

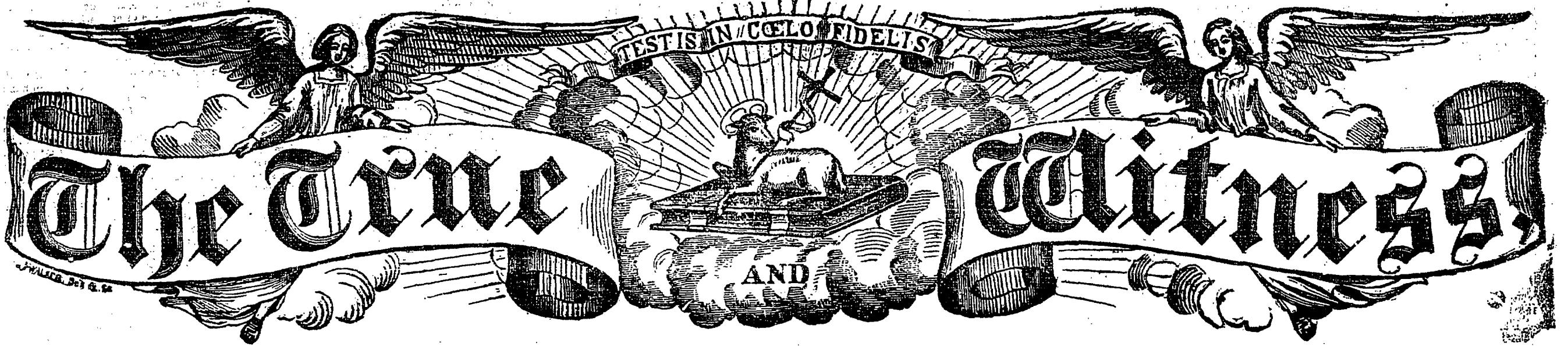
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XVII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1866.

No. 6.

CLARA LESLIE.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

An expression of deep awe, mingled with surprise passed over Mr. Leslie's features. 'Indeed!' said he, in a tone of calm wonder unmingled with fear; then raised his eyes to Heaven. 'I have loved my Saviour,' he continued; 'I have served Him!' He then closed his eyes, and seemed communing with God. Clara gazed into his face with unutterable affection and awe; presently he turned round to her, and said sadly, 'Alan, poor Alan!'

to watch the last spark of life ebbing fast away. The evening sun streamed through the windows of the bedroom, and lighted up the room with a soft brilliancy ere the sad scene was over. Can one imagine the double agony of Clara as she hoped against hope for Alan's arrival during those last few hours? The eyes of the dying man were now fixed and half open; his chest heaved with a labored breathing; his lifeless arms lay by his side. Clara's hands shook with nervous agitation; Douglas supported her in his arms, her tearless eyes riveted on her father's form, while the long breathing came slower and slower. At last the solemn instant came; the last long sigh, and the naked, trembling spirit stood before its Judge. A thrill, that ran through Clara's frame, and the awful unknown sensation which the first sight of death makes on every mind, told her that all was over. Mr. Wingfield instantly bound up the fallen jaw, and gently said, 'He is gone.' There was a long sigh, and Clara lay fainting in her brother's arms. She had borne up till that moment, and her friends, almost in thankfulness, saw her insipid form carried from the apartment, while they knelt around the bed and thanked God for having delivered the beloved one from 'the miseries of this sinful world,' and place him at once 'in happiness,' as they fondly deemed.

death alone can give. Clara stood long there, every feeling swallowed up in awe—for a corpse was a new sight for her—almost expecting the eyes to open, the pale lips to articulate a sound. But no! that beautiful form was at rest for ever; and so still, so placid looked it in that dim light, that Clara felt she would willingly have laid down in its place, and bade adieu to the world, of which she had now just begun to taste the bitterness.—A stealthy step along the passage aroused her; she shrank aside, unwilling to be seen by or speak to any one. The door opened; a slight dark figure glided in, and sunk on his knees with clasped hands by the bed; and Clara's heart sank with anguish as she recognized Alan, and thought of the double weight of grief that sight must now give him. Fearful of intruding on the first burst of his sorrow, she stood motionless, while sob after sob escaped from his bosom. 'O my father!' he exclaimed, lifting his eyes with an expression of mingled awe and resignation, 'hadst thou been still on earth, I should have been at this moment perhaps wringing thy aged heart with grief; but now, in thy place of purification, thine eyes are opened to the great truth that Christ's seamless garb is one; and if messages from this world of sorrow are still borne to cheer thine exile from the face of God, thou wilt rejoice that God has vouchsafed to give to thy child grace to see clearly the path which leads to His presence; and thou wilt still bless thy child!—still bless thy child!' he repeated, his head sinking on his spread hands. He then began repeating that beautiful old Catholic hymn, 'Dies irae, dies illa.'

bricks on the floor, and screaming with delight as his companion (a young girl in a deep black dress, and a curious little muslin cap, with a deep border, on her head) half lay beside him building them up into an airy castle. 'Ah, Douglas must not throw them down,' she exclaimed, as with one flourish of his tiny hand he laid her architecture in the dust. 'See, poor auntie cry; and she put up her pocket-handkerchief; and then, when the little boy came to peep behind it, suddenly put it away with a playful noise that sent him screaming with laughter to his mother's lap, only to return for some more play. And now the nurse, with the baby in her long white frock, came in, and Clara (our readers will have recognized their old friend) jumped up to hug it before it was given over to its mother. 'Ah, the little Christian! my sweet Madeline!' said she, cradling it in her arms, and walking up and down the room, as if she could not take her eyes off its soft sweet features and bright blue eyes. 'Mildred, I do love this baby so. She is such an innocent little thing! She is so pure! She has never soiled her baptismal robe.' And Clara kissed it again, looking down upon it with a pensive expression of mingled sadness and affection. Mildred smiled and held out her arms, while Clara seated herself on the floor at her feet, and the baby took its morning meal. She did not sit there long, however. She was watching the clock on the mantel-piece, and now rose, tied on her coarse straw bonnet, and wrapped herself in her large gray shawl. 'Are you going out again, Clara,' asked Mildred, 'this cold morning!—with that cough, too!' 'Oh, I must go,' replied Clara. 'I hurried home after church for fear of being too late for breakfast, and poor old Mrs. Clark will be waiting for me. I have not seen her to-day. Besides, I want to take this piece of meat to old Hawkins and his family. My cough is not very bad, and I am well wrapped up.'

to the bedside. 'I wish I could get it for you, miss,' she added, as Clara quickly prevented her, 'but I am a poor useless old body, only fit to give every body trouble.' 'Not quite that,' returned Clara gaily; 'you give me pleasure by letting me come to see you, and now you are to eat this nice jelly I have brought you, and I will rub your poor legs, which must want it sadly.' She began her work of charity, in spite of the old woman's exclamation and resistance. 'Oh, miss, this is not work for you to do. I cannot let you do these things for me.' 'Well, then,' said Clara, looking up from the foot of the bed,—where she was already kneeling with her bonnet thrown off and her sleeves tucked up,—with a sweet smile, 'I will not do it for you. You know, whatever we do for the poor in His Name, our Blessed Lord will take as done to Him in that last day.' 'Yes, miss,' said the old woman; 'very true, as you read to me the other day. I was thinking of you so last night, miss, when I was lying awake, and longing for you to read me some of your beautiful prayers; and then I took out one of the books you lent me, and I read them to myself, and they seemed to soothe me.' 'His sufferings do, indeed, make all ours appear very, very small, said Clara, the tears glistening in her dark eyes. 'Think how He was scourged, crowned with thorns, His Hands and His Feet pierced with nails, His side opened with a spear! Whatever part of our bodies are in pain, we can think how much greater were His sufferings in that very part.' She finished her task, and then, taking down an old Bible, began reading the Second Lesson for the day, stopping at every verse, and making a kind of running commentary on it. She then knelt down, and began repeating the Litany of the Name of Jesus, the color gradually gathering in her cheek, especially when she lingered upon the sweet words, 'Jesus, Spouse of virgins, have mercy on us!' She had scarcely risen when there was a tap at the door, and a young clergyman entered. There was a sweet, subdued expression in his pale features and gentle manners, an almost hesitating humility and lowliness in his address and way of speaking. Clara blushed deeply at being caught, and was running away in a great hurry, with a very low curtsy, when he came up to her, hoped he was not disturbing her, offering to come at another time. She colored still more, saying, 'Oh, no, I had just finished; and, besides, my time is nothing. I am always at liberty; it is your convenience we must think of, Mr. Morris.'



Clara; 'and in his last sickness one of his religious begged him to ask God to abate his pains, for they were too heavy for him. He was silent one moment, then answered in a loud clear voice: 'If I did not know that what you say is said in ignorance, I would never see you again, for having dared to question the just dealings of God.' He then threw himself, weak and ill as he was, out of his bed upon the floor, and kissed the ground, saying, 'Lord, I not only will to suffer all this, but yet more. I thank Thee for all the sufferings Thou dost send me; I beseech Thee to send me still more, if it be Thy blessed will, for the accomplishment of Thy will is my greatest delight on earth.'

'Is St. Francis d'Assisi a great favorite of yours?' said Miss Dalton. 'He ought to be,' said Clara, smiling, 'since he was the spiritual father of St. Clara. But I think Fanny is tired. I see you have been reading to her.'

'For an Anglicanized version of St. Bonaventure's Life of Christ lay on the table. 'Pray for me,' murmured the poor girl as they rose to leave together. 'We must pray for each other,' replied Clara. A few more words were exchanged, and they left the house.

Clara's basket was not yet empty; and the two friends made their way quickly towards old Hawkins's dwelling. They could not stay here as it was getting late; and finding out that both of them were on their way to the same house in Harley Street, they gladly joined company thither.

'Now, Clara,' said Miss Dalton, 'pray tell me, is that the open way you all go on here in London? I can tell you we practice far more reserve in the country.'

'Oh, I dare say I am very unguarded,' said Clara; 'and I say a great many things that Mr. Wingfield, at any rate, would say were very "unreserved." But I am always getting into scrapes. Do not you imitate me, Elizabeth; I am the worst guide possible.'

'Nonsense, Clara; I don't like all those humble speeches,' said Elizabeth, who evidently greatly looked up to her. 'But now begin, and tell me the story you promised me; or we shall reach Mrs. Temple's before I have heard it.'

'What do you mean, Elizabeth?' replied Clara; 'you mean how I managed to get acquainted with Mr. Wingfield?'

'Not exactly that,' replied her friend; 'how you managed to begin your present intercourse with him. You said your brother does not know of it.'

'No,' said Clara sighing, 'he does not. I dare not tell him. You know, we have been living in London now two years and a half, pretty near. When I first came here, I had a great longing for something beyond the mere Protestant system of holiness, and I had heard from—she hesitated, then went on with an effort—'from brother Alan and others that there was such a thing as confession practised in the Anglican Church; and somehow I found out that Mr. Wingfield was not averse to it. But it was only about six months after that (I never shall forget the day—it was Thursday in Holy Week; and he had come to London for something, I do not know what) that I dared definitely to ask him if he would receive a confession. Oh, fancy Elizabeth, what it cost me to bring it out!—I did not know Catherine then,—and then he looked so kind, and yet so grave and sad.'

'And what did he tell you to do?' said Elizabeth.

'He told me to ask Douglas,—I must not do it without his leave, as I was not of age. And then the scene when I asked Douglas. Ah, Elizabeth, you do not know all I have gone through.'

'What did he say?' asked Elizabeth.

'He was quietly stern and determined, as he generally is. He said I belonged to the Church of England, and that he would have no objection to receive any communication I would like to make to him as my parish clergyman, but that he would have no Romanising articular confession. Mr. Wingfield was a marked man, as a thorough Puseyite; that any such practices, and the Roman books I was reading (the 'Paradise' and the 'Spiritual Combat,' &c., you know), were sure to make me go over to Rome in time; it was a draught I was not to taste, because the more I had the more I should want. That is true enough, I must say.'

'Yes,' said Elizabeth; 'it would be difficult to go back to Anglican books after using the 'Paradise.' But how did it end?'

'I tried in vain to persuade him I did not want Roman confession,—I wanted nothing but what the Anglican Church authorizes; but he would not hear of it. He would give me what he called 'a declaratory absolution' himself; but I could have that without the shame and agony of confession,—and so I told him.'

'Did you tell Mr. Wingfield this?' asked Elizabeth.

'Yes,' replied Clara; 'but it was very long before he consented to receive me in secret. I was to wait, and wait, and pray on, and perhaps Douglas might relent; but I knew he would not—he never does change his mind; and then, shortly after, I made Catherine's acquaintance; and at last he consented to let me come to him on Christmas-eve. I had been preparing all through Advent; and on Christmas-eve I went to spend the evening with Catherine, and then—it was indeed an evening never to be forgotten.'

'Where did it take place?' inquired Elizabeth.

'In Catherine's oratory,' replied Clara. 'Don't ask me any more, Elizabeth; you will understand what it is soon yourself. I cannot speak of it yet, though more than a year has passed.'

Elizabeth looked alarmed, and said, 'One thing more, dearest Clara. I cannot think how one can ever face one's confessor afterwards. I should never look up in his presence.'

'I never could feel at my ease,' replied Clara. 'I have always had such a terrible awe of him, although he is so extremely kind to me, and I believe tries to do away with the feeling. But it

is useless. I don't think I could ever forget that terrible Christmas-eve! Catherine says it is very un-Catholic; Roman Catholics are quite at their ease with their confessors; but somehow I fancy the line between a Roman Catholic confessor and his penitent must be very different from that between an Anglican confessor and his children.'

'Indeed! why so?' said Elizabeth. 'I cannot think it is half so tender a tie,' she replied; 'it is such an ordinary thing. Catherine says that in the Roman Catholic churches there are numbers of confessionals, and people kneeling round them; and every body going; and, only think, the priests are not allowed to hear confessions from women except in the churches. You see, there is no mystery about it; it is all regulated by the Bishops. Not that mystery is pleasant; but, then our Bishops are so different; every one of them has a different opinion from the next; added she, with a look and a sigh that spoke volumes.

'I suppose,' said Elizabeth, 'the reason for all that with the Roman Catholics is, that they believe confession to be necessary to salvation; and perhaps it is more essential for those who would not go to it willingly than for those who do.'

'Yes,' replied Clara; 'Catherine's aunt, who is a Roman Catholic, told her that no one could tell the number of sins prevented by persons being obliged to go to confession, and also the number brought to true repentance, though they began by going to confession quite against their will.'

They had now reached the door; she laid her hand on the bell, then turned round with almost the bright look of ancient days.

'Ah, Elizabeth, you do not know what it is to communicate at the hands of your spiritual father yet; that load of sin removed! This joy is still in store for you.'

'Next Easter,' said Elizabeth, pensively, 'if I am alive then. Still more than another month. It is not too much.'

'You will rise again with Him,' replied Clara. 'I adored Him that wonderful Christmas-day the first time as an infant! Somehow I had never thought of it before. There was a realization of that ineffable mystery of the Incarnation that no books could have taught me. Oh, Elizabeth, when will this state of transition be over, and we be again joined with those whose one aim seems to embody this wonderful doctrine in their every ceremony, as the centre round which all else revolves. When shall we rejoice those bright, devoted spirits who are gone before us?'

What would Alan not have given to have heard the deep, deep sigh that followed these last words.

(To be continued.)

LETTER OF THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE.

Dearly Beloved Brethren—Whilst offering up my prayers, during the past months, at the shrine of the Prince of the Apostles, I could not fail to pour forth my soul in thanksgiving to the Father of Mercies and the God of all consolation for the fervent piety which animates you, and for the spirit of charity and forbearance which you unceasingly display. It pleased the Holy Father to confer upon me an exalted dignity, which was wholly unmerited, and from which I should altogether have shrunk back, were I not aware that that dignity was intended solely as an honor to the Catholic island, and as a tribute of recognition to the zeal of its clergy and the piety of its faithful people. Ireland has ever been devoted to the See of St. Peter, and this new favor which the Vicar of Christ has conferred on our church will, I am confident, bind us still more closely to the centre of unity, and attach us more immovably to the saving teaching of Christ, and to the truths of our holy religion. And now, returning once more among you, well indeed may I say of you, in the words of the apostle, that you are 'my glory and my crown,' and that your zeal and charity, which are spoken of throughout the whole world, render light and pleasing every arduous duty which I am called on to discharge. Continue, dear brethren, to cherish in your hearts the same piety and zeal for the glory of God, and the same devotedness to everything connected with the service and honour of His holy name. In past times I often exhorted you to offer up your prayers for the manifold necessities of the church of Christ, and to implore His mercy and blessings for our country, and for our spiritual brethren throughout the universe. Such an exercise of prayer has ever been the defence of the children of God—the spiritual armour with which the Divine Redeemer wished us to combat our enemies, and to ward off every assault of the evil one. The present circumstances of the times oblige me to invite you anew to awaken this spirit of prayer, and to continue your supplications at the altar of God, that He may preserve our island from the many scourges which afflict other countries of Europe, and that He may pour down upon all His faithful children the choicest blessings of His mercy.

In an especial manner I would wish to enlist your prayers and sympathy in favour of our spiritual brethren in Italy, who are now weighed down by so many calamities and persecutions. The demon of irreligion and revolution rules unchecked in the government; of that people, once so blessed and favored; and though the great masses of the population remain devoted to the faith of their fathers, such is the frenzy of its legislators that they wage war on all religion, and daily renew their insults against the majesty of God. Many bishops have been driven into exile; and best and most zealous parish priests have been torn from their flocks and sent to prison, for no other crime than that of zeal for God's glory; colleges and seminaries have been closed, and a law has been passed for the abolition of all religious orders, and for the confiscation of their property.—By this most iniquitous law the Italian Government, ruthless as that of Henry VIII and of Elizabeth, has expelled hundreds of holy women from the convents where they had consecrated their lives to God, and has cast them forth to suffer destitution in their helpless old age in the midst of a world which in the freshness of their youth they had voluntarily abandoned. Even the monastic establishments, where religion was surrounded by whatever was excellent and noble in art and science, and from which in former ages Europe drew the best elements of its Christian civilization, failed to win respect from these Vandals of the nineteenth century. The Sovereign Pontiff, too, is now placed in a position of such extreme danger as to warrant the most serious apprehensions and to awaken the alarm of his spiritual children. In all his difficulties his eyes have been ever turned towards God, and he receives his trials with a spirit of calmness and resignation which recalls those sainted pontiffs who, in the ages of persecution, laid down their lives for their flocks. It is only a few years since the bishops of the Catholic world, assembled in Rome, recorded their solemn protest against the attacks by which his enemies sought to deprive the Vicar of Christ of the terri-

bles confided to his care. At the same time they declared that the temporal power of the Holy See was a manifestly providential institution; in the present state of human affairs, facilitating in every way the good and free government of the Church and of every Government, whether Protestant or Catholic, to maintain. Speaking in the name of all Catholics, the bishops then asserted that the temporal possessions for the Roman Church belong to the whole Catholic world. The Catholic nations of Europe—Austria, Spain, and Naples—had offered their best services to defend these possessions on behalf of Christendom, when one powerful state claimed exclusively for itself the honorable office of protecting the Head of the Church. In the face of the Catholic world, he who now rules the destinies of France assumed the grave responsibility of preventing the other Catholic powers from carrying out their intention, and undertook the trust of guarding, single-handed the sacred interests of the Holy See. Has that trust been faithfully discharged? Will the Catholic nations of Europe be satisfied that the eldest daughter of the Church has done her duty? Will the French nation be able to hail their banner on its return from Rome with the same honorable pride with which they saluted it when they sent it, some years ago, to protect the Father of the Faithful? It is well known that by base arts and brute force the Pope has long since been deprived of his richest and fairest provinces, though the ruler of France had taken it upon himself to defend them; and to all appearance the time is now come when the Catholic world must look on while the scanty remnant of his kingdom, and even Rome itself, shall become the prey of the sacrilegious enemies of the Catholic Church. Humanly speaking, the crisis is at hand, and in the hour of his supreme distress our Holy Father looks in vain for help from the powers of this earth, even from that empire whose promises of help were so explicit and solemn. For the church he is in no alarm. It rests for its support not on human aid, but on the power of God, who placed it on earth to be to men the unfailing depository of His truth and the channel of the fruits of redemption. But Providence, in its own wise counsel, often leaves human agencies to follow their own natural course, and wishes that we should exercise our charity and faith by imploping the Divine succour, and by receiving from the hands of God whatever may be pleasing to Him. When the Prince of the Apostles was thrown into prison by the rulers of Judea, the prayers of the faithful were incessantly offered up in his behalf, till, at the touch of the angel of God, his chains were loosed and the prison gates were thrown open, restoring him to liberty and to the fearless exercise of his zeal. You have already paid the tribute of your material aid to the Holy Father, and it was my pleasing duty, during these past few months, to lay at his feet the two thousand pounds which your piety this year offered as St. Peter's Pence. It is his desire that I should thank you for your generosity, and impart to you the benediction, which as a loving father, in the fulness of his heart, he bestows upon you his most cherished children. I now exhort you to add, beside the tribute of your prayers, that God may restore to him peace and tranquillity, and may repay with redoubled blessings the many afflictions which have hitherto weighed upon him. I have determined to resume once more my labors among you by offering up the holy sacrifice of the mass, to implore God's mercy upon the whole church, and his special protection on behalf of our Holy Father. On Tuesday the 21st instant many of the prelates of our church will join with the chapter of this diocese and the other clergy in assisting at the solemn function, and I exhort all the faithful of the diocese to unite their prayers with ours for the same pious intention. It is against the Cross of Christ that all the powers of this world wage an incessant war, and hence the mass, which we will offer on that day, shall be the votive mass of the Holy Cross. That sacred cross has ever been the terror of demons and the sign of triumph over the enemies of God; while the faithful have found in it a never failing source of consolation and a sure refuge in time of trial. Armed with this sacred sign, and confiding in its protection, we may rest assured we shall overcome all the enemies of our holy faith. As the church is still engaged in celebrating the great Feast of the Assumption of the Mother of God let us offer our prayers through her who has ever been so lovingly invoked by our fathers as the help of Christians, the Mother of St. Peter and Paul, the great patrons of the whole church, and let us not forget to place ourselves under the protecting care of our own special patrons, St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Lawrence. Fighting under the banner of the cross, and assisted by the prayers of such powerful patrons, we may rest assured that the dangers will be averted which are now so menacing, and that many heavenly blessings will be secured for the church and for the Vicar of Christ. The peace and charity of Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

PAUL CARDINAL OULLEN.

Dublin, 19th August, 1866.

P.S.—The collects for his Holiness, pro Papa, and against all contagious diseases, pro vivandis mortalitate, are to be continued until further orders. The parish priests will exhort their flocks to offer up their prayers at their private devotions, that this country may be preserved from the spread of cholera, now raging in so many countries, and to be careful to carry out the remedial and preservative measures laid down by the medical and civil authorities.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE ASSUMPTION IN DUBLIN.—The Festival of the Assumption, always observed with special devotion by Irish Catholics, was celebrated with the usual pomp in our beautiful Cathedral. As is customary on the advent of this great Festival, the clergy were engaged in the Confessions on the two previous days. At an early hour on Wednesday morning the church was filled. First Mass was celebrated, as usual, by his grace the Archbishop—considerable numbers approached the Holy Sacrament. At the conclusion of the Mass, his grace delivered an eloquent and impressive discourse, in the Irish language, on the Festival of the day. After the High Mass Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament was given by the Archbishop to the vast congregation.—Connacht Patriot.

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. DR. BURKE, P.P., V.G. CLONMEL.—With deep regret we have to announce the demise of the Very Rev. Dr. Burke, which took place on Friday week at the parochial residence, Johnson-street, Clonmel, after a prolonged and painful illness borne throughout with true Christian resignation. The lamented deceased was for more than half a century a minister of the Gospel, and few laboured more ardently in the vineyard of his Divine Master. Dr. Burke was appointed to the pastoral charge of the parish of SS Peter and Paul, Clonmel, in February, 1836, and during that lengthened period his labours in the cause of religion and education have been untiring. He was mainly instrumental in founding the schools of the Christian Brothers, in which so many of the children of the poor have received the benefits of education, and he instituted the convent and schools of the Sisters of Charity, whose presence amongst us has conferred inestimable blessings on the community. He completed the Church of SS Peter and Paul by the erection of the graceful spire which now ornaments it, and in every way that the cause of religion could be advanced he was active and earnest. Until within the past few years he discharged all the duties of his sacred office with a zeal and efficiency unsurpassed. Dr. Burke was a writer of considerable power, and his pamphlets against the Queen's Colleges and the State Endowment of the Clergy commanded at the time of their publication no small share of attention in this country and in England. He was a tried and trusted friend of the immortal Liberator, whose memory he

cherished, and to whose teachings he was faithful. May he rest in peace.—Amen. Almost every establishment throughout the town is closed as a mark of regret for the lamented death of the Very Rev. Dr. Burke, and the bell of SS Peter and Paul's Church has been tolled all the afternoon. The solemn High Mass will take place on Monday, at eleven o'clock, after which the remains of the venerated deceased will be interred in the vault of the church in which he ministered so long and faithfully.—Tipperary Free Press.

THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.—We take the annexed notice from the Clerical Journal of the important pamphlet recently published by the Rev. Dr. W. Mariere Brady, vicar of Donoghpatrick, and rector of Kibberly. The pamphlet of the reverend gentleman was written on the alleged conversion of the Irish bishops to the reformed religion at the accession of Queen Elizabeth, and the assumed descent of the present established hierarchy of Ireland from the Irish church. The annexed are the remarks of the Clerical Journal:—

Dr. Brady in this valuable historical pamphlet, comes forth in opposition to a generally received opinion, and he anticipates that his views will be strongly opposed. However, in all such questions it is the facts of a case, and not theories or prejudices, which must pronounce the decision. By facts Dr. Brady desires that his assertion should be estimated, and as the pamphlet is a small one it can be procured without expense by those who wish to have correct opinions on the subject it treats of. The object sought is thus briefly stated:—

To men of candid minds it will not be necessary to offer an apology for speaking the truth. To some persons, however, the following pages may seem an attempt to undermine and demolish what they have hitherto regarded as one of the bulwarks of the Established Church in Ireland. It becomes necessary therefore to explain the reasons and motives which have induced the author to publish that which might appear hostile to the church of which he is an ordained and beneficial minister. In collecting materials for the Clerical and Parochial Records of Gork, Olyone, and Ross, the writer was necessarily engaged, for many years, in examining the published works and unpublished archives relating to the Reformation period, and could not fail to remark that no documentary evidence was forthcoming to verify the received opinions touching the asserted conversion of the Irish bishops and the descent of the Reformed episcopate from the ancient Irish Church. Failing to discover in this country any proofs of the asserted facts, and knowing that a search amongst continental and especially Roman records would be the most likely means of obtaining accurate information on the subject, the author resolved to seek admission to the archives of Rome, which he had reason to believe would supply many details relating to Irish bishops. In this way Dr. Brady has had confirmed, he thinks, the opinion that the commonly received theory on the Irish episcopate is an incorrect one, and he justifies himself in making known the results of his inquiries as follows:—

It would be an unmanly and almost dishonest course on the part of the writer to conceal the facts thus ascertained and allow the stereotyped assertions to be any longer employed, without refutation, as weapons of party warfare. If the Church in Ireland is to be preserved, that cannot be done by stifling and suppressing the truth, and it is better that an admission of error should come from within the Church itself than that the charge of its being upheld by falsehood should be hurled against it, with more damaging force, by hostile hands. Under these circumstances the author hopes he may be pardoned for the part he now takes in contradicting what has been described to him, by perhaps the highest living authority, as the most impudent falsehood in all history.

The chief writers on the other side, by whom Dr. Brady aims at refuting, Dr. Mant, the Rev. Robert King, Dr. Todd, Archbishop Wordsworth, the Bishop of Oxford, and the Rev. A. T. Lee. The tract of this writer is especially assailed:—

Still stronger language, if possible, has been used on this subject by the Rev. Alfred Lee, an English clergyman not long beneficed in Ireland, who, for his writings on the Irish Church, and apparently for them alone, received from the University of Dublin the honorary degree of LL.D. Dr. Lee's 'Facts respecting the present state of the Church in Ireland' have been printed and largely circulated at the expense of the Church institution, who have advertised them as 'declared perfect by the Lord Primate, &c. At page 3 of these 'Facts' (5th edition) Dr. Lee observes:—'At the time of the Reformation the continuity of episcopal succession was not broken; the bishops then in possession of the Irish sees continued to exercise their function in the Reformed Church, and thus the regular and ancient succession of bishops from St. Patrick has descended continually in the Church in Ireland to the present day.' When the truth of these 'Facts' was called in question in the public correspondence between the present writer and Dr. Lee, the latter appeared to consider their authenticity completely proved by the alleged conversion of the bishops at the period of the Reformation.

Such are the topics debated by these literary combatants, and we would by all means let them have a fair field and no favour.—Dundalk Democrat.

MILITARY PENITENTS.—Numerous courts-martial continue to be held in the Dublin Barracks on soldiers charged with a knowledge of the Fenian conspiracy, or with complicity in it. Private Hasset was yesterday on his trial chiefly for having used the following treasonous language:—'Bad luck to traitors! If it were not for them we would have the Irish Republic long before now. Ireland would be taken without firing three shots only for Pierce Nagle and his equals.' He pleaded 'Not Guilty.' Private John Donahoe, 24th Regiment, pleaded 'Guilty' to the charge of having knowledge of a meeting in her Majesty's forces and not having given information to his commanding officer. The prisoner put in a statement in mitigation. Both these cases, and the cases of M'Ooy and Priestly, of the 61st Regiment, are under the consideration of the military authorities still. The fifth court-martial constituted within a few days was opened on Private John M'Nulty, the Court, under the presidency of Colonel Sawyer, 6th Dragoon Guards, assembling at 11 o'clock in the mess-room of the 3rd Buffs. The prisoner handed in his defence, which was read, and was then removed. A general court-martial, under the presidency of Colonel Henry, Royal Horse Artillery, has re-assembled in the Victoria Library, Royal Barracks, when Patrick Lynch, alias Captain Murphy, was put upon his trial. The prisoner was dressed in plain clothes and has quite an American appearance. The Hon. Colonel Fielding, assisted by Mr. Ryan, and instructed by Mr. Anderson, prosecuted. Colonel Nugent, assisted by Mr. Bond, presided as Deputy Judge Advocate. The Deputy Judge Advocate (addressing the prisoner) said, Patrick Lynch, alias James Murphy, the prisoner: That is not my name; James Murphy is my name. The Deputy Judge Advocate: Have you any objection to be tried by the President or any member of this Court? Prisoner: I have I object to the legality of the warrant for my trial by this Court, inasmuch as the same appears to have been signed, dated, and issued more than three years after the alleged commission of the offence with which I am charged, and does not specify or allege the existence of any manifest impediment to my trial within the time allowed or authorised by law. The members of the Court having consulted for a short time, the President said the objection would be received, but that the trial should proceed. The examinations in this case have not yet closed.—Times Cor.

RELEASES OF FENIAN PRISONERS.—Michael Boyle, late captain in the American army, John O'Donovan and Patrick O'Connor, detained under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act in Kilmalham Jail, were on

Wednesday morning taken to the King's bridge terminus and conveyed by the Mail train to Cork, having signified their intention of proceeding to America. The prisoners will be placed on board one of the American passenger vessels at Queenstown for that purpose.

THE MURDER OF CLARKE.—Patrick Kearney, the self-accused murderer of Joseph Clarke on the banks of the Dublin Canal during the Fenian disturbances, has been brought before the Dublin Magistrates, and again remanded. It appears that Kearney now repudiates altogether the statement made by him before the magistrates in Mountmellick, that he was the man who fired the fatal shot at Joseph Clarke. He says he is prepared to prove an alibi with respect to the night in question; that he had nothing whatever to do with the murder, but that he was induced to make the statement he did out of revenge for the bad treatment he received from the Fenians. In May last the prisoner was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the Fenian conspiracy, and confined for one month in Naas Gaol, but no charge having been made against him he was discharged from custody.

The Fenian movement in Ireland may now be remarked on as only kept in remembrance by the occasional arrest, trial, and punishment of its struggling votaries. Yesterday a young man named Thomas Baines, once a prominent soldier in the famous Pope's Irish brigade, was brought before a Dublin magistrate charged with having frequently attempted to seduce soldiers from their allegiance during the progress of Fenianism, and with continuing these practices in England more recently. On the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, Baines, whose name often occurred in the evidence of the Fenian courts martial, made his escape to the other side of the Irish Channel, and has since, it is alleged, carried on there his treasonable practices with some success, more particularly in Liverpool. In his possession were found a likeness of Stephens, the Head Centre, a cross of St. Gregory, and a bronze medal awarded usually by the Pope to those who specially served his cause at the time the services of the Irish brigade were tendered and accepted by him. The Dublin police inspector who arrested Baines stated that he and another acting inspector proceeded on Monday last to Liverpool with a warrant for the arrest of the prisoner. Having got the warrant signed by the Mayor of Liverpool, accompanied by Inspector Graham, of the Liverpool police, and Inspector Watson, of the Cheshire Constabulary, they proceeded to search for the prisoner, apprehended and brought him before the Cheshire justices, who remitted him to Dublin. The usual informations being sworn the prisoner was remanded for the present.

At home, the chief event of the week has been the official entrance into Dublin of the new Viceroy, the Marquis of Abercorn. Had Scotland remained a kingdom, and Mary Stuart died without issue, the Marquis would now have been king of Scotland—for his ancestor was next heir to the crown. One of his attaches is Mr. Campbell, the grandson of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. On Thursday, at one o'clock, he made his entry, the band playing none but Irish music with the sole exception of the Queen's Anthem—bars of the 'Boysie Water' mingled merrily with the national air of 'St. Patrick's Day' (who would under them?), 'Garryowen,' 'God save the Queen' and 'Rory O'More' alternately shook the skies. The Marquis is a good-looking personage and seems inclined to make himself popular.—Dublin Irishman.

C. G. DUFFY.—This gentleman, who had been making the European tour, arrived in Dublin some days ago from Paris, accompanied by Mrs. Duffy. He is to leave as soon as possible in the ship Bæac, for Victoria, where he obtained such extraordinary good fortune. By a law of the colony no pensioner of the Government can remain longer away than a certain limited time; if he should remain an absentee beyond the specified period, he loses his pension, and has very little chance of ever again being placed upon the civil list. We believe that Mr. Duffy's term of leave will expire on the 1st of next January.—Wexford People.

On the subject of cholera, and the general sanitary state of Dublin, a report of some interest has just been issued by the medical officer of health, by which it appears that the mortality during the month has been very low; 397 deaths only having occurred, while the number in the preceding four weeks was 470, and in the corresponding period of last year 450. The returns as to cholera show that 40 cases have been certified, and it is believed that probably six more cases have actually occurred. The report gives a list of the localities in which the disease has shown itself. Only in two streets—Bridge street and Cooke street—can it be said to have been distinctly epidemic, both of which are crowded and low lying places. Of the entire number of attacks, 25 have proved fatal, and nine are still under treatment. One or two new cases are reported in Dublin to-day, a sister of the man and woman who died on removal from a train of the Great Southern line, as already mentioned, being among them. She had washed the clothes of her deceased relatives, and had hung them to dry, when she was attacked.—Times Dublin Cor.

THE CHOLERA.—A young man named Walsh, who resided at Marshall's-alley, off Cooke street, died on Tuesday morning, after a few hours' illness. He was attended by Drs. Musprat and Byrne, and his case was one of most virulent Asiatic cholera. Dr. Ryan had the remains removed at once for interment.

Another case took place at 43 Cooke-street, the house in which so many deaths have occurred. In it a child named Mary O'Neil was attacked yesterday morning, and Dr. Ryan had her promptly conveyed to the Meath Hospital.

A case took place also in the same locality, at Rosemarylane. The sufferer in this instance is a boy named Francis Geady. When Dr. Ryan was called he recognised the gravity of the case, and sent for the hospital van; but on its arrival the father of the child positively refused to allow him to be brought to the hospital.—Dublin Paper.

The Drogheda Conservative says:—We regret to learn that a case of cholera occurred recently at Dardistown, in this neighborhood, the person attacked being a groom in the employment of Henry St. George Osborne, Esq. Medical attendance was called in and remedies applied; but the sufferer was in a state of collapse, and at latest accounts his recovery was extremely doubtful, if not hopeless. As many cases of diarrhoea have been the result of over eating—especially wet, spongy potatoes—care should be taken to shun unwholesome food, which predisposes to this disease.

On the 16th ult., an escort of horse police conveyed Corporal Chambers, 61st Regt., and Private Kenny, of the same corps, both recently convicted by court-martial of complicity in the Fenian movement and sentenced to 20 years' penal imprisonment from the Arbour Hill Military Prison, and handed them over to the civil power in Mountjoy Prison. Both prisoners were in their military uniforms, but were at once divested of them and clothed in the prison garb. Preparations are making at Mountjoy for the reception of a large number of prisoners who are now in custody in other prisons, the number of those admitted to bail from it being so large that the local prisons can now be relieved from the number of those held in detention under the Suspension Act. A large number is expected from Belfast in a day or two.—Dublin Freeman.

The Belfast News-Letter:—For a short time past it has been rumored that a demonstration of some sort associated with Fenianism would take place at Scarva. The Irish Executive found it desirable to take precautionary measures, and a considerable constabulary force from various districts has been ordered to the village of Scarva. Should any objectionable exhibition be attempted, a sufficient force will be on the spot to put an end to ill-advised proceedings.



THE TORIES AND TENANT RIGHT.—The Whigs having declined to settle the great question of tenant right, it becomes the duty of Irishmen to apply to their successors in office to bring peace to the land, by giving the tenantry a legal claim for compensation for any permanent improvements they may make on their farms.

We can assure our countrymen that this is the chief cause why the land question has not yet been properly settled, and why the bad landlords have still the power to plunder and extort from their tenants.

Let Ireland refuse for the future to follow such a silly policy. What need the Irish people care for party? They have lived through the direst persecution. They have increased and multiplied, no matter how bitter the rule over them has been; and it was not till the Whigs had full sway in the land that the population was decimated, and reduced from nine to six millions.

This being the case, we ask our countrymen not to be led astray by false-hearted men, who are eternally praising our enemies the Whigs, and assailing the Tories. Ireland took Emancipation from the Whig party, and if it is not her own fault she may obtain from them in the next session a good measure of tenant right.

Now is it not the duty of Irishmen to take advantage of these promises, and seek for justice where it can be found? If anything distinguishes the Tories more than another it is their blunt manner of telling you what they mean to do, and their faithful adherence to their promises.

Let Ireland, then cast away that childish folly of not asking anything from the conservative party. Let her prepare to test the truth of Lord Derby's declaration. How is that to be efficiently done? We are told that the best course is to ask the corporations and town commissioners to take the matter in hand at once.

As IRISH-AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS.—Six years ago, this very month, a novel scene might be witnessed on a Sunday morning in the Lezaretto of Ancona. That quaint pentagonal structure, built by Clement XII. for the reception of sick voyagers from the Levant, was then occupied by a body of Irishmen, who had gone out from their homes to do battle for the Pope and a group of these Irish Volunteers seem to gather tumultuously round a tall, bronzed officer of martial presence clad in the uniform of this man—and yet tears are visible in his eyes.

But these Irish Volunteers were not to be parted thus easily. This was how the case stood. It was originally intended to organize the Irish troops in the Papal service into two battalions, but their strength having been diminished by sickness and defections the design was abandoned, and Major Fitzgerald, who had been specially detailed from Austria to command the second Battalion, was to be dispersed with.

On the bloody day of Skalitz he rode in the front rank of a squadron of Hungarian Hussars, the finest cavalry in the world. A cloud of Prussian Uhlans came cantering in sight. The Irish Bayard stood up in his saddle—now was the hour—'Vorwärts,' he cried, and his fiery swordsmen went thundering on the enemy. The Prussians did not meet them as soldiers were wont, steel to steel.

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new weapons are not generally fatal. Though sadly maimed Fitzgerald still lives.—*Irishman.*

To the credit of the present Tory government it is ordering the prosecution of the Orangemen who violated the law in July last, and several leading characters amongst the brethren have been summoned before petty sessions courts, in order that they might be committed for trial at next assizes.

A gun, eight feet long and in good preservation, bearing the date of 1642, and having on it the arms of the Salters Company and the motto 'Sai sapit omnia' has been dug up in Derry in excavating foundations for a new bank.

THE WHEAT AND OATS.—A severe storm swept over this part of the country a few days since, and retarded the cutting of corn, which is proceeding in some early districts.

Of the weather and local crops, the *Waterford News* says:—August has come in variable. Oats are being generally reaped, and wheat is fast putting on its golden hue.

A late of the *Irish Times* says:—Harvest prospects excellent throughout Ireland. The excessive and scorching heat of July has been followed by copious and cooling rain, which came just in time to swell the grain crops and vivify the after-grass.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The *Times* repeats the opinion expressed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—in the articles on England's Future as a European Power—that the events of the brief and extraordinary campaign in Germany warn us, in a manner not to be misunderstood, to look to ourselves—to compare our own case with the case of Austria by land and Italy by sea, and to estimate calmly and deliberately our own chances of success if our evil destiny should involve us in a great war either by land or sea.

Now these words are not mine. They are the words of an English writer intimately versed, no doubt, in the ways of London. I quote them from the leading columns of one of the most widely known of London weekly papers, the *Era*.

Mr. Governor Eyre.—The *Standard* says that Mr. Mill, Mr. Peter Taylor, and the rest of Mr. Eyre's political opponents menace him with prosecution, which, adds the *Standard*, can result in nothing but his triumphant acquittal and their signal discomfiture.

Excursionists from Glasgow to Burns' monument at Ayr have carried away the back of one of the monument chairs, on which are a series of paintings illustrative of the poet's works, by Stevens.

A disease has broken out among sheep and pigs in the wolds in England. So many as 25 pigs have died on the one farm in Kent of it.

The formula of a joke which was rather common amongst that portion of those known to the late William Gobbett as 'the humbler classes,' which a modern idiom designates as 'roughs,' was the salutation—'How is your mother—and the pigs?'

But whatever jokes may have been made about Paddy and his pig, the widest idea ever entertained of the Irishman's affectionate relations with his favorite porker has been utterly eclipsed by one of the revelations of London filth and dirt recently brought before the world by those sanitary inspectors, whom a fear of the cholera has let loose amidst the nastiness of Anglo-Saxondom.

Assuredly, recent exposures give pregnant indications of hideous moral corruption underlying the fair front of London society. Read this selection from the leading columns of a metropolitan journal not over remarkable for delicacy or moral sensitiveness—'The villany practised in London, though admitted on all hands to be frightfully enormous, is in reality far beyond what the imagination, or, indeed, the comprehension of quiet ordinary people, who look merely on the surface of human iniquity, could either conceive or understand.'

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Rithmetic are, according to the modern philosophers, the true agents to human progress—religion being tabooed as a nuisance. Here we have evidence of what knowledge without religion produces.

At the Clerkenwell Police Station in London, on the 4th August, a man attended before the sitting magistrate to lay before him a statement of facts in connection with mixed pickles.

There is a party of religious enthusiasts going about the country called the 'Hallelujah Band.' They have just visited Derby and have placarded the town with this notice:—'At nine o'clock the Soldiers of the Cross will open fire, in the Market Place on the Kingdom of the Devil. A Procession will be formed to proceed at once to the Field, when a Sacred Volley will be fired on the Armies of his Satanic Majesty.'

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generally the concomitant of poverty. For those who are spared the epidemic will effect great good for it has aroused the energies of the authorities and the benevolent action of the rich, and put in motion the skill of the scientific, and improved food, cleanliness, and clothing are already producing a salutary effect.

UNITED STATES.

THE PONTIFICAL LOAN.—Already the handsome sum of \$83,000 has been subscribed in Philadelphia towards the Pontifical loan.

It may be that in each of the two great parties into which American politicians are now divided there are many individuals who are friends of our cause and of our ourselves as a people. We say, it may be; for we have never yet had positive and undoubted assurance of the fact.

BUTLER ON THE STORM.—Benjamin F. Butler won so much renown in the last war that he is getting his tools ready for the next onslaught.

In Chariton, Iowa, recently, the friends of a gentleman and lady who had mutually plighted their troth were invited to see them made one.

GAMBLING IN NEW YORK.—The *Scottish-American Journal* says that five years ago there were not more than a score or two of known gambling houses in the whole of New York.

A YANKEE FATHER.—That was a provident and affectionate father who secured \$5,000 policies in an accident insurance company, upon the lives of his seven small children, and sent the darlings for a holiday excursion on a New Jersey railroad.

FASHIONABLE CHURCHES.—It is customary among many of the leading Protestant Churches of our large cities to 'be closed' during the hot and enervating summer season; while the rich pastors thereof with their aristocratic families, betake themselves to the country, or to some of the numerous fashionable 'Springs' or seaside bathing places, there to while away the time as best they can, until the time for 're-opening' comes again.

REVENUE.—Arrangement are in progress for commencing legal proceedings against certain prominent members of the Church of England who have recently adopted what are considered to be extreme ritualistic practices, more especially in reference to the matter of vestments in the administration of the Holy Communion.

Though the rate of mortality is still very high in London, as shown by the Registrar-General's report of the deaths registered in the week ended on Saturday last, yet we are happy to say that the ravages of the epidemic are considerably on the decline.

A number of convicts employed in the quarry at Sing prison, New York, attacked the keeper, and endeavored to wrest his revolver from him.

The cholera has lost its epidemic character at Cincinnati. The probability is that Jefferson Davis will shortly be paroled.

The total of Boston contributions to the Portland sufferers is \$128,486 60.

The Mayor of Portland has received \$476,410 15 in aid of the sufferers by the fire in that city.

Cholera is abating in New Orleans, but shows no diminution on the plantations. The negroes have conceived the idea that they are poisoned by white people and refuse to take remedies.



# The True Witness.

AND  
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
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At No. 696, Craig Street, by  
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We beg to remind our Correspondents that no letters will be taken out of the Post-Office, unless pre-paid.  
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## MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 14.

### ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER—1866.  
Friday, 14—Exaltation of Holy Cross.  
Saturday, 15—Octave of Nativity of B. V. M.  
Sunday—Seventeenth after Pentecost. Of Seven Dolours of B. V.  
Monday, 17—Stigmata of St. Francis.  
Tuesday, 18—St. Joseph of Cup. O.  
Wednesday, 19—Ember Day. Fast. SS. Janvier, &c., M. M.  
Thursday, 20—Vigil of SS. Eustache, &c., M. M.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Though we are assured that the Treaty of Peace has been confirmed betwixt Prussia and Austria, the general impression seems to be that it will not be long before hostilities again break out in Europe. France is not, cannot be, content with the actual position of affairs, or the humble part that she has been compelled to play in the late drama. Her prestige is on the wane, for she no longer ranks as the Great European Military Power of Europe, and as the arbitress of the destinies of the Continent. For the sake of "glory," and of military greatness or its reputation, Frenchmen will put up with much harsh government at home, and will submit patiently to the curtailment of their domestic liberties, if therein they see prospects either of territorial aggrandisement, or of dictating to their neighbors. But now they feel themselves humiliated, and as it were dwarfed by the aggrandisement of Prussia, with no corresponding rectification of their own frontier. This will, of course, tend to make them restive under the bands of Louis Napoleon, whose rule they have hitherto borne, because for its exactions they have till now found compensation in the extension of their influence over the rest of Europe. But the glories of Prussia throw those of France into the shade; and either Louis Napoleon will be forced to take up arms to recover his lost prestige, or he must prepare himself to encounter another revolutionary movement amongst his own subjects. War, and a brilliant and successful war, seems now necessary to the maintenance of the Napoleon dynasty in France.

The great question of the day is of course—"What will the Pope do?" Many rumors are afloat; but we believe that he will do as he has hitherto done: put his trust in God, and make no concession of the rights of Holy Church to her enemies. There is not room in Rome for the Pope and a King of Italy; and compromise betwixt the Catholic Church and the Revolution seems to be as far off as ever.

The Fenian movement in the U. States continues, and seems to gather strength, from the sympathy and support which it meets with from the Jacobin or so-called Republican party.—Much of this is no doubt due to the necessity under which the latter labor of cajoling the Irish, in order to make sure of what is called the "Irish vote" at the Fall elections. But over and above this, there is much in common betwixt the dominant party in the U. States, and the Fenians.—They are both deeply imbued with an intense hatred of England; and the ultimate objects of both are almost the same, for both have close affinities with Communism; and both, under the plausible pretext of securing liberty—the one for Ireland, the other for the negroes—are bent upon establishing a pure democratic despotism. If this Fenian movement be continued, it is difficult to see how Great Britain can avoid war with the U. States.

Another great triumph in the material order has been achieved. On Saturday last the Great Eastern arrived at Heart's Content, with the cable of last year, which works well. There were great rejoicings over this happy issue to a most arduous enterprise.

The long continued heavy rains excite lively fears as to the harvest, especially in Lower Canada. We learn that in many places, the rot has shown itself amongst the potatoes.

We would remind our Montreal readers that the Annual Horticultural Exhibition is now open, and that it well merits the substantial patronage of the public.

**THE TOUCH-STONE OF FAITH.**—This is the heading, or superscription, of an article in a Protestant periodical, the *London Churchman*, intended as an antidote to the poisonous doctrines of the present day, which are so generally prevalent in the non-Catholic world, that, in the words of our Protestant contemporary, "it cannot recognize truth when it sees it,"—so thoroughly is it "getting more and more bewildered by the Arian and Socinian verbiage which is foisted upon for Christianity."

The Protestant journalist here steps in with what he calls "the touch-stone of faith," whereby to distinguish the noble metal from the base; and wherewith "a Christian of the present day is to distinguish between them, which is the gold, and which the mica":—

"Is there," our contemporary asks, "is there no test, no *Lydius lapis* by which I may find out the true from the false, by which I may discriminate between eloquent sentiment and spiritual fervor, and known modern 'original' speculation, from the Catholic Faith which must be kept whole and undivided?"

Yes! answers the bewildered Protestant; "There is such a touchstone. It is possible to assay what looks like the Christian faith, and to tell if it be, or be not, the gold of truth." And, moreover, not only is there such an infallible touchstone, but it is easy of access to every man, rich or poor, learned or unlearned; for the Protestant journalist adds—"And this touchstone is not a very recondite one; its use demands not great critical acumen: it depends on no verifying faculty."

Now what is this touchstone?—the Catholic reader will naturally ask. Naturally, too, he will answer, remembering all the fine things said about the Bible by Protestants; its simplicity, its intelligibility, its all sufficiency and absolute authority as the sole and infallible rule of faith, as the religion of Protestants in short,—naturally the Catholic will answer, "the Bible and the Bible alone, without note or comment, is the Protestant Touchstone of the Faith; the law and the testimony by which all that professes to be Christian doctrine must be assayed or tried; and either accepted as pure gold, or rejected as dross, according as it stands, or fails to stand, the unerring test. This, of course, is the answer that the Catholic would expect to hear from the Protestant: yet would he be most agreeably disappointed.

For this touchstone of the faith is not the Bible, but:—

"The well known and long preserved Creed of the Universal Church. That is the *Lydius lapis* which will test even for untheological intellects the subtleties of Socinianism, however involved in philosophic clouds or disguised by eloquence of words."—*London Churchman*.

And again:—

"The creed of the Universal Church is now, as it has ever been, the unerring touchstone of Faith, the one test of Arian and Socinian fallacies."—*Id.*

This is certainly strange doctrine to be found in an evangelical Protestant journal, such as the *Montreal Echo*, from which we copy. But what is still more strange is this: That the writer, applying his unerring test to the prevalent errors of the present day concerning the Holy Ghost, quotes as the "Creed of the Universal Church," the Nicene Creed, not as it was originally drawn up, not as it is accepted to-day by the Greeks and other Orientals, but as amended by a Pope, and as accepted by the Latin Church;—

"Let the reader then of the work in which it occurs, an *infidel view of the personality of the Holy Ghost*—occurs, test all the passages in which it occurs by 'I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord, the Life Giver, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son.'"—*London Churchman*.

Now as the double Procession forms no part of the Creed of Greeks and Oriental sects; and as our Protestant contemporary adduces that double Procession as an integral part of the Creed of the "Universal Church"—it is evident that he cannot recognize the said Greeks and Orientals, who reject the double Procession, as having any share or part in the "Universal Church," which term he, by implication, restricts to the Latin or Western Church, by whose authority the *Filioque* was inserted in the Creed, and by which it is retained. Thus not only is the "Bible alone" set aside as the "touchstone of faith," but the Creed of the Greek, and Oriental Christians as well; whilst the term Universal Church, of whose Creed or belief infallibility is predicated—"the unerring touchstone of faith"—is restricted to the Latin Church, and the religious bodies which have retained her version of the Nicene Creed.

But as vain is it for Protestants to appeal to the creed of the Universal Church, as to the Bible; seeing that according to them there is now no longer a Universal Church, and that there never was an infallible, indefectible Church at all. One of the points in dispute—indeed the chief of the material points of difference betwixt Catholic and Protestant—is as to the creed or belief of the early Church, say of the third and fourth centuries. How then is the creed of the Universal Church to be determined? who is to declare it? from whose mouth shall the simple and unlettered man receive it?—if there be not, as Catholics contend there is—a living Church, or organism, the mouthpiece of the Universal Church, competent to declare what was, and what is, the creed or belief of that Church upon every matter that has been, is, or which may be

the subject of controversy. It would be but poor comfort to tell the poor, ignorant man, whose daily avocations render literary pursuits impossible; but who nevertheless is, for his soul's sake, anxious to distinguish amongst the many doctrines that are foisted upon him for Christianity, which is the pure gold of truth to be embraced, which the vile dross to be rejected—that he must diligently ransack the pages of ecclesiastical history, and sift carefully the long accumulating records of Christian antiquity, till after patient and painful research he discover what, in the third or fourth century of the Christian era, was the creed of the Universal Church—of Rome, and Constantinople, and Alexandria—upon all those doctrines which in the nineteenth century are keenly disputed by the Protestants of London, and Boston, and Paris. Such a task would be endless; no human intellect is sufficient for it—as witness the contradictory irreconcilable reports brought to us concerning the "creed of the Universal Church" by different Protestant explorers in the high latitudes of Christian antiquity. How then shall the poor, busy, unlettered man, with a wife and children dependent on his labors for their daily bread, undertake it?

The appeal to antiquity is then as absurd and useless as an appeal to the Bible; since it is as difficult for mere human reason to gather from the former what was the "creed of the Universal Church" of the anti-Nicene period, as it is from the "Bible alone"—(which moreover our Protestant contemporary does not presume to cite as "the unerring touchstone of faith, the one test of Arian and Socinian fallacies")—to determine what is the truth, what ought to be the creed or belief of the Universal Church, or any one disputed point. Naught remains then but either to admit that there is no unerring test, or "touchstone of the faith;" or to assert that there is such a touchstone, and that that unerring touchstone of the faith, is the creed of the Universal or Catholic Church, as authoritatively declared, or propounded by some actually living body; the representative, organ, or duly qualified mouthpiece of a living and infallible Church—a present Church, not a mere Church of the past.

**THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.**—The first public reception given by His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, on his return to Ireland from Rome, was held in the Diocesan College of Holy Cross, Cloncliffe, on Monday, the 20th ult. The ceremony was striking and significant, all the chief dignitaries of the Church in Ireland being in attendance, as were also the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and the leading members of the Catholic aristocracy and gentry of Ireland.

Addresses, congratulating the Archbishop on his promotion to the Roman purple, were presented by the Clergy and many religious institutions, to which his Eminence made appropriate replies. The following extracts from one of these, on the political aspect of the Roman question, are, as coming from so eminent a Prince of the Church, lately returned from Rome, of great interest and significance. Replying to the Address of the Clergy, His Eminence remarked that:—

"The spirit of revolution was triumphant in almost every country in Europe, and had destroyed the power of the Catholic States. There was now no friendly Power capable of supporting the Head of the Church, or of maintaining the doctrines and practices of our holy religion. Austria was the last able to do so, and Austria was now overthrown. The condition then of the Pope was this: That his territory was reduced to a very small spot in Italy. Nearly every thing had been taken from him. The Emperor of the French very kindly held the hands of the Pope whilst his enemies were stripping him of the patrimony of St. Peter; and now having reduced the Holy Father to a state of temporal weakness, and all the Catholic Powers willing to assist him being either revolutionised or weakened, the Emperor of the French abandons Rome, and leaves the Pope to the mercy of the Italian revolutionists; to the mercy of men who avow the deadliest hatred to the Pope and to religion, and who will not hesitate on the first opportunity, notwithstanding the Convention, to seize upon Rome, and destroy the Pope's authority."

After this severe, but not unjust, in so far as Louis Napoleon is concerned, sketch of the relative positions of the Holy Father, his real and hypocritical friends, and of his avowed enemies, His Eminence continued in the following strain:

"It is very probable that within six months this crisis may come, and His Holiness be reduced to such a condition that he may not know where to turn his steps. In these circumstances our attachment to him must be increased.—(Loud applause.) His Holiness knows, and we all know, that he is suffering for the cause of truth; and all know moreover, that he will never sacrifice that cause, that he will never sacrifice principle, but will, as he has done, maintain truth, and justice and equity to the last.—(Loud applause.)"

In the latter part of the day His Eminence was entertained at a Banquet given by the Dean and Chapter of the Archdiocese in the Catholic University.

**BISHOP'S SCHOOL.**—We would desire to call attention to the Prospectus of the school under the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, and to recommend it to parents desirous of obtaining for their children a good education. The Prospectus speaks for itself: and the fact that the school is under the constant supervision of the clergy of the Cathedral is an amply sufficient guarantee for the attention that is therein given to the moral and religious training of the pupils.

**RAFFLE.**—A handsome gold watch, valued at two hundred dollars, will be raffled for in the *Cabinet de Lecture Paroissiale*, opposite the Seminary, at 7.30 p.m. of Thursday, the 13th of this month. Persons having tickets in this raffle are specially requested to attend; and as many are not yet taken up, every body will be at liberty to take his chance. The price of a ticket is fifty cents, and the proceeds will be handed over to the Orphans of St. Joseph and Providence Asylums.

The Montreal *Witness* of the 5th instant, with that regard for truth and Christian charity which is its great characteristic, undertakes to explain to its readers, the origin, nature, and objects of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Canada:—

**THE SOCIETY ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.**—The origin and nature of this society, although it has existed in Canada for several years, are but little known to our people. It is somewhat important that they should be informed upon the subject, especially as Mr. Gauthier and some others of our present rulers are said to be members of it. Many have supposed it to be merely an organization for benevolent purposes, or having only devotional or religious objects in view. But little attention has therefore been paid to its movements. Recent events, however, have excited earnest attention to Roman Catholic movements in this Province, and of these the organization and working of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is not the least important. Our readers will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that it is nothing less than the Society of Jesus, under a new name. The recent movements in Italy called it into existence, as the Reformation brought the Jesuits into existence. The name Jesuit had become a word of terror in that country, as well as throughout Europe. To have used a name which was suggestive of what was dark and sinister, while work of a certain kind had to be done in Italy, would have been as absurd as for an enemy to have sounded his bugles when about making a night attack. Hence the name was dropped but the thing was retained.

The *Witness* then quotes, or pretends to quote, from an anonymous Turin journal, and also from articles in two virulent anti-Catholic papers called *Il Temporale* and *Avvisatore Alessandrino*, some bitter attacks upon the obnoxious Society, couched of course in the vaguest or most general terms, and carefully avoiding all details or circumstances by means of which the truth or falsity of their allegations as to its workings and objects in Italy, might be substantiated, or manifested. Having done this, our Montreal contemporary thus continues; writing, or at all events professing to write, as of his own knowledge, as to the working and the objects of the Society in Canada:—

"It is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul—is seeking to do for Canada what it has partly accomplished in Italy. Its object is to arrest the progress of civil and religious freedom, and preserve the power of the Priesthood over the masses. It is seeking to do this precisely by the same methods here that it has adopted in Europe—especially in Italy. It is important then, for us to understand its nature and design, and no longer to regard it as a harmless, inoffensive thing. It is one of the greatest enemies of the State, and a powerful engine in the hands of an artful and designing hierarchy."—*Montreal Witness*, Sept. 5th.

We cannot condescend to enter into controversy on the subject of the maligned Society with one so regardless of Christian charity, natural morality, and the laws of honor as is the writer in the *Witness*; but addressing ourselves to those of our Protestant fellow-citizens whose eyes these lines may meet, we will put to them a simple case, by means of which they will be able to judge betwixt the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and its cowardly and mendacious assailant.

We will suppose that, speaking of some one of the many charitable Protestant Societies existing in Canada, of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society for instance—the TRUE WITNESS were to assert that it was a Society organized under false pretences, and a false name; that it was nothing else than an Orange Lodge "under a new name;" that its ends were political rather than charitable; and that its object was "to arrest the progress of civil and religious freedom;" that in consequence Catholics should not encourage the said Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, or "regard it as a harmless and inoffensive thing;" and finally we will suppose that the TRUE WITNESS, upon these grounds, were to denounce the said society as "one of the greatest enemies of the State;" what, we ask, under such circumstances would be the conduct towards the TRUE WITNESS of the members of the said maligned Protestant Society?

Of two courses they would adopt one. Either they would say that the writer of the offensive article in question was such a notorious liar and slanderer, that he was not worthy of a notice of any kind; or else they would call upon him to make good his assertions, to prove them, or else to retract them. They would not, we say, feel themselves bound to disprove these assertions, for no one can be called upon to prove a negative; but they would insist upon the duty of the writer in the TRUE WITNESS to make public the truth of his allegations, and to cite his authority or grounds for them, or else publicly to retract them.

And were the hypothetical assailant of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society to refuse boldly to accept this challenge; were he to hold his tongue, or were he to try and shelter himself behind a rampart of vague generalities, and suppositions, and idle unauthenticated rumors, would not our Protestant fellow-citizens treat, and justly treat, the writer with scorn and loathing, as a coward, as a liar, and a slanderer? Would they

not look upon those who supported him, and encouraged his journal, as differing from him, morally, only as the conscious receiver of stolen goods differs morally from the thief? They would; and in so doing they would act most justly towards the TRUE WITNESS, its editor, and all its friends and supporters.

Judge betwixt the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and its assailant in the *Witness* then, say we to our Protestant fellow-citizens! By your verdict we are well content to abide.

What can be the object of the Montreal *Witness* in its incessant abuse of everything Catholic, unless it be to stir up and keep alive ill-will betwixt two classes of her Majesty's subjects in Canada, and thereby to encourage our enemies on the other side of the Lines to a renewed attack upon the Province, we cannot conceive. If this be its object, it is one which our Protestant fellow citizens should do their best to defeat, for in union lies our strength, and in a good accord betwixt Catholics and Protestants. The duty of every loyal man at the present moment is to abstain from irritating topics; to hold out the right hand of fellowship to his neighbor, regardless of that neighbor's creed; to forbear from recrimination; to do his utmost to bury in oblivion all the old quarrels, and to remember only that we are the subjects of one common sovereign, and that our common liberties are perhaps menaced by a common danger. As a firebrand, as a stirrer up of strife, as well as a liar and slanderer, the Montreal *Witness* deserves therefore the reprobation of every honest man, and of every loyal subject of Queen Victoria in Canada.

It is because the *Witness* is generally believed by Catholics, erroneously we think, to represent fairly the views, aspirations, and morality of Protestants, that the latter are by the former sometimes looked upon with suspicion, as implacable unscrupulous enemies, utterly regardless of the obligations of charity, of the laws of honor, and as indifferent to the claims of truths provided only that by disregarding those claims, they can do hurt to Catholics. Such suspicion would indeed be well founded were the *Witness* a fair exponent of the Protestants of Canada. But it is not so; and though it may express the views, and may truly re-echo the political aspirations of a narrow-minded clique, which styles itself evangelical, and which betrays its Yankee political proclivities by its every act, still we believe, and will believe, that it is, except as a commercial organ—(for its merits in this one respect we admit)—and therefore as a good advertising medium, repudiated by every honest and high minded Protestant in Canada, by every one who can claim to be either a Christian or a gentleman.

We have the melancholy duty imposed on us this day of recording the death of a useful and most charitable citizen, and a good Christian—we mean the late Francis Mullin, Esq., of this city, who departed this life on Saturday evening last, after a long illness borne with true Christian resignation. Mr. Mullin has long been known to the people of this city, as an active and most respected merchant. For over twenty years he has lived in Montreal, where he won the affection and commanded the respect of all who knew him. He leaves, not only a widow and several children to deplore the loss of a faithful husband, and a loving father, but a large circle of warm friends and acquaintances, by whom his memory will long be held in honor.

The mortal remains of the deceased were conveyed on Tuesday morning to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn *Requiem Mass* was sung for the repose of his soul; after which, followed by a large crowd of our most respected citizens, the body was conveyed to the Catholic Cemetery, there to await the coming of our Lord, to reward His faithful servants on earth. May his soul repose in peace.

**ORANGE LOYALTY.**—We learn from the *Kingston Whig*, that Thursday the 30th ult. being the anniversary of the insult offered to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales by the Orangemen of Kingston, was by the latter celebrated as a festival. "It has been customary," says the *Whig*, "to perpetuate this memory"—(the memory of the outrage, to the Hair Apparent)—"by an annual festival held in the vicinity of Kingston." Surely Kingston Orangemen have very strange ideas as to the respect and loyalty that subjects owe to their Queen, and her representative.

**NEW WORK.**—In press and will shortly appear from the firm of Messrs. O'Connor & Co., Newark, N.J., a work under the title of "Curious Questions," from the pen of the Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D., one of the most learned scholars in the United States. This forthcoming work has elicited the highest praise from several members of the Catholic press, as for instance, the *New York Tablet* and *Freeman*, which speak of it in the most flattering terms. It will be brought out in a handsome style, and will, we feel convinced, command an extensive circulation in the British North American Provinces as well as in the U. States.







FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Wednesday, Aug. 22.—The discussion between those who have approved the policy and defended or at least palliated, the acts of M. Bismarck, goes on as warmly as ever. A few of the journals that pass for very liberal, and are wont to denounce the iniquity of transferring by wholesale masses of human beings from one Sovereign to another without consulting them, and without any regard to their wishes, begin to modify their opinion since the speech of the King of Prussia in his Parliament. The most persistent, indeed the most eloquent, of the adversaries of Prussian policy is M. Chevalier Clarigny, whose articles in La Presse are reproduced in most of the provincial journals, and it is said, not without a marked effect on public opinion. To the argument that France has no cause to be moved at the enormous aggrandizement of Prussia, he states that if the country be moved it is not by fear for herself. The France of 1789, with only 20 millions of inhabitants, defied and defended herself against all Europe. The France of 1866, united, compact, homogeneous, with her 40 millions, and her wealth and resources increased tenfold, is assuredly not frightened by the blustering going on at Berlin. If any attack, direct or indirect, were contemplated against France, the legions of France would soon again find the road to Jena. 'Où le père a passé, passera bientôt l'enfant!' In the eyes of M. Bismarck and his Prussian apostles, the German population are nothing but droves of cattle; human beings, so many units that at best are only food for powder; but the public conscience clearly discerns a question of international right, a question of liberty, and of the future. Were the Treaties of 1815 made against France or not? Is the situation created by those treaties aggravated, or not, by the gains of Prussia from the Treaty of Nikolsburg? The answer is obvious. France, which out of respect for the peace of Europe, has borne all the changes imposed upon her by those treaties, has a right to expect that situation not to be altered to her detriment. The balance established by them should be either maintained by all the Powers, or redressed by means of compensations. France appealed, and justly appealed, to that principle two years back, when only Schleswig and Holstein were concerned. She cannot now renounce it when she sees Prussia annex five or six millions of souls.

Besides the question of right, there is the question of liberty. M. Clarigny asks:—'Now can those who cry after day cry out against the Pope's authority at Rome as an outrage on the liberty of the Roman people admit so complacently that Prussia may extend her authority to Frankfurt, Hanover, Nassau, and Hesse? If the wishes of the population are, as they tell us, the only legitimate source of power, why do they make such little account of the manifest desire of the German populations to keep their ancient Governments? Can there be any doubt of such a desire after the avowal which the King of Prussia has been forced to make? It is brute force which is about to destroy the Republic of Frankfurt and the Constitutional Monarchy of Hanover, and the only reason which Prussia herself can give for it is that such is her will and pleasure, and that it suits her convenience. And there are people who imagine that the conscience of France does not revolt against this immolation of liberty by violence.'

If the essence of liberty is the right of peoples to dispose of themselves, why should that right be set at naught with regard to North Germany? Why should Hanoverians be forced to become Prussians? What can the Republic of Frankfurt, with its 110,000 souls, and its patch of territory, add to the power of Prussia? Who does not know that the real crime of Frankfurt is the asylum it not long since afforded to the writers and deputies whom M. Bismarck had driven from Berlin? If Prussia has the right to take Hanover and Hesse because their territory suits her, and Frankfurt because she will not have a republic so near her, what abuse of force is not legitimate? If international engagements are worthless; if the wishes of the populations are without authority; if institutions, habits, and customs are entitled to no respect, what reasons can be alleged against her claiming Alsace and Lorraine?

There is another question worthy of consideration—that of the future. It is quite intelligible that Russia should now offer no obstacle to the Power that has always been proud to execute for her the ignoble functions of haughtiness's assistant. It suits the interest of Russia to turn against Germany the restless ambition of Prussia, while M. Bismarck is occupied in cutting up by the root everything like patriotism and liberal feeling throughout Germany; Russia will quietly carry on the same work in Poland; and Prussia will never refuse her the renewal of the famous Convention which roused the indignation of Europe, and was protested against by France and England. Had Prussia been convinced that she should never be permitted to trample into dust the independence and liberty of the Germans, she would have been forced to renounce her tradition as a military monarchy; to enter frankly on the path of liberty; or, at least, to seek out somewhere else the aggressions she needed to justify her large armaments. Perhaps she might have thought of playing the part of North Germany of the Middle Ages, when the free Peoples introduced Christianity and civilization into Livonia and Courland; or she might have the ambition of becoming the liberator of Poland. Her conquests in this way would at all events have been legitimate, because they would have been to the advantage of justice and liberty. The conquests she has just made are of advantage only to despotism.

Itself bound. It will cede the less, or believe itself less obliged to do so, when it is the stronger; in other words, compensations are the more difficult to obtain in proportion as they are more necessary; hence it follows that the theory of compensation implies a contradiction. This does not mean that Prussia would not do well in restoring Sarrelouis and Landau to France, of course with the consent of the population. She would by doing so prove her gratitude; she would soothe irritating memories; and she would give some satisfaction to public opinion in France without strengthening France materially. The prospect of the Continent, which, at this moment, seems uncertain and menacing, would grow bright if liberty recovered what it has lost, and the prestige it before possessed. It would be like the day after the night. The right of nationalities is contestable, but it must not be confessed that, exclusively developed, it produces results which seem to make it questionable, and which, in any case, are by no means satisfactory. If the concentration which is now going on in Germany continues to be the sole motive for putting the masses in movement, it will probably end by arming against each other for a war of extermination the three great races which occupy Europe. At this moment the Germans are preparing to constitute themselves without any other thought than that of being the stronger. At Berlin the most advanced Liberals are no longer distinguished from other parties, but in their greater impatience to see their unity completed and the German Empire fully re-established. It is then time to think of what should be done. It is urgent to effect a great and powerful diversion. Another diversion must be given to peoples. They must be saved from the brutal dream of force. The Temps concludes:—

'This diversion France can make, and she will never have manifested her ascendancy in a manner more useful to herself, to others, to the peace of Europe, and to the true interests of civilization. To make that diversion she has only to again become at home the Liberal Power that she once was. Then indeed, German unity will not be completed; or, if it be completed, it will not be the cause of danger to us.'

**BANDITISM IN FRANCE.**—We read in the Salut Public that a band of free-and-easy individuals, a few days ago, actually took possession of a country house belonging to a gentleman of Lyons, and situated in the vicinity of that city. Returning as usual on Saturday night to pass the Sunday in the country, Monsieur X., with his great surprise, confronted by about ten ill-looking fellows, who advised him to make himself scarce, if he did not wish to come to grief. He lost no time in following their advice, and sought the assistance of the gendarmes. These functionaries however, were unable to dislodge the self-invited guests, who had made every preparation to stand a siege, and it was not till the intervention of some infantry of the line had been called in, that the house was taken by assault after several shots having been exchanged. One of the band was captured, one of them slightly wounded; the rest effected their escape into an adjoining wood. It appears that the freebooters had been living for a whole week in Monsieur X's country house. They divided their time between plunder and jollity, and in order not to excite the suspicion of the peasantry, they always appeared dressed as women by day. While some were begging, others hunted game in the woods, and when night came they enjoyed what they had gained by thieving and begging.

A curious experiment with the Chassepot musket adopted by the military commission appointed to examine the different inventions of breechloaders, has just taken place at the camp of Ohoulous. A letter in the France gives the following account:—General d'Atemarre, the President, ordered a company of 80 foot Chasseurs, armed with the gun in question, to be placed at 400 metres from a target representing the front of a squadron of cavalry. In the rear and to the right of the Chasseurs was placed a detachment of Guides at 400 metres also from the line of fire. On a signal given by the President the latter charged at a gallop, and at the same moment the objects commenced firing by files at the target. The object of the trial in question was to ascertain by counting the shots fired and the balls received by the target while the cavalry was going over the distance of 400 metres, or in other words, the effect produced by a fire of infantry on a squadron charging. The Guides went over the distance in 32 seconds—an extraordinary rapidity for horsemen heavily accoutred and in a troop—the infantry fired during the same period 320 shots, and the target was struck 160 times, or by more than 50 per cent. of the bullets discharged. The experiment was repeated the second time, and with exactly the same result. The effect of 50 per cent. of the shots is terrible; also, as in half a minute 80 Chasseurs sent 320 bullets at the enemy, that is exactly four to each man. If 80 horsemen had really charged those 80 riflemen they would have been all struck down on the way.

**ITALY.**  
**PIEMONTE.**—The great number of cases of sudden insanity that have occurred this summer in this part of Italy have been repeatedly noticed by the Milan papers. 'Cases of madness,' said one of these on the 2nd of August, 'follow each other with truly extraordinary frequency. Not a day passes without three or four persons thus attacked being conveyed to the hospitals, there to be taken care of until room can be made for them in the establishments specially devoted to the cure of insanity.' This would be less surprising had the summer been particularly hot in Northern Italy, but such has not been the case. The end of June and a part of July were certainly hot enough, but we have had nothing like the heat of those two months in 1859, when, about the time of Solferino and afterwards, one could find no coolness night or day, at least in Milan, and used to sit perspiring in the open air at 10 p.m. The only causes, therefore, to which this increase of insanity can reasonably be attributed are political excitement, anxiety about friends, and shocks on learning their death. In my daily readings of Italian papers I have noted dozens of cases of which details were given, and the majority of them appeared to result from the above causes. This applies more particularly to Milan. The cases are said to have been still more frequent in the rural districts, but there they are of a different class, and are attributed mainly to unwholesome exhalations and bad food. It is certain that, for considerable periods of this summer, the atmosphere has been surcharged with electricity, and to this some cases have been attributed; but whatever the real cause, the ravings of most of the patients were of a political nature. Thus we read in the *Perseveranza* of the 5th inst. that 'a certain Antonio Alzanello went screaming through the streets of the city that *"Italia non si unisce più!"*' a crowd following and irritating the lunatic until the police took him in charge and to the hospital. About ten days ago, in a Milan café, a group of persons were listening to one who read aloud the account of the disaster that had just happened to the 'Afondu' store.' Suddenly one of the listeners burst into convulsive laughter, fits of which succeeded each other without intermission for nearly a quarter of an hour, when some of his friends led him away, without his opposing the least resistance, and took him home to his family. There were 'two cases of persons who went suddenly mad when praying in churches in Milan, and terrified those present by their strange actions and their invectives against the priests. Antonio Gambini, a student from Cape d'Istria, the *Pungolo* informs us, was placed in a lunatic asylum a few days ago, mad on the subject of politics. On the Piazza dei Mercanti, in front of the guard house, he denounced the King and the people of Milan. An unfortunate lady, who lost her only son in the combat of Bezzece, went about the streets stopping all the soldiers she met, abusing them, and accusing them of the death of her child. Suicides also have unusually frequent, in some cases committed or at-

tempted by persons who had just one mad. The most recent case of this kind is that of Deputy Plutino, who was Prefect at Reggio, in Calabria, at the time of Aspromonte, after which unfortunate affair he resigned his office, on account of his friendship with Garibaldi. After passing the greater part of the day poring over newspapers in the reading room of the Chamber of Deputies at Florence, he went home, lay down upon his bed, and set fire to the mattress. Fortunately, smoke was observed issuing from the windows. The door was forced and his life was saved. It appeared that he had attempted to stab himself with a pair of very small scissors, either before setting fire to the bed or when he found himself thwarted in his intention of committing suicide by fire; but the wounds inflicted were very slight. After a time he became calm, and recognised several friends, but the next morning he tried to throw himself out of the window. He reported better, and hopes of his cure are entertained. The cause of his insanity has not been stated, but the probability seems to be that it is due to political excitement.

**ROME.**—*Le Monde* gives the following as a summary of Roman news to the 14th instant:—'There is no conceivable absurdity which, in the absence of real news, the newspapers are not hazarding by way of conjecture, as to the immediate future of Rome, and as to what is actually taking place in the courts of the Pontifical Government. In reality, however, a remarkable calm reigns at present in the eternal city. To mention one of the fables broached, the Emperor is said to have written an autograph letter to the Pope, in which he complains bitterly of his isolation in Europe and of the rash judgments passed upon his policy, which is termed anti-French, and of the distrust in him so loudly expressed by the Catholic clergy. He asks the Pope for his moral support, and invites him to make reforms in his Government, so as to afford the French Government a pretext for delaying the withdrawal of their garrison from Rome; a pretence that the presence of the army would be needed to protect the carrying out of these reforms so long demanded and so long delayed.'

Many well-meaning people have credited the fact of this letter, but it is a fiction, and no intercourse that the public or ourselves could possibly have any knowledge of has taken place between Napoleon III. and the Pope since the proposition relative to the assembling of a Congress, which was accepted by Rome and rejected by England. The Imperial Government has not ceased, by the mouth of its ambassador, to assure the Pope's Government that the Convention of the 15th September would be executed to the letter, and that the troops would quit the Pontifical States in December next. There is no reason to disbelieve the sincerity of this assurance, and there is reason to make all possible preparations against coming events, and this is what the Roman Government is doing while it, as much as ever, disapproves and disavows the Convention which it regards as a treaty hostile to itself, on the part of one of the contracting Powers at least, if not on that of the other.

As the time approaches, the anticipations of both Catholics and revolutionists during the last two years become more and more justified by the acts of the Piedmontese Government, which daily exhibit more and more violence against the church. So then, unless some unforeseen interposition take place, the Convention will be executed. On the 15th of next December the French will withdraw. The Pope will find himself face to face with his subjects, and not with them alone, but with some hundreds of cut-throats who will have got into it, and who will soon proceed to cut the throats of the priests and others as they did in 1848-9, in the name of Italian unity and liberty. And what will the Pope do?—Will he spare the Italians the guilt of sacrilegious paricide by withdrawing from the scene of confusion, violence, and bloodshed? or will he, like so many of the Italian Bishops, under the rule of Florence, submit to *domestic catto*? If he withdraws, whither will he go? Will an asylum be afforded him at Paris, Madrid, Vienna, or Malta? A few months will bring the answer to these questions;—meanwhile, let us hope and pray that our dear and holy Father may be spared the grief and the sufferings of a second exile.

The news given in some recent telegraphic despatches about a meeting of Cardinals at the Vatican to deliberate on the situation of affairs, is false, and may be placed in the same category of invention as the letter of the Emperor spoken of above.  
**ANORESSA ENCYCLICAL.**—By our Roman intelligence up to the 3rd instant, we learn that the Pope has called a council of six Cardinals. The Encyclical has been actually framed, and by means of it the Bishops of Christendom will shortly be informed of the condition of the Holy See, and of the resolutions that have been passed, but which remain at present a profound secret. Cardinal Antonelli is better, and will not resign his post as minister.—*Weekly Register.*

**LUTHER AND HIS MONK.**—A curious letter from Luther to his mother has been preserved among the many and valuable manuscripts in the library belonging to the Dominican convent of Santa Maria sopra Minerva at Rome. The poor lady who did not venture to blame her son for his religious aberrations, and who shrunk from the idea of being separated from him for all eternity, wrote and asked him whether she ought to change her religion, and adopt his new persuasion. The proud Saxon could not make up his mind to involve in a common shipwreck with himself, one who loved him so dearly; so he replied: 'No, remain a Catholic, for I will neither desire nor betray my mother.' What better refutation of the arch heretic's doctrine could there be, than such a reply, which conscience wrung from his filial affection?

**SWITZERLAND.**  
**GENEVA.**—The Government of this little State has just made a concession of sites for the erection of two new Catholic churches; which are now required owing to the progress of the Faith in that city.

**GERMANY.**  
The Austrian provinces occupied by the Prussian forces are so utterly exhausted that their inhabitants will hardly be able to pay any taxes for the next year or two. The losses suffered by Count Harrach are estimated at two millions of florins; those of Count Ernest Waldstein at a million and a half.—The Austrian nobles are so indignant at the conduct of some of the Prussian officers—few, if any complaints are made of the private soldiers—that they intend to publish in the French and English languages an account of their doings since they have been in Austria. The landlord of the Blue Star, in Prague, had the honour of boarding and lodging the King of Prussia and his numerous suite during their sojourn in that city, but they left without paying a single farthing, either to him or to his servants.—*Times Cor.*

**RUSSIA.**  
There has been another conspiracy, against the life of the Czar, and an attempt to assassinate him has been reported, but the report has not been authenticated. The *St. Petersburg Journal* has been teeming with rapturous accounts of the brilliant reception given to the American squadron at Cronstadt by the Imperial family. The fraternisation of the eagles of despotism and democracy was of the warmest character. By an authentic ukase the national language is devoted to extinction in Poland, and Russian is henceforth to be exclusively used in all official Acts and judicial proceedings.—*Weekly Register.*

**INDIA.**  
The Indian papers are full of details concerning the terrible progress of the famine in the North-West Provinces. They unite in saying that vigorous exertions are being made by the local authorities, but they are equally unanimous in their condemnation of the apathy and carelessness of the central Government in Calcutta. According to the *Calcutta*

*Englishman*, one traveller in a morning's journey passed twenty-two dead bodies by the road-side, and saw three children lying dead together under one tree. Horrified and dispirited, he appealed to a Government official, who told him he had literally no means at his command to relieve the distress around him. The *Englishman* adds:—'The Board of Revenue has been furnished with reports, and yet when the crisis comes the whole Government machinery seems unprepared to meet it, and thousands die from the absence of a little forethought and average knowledge on the part of the Government, who should have made better arrangements than allow, as they have done, the want and mortality to increase to its present height, without any proportionate effort to arrest it.'

**GEOLOGICAL FORMATION OF THE SAHARA.**—We find in the *Revue Française* a very interesting article on the above subject, by the pen of Baron Ancaupatis.—The author states that formerly, in the prehistoric ages, a vast sea, parallel to the Mediterranean, covered the immense space which now constitutes the desert of Sahara and the basin of the Niger. The Tell mountains, everywhere surrounded with water, constituted the Atlantis which Plato speaks of as a tradition derived from the Egyptians. One of those gradual upheavals of the soil; of which the north of Europe and the coasts of South America offer such striking instances in our days, by degrees reduced the water of this sea to so shallow a depth that it soon dried up by evaporation. 'While this sea existed there were to the south high mountains of the country of the Touaregs and the archipelago of the Abaggar; the abrupt cliffs of which were beaten by the waves, as they now are by the sand; to the southeast, the western table-land of the Fezzan; and to the north, from west to east, another elevated tableland, now inhabited by the Republicans Confederation of the Beni-Mizab, south of Laghout.' Traces of erosion and of old coasts, dunes, and gravel banks, are still visible; the fish of this sea, which communicated with the Mediterranean, were of the same kind as those now found in the latter. This upheaval must have occurred in the quaternary period: one of the old communications with the Mediterranean is still recognizable in the centre of the Gulf of Gabes, where it bears the characteristic name of Ter-el-Ma (the piece of water). To the east there is a line of salt lakes; but even certain vast districts, though perfectly dried up, will be found covered with saline efflorescences at certain periods of the year. To the west, south of the province of Oran, there are numerous circular depressions, where rain water occasionally accumulates, and a little vegetation makes its appearance in the spring. These depressions are called *Days*; their surface is covered with a thick crust of salt, covering layers of mud, sand, and shells of sea and freshwater fish. These *Days* and various agglomerations of cardiacum edule mark the line of the old seashore.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

**SALT.**—From the remotest times salt has been employed in sacrificial rites. Hence it became invested with more or less of a sacred character. According to the Mosaic ordinances, it was required to be sprinkled on all flesh offered in sacrifice, and was in consequence designated 'the salt of the covenant.' Among the Greeks and Romans salt was not only made use of as an adjunct of their sacrifices, but was itself offered as a propitiation when no animals were slain. Thus in the *Familia*, or offerings to the *Dii Manes*—designed to redeem from the vengeance of the Stygian or infernal deities—the Romans simply used salt, mixed with a small portion of flour. Salt was likewise mixed with the sacrificial cakes used by the Greeks and Romans, and became an invariable concomitant of their instructions. Selden, in his *Notes on the Polybiblion*, observes of salt that 'it was used in all sacrifices by express command of the true God the salt of the covenant in holy writ, the religion of the salt, set forth, and last taken away, as a symbol of perpetual friendship.' For several centuries salt has been used in the services of the Roman Catholic Church, both in the performance of baptism and in the consecration of holy water. In the former instance the *'parva mica'* is taken from a gold or silver box and placed in the child's mouth, the priest saying, 'Receive the salt of wisdom, and may it be a propitiation to thee for eternal life. Moreover salt is frequently used in a symbolic and metaphorical sense by profane and sacred writers. At a very remote period it was regarded as an emblem of extreme sterility, and even kings and conquerors, like Abimelech, have, after the sacking of a city, scattered salt over it. Land has also been sown with salt to render it barren. The prophetic denunciation against Moab, 'salt-pit and a perpetual desolation' forms one of the curses uttered against that land. For numberless ages salt was universally regarded as typical of barrenness. Virgil reproached a salt soil as occasioning the degradation of fruit trees, and as one admitting of no amelioration from the plough. Pliny considers every place in which salt is found as destructive to vegetation. Modern science, however, has proved the erroneousness, not to say absurdity, of such opinions, and the water of salt springs, sea sand, and refuse salt are now frequently employed with great advantage as manure in this and other countries. Indeed, ever since the time of Henry I salt has been used as manure (especially on the Cornish coast) with great success. Of course it requires to be employed with discrimination; for, if not judiciously used, it would prove more injurious than advantageous, and become a potent poison to vegetables. Important festivals were formerly held in England in honour of salt. The old inhabitants of Mantwich made great rejoicings on Ascension Day when hymns of thanksgiving were sung for 'the blessing of the brine.' On these occasions one particular bribe pit, held in special veneration, was bedecked with boughs of trees and garlands of flowers around which lads and lasses were wont to indulge in the reveries of song and dance. The triennial ceremony at Rton, called *Montem*, held on Whit-Tuesday, was however the most remarkable. Salt-bearers and scouts dressed in motley-coloured but expensive silk costumes—preceded the *Montem* procession, and collected the usual contributions in money. Each person carried salt in a hankerchief, from which the passing traveller had to take a pinch ere he paid his dues. The superstitious observations with regard to salt are very numerous, some of which prevail, at the present day, even among ourselves. Formerly, no person would engage in any important undertaking, or remove from one house to another without first patting salt in his pockets; even the very mendicant in the streets would refuse charity if it were not preface by an offer of salt. In certain parishes of Scotland, the farmers were accustomed to place salt in the first milk a cow had after calving, when proffered to anybody to drink to prevent 'skait' (harm), should the person happen not to be 'canny.' In Ireland it was usual for women and girls to sprinkle salt mixed with flour, upon all persons when first appointed to public offices; and before seed was sown in the ground, the mistress of the family invariably scattered salt over it. The practice of laying a plate of salt on a dead body widely prevailed in the United Kingdom, and is not yet extinct. This we have ourselves observed.—The spilling of salt, or the overturning of the salt-cellar, has from the earliest times, been regarded with some superstitious dread, either as presaging some impending calamity to the unlucky individual himself, or as a sign of some casualty about to happen to his family. Leonardo da Vinci, in his grand work, *The Last Supper*, represents Judas as having overturned the salt-cellar. It is somewhat remarkable to find old scholars and divines like Dr. Horn and Bishop Hall avowedly favouring such popular superstitions. Even yet it is regarded by many persons as unlucky to help another to salt. Hence the proverb, 'If you help me to salt, you help me to sorrow.'—*From Land and Water.*

**THE INVENTOR OF THE NEEDLE-GUN.**—Among Pauly's workmen at Paris was an intelligent Prussian, by name John Nicholas Dreyse, the son of a locksmith in Sommerda, near Erfurt, and, moreover, a pupil of the eminent Italian *obymist* Bertolotti. Bertolotti, it will be remembered, was well versed in the chymistry of war; he had succeeded in applying the patriotic armies of France with the materials of war when her supplies were cut off by the enemies that surrounded her, pointing out by the means of artificial saltpetre from the soil, and of forming artificial nitre beds; and under him Dreyse diligently studied the preparation of explosive compounds. In the construction of Pauly's experimental gun Dreyse took a deep interest, which he doubtless turned to profitable account in after years. In 1821 he left Paris and established himself in his native town as an engineer and ironfounder, and in 1824 set up a manufactory for percussion caps, which caps he improved by the invention of the copper interior lining which supplanted the old coating of varnish, and for which he obtained a patent and special privileges. This business brought Dreyse into official connection with the Prussian Ministry of War, and, taking advantage of the occasion, he was not long in suggesting plans for the improvement of his country's armaments; but the public mind, nauseated with bloody wars, was then indifferent to all matters connected with firearms. By perseverance, however, he secured attention, and even received encouragement; and in 1827 submitted to the military authorities the first needle gun—a muzzle loader, fitted with a needle driven by an ordinary hammer through the breech pin, and firing a fulminating compound that, with the bullet, comprised the cartridge for the charge contained no gunpowder. This gun was in appearance very like the small bore fowling rifles for roof shooting, &c., still to be found in gunsmiths' shops. The gun was not adopted because it required a caution in its use that a soldier might neglect in the heat of an engagement, and which, neglected, might have caused injury to the person who happened to load it. Undaunted by the rejection of his first gun, Dreyse in the next year, 1828, submitted another; this, too, was a muzzle loader, but it embodied the principle of the now famous ignition cartridge, which in this gun was held in the chamber by a small spring, and fired by a needle propelled by a spiral spring. It was while this second weapon was under trial that Dreyse had the good fortune to become personally known to the then Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards King Frederick William IV., who took the warmest interest in the progress already made, and secured for the inventor the co-operation of skilful officers and engineers. The interval between 1829 and 1830 was occupied with the profound study of the principle and constructive details of the gun and its cartridge. Liberal sums of money were voted in each annual Budget, and the mechanical genius of the country was brought to bear upon the perfection of the weapon. But a constant difficulty had occurred from the use of iron barrels, which would, and will, always wear loose at the breech; this was overcome in 1836 by the introduction of a barrel formed of cast steel, and then was produced the gun whose fame is now echoing through Europe, and of which 60,000 copies were immediately ordered. These were in 1841 served out to the army; 100 men of every battalion of the line being equipped with them. The Royal decree—which, it must be remembered, came from a King who had served a good apprenticeship to military art, and who from his education and training was well able to judge the merits of a weapon—justified this adoption of the needle gun in the following remarkable words:—'The needle gun is, according to our present conviction, the perfection of military arms; and its practical introduction will no doubt lead to its adoption in all branches of the service. The result of numerous experiments made us appreciate this invention as an special dispensation of Providence for the strengthening of our national resources; and we cherish the hope that the system may be kept secret until the great part which it is destined to play in history may couple it with the glory of Prussian arms and the extension of empire.' With what a prophetic import has the history of the past few weeks endowed these words! The use of the needle gun by the Prussian infantry became general about 1846; slight modifications in its construction were introduced in 1854, 1860, and 1862; while in 1857 the cavalry regiments were provided with a breech loading carbine. From the factories at Sommerda, Spandau, Erfurt, and Danzig 105,000 needle guns can be produced annually, while the actual number of these arms possessed by Prussia last year amounted to 600,000. We believe that Herr von Dreyse, who was born in 1788, has lived to see the fearfully successful result of his labours. A few months ago he was in the enjoyment of full health and abundant wealth; and, as it is hardly likely his death could have occurred recently without creating attention, we may reasonably conclude that he is still alive.—*Once a Week.*

**A BROAD HINT.**—This is the style in which the fair ones in some parts of Cape Breton convey the hint to backward wains.—'Why don't you get married?' said a young lady to a bachelor friend, who was there on a visit.—'I have been trying for years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me,' was the reply.—'Then you haven't been down our way,' was the insinuating rejoinder.

**TAX HUNGARIANS AND AUSTRIA.**—His Majesty's appeal to the Hungarians is certain to be fruitful in its results. Kosuth with characteristic inconsistency lately issued from the Italian came an address to his fellow countrymen, in which he denounced such of them as might be induced to strike in favor of Austria. The address has been barren of consequences. For Kosuth, the sun has stood still in the heavens since the moment he was obliged to fly Hungary.—There have been revolutions since, catastrophes, and failures of experiments; but for the quondam leader of the Hungarians the march of events has no moral. His clings with indomitable stupidity and stubbornness to his old dream, and nothing short of the defeat which has brooded over the Italians since the defeat of Custozza could reconcile them to the presence of so impractical a zealot within their lines. Dr. Russett tells us that in the heat of the battle of Sadova, a park of field artillery dashed past Benedeck's headquarters, the men cracking their whips and uttering wild cries. 'I asked who are these?' says the correspondent, and was answered with a proud smile, 'the Hungarians.' Of late the *Pall Mall Gazette*, carried away in the wrong direction by the vanity and immortality of success, informs its readers that so far as Hungary is concerned Francis Joseph may dismiss all hope. Curiously enough it is to Pesth, notwithstanding that the Emperor and her children go in the hour of their bitterest trouble. There they are received with the warmest welcome and genuine enthusiasm. The Hungarians are ready and willing to fight for the Empire to the last breath. In presence of the calamities which have befallen the nation, they have but one duty, to live with the empire, or with it perish. Certainly Francis Joseph could not have anticipated the mournful events of later days when he met the magnates of Hungary, a few months ago in their old capital, and conciliated all but the disaffected by the kindness and generosity of his words. His good nature, however, has not been thrown away. In his hour of difficulty the Hungarians are rallying to his support, and the sympathy and support of this great, brave people are invaluable in this moment of supreme trial.—*London Tablet.*

'You cruel man!' exclaimed Mrs. Jones, 'my tears have no effect on you at all.' 'Well, drop them, my dear,' said Jones.

'Now, children,' said a school instructor, 'who loves all men?'

A little girl, not four years old, and evidently not posted in the catechism, answered quickly, 'All women!'



REV. M. THACHER, Pitcher, Chenango Co., N.Y., writes—I am sixty years of age. By the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, my gray hair is restored to its natural color.

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We purpose to give to our Review as wide a latitude as possible (even to affording to Romance a small space), and to furnish extracts from the speeches and writings of the Thiers, the Berryers, the Montalemberts, of Pere Felix of Kolb-Bernard, Menseigneur Daplanouf, Michel Chevalier, Vuillout, De Laguerrouliere, &c. &c., also sometimes from Figaro, and the Charivri, &c. It will thus be

Of desultory men, studious of change And pleased with novelty, may be indulged. Young people especially will find it very advantageous in their studies of the French language, as it will give them the best and safest illustrations of what they learn, adorning at the same time their memory and intelligence with some of the best productions in the world.



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A PROVERB ILLUSTRATED.—Sancho Panza's maxim that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, is well illustrated by the futile attempt, to get up acceptable perfume on the cheap plan.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER; but what pitiable and ridiculous failures they have made! The very recollection of them is offensive to those who have once inhaled their sickly odor.

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June 22, 1866. 12m.

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SEE THE RUSH TO RAFFER'S LARGE SALE, Gentlemen can have fashionable Pants for \$3; Stylish Vests at \$2. 200 Flannel Shirts from 6s 3d.

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