization, such as then existed, had reached its culminating point. A huge system of false worship held the empire in its grasp—was bound up with all its glory and dearest associations, and was interlarded with the traditions, the habits and affections, and even fears of the people. Rome, the capital, was then embellished with the genius of mankind, enriched with the wealth of nations, and decked out in the trophies of many hundred years. There, in elegant ease, philosophers theorized, poets sang in immortal verse, orators spoke with more than human eloquence, painters made the canvas breathe and live, and sculptors took the rude stones of the quarry and chiselled them into life; whilst the military power of Rome ruled the world. At this time a poor, illiterate fisherman, from far distant Galilee, visited the Eternal City. Now, who would have thought that this poor stranger was commissioned to teach the proud intellectual Romans the saving truths of which they had never heard, and to rid the world of the false worship which had so long held it in bondage? And yet, so it was; because the foolish, and base, and contemptible things God hath chosen that no flesh should glory in His sight. Peter began his mission in haughty Rome, and the result is known. The folly of the Cross overthrew the world. The mustard seed grew up and became a mighty tree, overshadowing the earth, and sheltering peoples, tribes, and tongues beneath its protecting branches. And so it has been in the whole history of the Church of Christ. The—humanly speaking—disproportion and inadequacy of the means employed by the Church to produce the mighty results history records, attest the presence of Divine power and wisdom, guiding her counsels, ruling her destinies, and working through her for the happiness and salvation of the human race. Only the visible organization appeared to men, but there was within it

an Almighty power before which, sooner or later, all hostile combinations, and opposition, and difficulties melted away, as the snow melts under the hot sun of advancing spring. The work of the Church then, is God's work—carried out often through very inadequate human agencies. And this is for us a ground of confidence and consolation, in accepting the responsible position which the Church assigns us. Paul may plant, and Apollo water, but it is God who gives the increase.

And He will give increase through those who are lawfully sent. In accepting our appointment by the Holy Father, and by the imposition of hands in the sacred rite of Consecration, we are made partakers in the Apostolic commission, and have true authentic credentials as ambassadors of Christ and dispensers of His holy mysteries. The Apostles undertook not the work of the holy ministry until duly commissioned to do so. No one should take the honor to himself, but he that is called of God. Even, says St. Paul, (Hebrews v. 6,) "Christ did not glorify Himself to be made a High Priest, but He that said to Him, Thou art a Priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech." "The Eternal Father, then, constituted our blessed Lord a High Priest, and gave Him from all eternity His commission to teach mankind the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. Christ commissioned His Apostles, for He said, "As the Father hath sent Me I also send you." (John xx. 21.) and the Apostles sent their successors, and so on down through the ages. This is the Divine order established by God for the appointment and continuation of a legitimate ministry; and outside of this Divinely appointed order, no one is authorized to preach the Word of God, or to dispense the holy mysteries. Our blessed Lord, before His ascension, organized the Apostles into a teaching body,—clothed them with His powers, and commissioned them to go and teach the world. "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth, going, therefore, teach all nations, and behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii. 18, 19, 20.) This teaching body was constituted a moral person which was to live for ever in the execution of the Divine commission. Peter is the head of the Apostolic College—the rock on which the Church was built—the superior who was assigned by Christ the office of confirming his brethren. It was to him and the other Apostles our Lord said, "He that heareth you heareth Me, he that despiseth you despiseth Me, and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him who sent Me." (Luke x. 16.) To him and the other Apostles constituting the teaching body, Christ said, "I will ask the Father and He will give you another Paraclete, the spirit of truth, who will teach you all truth, and abide with you for ever." (John xiv. 16.) The Divine commission, therefore, to teach all nations was given to the Apostles and their lawful successors in the work of the Apostolate. To no one outside of that body were the words, "Go and teach" addressed, and therefore no one outside of it has commission to do so. Any person else presuming to exercise the office of a shepherd of souls would be rightly considered as not entering the sheep fold by the door, but by climbing up another way, and would, therefore, be a thief and a robber, coming to kill, and to steal, and destroy. (St. John x. 1.) he would be like those false prophets of whom the Lord complained through His prophet Jeremah (xxiii. 21.) "I did not send prophets yet they ran, I have not spoken to them yet they prophesied. Hence St. Paul insisted on this lawful mission as the very basis of man's salvation. "How then," says he, "shall they call upon Him in whom they have not believed, or how shall they believe Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach unless they be sent." (Romans x. 14.) wherein the Apostle proceeds from invocation to faith, from faith to hearing, from hearing to preaching, and from preaching to mission; so that in the last analysis mission becomes as it were, the basis of man's salvation; since without mission, imparted by God to His preachers, the people could not have true faith, or the true worship of God.

Now, the Catholic Church is she alone who inherits the Divine office of teaching. St. Augustine, in the 5th century, proves this by tracing back the line of Bishops from his day to St. Peter, and we, in the 19th century, can do the same by the same line of argument. For says the illustrious Doctor of the Church, "it the order of Bishops succeeding to each other is to be considered, how much more securely and really beneficially do we reckon from Peter himself, to whom, bearing a figure of the Church, the Lord says, "Upon this rock will I build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not overcome it." For to Peter succeeded Linus, to Linus Clement (he gives the whole succession) to Damasus Siricius, to Siricius Anastasius. In this order of succession no Donatist Bishop appears. (T. ii. Ep. liii.) Again the same Father says, "In the Catholic Church the agreement of peoples and of nations keeps me; the succession of priests from the very chair of the Apostle Peter, to whom our Lord after His resurrection committed His sheep to be fed, down even to the present Bishop, keeps me." (Tome viii. Cont. Manichaeus.) In fact, all the Christian Fathers recognize the perpetuity of the Apostolic College in the Episcopate spread throughout the world, but in union with the Holy See; and they brand as aliens all who, outside of that body, usurp the office of teaching divine truths, of preaching God's word, and of dispensing the holy sacraments, St. Jerome, writing to a Roman Pontiff, says, "Following no chief but Christ, I am joined in communion with Your Holiness; that is, with the Chair of Peter. Upon that rock I know the Church is built. Whoever eats the Lamb out of this house is profane. If any be not in the ark of Noah, he will perish whilst the deluge prevails. Whoever gathereth not with the scattered, that is, whoever is not of Christ is of Antichrist." (Epis. xv. ad Dam.) St. Ambrose asserts, "They have not Peter's inheritance who have not Peter's chair.

Now, it is our inestimable privilege and happiness to be in communion with that blessed chair,

that is, the See of Peter, and to receive our mission from the illustrious Pontiff who now so worthily occupies it. Through Pius IX. we receive our commission from Christ Himself. A long unbroken chain of Pontiffs stretches away into the venerable past, uniting Pius IX., appointing Bishops and commissioning them to go and teach, with our Divine Lord sending St. Peter and the other Apostles to go and teach the world. The words, "Go and teach" once uttered by the Divine lips, have been continued in uninterrupted execution in the living Church of God. As a river springing from a perennial fountain, flows ever onward through many a sheltered valley and many a broad plain, fertilizing and enriching the country through which it flows; so the living waters of the blessed religion of Christ,—the waters foreseen by Isaas as breaking forth in the desert, and streams in the wilderness,—welling forth from the words "Go and teach," have continued to flow down the ages, through the channel of the Catholic Church, making, in the language of prophecy, "the land that was desolate and impassable be glad, and the wilderness to rejoice and to flourish as the lily, causing it to bud forth and blossom and to rejoice with joy and praise, and imparting to it the glory of Libanus, and the beauty of Carmel and Sharon." (Isaias xxxv. 1, 2.)

But, Dearly Beloved Brethren, it is not enough for salvation to belong to the one true Church of God,—we must besides avoid evil and do good. Faith, St. James tells us, is dead without good works, even as the body is dead without the soul. (James ii. 26.) Not every one, said our dear Redeemer, "who saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he who doth the will of My Father who is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. vi. 21.) "Now," says St. Paul, "this is the will of God, your sanctification." (Thess. iv. 3.) We must, therefore, labor earnestly in the all-important work of our sanctification, in order to fulfill the will of God, and thereby gain heaven. For this great end you have been created and redeemed, and it will profit you nothing to gain the whole world, if you miss reaching it. To enable you to reach this end, the Holy Church has been established. "Christ," says St. Paul, "gave some apostles, and some prophets, and other some evangelists and pastors, and doctors for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." [Eph. iv. 11] "And in another place he says, [1 Cor. iii. 22] "For all things are yours, whether it be Paul or Apollo, or Cephas, or the world; for all are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Let us work earnestly to make our vocation and election sure; and above all things, have a constant mutual charity amongst yourselves. Let us love, exhort St. John, in deed and truth; for charity is the bond of perfection,—the golden link that binds us in sweet communion with each other and with God. We must be united and work together for the glory of God, the honor of our holy religion, and the salvation of souls; "that doing the truth in charity we may in all things grow up in Him who is the Head, even Christ; from whom the whole body being compacted and fitly joined together by what every joint supplieth according to the operation of the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in charity." [Eph. iv. 15] The affair of eternal salvation should be the great concern of our lives, and to attain to it we should make use of the means of grace left by our blessed Lord in His Church—viz., earnest prayer, the worthy and frequent reception of the sacraments, assisting at the holy Mass, devotion to the most blessed Sacrament, and to the ever Blessed Virgin the Immaculate Mother of God, &c., &c. "I beseech you, therefore, Brethren, by the mercy of God that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing unto God, your reasonable service, and be not conformed to this world, but be reformed in the newness of your mind, that you may prove what is the good and the acceptable and the perfect will of God." [Romans xii. 1, 2.]

Should God spare us, it shall be our pleasing duty, during the coming winter, to visit the various missions of our diocese, to share the labors of our beloved Clergy, and to contribute, as far as we may, to the spiritual welfare and happiness of the faithful people committed to our care. The first act of our administration and a most pleasing one, has been to re-appoint Very Rev. J. M. Bruyere, V. G., as Vicar General of our diocese. The valuable services rendered by this distinguished clergyman to religion, his many virtues and talents, have well deserved this emphatic recognition at our hands. And now, Dearly Beloved Brethren, "we beseech you, through our Lord Jesus Christ and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, that you help us in your prayers for us to God, that we may come to you with joy by the will of God, and be refreshed with you. Now the God of peace be with you all. Amen." [Romans xv. 32, 33.]

This pastoral will be read in all the churches of our diocese, wherein Mass will be offered up on the first Sunday after its reception, and on the following Sundays in the other Churches in which the respective pastors will have appointed to offer up the Holy Sacrifice.

JOHN WALSH, Bishop of Sandwich.

Given at Toronto, on the 11th of November, Feast of St. Martin of Tours, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven. We hereby grant (usque ad revocationem) to the clergy of our diocese the printed faculties given them by our predecessor.

JOHN WALSH, Bp. of Sandwich.

M. Hainault of Quebec, a student of the Laval University has gone to Europe to take service in the ranks of the Papal Army. He was accompanied to the steambat by his comrades of the University. We learn also from the *Courrier du Canada* that MM. Drolet and Prendergast, who both completed their education at the same University, are also about to start for Rome with the same generous intention. Of these gentlemen, the first named is a lawyer of Montreal, the second a lawyer of Quebec.

THE MADOC GOLD FIELDS.—In a letter by him addressed to Mr. Bell, of Belleville, Dr. Hunt thus indicates his opinion of the capabilities of the Madoc gold diggings, and disposes of some remarks falsely attributed to him. The opinion of one so well qualified to pronounce on the subject as is Dr. Hunt, merits the respectful attention of the community, and should serve as a warning to rash speculators:—

MONTREAL, Dec. 12, 1867.
MY DEAR SIR,—I have just returned from an absence of a month in Nova Scotia, and find your letter of Nov. 11th awaiting me. In regard to the opinions as to the gold of Madoc, expressed by me during my late visit there and since, I beg leave to assure you that the statement attributed to me that "there was not gold enough outside the Richardson Mine to get a dinner, etc." is an absurd falsehood. My own views, as then expressed are very well given in the *Madoc Mercury* of Nov. 9, by some person unknown to me, viz: That many of the miners are wasting time, money, and labor, in digging in localities where the presence of gold is not indicated by veins or any signs whatever. I, however, spoke as encouragingly as I possibly could, of those places where gold had been actually found, and await with interest the results of trials on a large scale, which shall decide whether it is present in all these localities in paying quantities. At the same time I recommended, and still recommend people to be cautious, and not to be led by unfounded statements, to spend their money, as too many seem to have done, in sinking pits into beds of rock, where there is as yet, no evidence of the precious metals, and no appearance of veins or leads of any kind. Yours faithfully,
T. STREBY HUNT.

JAMES T. BELL, Esq.
To all our friends and subscribers we wish all the compliments of the season. To those in arrears, and truly their name is legion, we would delicately hint that, were they to pay the arrear, not only would their conscience be easier, but that in all probability their Christmas and New Year dinners would sit the lighter for it on their stomachs. Nothing is so favorable to digestion, as a full and prompt discharge of one's pecuniary liabilities; only try the experiment.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—At this season of the year we naturally look about for suitable gifts for the young folks. Messrs. Dawson Bros., Great St. James Street, have on hand, well suited for this purpose, a choice selection of handsome and entertaining periodical works, amongst which we notice the Christmas number of Cassell's Magazine splendidly illustrated.

LIBERTY IN THE UNITED STATES.—In an exchange we read as under:—
"A priest, and several nuns in Cape Girardeau county were recently arrested for teaching, without having taken the oath."

These things are done to-day in the United States; and yet United States papers have the impudence to denounce the tyranny of England because in the last century the same things were done in Ireland!

The Rev. J. S. O'Connor, of Alexandria, has kindly consented to act as agent for the *True Witness* in that locality, and as there are some of our subscribers there considerably in arrear, they are requested to make an early call on the Rev. gentleman, to settle up the amount of their indebtedness.

After a Session extending over some six weeks, our Provincial Parliament was adjourned, not prorogued, on Saturday last, till the 12th of March next. The local legislature of Upper Canada meets on the 27th inst.

On Wednesday morning, 18th inst., a slight shock of an earthquake was felt throughout the Province. No damage of course was done, but houses shook, and domestic furniture clattered audibly.

LONDON SOCIETY, AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. December, 1867. Messrs. Dawson, Montreal.

The December number of this handsome, and cleverly illustrated periodical is, as usual full of light, but amusing reading matter.

The following appraisal to the Catholic youth of the country is published in our French contemporaries:

CATHOLICS OF CANADA.—You are all aware that for some time past a great number of young Catholics from the different provinces of our new Dominion have manifested the ardent desire of rushing to the assistance of the Christian Chief, the Sovereign Pontiff; and it now becomes a question if we should not organize this movement, and raise the funds necessary to ensure its success.

It is well known that the Catholics of Canada constantly and voluntarily contribute enormous sums, in proportion to their means, in order to support their religious and charitable institutions, and if they were all again called upon for large subscriptions the promoters of this enterprise might expect to see it fall, but after having devoted thought on their scheme and submitted it to competent judges, they have the pleasure to announce that it meets the warm approval of a large number of Catholics. His Grace the Bishop of Montreal, who has been pleased to encourage them in a special manner has just made an appeal to his diocessans, showing them that if each Catholic in his diocese should give the sum of twenty-five cents during the year, that same would collectively suffice to forward and to keep up in Italy, during one year, a corps of two or three hundred men, which would not only be of great assistance to the Pope, but a glory for our religion and an honour to our country.

The courageous young men who offer to shed their blood in defence of the Holy See, do not forget, nevertheless, that they are Canadians, and that the defence of their country is with them a duty of the first importance.

Should Canada be, therefore, unfortunately again menaced by a formidable invasion, they will be prepared to return in a body at the first alarm, and should the military organization of our country require the services of some among them they would immediately return, after having completed their education in that best of schools—the battle field.

We therefore request the good will of all the Catholics of the country, and we are persuaded that they will all encourage, according to their means those who so ardently desire to fulfill their duties towards their God and their country.

But to make such a scheme completely successful—a scheme which promises to become a national work—its conduct should not entirely devolve upon a few persons. We consequently entertain the hope that all Catholic influences, individual and otherwise, will take an interest in it and seek by all possible means to assure it that success which it merits.

SEVERAL CATHOLICS.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.—OTTAWA, 21st Dec.—The speaker took the Chair at half past 10 o'clock. No business being before the House, at 11 o'clock, the Governor General proceeded in state to the Chamber of the Senate, in the Parliament Buildings. The members of the Senate being assembled, His Excellency was pleased to command the attendance of the House of Commons, and that House being present, the following bills were assented to, in Her Majesty's name, by His Excellency the Governor General:—

Act relating to the indemnity to the members, and the salaries of the Speakers of both Houses of Parliament.

Act respecting the office of Speaker of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada.

Act respecting the Statutes of Canada.

Act to authorize the apprehension and detention of such persons as shall be suspected of committing acts of hostility, or conspiring against Her Majesty's person and government.

Act to amend the Act of Incorporation of the Commercial Bank of Canada, to authorize its amalgamation with any other bank or banks, or for its winding up.

Act to amend the Grand Trunk Railway arrangements Act of 1862, and for other purposes.

Act to amend and consolidate the several acts incorporating and relating to the Canadian Inland Steam Navigation Company, and to change its corporate name to that of Canadian Navigation Company, and for other purposes.

Act to incorporate the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway Company.

Act for the settlement of the affairs of the Bank of Upper Canada.

Act respecting the Customs.

Act respecting the Inland Revenue.

Act respecting the Public Works of Canada.

Act respecting the collection and management of the revenue, the auditing of public accounts, and the liability of public accountants.

Act to protect the inhabitants of Canada against lawless aggression from the subjects of foreign countries at peace with Her Majesty.

Act to prevent the unlawful training of persons to the use of arms, and the practices of military evolutions, and to authorize Justices of the Peace to seize and detain arms collected or kept for purposes dangerous to the public peace.

Act to impose duties on promissory notes and bills of exchange.

Act for granting to Her Majesty a certain sum of money required for defraying the expenses of the public service, not otherwise provided for, for the period therein mentioned, for certain purposes respecting the public debt, and for raising money on the credit of the Consolidated Revenue Fund.

Act respecting banks.

Act respecting the constructing of 'The International Railway.'

Act imposing duties of Customs, with the tariff of duties payable under it.

Act for the regulation of the Postal Service.

Parliament then adjourned until the 12th March.

WATER SUPPLY.—We are requested by the Water Department to insert the following notice:—The river has not been so low for many years as it is now, and should a heavy thaw not occur to raise the water to some extent, there is little doubt that inconvenience will be experienced at the wheel house in raising the necessary supply of water. In these circumstances, and as a measure of precaution, a little care in the consumption of water would be necessary. Much waste takes place from taps being left open and the water allowed to run, and although individually the amount wasted may be small, yet collectively a large quantity is allowed to run uselessly, which must be supplied by pumping from the aqueduct. Care in this respect now may save unpleasant consequences during the winter, and a little prevention of waste would enable the Water Department to give a full supply for all the necessary consumption. It must be remembered that the city is yearly increasing in extent and population, and now almost taxes to the full extent the power of the machinery, which a few years ago it was believed would have been sufficient to meet the extension of the city: for years to come; and when waste is added to this it will be at once seen that the precaution of giving only a limited supply, is one by no means uncalculated for, so that a sufficient quantity may be retained in the reservoirs to be available in case of fires. Should the supply be limited, it is intended to have the water on in those parts of the city below the level of Sherbrooke street from six in the morning till five in the evening, and above that level from five in the evening till six next morning. Means should be used by householders to retain a proper supply during the hours the water is turned off, and strict attention should be paid to the taps, to see that they are properly shut, as in event of a fire taking place, the pipes would fill, and an open tap might cause great damage to the property in the house where the neglect to close it occurred. Instead, too, of allowing the water to run to keep the pipes from freezing, the stop-cock in the cellar should be turned off, which would be a more effectual plan, and one of easy accomplishment in most houses; and whenever practicable the cellars should be thoroughly closed, which would both add to the comfort of the house and lessen the risk of pipes bursting.

RETRENCHMENT.—In the Senate, the Committee on Contingencies have reported in favour of a reduction both in the number of the staff officials connected with the House, and of the amount of the salaries which the remainder are in receipt of. By the contemplated reduction, an annual saving of about \$15,000 will be effected, and, at the same time, it is expected that the efficiency of the staff will be fully adequate to the wants of the Senate. It is said that the most prominent reductions and dismissals advised are as follows:—Joseph E. Doucet, additional French translator and clerk of private bills, salary \$1,800; W. A. Mainy, additional assistant and second office salary \$900; John Walsh assistant English clerk, salary \$600; M. Keating, chief messenger, salary \$1,125; then there are several under messengers in the list, of whom there are at present eight or ten; also Antoine Lachance, permanent messenger, salary \$700. Then nearly all the clerks having salaries from \$1,000 and upwards are to have their salaries reduced in sums varying from \$200 to \$1,000. J. F. Taylor, reduction \$1,000; Robert Lemoine, \$800; Jennings Taylor, \$600; E. L. Montmarbert, \$600; Dr. Adamson, \$400; A. A. Boucher, \$400; E. Tessier, \$300; A. Garneau, \$200; R. Kimber, \$350. It is also proposed that those dismissed shall receive a years salary in advance. In the course of the debate on this subject, the Hon. Mr. McCully made some startling comparisons of the expenses of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia with that of the late Legislative Council of Canada, as follows:—The number of the officers and servants of the late Legislative Council of Canada proves to have been upwards of 50, and the total expenses upwards of \$40,000. The 60 odd officers and servants appear to have been appointed as follows:—By the Earl of Elgin, 4; by the Crown, 4; by Speaker Caron, 2; by Speaker Campbell, 5; by Speaker Bellevue, 11; by the Legislative Council, 10; by Speaker Tessier, between 1864 and 1865, 16. The same services in Nova Scotia cost that Province less than \$2,000. The whole staff consisting of one Clerk at \$800; an Usher of Black Rod, \$300; a Chaplain \$100; and Messengers \$375—in all, considerably less than two thousand dollars. The officers and servants of the Canadian House of Assembly were upwards of 160, and probably exceed that number to-day, and as nearly as can be ascertained, at an expense of upwards of \$100,000 per annum. As to the labour performed, he finds for instance that the Journals of Nova-Scotia, apart for the Appendix, were for 1864, in folio 169 pages; in 1865, 108 pages. In Canada, said Mr. McCully, I find for the same years the Journals

occupy in octavo, from 1864 but 380 pages; in 1865, 247 pages. So that it is questionable if the Clerk of Nova-Scotia single handed does not actually perform as much labour as the whole staff in Canada.—*Quebec Gazette.*

LETTER FROM 'SAXIE' ALLEN TO A FRIEND IN DETROIT.—We are enabled to present a letter—probably the last Allen ever wrote—addressed by him to an acquaintance in this city. The checks he alludes to were some bar-room checks which Riley accused him of stealing. The letter we have reproduced precisely as it was written. It will doubtless be read with interest: Our readers can form their own opinion as to the sincerity of his repentance, and the assertion of his innocence. His former career does not encourage such a belief. The Latin he quotes was probably gained from the priests attending him. He is also inclined to poetry—an unusual thing in a convict. We can, however, indulge with him in the hope that he may meet all his friends in Heaven—though most of them, we fear have not yet started on the 'narrow road.' The following is the letter:—

KINGSTON, Dec. 5th 1867.

DEAR SIR—I must tell you the sad news that I must certainly be hanged for the Governor would not commute my sentence to Prison for Life. I leave the World at peace with all. I forgive all and I wish to be forgiven. I can meet my fate with a clear conscience—had and all as I have been. I thank I am forgiven in Heaven. I hope I am on Earth—tell Jerry Riley as these are the last lines he will see from me or hear from me I want him to believe me now in regard to those Checks. I am guilty of enough without being accused for that which I am innocent of—as I had no chance to convince him that I was innocent I hope he will believe me now. I never tuck his Checks nor had them in my possession—and another thing I was accused of giving Johnny Clingon away at the race course an act I never was guilty of in all my life—I always felt bad about them two accusations and now I hope that my friends in Detroit will not think that I was that kind of a man to be a stool Pigeon.

And now I am about to give up that which is the most nearest and dearest to man that is my life—they call for my blood to gratify their misanthropic passion. They are welcome to it—I fear not to die—although I should not die, for I am not guilty of murder. This is not my first time to be the unlucky one of a party—it was also my fate so I will bring this to a close.

By bidding you all a long and last Adieu on this Earth but I trust in God to meet you all in Heaven. Give my respects to my old friends Jimmy & Johnny Supple and the Boys.

Good by forever.
Dominus vobiscum—Et cum spiritu tuo
ETHAN ALLEN.

O death the prisoners dearest friend
The kindest and the best
I long the hour my weary limbs
Are laid with thee at rest.

Farewell my friends my foes
My peace with these my love with those.

P. S.—I am sorry I leave some little debts unpaid but you will all forgive me now.—*Detroit Free Press.*

REMEDY FOR THE QUEBEC STRIKERS.—The *Mercury* says:—It is proposed that the ship-builders and the free and independent work-men form themselves into an anti-union or Independent Shipcarpenters Society, which shall not allow any interference of outsiders. The well-disposed men who are willing and thankful to accept employment in the shipyards are quite numerous enough to hold their ground, if the builders only assist them to the extent of combing, so that all the free men shall work in one yard together for one week, and then proceed to another for the next week, and so on. The strikers are not by any means so numerous as to be able to resist counter organization and combination backed by the civil and military power. The builders will consult their own interests, and those of the law abiding workmen, by deliberating promptly upon this matter, and making known their views to the men who will stand by them; and with a determined effort of the kind, the ranks of the strikers must melt away despite all their foolish parade and the agitation of interested schemers and demagogues.

CHARIVARI.—There has recently been a charivari in the neighborhood of Guelph, attended with fatal consequences. A number of idle, foolish fellows thought it good sport to get up one of these wretched affairs, and the consequence is that one of their number has been killed from the inside of his party subjected to annoyance. The verdict of the jury on the inquest was the following effect: "That the said Joseph Foster fired the shot from the inside of his house under circumstances of great provocation, by which the said Chamberlain died, and from the direction of the shot as given in evidence, we believe it was more to intimidate than to do any serious bodily injury to any of the parties who so illegally and persistently engaged in the outrage. This jury cannot separate without recording in the strongest terms their disapprobation of such riotous and unlawful proceedings, and hope the authorities will take decisive steps, if practicable, to prevent a recurrence of such disgraceful conduct, and punish those who are known to have been so engaged on the recent occasion."—*Toronto Globe.*

FRAUDS IN WOOD.—The Chief of Police in order to suppress the frauds in measuring wood by small dealers on the wharf ordered two of the police in plain clothes to go to a man named Gilbert Pesant, and purchase from him half a cord of wood. They did not say where it was for but said they would show him, and proceeding up Jacques Cartier Square they took the load into the yard at the Police Station, where it was measured, and found to contain only a quarter of a cord and five small sticks over. Yesterday Pesant was brought before the Recorder and fined \$20 and costs, altogether about \$24. His Worship expressing the regret, that so harmless a crime as defrauding the poor as Pesant had been doing, could not be punished with a much heavier fine accompanied with imprisonment.—*Montreal Herald* 19th inst.

THE EARTHQUAKE—CURIOUS BELIEF OF THE FRENCH CANADIANS.—The shock yesterday morning vividly recalled an old prophecy, and almost scared many French Canadian families out of their senses. Several years ago, a nun, belonging to the Hotel Dieu, if we remember the story rightly, predicted, while on her death-bed, that an earthquake would overthrow this city and engulf it in the St. Lawrence. This belief is very current among the lower classes, who believe that the earth underneath the city is hollow, and liable to 'cave in' at any moment. Strange to say a similar idea is very generally entertained in the city of Moscow, and recently led to such a popular agitation that the authorities were obliged to institute a series of borings in order to prove that the city did not rest on the roof of a large cavern as was generally supposed.

MISSIONARY ARRIVALS IN RED RIVER.—The *Nor' Wester* says of the young missionaries, who came along with his lordship Bishop Tache, two, Rev. Fathers De Kanque and Letty, are destined for McKenzie's river; one the Rev. Father Legere, is for the Saskatchewan missions, and the Rev. Decory is for St. Boniface's missions. Two lay brothers, Brother Doyle and Mulvihill, and a scholastic, Brother McCarthy, for St. Boniface, arrived also in company with his lordship. On account of the advanced season, the young missionaries intended for the far missions of McKenzie and Saskatchewan districts will pass the winter in the settlement, or in the neighbourhood.

QUEBEC, Dec. 16.—John Lemesurier is returned for the Mayoralty by an overwhelming majority.

An old woman was burned to death on Saturday at London. Her remains were left on the ground till 10 o'clock that night, with only an old door to cover them. To Mr. Ferguson, the undertaker, and two gentlemen, is due the credit of preparing a coffin for the corpse. The body, however, was frozen to the ground, and had to be removed with a shovel. Shame.

Birth.
At Quebec on the 10th inst., the wife of Mr. Edward Roche, of a son.

Died.
In this city, on the 22d instant, Elizabeth Muldoon, aged 73 years.
At his residence, in Charlottetown, P.E. on Tuesday morning the 10th December, inst., in the 43rd year of his age, the Honorable Edward Whelan, Queen's Printer, a native of County Mayo, Ireland. He was also Queen's Printer to a former liberal-Government and a member of Executive Council.—*Requiescat in pace.*

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS
Montreal, Dec 23, 1867.
Flour—Pollards, nominal \$4.50; Middlings, \$5.25 \$5.75; Fines, \$6.00 to \$6.25; Super., No. 2 \$6.70 to \$6.80; Superior nominal \$6.00; Fancy \$7.35 to \$7.45; Extras, \$7.60 to \$7.80; Superior Extra \$8 to \$8.00; Bag Flour, \$3.45 to \$3.55 per 100 lbs.
Oatmeal 1er brl. of 200 lbs.—\$5.90 to \$6.00.
Wheat per bush. of 60 lbs.—U. C. Spring, \$1.60 Peas per 60 lbs—6c.
Oats per bush. of 32 lbs.—No sales on the spot or for delivery—Dull at 40c to 42c.
Barley per 48 lbs.—Prices nominal,—worth about 70c to 75c.
Rye per 56 lbs.—\$0.00 to \$0.00.
Corn per 56 lbs.—Latest sales ex-store at \$0.00 to \$0.00.
Ashes per 100 lbs.—First Poles \$5.45 to \$5.50 Seconds, \$4.85 to \$4.90; Thirds, \$4.55 to 4.65.—First Penrice, \$6.00.
Pork per brl. of 200 lbs.—Mess, \$18.50 to \$19.75;—Prime Mess, \$12.50; Prime, \$11.50 to \$0.00.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.
Dist. of Montreal. IN RE:

JEAN BAPTISTE MILLETTE, Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that on Tuesday the Seventeenth day of March next, at ten o'clock, or as soon as counsel can be heard, the undersigned will apply to the Superior Court sitting in the City of Montreal for a discharge under the said Act.
NARCISSE MILETTEH.
By his Attornies *ad litem*,
LORANGER & LORANGER.
26th December, 1867. 2m

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.
THE Creditors of the undersigned are notified to meet at the Office of T SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee, in Montreal, on Tuesday, the seventh day of January 1868, at three o'clock p.m., for the purpose of receiving statements of his affairs, and of naming an Assignee to whom he may make an assignment under the above Act.
NARCISSE PALIN.
St. Cyrien de Napierville, 17th Dec., 1867. 2w

OXY-HYDROGEN STEREOSCOPE
FOR DISSOLVING VIEWS.
I have the largest, most powerful, and perfect Dissolving Instrument in the city, and a large assortment of Historic Views of America, England, Scotland, and Ireland, France, Spain, Italy Switzerland, Germany, Prussia, Russia, Norway, Egypt, &c.—Also Scriptural, Astronomical, Moral and Humorous Views and Statuary, at my command, with a short description of each.
Liberal arrangements can be made with me to exhibit to Schools Sabbath Schools Festivals Bazaars, Private Parties &c., either in this city or elsewhere.
Address—
R. F. BALTZLY,
No. 1 Bleury Street,
Montreal.
November 5, 1867.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.
District of Montreal.
In the matter of FRANCOIS X. BEAUCHAMP, Insolvent.
ON TUESDAY, the TWENTY-FIFTH day of FEBRUARY next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.
FRANCOIS X. BEAUCHAMP,
By his Attorney *ad litem*,
S. W. DORMAN.
Montreal, 12th December, 1867. 2m

INFORMATION WANTED.
Left his home in the City of Montreal, on the 12th September, a boy named Edward Marlow, aged 11 years, tall of his age, with dark hair and light blue eyes. He had on a dark jacket and pants, a straw hat with black ribbon, light blue striped shirt and yellow leather belt. Any information that will lead to his discovery will be thankfully received by his father, Michael Marlow, No. 16 Anderson St., Montreal. American papers please copy.
December 13th, 1867. 8m

WANTED,
A LADY to teach the Separat School at Arthur Village, and take care of a small choir.
Apply to the Rev. Dr. Maurice, Arthur Village, Co. Wellington, Ontario.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
Application will be made at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec for an Act to incorporate a company for the purpose of manufacturing Boots, Shoes, and other goods.
Montreal, Dec. 13, 1867. 8 in

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS
KINGSTON, O. W.
Under the Immediate Supervision of the Rt. Rev. E. J. Horan Bishop of Kingston.

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

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

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Univers has published its thirty-sixth list of subscriptions for the Papal army, which amounts now to 601,676 francs. The other Catholic papers show also, by their large lists, a spirit of self-denial on the part of French Catholics, which speaks well for the future of France.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS AND MARQUIS DE MONTMORIN ON THE ROMAN QUESTION.—The prelate whose views on Rome were looked forward to with most curiosity was Monsiegnor Darboy, Archbishop of Paris. Of his devotion to the head of the Church, no one doubted; but he is also known for the liberality of his opinions in temporal and his moderation in religious matters.

During the year 1867 political circumstances demanded the services of a great number of vessels which were laid up in the dockyards awaiting repairs. Besides the adoption of the new guns for the iron-cased frigates already built made certain changes requisite to fit them to receive their heavier armaments.

THE ANZIEU COURT OF THE BOCHESS-DU-RHONE has just sentenced to hard labour for life an American named Brown, a young man of 25, for having murdered a young Irishman named Rogers in the streets of Marseilles.

THE SCIZO POSITION OF THE POPE'S "HIRELINGS."—The Figaro newspaper, says the Paris correspondent of the Army and Navy Gazette, sent a correspondent to Italy, who never found himself in such good society as on board the Rio Jerome bound to Civita Vecchia with a cargo of volunteers for the Pope.

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she was placed to preserve against culpable attempts the honour of her signature and the prestige of her moral influence.—Times Cor.

The following is given in the Livre Blanc as the effective force of the whole French army:—The active army of France on the 1st of October, 1867, the date of the last returns that have reached the Minister of War, consisted of 358,769 men in the interior, and 65,263 in Algeria, making a total of 424,032. But from that number is to be deducted about 40,000 on leave, which reduces the force to 384,032. At the same date the figures for the reserve were 226,466. The general total of the active army is therefore 610,498.

The principal interest of the statements concerning the Marine Department lies in the accounts given of the situation of the navy. Under the heading of 'Naval Constructions' we find the following:—

During the year 1867 political circumstances demanded the services of a great number of vessels which were laid up in the dockyards awaiting repairs. Besides the adoption of the new guns for the iron-cased frigates already built made certain changes requisite to fit them to receive their heavier armaments.

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summoned the people, by sound of trumpet, to have their teeth drawn, to undergo operations of a more or less miraculous nature, and to buy his elixirs of diverse qualities.

ROME.—Civita Vecchia, Nov. 30.—The last convoy of Garibaldi prisoners left here to-day to be handed over to the Italian authorities.

ROME, Dec. 1.—The Pope continues to enjoy good health. To-day he gave audience to various diplomatic personages.

THE GARIBALDIANS were received with indifference and in some cases with fear and dislike; it was found possible to recruit among the peasantry volunteers for the defence of the Pope. It seems proved that at Monte Rotondo, at least, the French were hailed as deliverers.

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A NEW YORK OPINION OF THE GREENWELL PRISON RAID.—The New York Times says:—The attempt to rescue a prisoner by blowing up his prison is original if not ingenious, and thoroughly Irish if nothing else.

SHARP PRACTICE.—The late storm so filled one of our new and smaller streets with snow that it became almost an impossibility to pass through it, but as only two houses were on that street, and only two persons had occasion to pass through it daily, the task of breaking a path became a formidable one, and the expense of having it broken would by no means be trifling.

THE GRAND JURY and citizens of Nichol county, Ark., have petitioned Gen. Ord to station troops there to protect them and their stock against the negroes. The destruction of stock by the negroes is distressing. The great uneasiness felt by the whites is caused by fears of an insurrection.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17th.—The official correspondence between Mr. Adams and Secretary Seward, regarding the 'Alabama' claim, has been published. Seward rejects the proposition of Lord Stanley, for partial arbitration, and negotiations on the subjects are closed.

THE MISCELLANEOUS COURT has sustained a verdict of three thousand dollars damages in a suit brought by a man whose property was destroyed by rebel soldiers under Sterling Price, against a neighbor who expressed sympathy with the rebel cause.

Governor Humphreys, of Mississippi, has received such information relative to outbreaks among the negroes in January, that he has issued a proclamation warning all such combinations that their intentions are known and cannot succeed.

Col. Jaques, who is now planting in Arkansas, passed here yesterday for Washington to represent matters to the Government. He says no man's life is safe, no matter from whence he hails.

John Brown was hung just eight years ago last Monday.—Jacob Burns's paper.

John Mitchell declines to accept the presidency of the united body of Fenians.

PEOPLE IN MIDDLE LIFE HAPPIEST.—It is the average man who is most likely to have a happy and prosperous life. Great talents involve great duties, great care, great vicissitudes, great perils.

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An unfortunate man, who had never drunk water enough to warrant disease, was reduced to such a state of dropsy that a consultation of physicians was held upon his case. They agreed that lapping was necessary, and the poor patient was invited to submit to the operation, which seemed inclined to do in spite of the entreaties of his son, a boy of seven years of age: 'O father! I do not let them tap you,' said the young hopeful. 'Do anything, but do not let them tap you.' 'Why, my dear, it will do me good, and I shall live long in health to make you happy.' 'No, father; no, you will not. There never was anything tapped in our house that lasted longer than a week.'

Two old smokers, named Thompson and Rogers, wandered home late on night, stopping at what Thompson supposed was his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house. Thompson rang the bell lustily, when a window was opened and a lady inquired what was wanted. 'Madam,' inquired Mr. T., 'isn't this Mr. T. Thompson's house?' 'No,' replied the lady; 'this is the residence of Mr. Rogers.' 'Well,' exclaimed Thompson, 'Mrs. T. Thompson—beg your pardon—Mrs. Rogers, won't you just step down to the door and pick out Rogers, for Thompson wants to go home.'

Some years ago there were five public houses in the Galloway Gate, Leicester, namely, the 'Bear,' the 'Angel,' the 'Three Cups,' the 'Three Tuns,' and the 'White Horse.' In opposition to the others the host of the latter house had the following lines inscribed upon his sign:—

'My 'White Horse' shall bite the 'Bear,' And make the 'Angel' fly; He'll turn the 'Three Cups' upside down, And drink the 'Three Tuns' dry.'

'Who's there?' said Robinson, one cold winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the street door. 'A friend,' was the answer. 'What do you want?' 'I want to stay all night.' 'Queer taste, ain't it? But stay there by all means, was the benevolent reply.

A French nobleman, who had been satirized by Voltaire, meeting the poet soon after, gave him a hearty drubbing. The poet immediately hastened to the Duke of Orleans, told him how he had been used, and begged he would do him justice. 'Sir,' replied the duke, 'it has been done you already.'

A bald man made merry at the expense of another, who covered his partial baldness with a wig, adding as a clincher, 'You see how bald I am, and I don't wear a wig.' 'True,' was the retort, 'but an empty barn requires no thatch.'

SICK HEADACHE, NERVOUS HEADACHE, AND BILIOUS HEADACHE all proceed from derangements of the stomach and liver, and no medicine yet discovered, so certainly, speedily, and thoroughly cleanses, tones, and regulates these organs as BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS. The warrant for this unqualified assertion is a mass of testimony, which any jurist in the land would pronounce conclusive.

For example: Edward Warren, of Clinton street, Brooklyn, writes, under date January 14 1862:—'After having suffered eight years from constantly recurring sick headache, two vials of BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS cured me. This was five months ago, and I have had no relapse.' Mrs. Mary Wilson, wife of Robert Wilson, of Great Jones street, New York, says: 'Your Pills have restored my enjoyment of life. I had been in almost constant misery with bilious headache for many years. No medicine seemed to touch the complaint until I tried your Pills. They have not only banished the disease, but wonderfully improved my general health.'

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

J. F. Henry & Co. Montreal, General agents for Canada. For sale in Montreal by Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. LAME BACK. New York, Nov. 23, 1860.

T. Allcock & Co.—Gentlemen: I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back. Having heard your plasters much recommended for cases of this kind, I procured one, and the result was all I could desire. A single plaster cured me in a week. Yours respectfully, J. G. BRIGGS, Proprietor of the Brandrecht House.

GUZE OF CRICK IN THE BACK, AND LUMBAGO. Lyons, N.Y., July 4, 1862.

Messrs Allcock & Co.: Please send me a dollar's worth of your plasters. They have cured me of a crick in my back, which has troubled me for some time, and now my father is going to try them for difficulty about his feet.

L. H. SHERWOOD. Dr. Green, No. 863 Broadway, New York, informs us he sold, on Monday, June 22nd, 1862, two plasters to a young woman suffering very severely from lumbago. On Thursday she called to get two more for a friend, and then stated how the two she had purchased on Monday had relieved her immediately after putting them on, and cured her in two days of a most distressing pain in her back and joints. Sold by all Druggists.

'LET ME LIVE AND DIE AMONG FLOWERS,' said an enthusiastic Italian. This might be difficult, for few of us can live always among the roses. It is possible, however, to breathe a floral atmosphere even in a flowerless land. No tropic bloom exhales a more enchanting odor than that which Chemist has been endeavoring to catch up of MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. Every bottle of it is a fragrant nosegay, which cannot be blighted, and whose delicious aroma knows neither change nor decay.—Flowers, the sweet centers of Nature's temple, a but transient things, but their fragrance, as concentrated in this exquisite toilet-water, is not for a day but for all time.

Beware of Counterfeits; always ask for the legitimate MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER prepared only by LEMMON & Kemp, New York. All others are worthless. Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, H. B. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicine. SCROFULA ENTIRELY CURED! Kingston, C.W., June 17, 1864. Gentlemen,—It gives me much pleasure to inform you of the good effects derived from the use of BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA. One case in particular has been brought under my notice, in which a person was entirely cured of Scrofula by taking nine bottles. Owing to delicacy of parties in not wishing their names to appear in print, I withhold them, but can satisfy any one who may wish to make further inquiries upon calling at my store. I remain, yours very truly, ROBERT WHITE, Druggist, 43 Prince Street.

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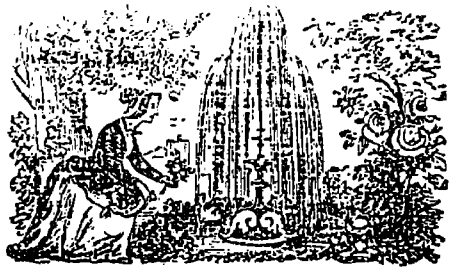
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St. Ann's Sewing Room.—The Sisters of the Congregation take this opportunity of announcing that they will re-open their Sewing Room, in the Saint Ann's School, on Thursday, September 5th, 1867. The object of this establishment is to instruct young girls, on leaving school, in Dressmaking in all its branches, and, at the same time, protect them from the dangers they are exposed to in public factories. Charitable Ladies are, therefore, requested to patronize this institution, as the profits are devoted to the benefit of the girls employed in it.

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GOING SOUTH AND EAST. Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate Stations, at 7 00 A.M.

Accommodation Train for St. Johns, Rouse's Point, and way Stations, at 7 A.M. Express for Island Pond & intermediate Stations, at 2 00 P.M.

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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.

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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.

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