

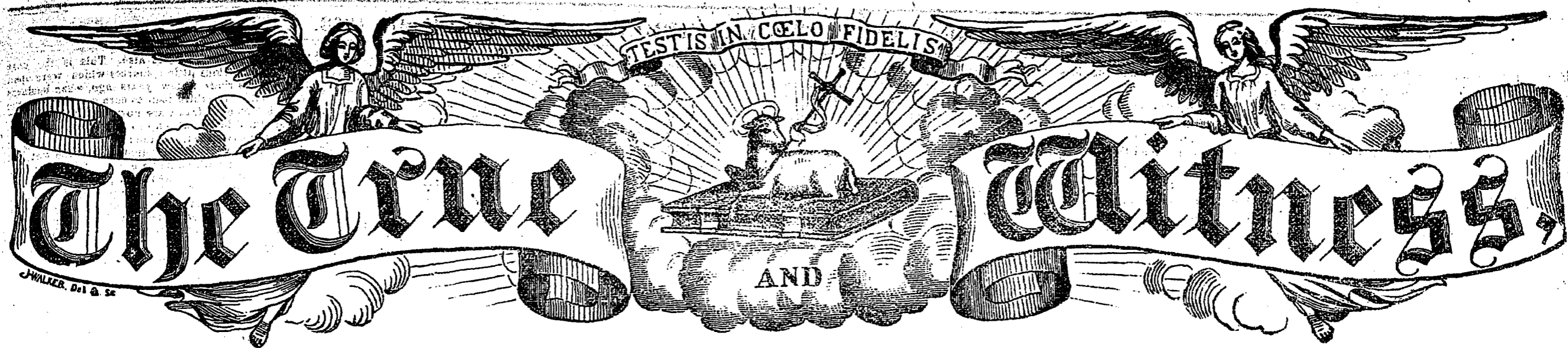
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK.

### A TALE OF CASHEL.

BY MRS. J. SADLER.

#### CHAPTER III.—SHAUN THE PIPER.

The next day being All Saints' Day—Hollantide day amongst the Irish peasantry—was, of course, a holiday of obligation. The tardy winter's morning rose clear and cold. The high wind of the previous night had dried up the clammy earth, and towards morning a sharp frost began to whiten the bare brown pastures and stubble-fields, giving the first positive indication of the near approach of winter. The red light of the dawn was just appearing over the Kilough heights eastward when old Bryan Cullenan might be seen wending his homeward way from the chapel where he had just heard Mass through one of the narrow by-streets leading off from the Main Street of Cashel. The old man was alone, as usual, and as he paced with slow and uncertain steps the rough pavement of the old borough, his head and shoulders bent slightly forward, and his hands crossed at the wrists in the loose sleeves of his coarse and faded brown coat—of that make known in the rural parts of Ireland as a 'big coat'—with a large cape, namely, and a small collar turning over it—his sharp and rather wasted features composed and thoughtful, and his grey sunken eyes fixed on the ground as if in meditation, he looked the solitary man he was. The men and women he met all accosted him with kindness and respect, and the children as he passed smiled and whispered to each other: 'There goes Bryan, the old man of the Rock!' The urchins regarded him with a sort of feeling that was not fear, but rather something more akin to reverence. The noisiest and most mischievous of them all kept silent and demure while Bryan was in sight, and it was a notable fact that no one living remembered to have seen an ash-bag appended to the rear of Bryan Cullenan on an Ash Wednesday. That exemption, which he shared with the priests, speaks volumes for the high estimation in which the Hermit was held by the ragamuffins of Cashel town who, like all other ragamuffins in Irish towns, take a malicious pleasure in carrying out the title of the day, by ornamenting the coat-tails and other such rear appendages of the passers-by with tiny paper bags filled with ashes. Which one of our Irish readers can boast that during their Irish life they went to Chapel and got home again on an Ash Wednesday without hearing from some one passing by the sly announcement—then a startling one, too—'you have got an ash-bag on your back.'

Well, Bryan Cullenan enjoyed, as we have said, this very important immunity, when others of a similar nature, from the juvenile inhabitants of Cashel, which was the more remarkable on account of the old man's self-imposed office of expelling all such intruders from the sacred precincts of his domain on the Rock. Going home from Mass that Hollantide-day, Bryan was moving along at a pace somewhat quicker than usual, with that sliding gait peculiar to the aged, saying his prayers the while for the repose of the souls who were that morning recommended to the charitable remembrance of the congregation. Amongst them was one which would single itself out in Bryan's mind from all the others, as if demanding special attention, and though Bryan prayed fervently for all, he did, undoubtedly, offer up an extra *Pater* and *Ave* for that soul in particular. It was Kathleen Murtha, the mother of a poor family whom all the country-side knew to have been ejected off the lands of Harry Esmond, sen., of Rose Lodge, some two or three weeks before. The case of these Murthas made a great noise at the time, from the exceedingly trying circumstances in which they were placed. The father of the family, a thatcher by trade, had fallen off the roof of a house he had been thatching, full three months before, and had lain ever since in a helpless condition, one of his thighs having been broken, and also his collar-bone. He was a poor man, just barely supporting his family by his daily labor, and having no time to cultivate a farm, he was obliged to plant potatoes by 'con-acre' in Mr. Esmond's ground, and to rent a small adjoining cottage from the same wealthy proprietor. Well, it so happened that Tim Murtha's long illness and the want of earning, consequent thereon, had completely ruined his poor family. His wife could not leave him to go out to work, even if work were to be had, and the children, three girls and one boy, were too young to be of any service; and the doctor had to be paid, and that even could not have been done were it not that the neighboring farmers made up the amount amongst themselves; the potatoes, which remained of them, were seized by Mr. Esmond's bailiffs for the 'con-acre' money, and the pig that was fattening for the next fair in Cashel, was sold at auction, with a goat that used to give the children milk, and a little kid, whose gambols often made them forget

the hunger that was wasting away their young life. All was gone,—poverty was becoming starvation, and still, on his bed of pain, lay the so-lately strong man, his heart torn with anguish at the sight of his heart-broken wife and her thin pale little ones cowering over the smoky embers of some brambles which the children had picked up around the fields. Nor food nor drink did the cottage contain, except the can of cold water that sat on a table where the 'dresser' used to be—the 'dresser' itself was gone, with the pewter plates and dishes and wooden vessels, which it had been poor Kathleen's pride to keep 'like new pins.' Only the shelter of the roof remained to the destitute family, and that remained not long, for on the very day that Tim Murtha crawled out of bed for the first time, Mr. Esmond's bailiffs came with certain members of 'the crow-bar brigade,' turned Tim out on the wide world, the helpless father, the frail, drooping wife, and the wan, emaciated little children, and levelled to the ground their poor, but well-loved dwelling, because 'his honor didn't want such cabins so near the big house,' and was glad of the opportunity to get rid of one of them.

Prayers, and tears, and expostulations were all in vain—Tim Murtha knew that well, so he neither wept, nor prayed, but sat, with his terror-stricken family clinging around him, on a large flat stone which Kathleen's feeble arm had helped him to reach, watching with stony eyes the work of demolition that left them all homeless on a chill October day. He thought, with a swelling heart, of the time when his own hands had built that little cottage to bring Kathleen home to—a bony bride. He thought of the light heart that was in his breast then, and the bright hopes that danced before his eyes like fairy visions; scarce ten years had passed since then, and lo! the bright hopes were fled—hunger and cold had their grasp on his heart, and, worse still on the heart of Kathleen and her children,—and the walls that had witnessed their humble joys, and the years of comfort his honest toil had earned, were now ruthlessly battered down before his eyes and erased from the face of the earth.—What other thoughts came into the tortured mind of Tim Murtha, to the tune of the crashing walls and fallen rafters of his home, God—and the Devil—only knew. That night the forlorn family were sheltered under the roof of a kind neighbor, himself a poor cottier, too, and next day a few of 'the boys' came together and threw up a shed against the side of the old Rock amongst the huts where Bryan had his home.

Not quite three weeks had passed since the Murthas were evicted from their old homestead, and now Kathleen was dead, and gone to rest. Many a visit old Bryan had paid to their dreary place of refuge during those long tedious weeks, and, truth to tell, two bright half-crowns had past, at as many succeeding visits, from his pocket to that of Tim Murtha. That was a crown of 'the Counsellor's guinea,' but what of that,—if it helped to keep the life in the poor things, it couldn't be better spent. Oh how Bryan rejoiced then that he had divided his share with those who were more in need than himself.

But still he kept thinking of the solemn words of the priest who said Mass that morning—'And brethren, I recommend to your prayers in an especial manner the soul of Kathleen Murtha!'

'Ah!' said Bryan to himself, 'there's where God's holy Church differs from the world. The poor are her care, and the more despised they are by the rich and the proud of this world, the dearer they are to the heart of that good Mother—if they only lived as Christians. Well, that's one comfort, anyhow!' he said as he reached his own door, which was opened by Cauth with great alacrity, that singular specimen of womankind having been anxiously waiting his coming.

'And what is that?' said Cauth, as she stooped to blow up her smouldering fire; 'what's the comfort now?'

'Why, just this, Cauth,' said the old man, taking his seat by the welcome fire that was now beginning to blaze up cheerily; 'that the poor have one friend that never deserts them—a powerful friend, too—and that is Religion!—If it wasn't for Religion, and the good, kind priest that brings her smile with him to the hovels of the poor, how could you, or I, live at all—or poor Kathleen Murtha, that's gone home now? What would become of the poor, Cauth, if it wasn't for Religion, and the hopes she keeps alive in their hearts?' Bryan, from his solitary habits and his almost uninterrupted communion with the spirits of the dead in the relics of their mortal bodies and the mouldering works of their hands, had acquired a certain solemnity in the expression of his thoughts which at times amounted to dignity. His speech was, moreover, thickly strewn with metaphor, and assumed now and then quite a poetical character. This was only, however, when the old man spoke in

Irish, which he generally did with Cauth; but even his English was rather choice from his frequent communication with the gentle-folks from abroad who visited the ruins on the Rock. His grave and sometimes even lofty thoughts Cauth could not, of course understand, but his style of talking, when he did talk freely, commanded her entire admiration and caused her to look upon the aged Hermit as something far beyond the common run of people. Be it known to the reader that Bryan and Cauth did not stand to each other in the relation of husband and wife as might be supposed; they were strangers to each other, only a year or two before, when Bryan at the recommendation of Mrs. Esmond, and with her kind assistance, commended house-keeping, with Cauth as *femme de charge*, for before that time poor Bryan had not a roof he could call his own, and spent most of his nights as well as his days amongst the lone mansions of the dead on his beloved Rock, coming down only to hear Mass on Sundays and Holydays, and to receive from the willing hand of charity the little sustenance which he required. It was only when the inclemency of the weather drove him for shelter to the plan below that he ever asked a night's lodging. He used to say himself, when any one expressed surprise at his remaining over night on the Rock, that he had the grandest sleeping-room in all Ireland, and that was 'in the king's own house.' But it was not in the old palace of the Munster Kings that Bryan Cullenan oftener sought repose; he preferred the choir of the old Cathedral, just by the tomb of Myler McGrath, or the shade of the deep Saxon arch that separates the nave from the choir in Cormac's Chapel.

As for Cauth, old Bryan knew no more about her than just what he saw. Who she was, or what she was, she carefully kept to herself; and Bryan, being nowise addicted to curiosity, seldom thought of what there was peculiar about her manner, unless when some wild expression, to him 'unaccountable,' set him thinking of the probable cause of her odd ways, and the strange fits of moody thought that would come upon her at times without any apparent cause.

Her humor was somewhat caustic that Hollantide-day, and she snapped at Bryan like a cross cur when he alluded so feelingly to Kathleen Murtha's deserted state.

'She wasn't trusting to the priest, anyhow,' said she stopping a moment with the skillet—(an iron pot of the smallest size is so called in Ireland)—in her hand, from which she was pouring out on a wooden trencher the stirabout—(outmeal porridge)—intended for Bryan's breakfast—her own share being left in the pot.

'And sure I know that well, Cauth!' said Bryan with much feeling; 'sure I know who made her bed and kept her close an' comfortable ever since she came about the Rock—Oyeh, one most as poor as herself,' he added as if to himself.

'Deed, then, it's little I could do for her,' made answer Cauth; 'but there was them that could an' did give her comfort—may they never know the want of it themselves, I pray God.'

'And who were they, Cauth?'

'That's a sayret, Bryan,' said Cauth, a little softened; 'but—but—I think you might guess.'

Bryan looked up from his stirabout at the shrewd, keen-looking face of Cauth, and his old eyes twinkled. 'I think I do, Cauth, I think I do.'

'Well, if you do, keep it to yourself, for if it came to the ears of some people—you know who I mean—it 'd make bad blood betwixt them all—so the darling says herself, an' she's fearful of having anybody's ill-will, especially when it's in the family.'

'And more's the pity, Cauth, that is in the family. I declare that man's a disgrace to all belonging to him.'

'Ay, an' if it wasn't for them he'd a got his oats long ago,' said Cauth with bitter emphasis.

'Whisht, whisht, Cauth, don't say that!' cried Bryan quickly, and he glanced around as if fearful that some one might possibly be within hearing.

'But I will say it, Bryan,' said Cauth doggedly, 'and I say, too, that there's many a one has got settled with before now that wasn't any better entitled to it.'

Bryan dropped his spoon and looked up again, his pale wrinkled face was flushed, and a light was shining in his aged eyes that Cauth had never seen there before.

'Woman!' said he in a grave solemn tone, 'who has made you the judge of that man's, or any other man's, evil doings? There's One above that'll judge us all.'

As if a blow had stunned her Cauth dropped heavily on the stool beside her, and buried her face in her outspread hands, murmuring in a half audible voice: 'Who am I? Ay, sure enough, who am I to judge any one? Oh wirra, it's myself can tell that!'

'Bryan, alarmed as he always was by Cauth's strange soliloquies, began to express his sorrow for what he had said, assuring her that he didn't mean to hurt her feelings, 'but then, Cauth, I couldn't listen to the words you said and hold my peace. No, Cauth, I could not, I could not, for murder is murder be it as it may, and the Lord in heaven says, 'You shall do no murder.''

At this Cauth started to her feet, and flung back the long gray hair that had fallen from under her close linen cap: 'An' who has done murder, Bryan Cullenan?—who has shed blood? You needn't look at me with them old fiery eyes of yours—as if there was blood on my hand—see there; see there!' and she stretched both her hands towards him, but suddenly drew them back, and sank again on her seat with a low plaintive moan and a shudder.

'Christ save us!' ejaculated Bryan in an under tone, 'I b'lieve it's losing her senses the woman is. I'd best get out of her sight, I'm thinking.'

Unnoticed by Cauth he reached for his hat, where it hung on a peg, and softly opening the door left the cottage. He was taking his way, as usual towards the Rock, and had already reached the gate leading into the hallowed enclosure when the cheerful sound of the bagpipes struck upon his ear, and the old man paused with his hand on the latch to await the approach of the wandering minstrel, in whom he recognised an old friend. Surrounded by a troop of ragged urchins, for whose special entertainment he evidently blew his chanter at that particular moment, the piper, a little old man of three-score-five or thereabouts, moved along with the slow pace peculiar to his tribe, gladdening the hearts of his juvenile audience—and most likely his own, too—with 'The Reel of Tullochgorum.' Ever and anon his course was impeded by the rushing and crushing of the young tatterdemalions who formed his guard of honor, each one trying to make his way nearer to the great centre of attraction; little scrupulous, moreover, as to the means employed, so that kicks and cuffs were more plenty than 'hapence,' as the piper good-humoredly observed. But still he played on the crowd increasing by little and little as the cortege passed along, the merry heart of the old man growing lighter and lighter, and his music cheerier, as the acclamations of his noisy escort grew more and more uproarious. Now and then the music would suddenly cease, and the piper's voice make itself heard in tones of remonstrance, rather than rebuke.

'Athen, childer, how can I play if you don't keep off my elbow? See that now—bad cess to me but you'll break my pipes, so you will. Well now, I tell you this, if you don't keep off o' me I'll not play another tune, and that's the end of it, now.'

But it was not the end of it, as the young rogues well knew by old experience; for the piper's face belied his words, and the more he protested against playing any more, the faster and merrier went the pipes, amid the joyous shouts of the rosy urchins who went frisking like kids to the sound of the music.

It required more than a passing glance to make a stranger sensible of the fact that the merry face of the piper wanted the light of the eyes, for the organs themselves, clear, full and blue, gave no other indications of the visual darkness than a tremulous motion of the lids which might possibly have proceeded from some other cause. But then there was a little dog, a wiry, hard-favored terrier, which trotted along a pace or two in advance of the piper, to whom it was evidently bound by affection still more than by the cord, one end of which encircled the neck of the animal, whilst the other was fastened to the button-hole of its master's old frieze coat by a piece of stick run through inside the garment; patiently and gently the dog moved on, suiting its pace with wonderful sagacity to that of its master, and maintaining a sort of official gravity that was proof against every trial, the effect, doubtless, of long familiarity with the noisy plaudits that usually followed the performance to which he probably considered himself a party. It was clear, then, that the piper was blind, and it was also clear, that his privation sat lightly upon him, even with the weight of his sixty odd years, and his houseless, homeless poverty. Shaun the piper, was indeed one of the happiest men in all Ireland, for, like the Claddagh boatman in the ballad—

'His heart was true, his wants were few,'

and his pipes made him welcome wherever he went to a night's lodging and the best fare the peasant's cot or the farmer's house afforded.—Even his dog—misnamed Frisk—was as welcome a visitor as himself, especially to the junior members of the humble households where he oftentimes sought rest and shelter. Shaun, like most persons suffering under a like privation, had a wonderfully-keen sense of hearing, and could tell people by their voices just as others do by their faces. He also knew with unerring precision, every foot of ground in Tipperary,

and could make his way, with Frisk alone, through many parts of Limerick, Clare, and Waterford. He had even crossed the Knockmealdown mountains, and extended his 'tramp' into Cork; but somehow Frisk's sagacity failed him there, and the pipes never seemed to sound the same, and Shaun made up his mind that he and Frisk had better keep to 'the old art,' so they never crossed the wild mountains again.

But we have left our friend Bryan standing too long at the gate, especially as the weather was cold and the iron latch felt like ice under his hand. A grim smile puckered his visage as he watched the triumphant approach of the minstrel who suddenly stooped short in the middle of a bar, and turned his sightless eyes toward the Rock.

'Childer,' said he, 'we ought to be near the gate now—I wonder is old Bryan Cullenan alive yet?'

'Oyeh, it's himself that is—sure he'll never die.'

'Alive? why wouldn't he? sure he's a ghost himself, if there's one on the Rock?'

'Whisht, you sprissawn, there he is at the gate.'

Here the crowd of chattering gaffers fell back right and left to make way for Bryan, who came forward with outstretched hand to greet his old acquaintance.

'You're welcome back to Cashel, Shaun,' he said in Irish; 'I needn't ask how you are for your face tells that story, and your foot is 'most as light as it was five-and-twenty years ago when you danced the Foxhunter's Jig for the quality the night of the old master's wedding. Frisk! my poor fellow! I'm proud to see you again.'

Frisk acknowledged the compliment by wagging his tail demurely.

'Wish, Bryney the Rock, is this yourself?' was the piper's hearty response as he eagerly seized and warmly shook the old man's hand; 'I was just a-thinkin' to myself that if you were still above ground I'd soon hear your voice.—Well! I declare I'm glad to see you.'

He forgot that he didn't see him, but the mischievous eyes around, all eyes and ears, quickly detected the slip of the tongue.

'O murder! do you hear what he says?—he's glad to see him! This was the signal for a roar of juvenile laughter, that drew a mild angry rebuke from Shaun, and a whole-angry one from Bryan, both of which only tended to increase the merriment of the wagging crowd.

'Put up your pipes, Shaun!' said Bryan, 'and come in and have some breakfast—I've a little piece of my own now.'

'Do you tell me so, Bryan? And where is it, agna?'

'Only a step or two back from here—come now—be off home with you, childer! Shaun will play no more this bout.'

This unwelcome news had to be repeated by Shaun himself before it was received as true, and even then the youngsters were not got rid of till the door of Bryan's cottage hid the piper, his pipes and dog from their eager sight.

'That was a pleasant night you were speakin' of, Bryan,' said Shaun as they entered. 'But I didn't know that you were there.'

'Deed an' I was, then—wasn't the whole country there? An' full an' plenty there was for everyone. A darlin' fine young gentleman the old master was then—the heavens be his bed this day! for it's himself was always a good friend to the poor, an' liked well to see them about him.'

'Pity all the Esmonds weren't like him,' said the piper with a sudden change of manner.

'His son is as good as ever he was!' said Bryan, as he took the pipes and placed the piper on a stool near the fire.

'But his brother isn't,' returned Shaun with a degree of excitement altogether unusual. 'If there's vengeance in heaven it'll come down on him, as sure as his name is Harry Esmond!'

'Pooh! pooh, Shaun, don't be so hard on the old gentleman!—don't now, and God bless you, for I don't like to hear anything bad laid out for one of his name. They're a good stock, you know yourself.'

'I do well, Bryan, an' that's the very reason why old Harry shouldn't act as he does. A body doesn't wonder at the upstarts that's takin' the place of the rare quality to be hard on the old tenants, an' trate God's poor like dogs, but, I tell you, Bryan, it's against nature for an Esmond to make a brute of himself.'

'A brute, Shaun—oh vo! vo! what's comin' over you?'

'I say he is a brute, Bryan—take it as you will—if he wasn't, he wouldn't turn the piper from his door, and kick the piper's dog.' This last came out with such strong emphasis that it was clearly the greater offence of the two.

'An' did old Mr. Esmond do that?' questioned Bryan anxiously.

'He did, Bryan, as I'm a sinner, an' if I was to die on the roadside of hunger—myself an'

Frisk—I wouldn't cross his threshold again. Never fear; but the grass'll grow green enough on that same threshold, maybe afore you or I goes home yet!

Cauth, said Bryan, for the first time addressing the old woman, who sat a silent listener in the chimney corner, 'Cauth, have you anything for Shaun to eat and drink?—the best you have isn't half good enough for him.'

'Cauth,' repeated Shaun, catching at this first intimation of another being present, 'an' who is Cauth, if it's a fair question?'

Bryan would have been puzzled to answer, but Cauth relieved him of the task. 'One that knows you well, Shaun, and danced many's the time to your music years and years ago, near the foot of Slievenamon, eastward?' There was an evident attempt at disguising the voice, but it could not deceive Shaun. He started, turned his head quickly towards the speaker, and said in a voice very different from his usual tone:

'Slievenamon! no—no—not there! The Lord save us all! what brings you here—all the way from—'

'Sit over and take some breakfast,' said Cauth quickly; 'there's a cup of tea that'll do your old heart good, and some white bread from the big house. God's blessin' on the giver, and that's young Mrs. Esmond herself. Come, Frisk, good dog, here's some cold strabour for you, and milk, too, my poor fellow.'

'The milk isn't as plenty with you now, my woman, as it used to be,' said Shaun in a low voice as Bryan placed him at the little table. A change had come over his buoyant spirit that even the snows of age could not chill, and Shaun was many degrees paler than when he entered the cottage, with the happy smile had vanished from his face. Words seemed hovering on his lips which he did not care to speak, and troubled memories were evidently at work in his usually tranquil mind.

Cauth, too, appeared ill at ease, watching the piper's face with a keen scrutinizing glance, and shrinking fearfully as often as he opened his lips to speak. Bryan noticed all this, and when Shaun, having finished his scant breakfast, observed that it was time for him to be moving, the old man rose with alacrity, saying that he ought to be on the Rock long ago, there was always so much to be done there and only him to do it.

As the two old men left the cottage together, Cauth followed them to the door. 'So you're gone,' Shaun, without as much as sayin' 'God be with you.'

'I be here and so I was,' said he, turning back his head. 'Well, God be with you; but he did not offer his hand. Will you keep my secret? whisper it Cauth, for God's sake do!' 'I will—God pity you.' And Shaun was gone. (To be continued.)

THE DANGERS OF THE PRESENT TIMES.

(From the Lenten Indult of the Right Rev. Reverend James Brown, D. D., Bishop of Shrewsbury)

It requires but little observation, and a slender acquaintance with what is passing around us, to satisfy every thoughtful mind that the great effort by which the evil one is striving to accomplish his malicious purposes at the present moment, both in regard to individual souls, and to the world in general, is by increasing and establishing as far as possible a disregard for the principle of authority. He knows full well, that, exactly in proportion as men are drawn away from authority, so will the pride of their hearts expand, and their self-sufficiency will lead them on into every danger. By destroying all reverence for that authority which Christ established, he is able also to set up his own kingdom, and to enlist into his service all those who are weak enough to be ensnared by that confidence in their own wisdom, with which he inspires them, and that security in the guidance of their own judgment, with which he flatters them.

But, beloved brethren, that you may see how this mischief is working around you, and that you may be warned by the misfortune of others against a danger which may perchance ere long assail yourselves, we would remind you of that which every day witnesses in this our unhappy country. Separated as it was three centuries ago from the Catholic Church, breaking away from the only safe anchorage, the rock of Peter, it has been drifted onwards, from gulf to gulf—tossed about by every wind of doctrine, till as last it is hastening with fatal rapidity to that deepest and most deadly abyss—the abyss of infidelity. Those who profess to be its teachers, are divided among themselves into a thousand varieties of opinion; the chief among them have agreed to abandon the very essential truths of Christianity; and now, as if to close the sad career of their wanderings, and to descend into the lowest depths of unbelief, they publicly question, and as publicly deny the divine truth, and the inspired teaching of the Scripture itself.—This is the belief in revelation uprooted, and the very basis of religion ruined and destroyed.

But it is not in our own country alone that these lamentable results have followed from the rejection of authority. It has long been the misfortune of Germany, the cradle of the so-called Reformation, to take the lead also in encouraging and diffusing the principles of infidelity. The evils occasioned indeed by Voltaire and his followers in the last century, fearful and gigantic as they were bore but little comparison with the sad fruits which have followed, and are still following, from the spread of German rationalism. With its subtle insinuations, its professed learning, its boasted researches, this pestilent system is corrupting thousands of souls, and blighting every virtuous principle in the hearts of its innumerable followers. In the colleges and universities of Protestant Germany it may be said to reign supreme;—and from thence it is sending forth through that country, and through the world, its infamous publications, tainting the sources of knowledge, and infecting with its fatal poison every channel of information. The evils to which we have above alluded, as now more publicly manifesting themselves in this country, have long existed in Germany; there they have long since attained their fearful maturity, they have long ago been yielding their accursed fruit, in the

ruin of all faith, and the loss of all Christian principles.

Our purpose, however, in alluding to these painful subjects is not so much to point out their sad results, as to warn you against the cause which has produced them. As that cause seems to be pressing nearer and nearer to us in its operation, so must it be our duty to admonish you the more plainly and the more earnestly of the danger which is at hand. Now what is that cause to which we refer? Whence spring these evils, so fatal, and so vast, against which we desire so anxiously to guard you.

Without entering into the question further than the present occasion will conveniently allow, we may at once affirm that the parent of all this accursed brood, this loss of faith, this rationalism, this infidelity, is the ascribing to the reason of man powers and rights which God has not given to it. When the beneficent Author of our being vouchsafed to bestow upon us the gift of reason, He bestowed it for His own purposes, and He gave it in such measure and with such powers as He thought fit to confer. In one man He has bestowed it with greater capabilities, in another with less; but in all it is His gift. It is no natural right, no essential prerogative, resulting from the nature of things. It is but one of those many favors, which we have received, with our being itself—from the hand of God. Hence follows its dependence; hence the limitation of its power. As it came to us by the free disposal of God—so must it in all things be subject to Him by whom it is bestowed. Had reason been given to us so that we could fathom every mystery, solve every problem, and measure every truth as it is in itself, absolutely and completely, we should have been no longer creatures but gods, we should have been not the subjects but the equals of our Almighty Creator.

Now, beloved brethren, it is precisely because they wish to give to reason this undue pre-eminence, because they wish to withdraw it from that subjection which belongs to it in its very origin, that the false teachers of the day are led away from faith and from truth, into every excess of error and infidelity. The only authority which they admit is the light of their own reason—their only guide the working of their own minds, admitting only such conclusions, and adopting only such inferences, as may satisfy their judgment, and may seem to them to be correct, and rational and true. Under such a system it is not difficult to understand how it happens that what they call science takes precedence of authority, and the calculations of men are regarded as safer and more deserving of credit than the teaching of revelations.

Beware then, beloved brethren, of the first approach of such fatal delusions. Let not the pride of your intellect, or the flattery of others, ensnare your better judgment. Conscious of what you are, limited beings, limited in the faculties of your mind no less than in the powers of your body, cherish within you that humble spirit which becomes creatures that have been built up from the dust of the earth—that have been called out of nothing by the voice of your Creator. Remember that it was the undue desire of knowledge that led to the first sin of our first parents in Paradise, that it was the desire of becoming like God, which opened the way to all those evils which have since deluged the world. It was the presumptuous pride of Adam which caused the fall of himself and all his race. In the very pains, and toils, and sufferings of life; in the bitterness of your sorrow, and in the pangs of disease and of death, you have a constant monitor before you, and within you, to warn you against the deceitfulness of pride, whether it be the pride of the body, in its beauty and its comeliness, or the pride of the mind, in its presumption, its rashness, and its folly. "The beginning of the pride of man is to fall off from God, because his heart is departed from Him that made him"—says the Sacred Scripture—"for pride is the beginning of all sin: he that holdeth it shall be filled with malediction, and it shall ruin him in the end."

What we have written may seem perhaps to apply only to the higher and more educated classes, and to be but little suited to the majority of those whom we are addressing, whose circumstances and occupations belong to a different position in life. And yet, beloved brethren, it is for these especially that we have deemed it necessary to enter upon the subject before us, and to them we most earnestly wish to address the warning which we have already repeated.—For the experience of every day too clearly shows that the devil is seeking, at the present moment, to spread the unsound principles and infidel arguments to which we have alluded, as much amongst the lower, as amongst the upper classes of society. Of this we have proof more than sufficient in those impious publications which are circulated so cheaply and so assiduously in every direction.

As the result of such teaching, we are constantly horrified with those flippant assertions, as criminal as they are absurd, which are now unfortunately become so common among our people—that every one has a right to judge for himself—and that no one is bound to believe that which he does not understand. But, beloved brethren, you may rest assured without further argument that the parties who hazard such foolish expressions as these, betray a degree of malice or of ignorance which renders them at once undeserving of credit or attention. They do know, or they ought to know, that in themselves, in the constitution and operation of their own being, and in the countless works of nature around them, there are presented at every step difficulties which they cannot solve, secrets which they cannot fathom—natural mysteries which defy all their scientific researches, and effectually baffle all their most elaborate inquiries. But if these men, who will believe nothing but what they can comprehend, nor admit anything which they cannot explain, are hopelessly puzzled, confounded, and put to silence, by these simple facts, which this lower order of things, the mere order of nature, presents, what shall we think of their presumption and their madness, when they venture, upon these flimsy grounds, to question or reject those nobler and sublimer truths, which revelation has propounded for our belief. If but one

grain of sand upon the shore, the intimate nature of which they do not understand, is sufficient to convict them of ignorance and of folly, what must be their recklessness and impiety, when they blaspheme the teaching of God, and raise their puny voice against the sovereign declaration of Eternal Truth. In them indeed is verified the word of the Psalmist, 'Iniquity has lied unto itself.'—Ps. xxvi. 12. By that very reason, which they extol, which they worship as their God, they stand convicted: for when she has led them on by what she calls arguments, and proofs, demonstrations, she brings them at last to the conclusion that there is a something above those which they cannot reach, something around them which they cannot penetrate, something within them which they cannot explain.—To them may we address those words of Job: "Peradventure thou wouldst comprehend the steps of God, and thou wouldst find out the Almighty perfectly? He is higher than heaven, and what wilt thou do? He is deeper than hell, and how wilt thou know?"

We entreat you, therefore, beloved brethren, to be much upon your guard, in these times, so that you be not led astray by the fallacies of pretended science, nor by the boldness of weak and presumptuous reason. Let each of these be taught to keep within its own province; as the servant of truth, not to lead it into captivity—to give additional beauty and brightness to that lamp, which God Himself has entailed—not to extinguish it in the darkness of scepticism and infidelity. Whilst you pursue, freely, if you will, but prudently, the paths of knowledge, ever remember, as you travel onward through the wonders which God has scattered around you, that there is One, whose ways are beyond your search and whose thoughts you cannot reach; and when you meet Him thus, in all His works, but most of all when you meet Him in yourselves, cry out with the Apostle: "O the depths of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counsellor? For of Him, and by Him, and in Him, are all things; to Him be glory for ever. Amen."

Whilst we exhort you, beloved brethren, to hold fast the faith which you have received, and to cherish, as a thing of priceless value, the privilege you enjoy, of being members of the Catholic Church, we cannot but remind you also again of your duty still to pray with fresh fervor, and unabating confidence, for the Supreme Head of that Church on earth. Since we addressed you last Lent, another year has passed over Him, and it has left Him as it found Him, unmoved and unfeeling; with the same assurance in the recititude of His cause, and the same trust in the protection of His Heavenly Master. The clouds that hang still around His throne, may be less dark, and the storm which had assailed Him may have somewhat abated, but he still needs, and most justly claims, our tenderest sympathy, and our most fervent prayers.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

IRISH DISTRESS.—DIOCESE OF CLONFERT.

(From the Lenten Pastoral of the Right Rev. Dr. Derry Bishop of Clonfert.)

We have neighbors to whom charity binds us, and to them we are to manifest our brotherly love, not in word, but in work and truth. The distress which prevails may by its intensity and extent almost deter us from attempting to relieve the sufferers. And it is perfectly true that no amount of private alms that can be calculated on will clothe the naked or feed the hungry of this Diocese. We are not in the habit of revealing our poverty to the world, and we may not, therefore, be supposed to suffer from it as grievously as other Dioceses in the West. But, if this letter of ours be read by these elsewhere whose sympathy we dare appeal to, we entreat, this time, for our wretchedness in Clonfert a share in their charities. Our own personal knowledge, and the testimony of Parish Priests and Curates intimately acquainted with their respective flocks, are to the effect that, since the disastrous years of the famine—perhaps even then—there was not such actual want, nor were the prospects so disheartening. We do not mean to enter here into a consideration of the causes of this deplorable state. Whatever they may have been, the consequences, as far as their mitigation may depend on the Government or the Legislature or individuals, should be dealt with promptly. Leaving to others to indicate in detail the public measures that should be taken, we implore of the proprietors of land to act indulgently towards their distressed tenants; we beg of the wealthy in every class to give employment to labourers, and we desire to impress upon all who can afford to give alms to be generous to those who cannot earn a livelihood.

DIOCESE OF CLOYNE.

(From the Lenten Pastoral of the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne.)

We regret, beloved brethren, to be forced to say, that, Lent or no Lent, fasting will be this year the rule for the greater number of the working classes. Undeniable proofs of general and severe distress are every day accumulating. Three successive bad harvests and an unusually protracted continuance of wet weather have been deprived the poor of employment, of food, of money, and of credit. In the midst, then, of the saddening statements made to us by those who thoroughly understand their position, we need not exhort them to the practice of fasting which has already become a matter of stern unavoidable necessity. To them we feel obliged to say,—in a spirit of humble resignation to the will of God,—offer them as a penance for your sins; look forward to the reward you may thereby earn; for that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory. While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. Sufferings of every kind, mental or bodily, coming from the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, or from the malice of men, or from the infirmity of human nature, must be met in the spirit with which our Divine Redeemer submitted to the cross, that He may thereby purchase the salvation of mankind. In this way did the Apostles and saints of old prepare for the glorious crown of martyrdom they are now wearing in heaven. And in this way, did the poor—the Catholic poor of Ireland—look on the famine of '47 and '48. To those whom a higher position placed beyond the dangers of that disastrous period it was instructive to hear, as it is to remember, the simple but touching words in which the poor, inspired and sustained by the heroism of faith, expressed their fixed purpose of submitting to the fate that awaited them. In the midst of starvation, with their little ones crying about them, they were ready to lie down and die, rather than purchase by apostacy the comforts to which they were temptingly invited.

Their conduct proved how thoroughly a zealous and sympathizing Clergy had succeeded in imbuing their minds and hearts with religious teaching, and in making them feel in every thing the presence and the action of Him by whom the very hairs of their head are numbered.

(From the Special Correspondent of the Freeman's Journal.)

BALLINROBE, CO. MAYO.

I do not exaggerate when I assert that hundreds of the humbler class of townspeople, who, in better times, were able to maintain themselves and their families by their own industry, are now without employment of any kind which would yield them even a moderate subsistence, and judging from present appearances, I must add there is little hope in the future of any material improvement in the prospects of these poor and much to be pitied people. I repeat there is little hope in the future for them, because in this district, as in others which I have investigated, the small landholders will be unable, owing to their own reduced means, to employ many labourers to do the usual spring work in the fields. I have certainly ascertained that some of the more extensive landholders—men of large capital and large resources—who feel the pressure of the times in a much lesser degree than their humbler neighbors, the small tenant farmers, will probably give some employment during the spring. But the amount of employment from this quarter taken altogether will, I believe, be wholly inadequate to sustain even a tithe of the population who must live by their labour; and what then, may be asked, is to become of the vast unemployed majority, with their wives and children, during the next six months, till the harvest season. At home—about Ballinrobe, in any part of the county Mayo, or even I venture to say any part of the province of Connaught—those honest, toil-worn, but unfortunate people will not find a single week's employment. Unless, then, there is speedily provided in the district from which I write, just as there should be provided in the other districts of Mayo and Galway, which equally require it, being equally impoverished, some certain and permanent means to the people of earning their daily bread, I see no other resource open to all who do not succeed in escaping to England or Scotland, in the hope of finding labour in those countries, than a precarious subsistence upon charity, for the short time that charity can bestow it, and after that the hopeless, almost lifeless, pauperism of the workhouse. The subjoined figures show clearly that pauperism has been largely increasing in this district during the last two bad years:—On the 21st of January, '61, the number in the workhouse was 208; on 21st January, '62, the number was increased to 243, and on 21st January, '63, it was still further increased to 263. It will be seen by these returns that since January, '61, public pauperism has increased in this union 53 per cent, a significant fact, clearly illustrating the low and wretched state to which the people have been reduced during the last two years. The rates for the town division, as might be anticipated, have risen considerably this year. In '62, the rate was 1s 6d, and in '63 it is 2s 6d, or 40 per cent. higher than the preceding year. I am informed that one-third of this increase is caused by the failure of last year's rate to meet the expense of the paupers of the town, the number being far more considerable than was estimated for, and that the balance of the increase, which is equal to 26 per cent. over the rate of '62, is imposed, in anticipation of there being a larger number of admissions to the house this year than during any preceding year since the famine of '47. The small landholders are at present living on potatoes and meal, but their supply of food, I am led to believe, will by no means last till summer—indeed with some the season of scarcity has already set in, and what the hopes are in the future of these poor landholders I am sure I cannot tell. Many of them would gladly make an effort to get away from the country to America or Australia, if they have any little means at all available, which I doubt very much, from the fact, of which I had ocular proof, that the greater part of the household goods and wearing apparel of the tenant farmers is at this moment stored under a heavy, I may say irredeemable, mortgage debt in the large and respectable pawn-broking establishment in this town. But let me repeat what I have been obliged to state several times already in my previous letters, that money relief, either from local or general sources, or both combined, can afford no real improvement in the condition of the mass of the people. Temporary relief may keep out the wolf of hunger for the hour, or the day, from the homes of some, but it assuredly cannot give a certain means of living for months to come to the mass of the people. Reproductive employment, not alms, is the real and only remedy for the poverty that exists in this town and district.

TUAM.

I believe I did not mention in any of my previous communications a fact which struck me forcibly at the very beginning of my journey from Galway westwards, and has been confirmed at every stage of my progress through Mayo to the town from which I now write—namely, the remarkable diminution amongst the small landholders of horned stock, sheep, swine, and even poultry. I was not unacquainted with the circuit of country, comprising about 140 miles through which I have just passed, and from my previous knowledge of it I was capable of being impressed by the significant fact which I have mentioned, that cattle, sheep, pigs and fowl, small though the last item is, have during the last couple of years decreased enormously amongst the tenant farmers and minor landholders in the west. My own personal observation in this respect is confirmed by the statements made to me by several respectable and well informed farmers. They tell me that, owing to the pressure of the last two years on the agricultural population, the tenant farmers, with very few exceptions, were obliged to sell the greater part, many, indeed, had to sell all, of the live stock they possessed in order to discharge the claim against them for rent, for meal, and for gnaou. The sheep, the pigs, and poultry of the humbler class of small landholders went in a great measure from them in the same way and under similar exigencies. There can be no doubt whatever of this fact, and I record it as a strong and significant illustration of the pressure upon the tenant farmers caused by two successive bad harvests, and of the consequent decrease amongst them of the little property which for years before they had been able to keep together. When, in addition, I repeat what I have already had unhappily to state of every district I visited—that much of the household property, the feather beds, the blankets, the coats, the cloaks, the shawls of the family, even the bundles of homemade yarn, of the same industries but unfortunately class are at this moment stored in the pawnbrokers, with little prospect of being redeemed, I think there is ample evidence supplied of the greatly reduced circumstances of a numerous and important section of the agricultural community in the west. The condition of the class next in order—namely, the cottier and field labourer—which is also unimproved, deserving sympathy and needing assistance. I believe the population of Tuam is about 7,000, of whom the vast majority are people of the humbler class, who live in the extensive suburbs of the town. I explored the greater part of the suburbs and found the cabins of the people, mean-looking without and wretched within, dwellings, in truth, of a very low type, but accurately suggesting the sad and impoverished state of the inmates. The vast majority of the lower section of the population have not, as I could learn, any certain means of earning a subsistence, and are consequently put to various shifts and contrivances, known only to themselves, to eke out a bare living on the commonest food—potatoes and a little yellow meal. Trade in the town, which formerly was noted for a steady and safe business, is almost at a stand still, and of course when commerce declines amongst the shopkeepers, the

humbler class are sufferers also. This is the case here. The various little resources which were open to the industrious few years ago, when business was good, and enabled men to earn a support in the minor branches of trade, are now completely cut off. Agricultural labour also up to this has been nearly altogether suspended, as much from the inability of the farmers to give employment as from the wet and stormy weather which has prevailed for weeks past locally. It may be stated with perfect truth, as the general condition of the humble people of the town, that a large proportion of them are in deep, many of them, indeed, in dire, distress, and that some are afflicted by want and misery in their very worst forms. The workhouse returns which I append show the large increase in the number of admissions to the house during the past year over the preceding year: On the 26th Jan., '62, the number in the house was 272; on the 26th Jan., '63, the number was 361. This shows a very large increase, the greater part of which has occurred during the last three months. In January, '61, there were but 210 in the house, and the increase of 142 since then shows clearly enough the extreme pressure on the people for the last two years, and especially the present year, although, of course, it does not fully indicate the extent of the distress amongst the population, for in Tuam, as elsewhere, entering into the work-house is the exception, not the rule amongst the destitute—none, in fact, but those who have actually to face famine accept the alternative of the poorhouse. The rate on the town division in '62 was 1s 11d, in '63 it is 2s 8d, and it is feared by the guardians, owing to the weekly large increase in the admissions, that a supplementary rate on the town will be necessary before the year expires. The bounties sent through His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McHale, the Lord Archbishop, are, I believe, daily, and almost hourly, being distributed by the Clergy and by the Sisters of Mercy amongst the most deplorable objects of compassion; but, large and generous as these bounties are, they can only afford a small relief to a limited number as compared with the numerous impoverished population on every side that requires charitable assistance till better times come round. A judiciously administered system of out-door relief, I think, to be the most efficient, as it certainly would be the promptest, mode of alleviating the extensive distress in this town.

The people, if they had means, would fly off in thousands, as from a plague spot, such is their discontent at the awful prospects before them. The population of this parish is 5,000. All without exception are suffering unprecedented distress, all feel in a greater or less degree the depression of the bad times, but I state unhesitatingly that more than one-half of this number are without food—with little or no means, and unable to till their land for want of seed, and for want of money to pay for labour, and that unless largely assisted they will be obliged to turn out on the world's wide waste before many weeks. There are at present hundreds eking out a miserable existence on a very small allowance of Indian meal mixed up with turnips—without milk or butter or any other sustaining condiment. I refer you to the statement of the reporter of the Freeman's Journal, who visited this place last month and whose report of our condition is published in that paper of the 20th ult. It is on behalf of those suffering people I appeal to the charity of the generous English public, Prelates and Priests, peers and peasants, trusting through the grace of God that my humble appeal will not be in vain.

If the Almighty has blessed some with affluence, may their hearts be moved with tender compassion for the afflicted members of the Lord, and inspire them to give affluently—in less favourable circumstances out of the little bestow a little. God loves the cheerful giver. The widow's mite is acceptable in the sight of the Lord when given in His name, and for His sake.

I remain, faithfully yours,  
MICHAEL CULLY, P.P.  
St. Patrick's, Louisburgh, Feb. 17, 1863.  
DIOCESE OF KERRY.

The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the Times:—

Sir,—I would presume to solicit the insertion of the accompanying letter in your columns, at your own convenience. It is written by the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Catholic Bishop of Kerry, a prelate of whom you, on more than one occasion, have made deservedly favorable mention. I received the letter to-day, and therefore too late for reference to it in the House of Commons.

I have the honor to be, sir, yours faithfully,  
JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE.

House of Commons, Feb. 28.  
Killarney, Feb. 20.  
My dear Mr. Maguire,—From the reports which I constantly receive from all parts of my diocese, even from those which in other times were comparatively prosperous, I can state that there exists throughout very severe distress.

The farmers have no money, and in most cases no home-grown food. It is, therefore, no wonder that the stagnation of trade among the shopkeepers and artisans should amount almost to a complete suspension of business.

A respectable draper in Tralee told me that he did much more business during the famine of 1847-48 than he does now.

A poor farmer from Iveragh told me last week that twelve months ago he had eight cows. He has been obliged to sell six of them to buy meal and pay rent. His farm is a far from being a solitary one.

In this state of things the privations of the labouring class must be severe.

The Superior of the Christian Brothers in Dingle told me that the children in their school sometimes faint from hunger.

United, generous, and, to some extent, successful efforts are being made in several localities to relieve the most necessitous.

I perceive that you have paid a well-deserved compliment to Lord Clonbrooke for the large employment he gave in this town, which tided us over the winter. In Tralee the relief committee collected over £200 and by alms and employment assisted about 500 families.

In Kenmare the Ven. Archbishop O'Sullivan gives breakfast every day at his own expense to 150 children. In this town I have been enabled by the aid of some charitable persons to bestow a like dole on about 200 children frequenting our schools.

We must also acknowledge with gratitude to Divine Providence that the plentiful importation of Indian meal has made the food of the poor very cheap. The great difference between this time and 1848 is that then there was money without food, now there is food without money. Another important difference is that there was then a population to be starved, which does not exist now.

I fear much for the season that is approaching. Employment and alms may do good, but they will not provide seed, manure, and labor for the small farmers, nor will they enable the labourer to plant his garden and co-earner, without which, and with only casual employment, he cannot get on.

For all this, if a remedy exists, it lies deeper than I can fathom.

I remain, dear Mr. Maguire, yours very faithfully,  
D. MORIARTY.  
J. F. Maguire, Esq., House of Commons, London.  
IRELAND JUDGED BY ENGLAND. (Translated from the News from La France of the 17th February.)—A writer in La France of this day, under the heading "L'Irlande jugée par l'Angleterre," fills four columns of that important paper. I take a few extracts from it, just to show how well informed the French are now on the treatment Ireland receives from that island to which M. Fernand Labout, the talented writer, with a palette which one would not expect from such a sharp observer, recommends her to be united, "Par des liens de complète égalité." Irishmen, he says, have it all in their own hands, and in proof he makes the following assertion:—"In a country where the



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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1863.

Mr. Gillies of this office is now on a visit to our subscribers throughout the Upper Province, with full power to settle all accounts, and to make such arrangements as may to him seem appropriate.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The tidings which reach us from Poland would seem to indicate that the insurgents are holding their own, and that powerful as is Russia, she will find that the Poles are very stubborn foes to deal with.

The episcopal mind in England is in a very excited state on account of the Bishop of Natal. The man has evidently placed himself, by his recent attack upon the Old Testament, outside of the pale of Christianity, but he remains nevertheless an Anglican Bishop, and from this position it is almost impossible to dislodge him.

The news from the States is contradictory. According to one set of statements the Federals are just about going to annihilate the Confederates; according to another and equally credible statement, the Northerners are on the eve of great disasters, and they have certainly met with a serious repulse at Port Hudson.

MORAL CONDITION OF IRELAND.—Save in the districts in which unhappily agrarian outrage is still found, the security of life and property in that country is very high. Garotting is unknown, and violent robberies of any sort are very rare.

To this very important testimony to the moral condition of Ireland, the Reviewer appends the subjoined note:—

It may be thought that this is an over-strong statement in face of agrarian outrages recently prevalent in certain parts of the country. But these offences are of an entirely exceptional character, not being committed, as a rule, by members of the criminal classes; and no conceivable system of prison discipline could produce much effect upon them.

As an answer to the calumniators of Ireland, and of Popery, these extracts from such a staunch British and Protestant periodical as the London Quarterly Review are conclusive, and should suffice, one would think, to silence them, if not to put them to shame.

garrotte-robberies, and other offences unfortunately so frequent, and so steadily increasing in Protestant England and Scotland are "very rare," and in general, "the security of life and property in Ireland is very high."

Agrarian outrages, or offences arising out of disputes about the tenure of land are the only serious crimes which to any considerable extent pollute the soil of Catholic Ireland. God forbid that we should appear as the apologist of these crimes, or as seeking to extenuate their guilt.

Neither is this "exceptional" or peculiar to Great Britain, for the same phenomena repeat themselves on this Continent with wearisome uniformity, as may be seen by reference to the Statistics of the Provincial Penitentiary of Canada. In the Lower or Romish section of the Province, serious crime is rare, and the number of convicts sent to the said Penitentiary from the Catholic portion of the community, is, in respect to its population, trifling.

But whilst the moral condition of Ireland is thus, upon the showing of Englishmen and Protestants, highly gratifying, how is it with that more favored land, which reads its "open Bible" in the full light of the Holy Protestant Faith? In that land where exist not any of those "exceptional" social circumstances, and abnormal conditions, which give rise to the only serious offences wherewith Ireland, plunged in "Romish darkness" can be taxed?

By the last returns there were no less than 130,000 prisoners committed to these goals within the 12 months, not including summary convictions. There were very nearly 400,000 persons proceeded against summarily within the year, and between 260,000 and 320,000 acquitted. The average daily number of persons in those prisons were between 16,000 and 17,000.

ready expired. They were aware that during a very recent period there was such insecurity in the streets of London that it was dangerous to walk about after nightfall.

The above is no ex parte statement, be it remembered, but the calm, unimpassioned utterance of a "Blue Book" which even more than the "open Bible" some persons reverence as containing the words of truth.

The facts or figures cannot be controverted. That Blue Book do not lie, or official statistics deceive is an article of faith with many, which to impugn would be "flat burglary as ever was committed."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN MONTREAL. The Day, the ever-to-be-commemorated Festival of Ireland's Apostle, was duly celebrated on Tuesday last, the 17th instant, by his spiritual children in Montreal.

MARCUS DOHERTY, ESQ., GRAND MARSHAL, ON HORSEBACK. IRISHMEN OF THE VOLUNTEER MILITIA FORCE, Under Command of Lieut.-Colonel Devlin.

CHILDREN OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS, With Flags, Banners, and BANDS. IRISHMEN OF THE CONGREGATION OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, (Not being Members of any of the Irish Societies) Two Abreast.

ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, Grand Marshal on Horseback, Sup. with Pike | FLAG | Sup. with Pike. HARRY'S BAND. MEMBERS OF THE ST. PATRICK'S B. SOCIETY, Two Abreast.

ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY, Marshal on Horseback. A O'KERNAN'S BAND. Supported with BATTLE AXE | FATHER MATHEW'S BANNER. | Supported with BATTLE AXE. Two Stewards with Wands.

MEMBERS OF THE ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY, Two Abreast. Sup. with BANNER OF THE B. VIRGIN | Sup. with Spear. Stewards with Wands, Vigilance Committee, Executive Committee, Secretary and Treasurer, Vice-President, President, Vice-President.

STUDENTS OF THE MONTREAL COLLEGE, Two and Two. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, Assistant Marshal on Horseback. PRINCE'S BAND. Supported with BATTLE AXE | GRAND HARP BANNER OF IRELAND. | Supported with BATTLE AXE. Stewards with Wands.

MEMBERS OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, Two and Two. Assistant Marshal on Horseback. Sup. with BATTLE AXE | GRAND HARP BANNER OF IRELAND. | Sup. with BATTLE AXE. Two Stewards with Wands. Members of the Committee, Physicians, Secretaries, Treasurer, Vice-Presidents, President, CHAPLAIN.

On arriving at the Grand Entrance of the Church, the Procession formed in double line, facing inwards, the Flags and Banners falling to

the right, and the left. Prince's Band—headed by Grand Sunburst Banner of Ireland, and followed by the President and the other Officers—Bearers of the St. Patrick's Society, the Total Abstinence Society, and of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society—then entered the Church, playing the National Air, "St. Patrick's Day."

High Mass was sung by the Rev. M. Trudeau, assisted by the Rev. M.M. McKenna and O'Brien, as Deacons and Sub-Deacons. The musical portion of the service was excellently conducted. After the Gospel, the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick ascended the pulpit, and preached an impressive and most eloquent sermon.

"Behold I have chosen you, and have appointed you, that you should go, and should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit shall remain."

Commenting on these words, the Reverend gentleman proceeded in the following strain:—"To bring souls to God was the holy mission confided to the Church by her Divine founder. This was the desire of the Catholic Church: her constant anxious desire, the object of all her institutions. It was her holy work to direct men, not to things which were temporal and endured but for a moment, but to the heavenly Jerusalem, where there were joys that would never fade, and bliss that would never end.

He dwelt eloquently on the early life of St. Patrick, a captive in a foreign land, weak, lowly, young; a striking instance of the truth of the words that God often chooses as his instruments the weak of this world to confound the strong. It was in his exile and captivity among a pagan nation that he determined to convert them, for God had put it into his heart.

He turned the misfortunes with which he had been afflicted to account; finding a nation of pagans, with whom he was a bondsman, he vowed to convert them. Finding darkness to cover the land, and dimness the people, he vowed to help them, and it pleased God to place it in his power. He was deterred by no difficulties, in the strength of the Most High, how could he fear?

He had no fear in his heart when he went on his self-sought, but divinely appointed mission, for he knew he could do all things through God strengthening him. It was to Tara that Patrick directed his steps; and there, where all the enlightenment of the nation was concentrated, where its assembled wisdom was convened, before its astonished chiefs he declared the glad tidings of salvation, and preached to them the true God. He told them that they must abolish their idolatrous practices; that the sun they must no longer adore, but worship its maker.

Then, I say, come one, come all—Come to-night to the City Hall, Throw away your cares and sorrow, Rejoice them if you will to-morrow; But to-night let all be joy, Unmixed with sordid base alloy.

The Irish heart like the Irish harp ever gave forth sweetest sounds of praise to God. The preacher went on to show how the truths taught by St. Patrick could best be perpetuated. His hearers must be ready to receive all the teachings of the infallible Church; they must continue constant in a spirit of prayer; they must imitate Patrick as an Apostle as well as a Saint. They must imitate all his actions; stand fast by the faith, and give no occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. They must cultivate a spirit of union among themselves, and live in brotherly love with all men; they must forget past differences, and put down the seeds of discord wherever sown.

The Mass then proceeded. Divine Service concluded, the Procession reformed, and marched, as previously indicated, through the principal streets, whereon many handsomely decorated arches had been erected—amongst which we must mention those at Mr. John Ferou's, Alexander street; at Mr. George McNamee's, St. Antoine Street; (those two were beautifully and tastefully decorated with evergreens and looped with garlands of ribbon; the latter representing the portraits of eminent and patriotic Irishmen); at Mr. Thomas O'Creedy's, Mountain street; at Mr. Joseph Moran's, corner of McCor and St. Joseph streets; at Mr. Richard M'Shane's, Wellington street—this one also was well worthy of particular notice for the exquisite taste displayed in its decoration; at Mr. T. O'Connell's corner of McCor and William street; at Mr. M. Merriman's, and at St. Ann's Church.

Arrived at the St. Patrick's Hall, the assembled thousands were addressed in a very eloquent and appropriate speech by the President of the St. Patrick's Society, T. McKenna, Esq. He said:—

Fellow-Countrymen—Children of Ireland—It is beyond the power of human voice to reach the limits of this vast assemblage, and may it ever be so on this celebration of the festival day of the Patron Saint of Ireland. Proud, joyful and happy should we feel to-day at this great manifestation of our strength—this unmistakable evidence of our unity. Proud, joyful and happy do we feel in the consciousness of having nobly done our duty. When I look around upon this surging mass of human beings, moved, as they are, to restlessness by the fire of patriotism which burns brightly in every eye, I cannot find words to give expression to the feelings of my heart, and I can only exclaim in the language of enthusiasm—Thank God I was born in Ireland. Truly it may be said: The Spirit of a Nation never dies. Wherever the children of Ireland are scattered over the earth (and where are they not?) they assemble to-day under the guidance of their ever faithful spiritual guardians, to commemorate in a becoming manner—not the triumphs of the sanguinary field—not the fading glories of an hour, but the resurrection of their country from the tomb of Paganism, to the divine light and glory of Christianity—Ours is a great and holy mission—let us be faithful and fulfill it. The children of Ireland have carried the faith of St. Patrick to the utmost limits of the earth—Tried, as they have been, in the fiery furnace of persecution, they have preserved that faith inviolate and pure in all its pristine splendour, to serve as a beacon light to the ship-wrecked nations of the earth, and guide them to the haven of spiritual repose and eternal security. Fellow-countrymen, we have a great and noble duty to perform here in the city of Montreal—and that is to erect a St. Patrick's Hall. Let us not be behind our countrymen in other parts of America, in that respect. Let us erect a Hall that shall be a permanent memorial of our patriotism, and an evidence of our industry hereafter—when we shall have passed away—when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, our children may point with pride to the noble structure, and say: this did our fathers for the love of Ireland. To-night, we will have a social gathering in the City Hall, and the proceeds are to be devoted to that patriotic purpose. I call upon you all, in the name of Ireland, to come and contribute your mite to assist us. It is the bounden duty of every Irishman—and I may add every Irishwoman, too—to come to the assistance of the St. Patrick's Society, in order that by a united effort of all our people, we may bring this project to a glorious consummation. To our fellow-citizens, of other nationalities, we also extend a cordial invitation to be present at our festive gathering to-night. The harmony and good feeling which now prevail amongst us, is not obscured by one dark cloud to mar its beauty, or threaten the serenity of its perpetuity. Like the sun in a clear blue sky it shines forth resplendent, throwing its genial warmth around, and enkindling within our hearts the fire of mutual affection.

Then, I say, come one, come all—Come to-night to the City Hall, Throw away your cares and sorrow, Rejoice them if you will to-morrow; But to-night let all be joy, Unmixed with sordid base alloy. Mr. Brown, President, and Mr. O'Farrell Secretary of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, addressed the assembled crowd; Lieut. Clarke, of No. 4 Company, also spoke; after which the Procession broke up.

CONCERT AND DINNER. In the evening there was a Promenade Con-

cert at the City Hall, at which His Honor the Mayor, and representatives from the other National Societies of this City assisted. The spacious Hall was literally thronged, and the result must have been most gratifying to the Society, under whose auspices the Concert was given. The proceedings were inaugurated by the President of the Society, and the music commenced. Mrs. Stevenson was, as she always is, charming; and the other performers, amongst whom we must make honorable mention of Mr. Sedgwick and the Glee Singers of the 16th Regiment, were also greeted with loud applause. Betwixt the first and second parts of the Concert, Mr. Devlin was loudly called for to address the meeting, but excused himself on account of the severe cold under which he labored; he devolved the duty upon Mr. Devany, who came forward and delivered a speech which was well received. At the close of the Concert the assembly was briefly addressed by the Mayor.

After the Concert came the Banquet; and after justice had been done to the "good things," the President proceeded to propose the following toasts, which were received with every mark of enthusiasm:—

"The Day and all who honor it."

Mr. H. J. Clarke responded to this toast in a very able speech; after which the President proposed—

"His Holiness the Pope."—(Cheers.)

Mr. G. E. Clerk, of the True Witness, responded.

After the health of the Pope had been drunk, the President proposed that of

"The Queen and Royal Family."—(Applause.)

The next toast on the list was—

"His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French."—(Applause.)

The President stated he had much pleasure in now proposing the health of our distinguished fellow-country man, the

"Governor General of British North America."—(Cheers.)

The next toast was

"The United States as they were, Free, Prosperous, and Happy."

Mr. Matthew Ryan being called upon to respond, said:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—It is hardly fair that, without having given me previous notice, you should now call upon me to respond to this toast, as I am totally unprepared to do so. However, I must say I heartily concur in this toast, and it is my ardent wish that ere long the United States may again be as you have just now well said "Free, Prosperous, and Happy." No country deserves more the sympathy of the Irish race than does the United States; there thousands of Irishmen have found happy homes, and I hope that the nefarious rebellion now going on in the United States would soon be crushed, and that they would once more be as great and as powerful as before the outbreak of their present difficulties.—(Cheers.)

The President stated that he felt sure they would all feel as happy in drinking the following toast as he did in proposing it; without further preface he would give

"Ireland the Land of Our Birth."—(Cheers.)

Mr. P. Devins responded to the toast; after which the President proposed

"Canada the Land of Our Adoption."—(Cheers.)

Mr. Devany having been called upon to respond made a few very pertinent remarks. He showed how Irishmen had in return for the happy homes which they found in Canada, exerted themselves as successfully in advancing Canadian interests. He spoke of the great resources of Canada, and pointed out that by the joint co-operation of the various races who form our population, Canada had a bright future before her: he hoped harmony and good will would always exist between all classes of our people without distinction of creed or race, as it now did, and we were then sure of one day being a great nation.—(Cheers.)

The President stated that he had much pleasure in proposing the next toast on the list, which was

"The Preacher of the Day, and the Hierarchy of the Catholic Church."

Mr. Duggan having been requested to respond, delivered a very able and eloquent discourse. He said:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—In all that we read of in history concerning laws, governments, and rulers, no where do we find so much order and harmony displayed as in the government of the Catholic Church. It is now nearly 1,900 years since the Divine Ruler laid the foundation of that Church, and through all the vicissitudes of time, through all the tumults of man's passions, through the wreck of Empires and Kingdoms, and overturning of rulers and dynasties, she stands to day the most extensive and widespread institution on earth, numbering as her subjects nearly three hundred millions of the human race. Truly, when we contemplate this wonderful spectacle we are struck with awe; and while looking over history we see Empires, Kingdoms, and Republics succeeding each other in rapid succession, and governments that are implicitly obeyed to day, to-morrow overthrown, and new forms and new legislators replacing them; we cannot refrain from admiring the Hierarchy of the Catholic Church who have preserved her to this day, the same as she was in the primitive ages of Christianity. It is true her Divine Founder has promised her all ages for her existence, all nations for her subjects, and that He Himself would direct her rulers in the path they should pursue; but yet, must we not admire the fidelity to the Divine inspirations, and the consistency in the path which the clergy of the Catholic Church have at all times and in all places manifested, despite the allurements of wealth, the threats of the powerful, the passions of men, despite oppression, persecution and tyranny—in a word, despite the world, the flesh and the demon? The almost omnipotent sword of the Caesars could not vanquish them; the rack, the caldron, and the faggot of a Nero could not deter them from fulfilling their sacred mission; the all destroying Vandal, Visigoth, and Hun stood astonished and confounded at their constancy; and the bloodthirsty Robespierre, having glutted the Guillotine with their gore, was forced to proclaim the necessity of establishing their supremacy. We know not which to admire most, the piety, the self-denial, or the sublimity of genius, and the almost supernatural intellectual acquisitions of an Ambrose, an Augustine, a Chrysostom, a Leo, a Gregory, a Thomas of Aquin, a Bossuet, a Fenelon, a Bourdaloue, a Massillon, a Francis Xavier, a Francis

de Sales, an Ignatius, a Vincent de Paul, a John of God, a John Baptista de La Salle, etc. Behold glorious Catholic France; to whom is she to-day indebted for her proud title of Eldest Daughter of the Church? To her Bishops and Priests who have preserved her Catholic in spite of aspiring and grasping monarchs and blood-stained revolutionists. And when, in the last century, infidelity threw her pall over the land of St. Louis, so that the torch of Religion seemed almost extinguished; when the unbridled passions of men, goaded on by the demon, seemed about to subvert the immutable order of things; when the best and most venerable blood of the land flowed in torrents, then did the Clergy of France boldly face the storm—their warning and exhorting voice rang out above the howl of the revolutionary tempest that was sweeping all before it; they never for a moment abandoned the deck of the Church; they cooly clung to her helm; they steered her through the troubled abyss that yawned to engulf her, and when at length the storm subsided she appeared again brilliant and triumphant, steering fearlessly on her destined course, her compass still pointing heavenward.—(Applause.) Behold our own loved Erin; look over her history, and see her once the instructress of Europe, and one of the brightest luminaries of the Catholic Church. (Hear, hear.)—Look at her from the days of St. Patrick to the twelfth century, and without exaggeration no country in Europe at that time could boast of a more pious, a more exemplary, or a more learned clergy; and though these pious and illustrious men have passed from earth, yet their works are still visible; have left the land covered with temples and monasteries which, though now in ruins, fill the heart of the Irishman to-day with honest pride and exultation in the glory of his Catholic forefathers, and with the most unbounded veneration for the ancient Hierarchy of the Irish Church. And when tyranny and persecution filled that sacred island with woe and desolation, when the name of St. Patrick was the brand of the felon, when the same price was set upon the head of a wolf and that of a priest, when the churches were ruthlessly wrecked and altars torn down, then did the Bishops and Priests of Ireland follow their flocks to the mountains, glens, and caverns—aye, and under the broad canopy of heaven, and on the rough ledges of the jutting rocks, which served as altars—offered up the Sacred Victim of propitiation, while the neighboring hills and valleys re-echoed with the Hosannas of their congregations. Nor are the Irish Clergy to-day less devoted, or less faithful to their divine mission and to their flocks, than were their predecessors. They have still preserved unbroken that chain which has connected Ireland to the Chair of Peter for fourteen hundred years. Faithfully and fearlessly have the Bishops of Ireland done their duty, when but lately wealth and honors were offered them by a rich and powerful government if they would but submit to its control; but they nobly dashed aside the proffered favors, preferring their faded and tattered purple, with the liberty of the Irish Church, to the gorgeous and glittering robes of the sycophant. They have ever been the advocates of the poor, the protectors of the oppressed, and like the great McFale, make the cry of misery and the plaints and murmurs of the victims of injustice and oppression resound in the ears of their taskmasters and in the Councils of their rulers; aye, and their pathetic appeals in behalf of their suffering flocks, reaching foreign lands, unlock the treasures of opulence and pour them into the abodes of misery. Nor need we travel to Europe to find a pious and devoted clergy. Behold the faithful and self-sacrificing missionary in America; see him accompanying the immigrants into the lonely wilderness, and no sooner does the curling smoke commence to ascend from their rude habitations, than the spire of the Catholic Church is seen towering above the trees of the forest, and the peal of the church bell is heard, breaking the monotony of the solitude and summoning the hardy children of honest labor to adore their Creator—the Lord of the universe. Already a powerful branch of the Catholic Church has sprung up in the neighboring Republic, the Kenricks, the Spaldings, etc., stand conspicuous, for their learning, their virtues, and their indefatigable labors in promoting the interests of Catholicity, the enlightenment of their flocks, and the welfare of their country. And here in Canada we have an Episcopacy and a Clergy who need not my humble voice to herald their piety, their self-denial, and their unremitting labors in promoting our spiritual welfare. Which of us has not had experience of their paternal solicitude and their ever watchful care? They stand by our cradle with a benediction, they guide us through life by their salutary instructions and admonitions; and when the hour of dissolution approaches, when the immortal spirit is about to wing its flight from its earthly tenement, in the midst of the most pathetic exhortations and tender adieus they bid the soul depart to the bosom of its Creator.

The President said that the following toast would be drunk in deep silence. He would now propose

"The Memory of Daniel O'Connell."

The President requested Mr. J. J. Curran to respond. Mr. Curran rose and spoke as follows:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—The memory of the lamented O'Connell has just been mentioned, and as a mark of esteem for the illustrious departed, the most solemn silence now reigns around this board, where a moment ago were heard the joyous sounds of cheerful voices. We have toasted with due enthusiasm this great Day, and all who hold it in respect. We have not forgotten Ireland, the land of our forefathers—Canada, the land of our adoption has also been enthusiastically responded to; and we did not omit those who from time to time have extended the hand of benevolence to old Erin in the hour of need. And now, Sir, I think it is highly proper and commendable that we should remember him, who alone, unassisted, by the power sole of his commanding intellect, his overwhelming eloquence, his irresistible sway, did more for Ireland and the Irish people, when most they required succor and assistance, than any other man who figures in history, either in ancient or modern times. (Cheers.) And, Sir, it is not only as a great patriot that O'Connell deserves this small tribute of respect and honor; not only Irishmen, but men of every origin and every creed, should join in honoring that eminent man, whose master-mind was not confined in its exertions to the amelioration of the condition of his own fellow-countrymen, but who labored incessantly for the triumph of the principles of universal philanthropy, which have for their object the happiness of the entire human race. The efforts of his great genius were not confined or narrowed down to the limits of his own native land; but that genius shone forth in all its dazzling brilliancy, and cast its effulgent and beneficent rays to the farthest extremities of the earth. (Cheers.) I feel, Sir, that this is hardly the occasion to make a long speech on the merits of O'Connell, more especially in the presence of gentlemen, many of whom are probably acquainted with the wild and romantic spot where he was born, who have heard the traditional stories of his boyish days, and have had the occasion to study his great political career; everybody knows that he was eminent as an advocate;—as a popular orator, he never yet had an equal;—as a statesman, his judgment was universally respected;—and as a scholar and a gentleman, he ranked amongst those who were pre-eminent. And, Sir, even while amid all the din and turmoil of political life, even when overwhelmed with professional duties, even when at the zenith of his glory and at the meridian of his great career, he never forgot his duty as a Christian—he was a great man, and he was as good as he was great. (Applause.) There was a time when a certain portion

of his fellow-countrymen called into question the merits of O'Connell; but, thank God, that day has long since gone by; and certainly nothing can be more gratifying than the movement which is now on foot to erect to the memory of the great patriot a monument that will perpetuate his name and his glorious deeds. (Cheers.) Let us hope that Irishmen in Canada, who have amassed a little wealth, will not so far forget their duty towards the man who contended so long and so powerfully for the dear old land, where the bones of our forefathers consecrate the soil, as not to contribute their mite towards the erection of a pyramid to the honor and glory of the great O'Connell; from which, let us pray Heaven, ere long he may be able to contemplate the people of his native land in the enjoyment of all the civil and religious rights, for which during his life he struggled and fought so energetically, and with such patriotic zeal. (Cheers.)

The next toast proposed was—

"Our Sister Societies."

Mr. Brown, President of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, responded briefly.

The President then proposed—

"The Mayor and Corporation."—(Cheers.)

His Worship, Mayor Beaudry, responded in a very neat speech. He said that he thanked them very sincerely as well for himself personally as on behalf of the members of the City Corporation whom he had the honor to represent on this occasion. He knew very well this was not a personal compliment, but a compliment paid to the office to which they had been kind enough to elect him; he sincerely hoped that he would be able to discharge his duties to the entire satisfaction of his fellow-citizens. He congratulated the St. Patrick's Society on the grand procession that had taken place in the early part of the day, and stated that he had never witnessed a larger or more respectable gathering. (Cheers.) Having again thanked them for their kind wishes, he resumed his seat amid loud applause.

The President after the applause had subsided stated that he had great pleasure in proposing a toast which was never omitted at any social gathering and he thought deserved a special mention without further preface propose the health of

"The Ladies." (A voice—"God bless them.")

Mr. McGarran having been unanimously called upon to respond, made a very flattering speech in which he thanked the ladies for their presence and hoped that the good example shown by the St. Patrick's Society in carrying the company of the ladies would be faithfully imitated on all future occasions. (Cheers.)

His Worship the Mayor then arose and said that he would not detain them by making a long speech, but he would ask them to fix a temper to the health of Mr. T. McKenna. (Tremulous cheering.)

Mr. McKenna thanked them very sincerely and stated that before resuming his seat he would propose the health of Messrs. Carlisle & McConkey, of the Terrapin;—they had furnished them with an excellent dinner, and he hoped they would be successful in Montreal where they had lately opened their new establishment. (Applause.)

After the toasts had been disposed of Wednesday morning being now near at hand, the company dispersed highly gratified with the manner in which they had enjoyed the evening's entertainment.

ST PATRICK'S DAY AT QUEBEC.—Our friends at Quebec celebrated the DAY with the usual religious observances, but there was no Procession, or public celebration in the streets, such as usually occurs upon the occasion. For this we have heard several reasons assigned; but we do not indicate them, because they may be false, and because we are convinced that the Irish of Quebec were actuated by excellent motives, and by a due consideration of their own circumstances, of which they are the sole competent judges.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT PETERBORO.—This City but for the moderation of the Irish Catholics would have been the theatre of a bloody tragedy on Tuesday the 17th inst. The particulars are thus given by the Montreal Gazette of Friday last.

The St. Patrick's Society of Peterboro is, by its Constitution, essentially a Catholic Society, and as such has provoked the hostility of the low Orangemen of the district, who denounce it as a Ribbon Society; though the fact that it is Catholic, and organised in conformity to the laws of a Church which abhors all secret oath-bound societies, is a sufficient refutation of the wicked calumny. The Society having announced its intention of celebrating the Anniversary of its Patron Saint by a public Procession, the low Orangemen of the district entered into a conspiracy to prevent the celebration, by force of arms. They assigned as a reason, their objection to the Banner of the Society, which is described by the writer in the Montreal Gazette as having on it "a picture of St. Patrick holding the Cross, with the wolf-dog, and watch tower;" but as having on it "no Crown." The Orangemen as defenders of peace and order, and as the self-elected champions of civil and religious liberty, resolved that the said Banner should be "put down." The result we give in the words of the correspondent of the Montreal Gazette:—

"This morning about 9 o'clock, the hour at which the procession was announced to start, the lodges from Emily, Orono, Orono and other neighboring townships, to the number of 400 or 500 men, headed by the Deputy Reeve of Emily, and some 40 or 50 of the first of the men carrying guns, the balance armed with skull-crackers, pistols, whips, etc., walked round, and at last came up to the Marshal of the St. Patrick's Society informing him that they would not be allowed to walk and carry those green flags and emblems. After some discussion the St. Patrick's Society yielded, taking off their badges, and so up to the hour at which I write, has ended what many persons feared would have been a most disastrous faction fight. The stores have all their shutters up and business is for the time suspended. I have purposely refrained from offering any opinion upon the matter, and have given you as nearly an impartial account of the affair as is possible. Some persons fear that the day will not yet pass off without bloodshed. It is a sad day for Peterboro in any case."

We shall wait with no little anxiety to see whether any steps will be taken by the Government to vindicate the majesty of the law, outraged by the low Orangemen of the Peterboro district, aided and abetted by the Deputy

Reeve of Emily. In the meantime, we commend the case to our readers, as an apt illustration of the civil and religious liberty which obtains wherever Orange principles are in the ascendancy.

A FALSE CHARGE.—Mr. George Brown is very anxious to repudiate a charge insinuated against him by a government paper at Quebec—to the effect that the Ministry which in concert with M. Dorion he was invited to form, agreed to maintain the Separate School principle for Upper Canada, and to make such amendments to the then existing law, as might be necessary to give it effect. To this the Globe replies:—

"This whole statement is a gross fabrication. The Brown-Dorion Government never agreed to preserve the Separate School law as it then existed, nor did it consent to make amendments to give it effect."—Globe.

In this instance we are prepared to believe the assertions of Mr. Brown. We do not suspect either him or his colleague M. Dorion, of having entertained any designs favorable to Freedom of Education; and we are fully convinced that were Catholics to lend their aid to the formation of a Brown-Dorion Ministry, or to bring the Protestant Reform party into power, they would be making a scourge for their own backs which they would well deserve to have ruthlessly applied to them, as the well merited recompense of their treason or their folly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have no knowledge of the communication to which "A Subscriber" from Pembroke refers. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact that we do not take "unpaid" letters out of the Post Office; and that we throw all communications not bearing the true name and address of their writers into the stove. We should have been highly pleased to have published the communication of which in his letter of the 16th inst., "A Subscriber" makes mention, and hope to hear from him again.

From Kingston and other places we have received communications, with details of their several celebrations of St. Patrick's Day. These shall appear in our next.

The Secretary of the St. Patrick's Society thankfully acknowledges the receipt of \$4 from His Worship the Mayor, and \$20 from John Lovell, Esq., in aid of the building fund of the Society.

ADDRESSES TO THE REV. PATRICK DOWD.

To the Reverend Patrick Dowd, Director of the Irish Catholic Congregation, St. Patrick's Church, Montreal.

REV. SIR—On behalf of the Catholic soldiers of Her Majesty's 1st Battalion 16th Regiment of Foot, I am deputed to present to you, and to respectfully request your acceptance of, the accompanying testimonials (consisting of a Chalice and Ciborium) as a small but sincere mark of affectionate regard and esteem for the inestimable spiritual blessings derived from your exhortations, and affectionate and parental solicitude for our eternal welfare; as well as the innumerable temporal benefits effected by your zealous and successful advocacy of the cause and practice of temperance. For we can with confidence as with pleasure assert that since our arrival here, when placed under your spiritual guidance, now a period of upwards of 12 months, intemperance—that bane of all society but more so of the British soldier—has daily decreased, being now comparatively unknown, even amongst its former most habitual adherents,—a blessing which, under Divine Providence, you have been instrumental in effecting. Wishing you the enjoyment of a long and happy life, I remain, Rev. Sir, your very devoted, humble servant,

P. CARROLL, Color-Sergeant, 1st Bat. 16th Regt. Montreal, March 13, 1863.

To which the Reverend gentleman made the following

REPLY.

Color-Sergeant Carroll, and dear friends of 1st Battalion 16th Regt.—You have, in true military style, taken me completely by surprise. The pleasure of this meeting, enhanced by so many circumstances, you succeeded in keeping a dark secret from me. Nor, perhaps, should I regret this, as it forces me to respond to your very great kindness in your own way—by a few honest words, coming fresh from the heart. Catholic men of the 16th I thank you most sincerely for your valuable gift; and believe me I appreciate it, more than I can well express, on other and higher grounds than its intrinsic richness, considerable as that is.

Your beautiful Chalice and Ciborium are to me an assurance that the faith and piety of our dear old country have lost nothing of their strength and tenderness under the soldier's uniform; and that in your hearts they live and flourish despite the difficulties and temptations that beset a soldier's life. My dear friends, your gift was not necessary to convince me of this. I knew it already. I have had the proofs for a long time before my eyes. On this occasion you will permit me to allude to some of those proofs—not to suggest vanity, but to encourage you to persevere. The praise, truth obliges me to bestow, must be shared in by all the Catholic men of the garrison of this city; and if the 16th Regt. comes in for the largest portion, it is because it forms the largest Catholic corps. I need scarcely say that your orderly and fervent attention at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and at religious instruction, has been a subject of edification to the good people of St. Patrick's Church. This, however, might be expected from Catholic soldiers. But what might not be expected, and what forms my greatest consolation, is your attendance, every day, in large numbers, in St. Patrick's; at the pious devotion of the Rosary—I must call it the military Rosary, not only because it is presided over by a soldier—but because it is performed with earnest fervor and devotion peculiar to religious soldiers. In this daily assembly you arm yourselves by prayer, and a renewal of your good resolutions in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, against the perils of your spiritual warfare. This attention to prayer produces its natural and happy fruit in the number of soldiers to be seen every Sunday morning approaching the Holy Communion. These spiritual blessings are very great, and you prepared yourselves to receive and preserve them by first joining our St. Patrick's Temperance Society. You may not be aware, individually, of the number of soldiers who have had the happiness of taking the pledge, in order to exchange the tavern for the church; and disease of every kind, for health, contentment, and rational

enjoyment. Considerably over four hundred have made that happy exchange; and I am delighted to have your assurance that the good fruits are distinctly visible amongst the men of the 16th Regt. Persevere, my dear friends, in your holy resolution to expel for ever from the 16th, intemperance—the monster evil of the soldier—the ruin of his body—the death of his immortal soul.

The credit you are kind enough to give me for the spiritual blessings you enjoy, and value so highly, I can scarcely accept. The duties of an important charge, leave me but little time for your exclusive care. This I regret; for I love to labor for, and with the generous-hearted and docile soldier. If much fruit has come from little labor, it is with the grace of God, because the seed fell upon a rich and generous soil. Let me say in conclusion, that but one circumstance diminishes the pleasure of this occasion; it is that the expense of your rich gift must have weighed too heavily on your small savings. As you do not agree with me in this, I must content myself by valuing your Chalice and Ciborium the more; and whilst I use them at the Altar in the Holy Sacrifice—by remembering more affectionately the Catholic soldiers of the 16th Regiment.

ADDRESS TO THE REV. PATRICK DOWD, Director of the Irish Catholic Congregation, St. Patrick's Church, Montreal.

FROM THE CATHOLIC NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 47th REGIMENT.

REVEREND SIR—On behalf of the Catholic Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the 47th Regiment, I request your acceptance of the accompanying articles, viz.: An Ostersivick, and three pairs of Candles, as a slight token of appreciation of your unlimited attention to their temporal, and spiritual welfare since their arrival in Montreal. There still remains a surplus of a few pounds, not expended, which you will also be pleased to accept, and kindly donate to whatever purpose you may deem most expedient.

I remain most respectfully Rev. Sir, Your most obedient humble servant, WILLIAM GILL, Asst. Surgt. Major, 47th Regiment Montreal March 17th, 1863.

The Reverend gentleman replied as follows:—Assistant Surgeon Major Gill, and dear Friends—I did not expect that the celebration of our National Feast, already so joyful, would be rendered still more so by this delightful ceremony. I thank the Catholic men of the 47th for their valuable and well selected gift. I thank them again for having chosen this day (St. Patrick's day) for presenting it. I cannot but be glad to understand the excellent feelings that guided you in this. You wished, on the last day of your sojourn, to place your pious offering on the sacred Altar; he first raised in our country, as a testimony of your arduous gratitude. You wished, at the same time, in imitation of your fathers in their day, to cheer the heart of your priest with a new joy, by the over kind acknowledgment of such poor services as I have been able to render you. I value your gift much, and am deeply grateful for it. But I value your frank confidence yet more, for it gives me a passage to your generous hearts, and throws them open to the holy influences of the sacred ministry with which I am charged. I will not repeat here how much your anxiety has endeavored me, and edited the St. Patrick's congregation. You were included in what I said on this point to another corps but a few days past; and indeed, I have observed, with delight, that the Catholic soldiers of this garrison, without distinction of corps, have always worked together in the most cordial union for the promotion of piety and Temperance.

Catholic men of the 47th, you have a particular place in my early attention, for you were the first who came under my care. I do not forget, either that to you belong the honor and the merit of having given the first impulse to the cause of Temperance amongst the Military. If that movement has produced many blessings, it is owing to your generous example.—When I saw the veterans of the Grimpa kneeling down in the dust of our chapel tent on St. Helen's Island, and renounce for ever the cup of evil, I said at once, the cause will prosper. The brave old 47th have taken up the banner—they are sure to carry it on to victory.

The Surplus funds which you kindly wish me to accept, I shall apply to the altar of the B. Virgin in St. Patrick's. Mary will repay your loving gift.—Once more I beg to thank you in the warmest manner, and to assure you that the Catholic Non-Commissioned-Officers and Men of the 47th shall long live in my affectionate and grateful remembrance.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, March 24, 1863.

Flour, Fallards, \$2.25 to \$2.75; Middling, \$3.00 to \$3.50; Fine, \$3.00 to \$4.00; Super, No. 2, \$4.15 to \$4.20; Superline \$4.30 to \$4.45; Fancy, \$4.50 to \$4.60; Extra, \$4.85 to \$5.00; Superior Extra, \$5.15 to \$5.50; Big Flour, \$2.25 to \$2.50. Good Supers are scarce and in fair demand; ordinary Supers are almost unobtainable at about \$4.30 to \$4.50. Oatsmeal per bbl of 200 lbs, about \$4.00 to \$4.80. Wheat Canada Spring, 82c to 93c; U. G. White Winter, nominal, \$1.03 to \$1.05; six store. Oats per 60 lbs, 70c to 75c. Peas per 40 lbs, 47c to 50c. Ashes per 112 lbs, Pots, \$5.80 to \$5.85; Inferior Pots, \$5.85 to \$5.90; Perils nominally \$6.00 to \$6.10. Butter, per lb. Supplies are very large, and the demand almost exclusively for local consumption; we may quote as before; medium, 11c to 12c; fine 12c to 13c; choice, 14c to 15c. Eggs per doz, 12c to 13c. Lard per lb barrels 7c to 7 1/2c; in kegs, 7 1/2c to 8c. Tallow per lb 7 1/2c to 8c; in fair demand. Hams per lb, 5c to 7c; Shoulders, 2 1/2c to 3c; Bacon, 3c to 5c. For Cuts-Meat the demand is exceedingly dull. Pork per bbl, Mess \$10. to \$10.50 for old; \$11 for new, no new in market; Thin Mess, \$9.50 to \$9.00; Prime Mess, new \$8 to \$8.25,—old nominal at \$7; Prime, new, \$7.50 to \$8. Dressed Hogs per 100 lbs., in the market; sales at from \$4 to \$5, according to quality. Seeds—Clover, 5 1/2c to 7c per lb; Timothy, \$1.75 to \$2 per 45 lbs. Potatoes—16c to 25c; no sales.

Don't go to Church.—If your throat is sore or lungs irritated, don't go to church or to the play without a few of Bryn's Palmolive Wafers in your pocket. They stop a cough in ten minutes, and cure a sore throat in an hour. 25 cents a box.

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

Births. In this city, on the 13th instant, Mrs. P. McGoldrick, of a son.

On the 18th instant, the wife of Mr. W. Ower, printer, of a son.

At Quebec, on Tuesday, the 10th instant, Mrs. D. Noonan of a daughter.

At Havlow Cove, Point Leri, on 3rd inst., Mrs. G. Bourassa of a daughter.

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal. Jan. 17, 1863.



COLLEGE OF ST. LAURENT, NEAR MONTREAL.

This Institution is conducted by Religious, priests and brothers, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. It comprises two kinds of teaching: 1st. Primary and Commercial, in a course of four years. This includes reading, writing, grammar and composition, arithmetic, the elements of history, ancient and modern geography, book-keeping, linear drawing, algebra, geometry, mensuration, the elements of trigonometry and of general literature; in a word, every astronomical knowledge necessary to fit persons for occupations that do not require a classical education. The French and English languages are taught with equal care. 2nd. Classical studies, such as are usually made in the principal colleges of the country. This course comprises seven years, but pupils who are very assiduous, or endowed with extraordinary ability, may go through it in six or even five years. Nevertheless before a pupil can be promoted to a superior class, he must prove by an oral examination and a written composition, that he is sufficiently acquainted with the various branches taught in the inferior class.

III. No pupil can be admitted to a course exclusively commercial, unless he has first acquired a correct knowledge of those branches usually taught in Primary Education. IV. No one can commence the Latin course until he writes a good hand, and is able to give a grammatical analysis of the parts of speech of his mother tongue. V. Every pupil coming from another house of education must present a certificate of good conduct, signed by the Superior of that Institution. VI. There will be a course of religious instruction suited to the age and intelligence of the pupils. VII. In conformity with the rules of the Institution great care will be taken that the classical instruction be governed by the Catholic spirit, and a careful selection will be made of those authors best adapted to develop that spirit.

VIII. CLASSICAL COURSE. 1st Year—Rudiments of Latin, French Grammar, English Grammar, Sacred History, Geography, Writing, Arithmetic. 2nd Year—Latin Syntax, French Grammar, English Grammar, History of Canada, Geography, Arithmetic, Calligraphy. 3rd Year—Method, Greek Grammar, English and French Exercises, Ancient History, Ecclesiastical History, Geography, Arithmetic, Calligraphy. 4th Year—Latin Versification, Greek, French, and English Exercises, Roman History, Natural History, Algebra. 5th Year—Latin, Greek, French, and English Belles-Lettres, Medieval History, Natural History, Geometry. 6th Year—Rhetoric, Eloquence, Greek, Latin, French and English Exercises, Modern History, Geometry, Astronomy. 7th Year—Philosophy, Physics, and Chemistry.

IX. TERMS FOR BOARDERS. 1st. The scholastic year is ten months and a-half. 2nd. The terms for board are \$75. The house furnishes a bedstead and straw mattress, and also takes charge of the shoes or boots, provided there be at least two pairs for each pupil. 3rd. By paying a fixed sum of \$24, the House will undertake to furnish all the school necessaries, books included. 4th. By paying a fixed sum of \$20 the House will furnish the complete bed and bedding, and also take charge of the washing. 5th. The terms for half-board are \$2 per month. Half-boarders sleep in the House, and are furnished with a bedstead and palliasses. 6th. Every month that is commenced must be paid entire without any deduction. 7th. Doctors' Fees and Medicines are of course extra charges. 8th. Lessons in any of the Fine Arts are also extra charges. Instrumental Music \$1.50 per month. 9th. The cleanliness of the younger pupils will be attended to by the Sisters who have charge of the Infirmary. 10th. Parents who wish to have clothes provided for their children will deposit in the hands of the Treasurer a sum proportionate to what clothing is required. 11th. The parents shall receive every quarter, with the bill of expenses, a bulletin of the health, conduct, assiduity, and improvement of their children. 12th. Each quarter must be paid in advance, in bankable money.

JOS. REZE, President.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

BRITISH REVIEWS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the cost of reprinting these Periodicals has more than doubled in consequence of the enormous rise in the price of Paper and of a general advance in all other expenses—and notwithstanding other publishers are reducing the size or increasing the price of their publications, we shall continue, for the year 1863, to furnish ours complete, as heretofore, at the old rates, viz:—

- 1—THE LONDON QUARTERLY, (Conservative).
2—THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, (Whig).
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THE object of this splendid Institution, is to give to the youth of this country a practical Education in both languages—French and English. The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, namely:—Writing, Reading, English and French Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Practical Geometry, Arithmetic, Agriculture, Drawing, Music, &c., &c.

ACADEMY OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME KINGSTON, O. W.

THIS Establishment is conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, and is well provided with competent and experienced Teachers, who pay strict attention to form the manners and principles of their pupils upon a polite Christian basis, inculcating at the same time, habits of neatness, order and industry. The Course of Instruction will embrace all the usual requisites and accomplishments of Female Education.

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The peculiar taint or infection which we call SCROFULA lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces or is produced by an enfeebled, vitiated state of the blood, wherein that fluid becomes incompetent to sustain the vital forces in their vigorous action, and leaves the system to fall into disorder and decay. The scrofulous contamination is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered digestion from unhealthy food, impure air, filth, and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation; indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." The diseases which it originates take various names, according to the organs it attacks. In the lungs, Scrofula produces tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and become ulcerous sores; in the stomach and bowels, derangements which produce indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaints; on the skin, eruptive and cutaneous affections. These all having the same origin, require the same remedy, viz. purification and invigoration of the blood. Purify the blood, and these dangerous distempers leave you. With feeble, foul, or corrupted blood, you cannot have health; with that "life of the flesh" healthy, you cannot have scrofulous disease.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is compounded from the most effectual antidotes that medical science has discovered for this afflicting distemper, and for the cure of the disorders it entails. That it is far superior to any other remedy yet devised, is known by all who have given it a trial. That it does combat virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of complaints, is indisputably proven by the great multitude of publicly known and remarkable cures it has made of the following diseases: King's Evil or Glandular Swellings, Tumors, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Syphilis and Syphilitic Infections, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weaknesses, and, indeed, the whole series of complaints that arise from impurity of the blood. Minute reports of individual cases may be found in AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC, which is furnished to the druggists for gratuitous distribution, wherein may be learned the directions for its use, and some of the remarkable cures which it has made when all other remedies had failed to afford relief. Those cases are purposely taken from all sections of the country, in order that every reader may have access to some one who can speak to him of its benefits from personal experience. Scrofula depresses the vital energies, and thus leaves its victims far more subject to disease and its fatal results than are healthy constitutions. Hence it tends to shorten, and does greatly shorten, the average duration of human life. The vast importance of these considerations has led us to spend years in perfecting a remedy which is adequate to its cure. This we now offer to the public under the name of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, although it is composed of ingredients, some of which exceed the best of Sarsaparilla in alternative power. By its aid you may protect yourself from the suffering and danger of these disorders. Purge out the foul corruptions that rot and fester in the blood; purge out the causes of disease, and vigorous health will follow. By its peculiar virtues this remedy stimulates the vital functions, and thus expels the distempers which lurk within the system or burst out on any part of it.

We know the public have been deceived by many compounds of Sarsaparilla, that promised much and did nothing; but they will neither be deceived nor disappointed in this. Its virtues have been proven by abundant trial, and there remains no question of its surpassing excellence for the cure of the afflicting diseases it is intended to reach. Although under the same name, it is a very different medicine from any other which has been before the people, and is far more effectual than any other which has ever been available to them.

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Montreal, Jan. 22, 1863.

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WILLIAM WALSH, EDWARD KENNEDY, H S GALLAGHER. Perth, Co. Lanark, } Feb 7th, 1863. } SAUVAGEAU & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 165 St. Paul Street. REFERENCES: HENRY THOMAS, Esq., Hon LOUIS RENAUD VICTOR HUDON, Esq., JOSEPH TIFFIN, Esq. Montreal, June 26, 1862.

INFORMATION WANTED. OF JOHN COLEMAN, who emigrated to America from London, in June 1837; when last heard of was in New York. Any information respecting him will be thankfully received by his mother, Mary Coleman care of Rev. Doctor Doyle, St George's Church, Southwark, London.

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ACADEMY OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS, St. Laurent, near Montreal. The Course of Study comprises: Religious Instruction, Reading, Writing, Grammar and Composition, Arithmetic, History, ancient and modern, Geography, Book-keeping, the Elements of Astronomy, the Use of the Globes, Mapping, Domestic Economy, Music, vocal and instrumental, Painting and Drawing, &c., &c.

Besides the above, young ladies will be taught plain and fancy needlework, embroidery, all kinds of crochet work, netting, artificial flowers, &c., &c. The French and English languages are taught with equal care. COSTUME. For Summer—Dark blue dress, with cape of the same material; a straw hat, trimmed with dark blue ribbon; a white dress, with large cape. For Winter—A black or dark blue mantilla; a black bonnet, trimmed the same as in summer.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS. 1st. The scholastic year is ten months and a-half. 2nd. The terms for board are, per month, \$5.50. The House furnishes a bedstead, and also takes charge of the shoes, provided there be at least two pairs for each pupil. 3rd. The price of the washing, when taken charge of by the House, is 80 cents per month. 4th. By paying \$1.50 per month, the House will furnish the complete bed and bedding, and also take charge of the washing. 5th. The terms for half-board are \$2.00 per month. 6th. Doctors' fees and medicines are, of course, extra charges. 7th. Lessons in any of the Fine Arts are also extra charges. Instrumental Music, \$1.50 per month; use of Piano, \$1.50 per annum. Drawing lessons, 60 cents per month. Flowers, per lesson, 20 cents. 8th. Parents who wish to have clothes provided for their children will deposit in the hands of the Lady Superior a sum proportionate to what clothing is required. 9th. The parents shall receive every quarter, with the bill of expenses, a bulletin of the health, conduct, assiduity, and improvement of their children. 10th. Every month that is commenced must be paid entire, without any deduction. 11th. Each quarter must be paid in advance. 12th. Parents can see their children on Sundays and Thursdays, except during the offices of the Church. 13th. Each pupil will require to bring, besides their wardrobe, a stool, basin and ewer, a tumbler, a knife, fork and spoon, table napkins. By paying 50 cents per annum, the House will furnish a sund. Aug 28.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY. MR. JOSEPH MOFFAT WILL OPEN AN ACADEMY for BOYS on the 20th of JANUARY, at 206 ST. JOSEPH STREET. He will give LESSONS in the different branches which his pupils may desire to be instructed in—Grammar, History, Geography, Writing, Arithmetic, Drawing, and Book-keeping. He will at the same time Open a NIGHT SCHOOL for MEN, and give Lessons on the PIANO, after his classes. Extra payment will be required for Music, Drawing and Book-keeping. All at a moderate charge. Montreal, Jan. 15, 1863. 2m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY CHANGE OF TERMINUS OF EASTERN TRAINS. ON and AFTER MONDAY, the 26th instant, the Trains for Quebec, Island Pond, Portland and Boston will ARRIVE at and DEPART from the CITY TERMINUS, instead of POINTE ST. CHARLES. ALL TRAINS will, therefore, run as follows: FROM BONAVENTURE STREET STATION. EASTERN TRAINS. Mail Train for Quebec, at 7.30 A.M. Mail Train for Portland and Boston, (stopping over Night at Island Pond) at 3.00 P.M. Mixed Train for Island Pond and all Intermediate Station, at 6.10 P.M. WESTERN TRAINS. Day Express for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, London, Detroit and the West, at 6.15 A.M. Mixed Train for Kingston and all Intermediate Stations, at 10.05 A.M. Mixed Train for Brockville and Way Stations, at 4.00 P.M. TRAINS will ARRIVE at BONAVENTURE STREET STATION as follows: From Portland, Island Pond and Way Stations, at 7.45 A.M. From Brockville and Way Stations, at 1.30 P.M. From Island Pond do do, at 2.00 P.M. From Kingston do do, at 3.00 P.M. From Quebec and Richmond do do, at 8.45 P.M. From Toronto, the West, and Ottawa City, at 11.40 P.M. Montreal, Jan. 21st, 1863. C. J. BRIDGES, Managing Director



AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Chisholm
Alumet Island—Patrick Lynch
Adjala—N. A. Costa
Aylmer—J. Doyle
Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron
Arichal—Rev. Mr. Girroir
Arisis, N. S.—Rev. K. J. McDonald
Arthurville—C. P. Fraser
Brookville—C. P. Fraser
Belleville—P. P. Lynch
Buckingham—H. Gosman
Burford and W. Riving, Co. Brant—Thos. Magina
Cranby—J. Hockett
Cutham—A. B. McIntosh
Cobourg—P. Maguire
Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor
Curlerton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy
Danville—Edward M'Govern
Dunsmuir—Wm. Chisholm
Dunville—J. M'Ver
Dundas—J. B. Looney
Eganville—J. Bonfield
East Hawesbury—Rev. J. J. Collins
Eastern Townships—P. Hackett
Erasville—P. Gafney
Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis
Farmersville—J. Flood
Gananoque—Rev. J. Rossiter
Geolp—J. Harris
Goderich—Dr. M'Dougall
Hamilton—J. M'Carthy
Huntington—J. Neary
Ingersoll—W. Featherston
Keapville—M. Heaphy
Kingston—P. Purcell
Lindsay—J. Kennedy
Lonsdown—M. O'Connor
London—B. Henry
Lacolle—W. Harty
Quidstone—Rev. R. Keleher
Merrickville—M. Kelly
Ottawa City—J. J. Murphy
Oshawa—Richard Sapple
Pakenham—Francis O'Neill
Percott—J. Ford
Pembroke—James Heenan
Perth—J. Doran
Peterboro—E. M'Connell
Piscine—Rev. Mr. Lalor
Port Hope—J. Birmingham
Port-Dunsmuir—O. M'Mahon
Port Mulgrave, N. S.—Rev. T. Sears
Quebec—M. O'Leary
Rawdon—James Carroll
Renfrew—P. Kelly
Russelltown—J. Campion
Richmondhill—M. Teffy
Sarnia—P. M'Dermott
Sherbrooke—T. Griffith
Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton
South Gloucester—J. Daley
Summerstown—D. M'Donald
St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay
St. Athanasie—T. Dunn
St. Ann de la Poutiere—Rev. Mr. Bourrett
St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvey
St. Catherine's, C. E.—J. Caughlin
St. John Chrysostom—J. M'Gill
St. Raphael's—A. D. M'Donald
St. Romuald d' Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax
St. Mary's—H. O'G. Trainor
Starnesboro—G. M'Gill
Sydenham—M. Hayden
Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh
Thorold—John Heenan
Thorville—J. Greene
Toronto—P. F. J. Mallen, 23 Shuter Street.
Templeton—J. Hagan
West Port—James Kehoe
Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy
Wallaceburg—Thomas Jarmy
Whitby—J. J. Murphy

L. DEVANY, AUCTIONEER.

(Late of Hamilton, Canada West.)

THE subscriber, having leased for a term of years that large and commodious three-story cut-stone building... GENERAL AUCTION AND COMMISSION BUSINESS.

Having been an Auctioneer for the last twelve years, and having sold in every city and town in Lower and Upper Canada, of any importance, he attests himself that he knows how to treat consignees and purchasers, and, therefore, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

On Tuesday and Saturday Mornings, FOR GENERAL HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, PIANO-FORTES, &c., &c., AND THURSDAYS FOR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, &c., &c., &c.

Cash at the rate of 50 cents on the dollar will be advanced on all goods sent in for prompt sale. Returns will be made immediately after each sale and proceeds handed over. The charges for selling will be one-half what has been usually charged by other auctioneers in this city—five per cent. commission on all goods sold either by auction or private sale.

L. DEVANY, Auctioneer.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,

FOR THE REMOVAL and permanent Cure of all DISEASES arising from an impure state of the Blood, or habit of the system, viz.: Scrofula, King's Evil, Rheumatism, obstinate cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Pimples on the Face, Blisters, Boils, Obtrusive Sores, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald head, Pains of the Bones and Joints, Consumption, Coughs, Colds, stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic symptoms, Spinal complaints, Lumbago and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, or Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Asthma, exposure or imprudence in life, &c.

It invariably cures Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, General and Nervous Debility, the Liver Complaint, Inflammation in the Kidneys, and all those obstructions to which Females are liable. This Extract is extensively used by the first Physicians in the country, and is confidently recommended as being the best article now in use. Sole Agent for Montreal: J. A. HARTE, GLASGOW DRUG HALL, No. 268, Notre Dame Street, Montreal November 7, 1862.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

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

H. BRENNAN, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, 195 Notre Dame Street, (Opposite the Seminary Clock,) AND No. 3 CRAIG STREET.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES!

BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS THE ORIGINAL MEDICINE ESTABLISHED IN 1837, and first article of the kind ever introduced under the name of 'PULMONIC WAFERS,' in this or any other country; all other Pulmonic Wafers are counterfeits. The genuine can be known by the name BRYAN being stamped on each WAFER. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Relieve Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Relieve Asthma, Bronchitis, Difficult Breathing. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Relieve Spitting of Blood, Pains in the Chest. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Relieve Incipient Consumption, Lung Diseases. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Relieve Irritation of the Uterus and Tonsils. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Relieve the above Complaints in Ten Minutes. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Are a Blessing to all Classes and Constitutions. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Are adapted for Vocalists and Public Speakers. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Are in a simple form and pleasant to the taste. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Not only relieve, but effect rapid and lasting Cures. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Are warranted to give satisfaction to every one. No Family should be without a Box of BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS in the house. No Traveler should be without a supply of BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS in his pocket. person will ever object to give for BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Twenty-Five Cents.

JOB MOSES, Sole Proprietor, Rochester, N. Y. For sale in Montreal, by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Clark & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers. Price 25 cents per box. NORTHERN & LYMAN, Newcastle, C. W. General Agents for the Canadas. Feb. 6, 1863.

BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA

IN LARGE QUART BOTTLE. The Great Purifier of the Blood, And the only genuine and original preparation for THE PERMANENT CURE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS AND CONFIRMED CASES OF Scrofula or King's Evil, Old Sores, Boils, Tumors, Abscesses, Ulcers, And every kind of Scrofulous and Scabious eruptions. It is also a sure and reliable remedy for SALT RHEUM, RING WORM, TETTER, SCALD HEAD, SOURVY, White Swellings and Neuralgic Affections, Nervous and General Debility of the system, Loss of Appetite, Languor, Dizziness and all Affections of the Liver, Fever and Ague, Bilious Fevers, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague and Jaundice. It is the very best, and, in fact, the only sure and reliable medicine for the cure of all diseases arising from a vitiated or impure state of the blood, or from excessive use of calomel. The afflicted may rest assured that there is not the least particle of MINERAL, MERCURIAL, or any other poisonous substance in this medicine. It is perfectly harmless, and may be administered to persons in the very weakest stages of sickness, or to the most helpless infants without doing the least injury. Full directions how to take this most valuable medicine will be found around each bottle: and to guard against counterfeits, see that the written signature of LANMAN & KEMP is upon the blue label. Sole Manufacturers, LANMAN & KEMP, Nos. 69, 71, and 73 Water Street, New York, U.S.

We have appointed Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, J. Gardner, K. Campbell & Co., A. G. Davidson, J. A. Harte, and H. R. Gray, as the Agents for Montreal. Feb. 26, 1863. 12m.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF THOMAS KING, son of JOHN KING, Town-land of Graigue, Parish of Killesnon, Queen's County, Ireland. Any information will be thankfully received by his uncle, William King, Bethlehem, Northampton County, State of Pennsylvania, United States.

WANTED, A SITUATION, in the line of Book-Keeping, or any ordinary accounts. Address, D. S. DONNELLY, True Witness Office.

M. KEARNEY & BROTHERS, Practical Plumbers & Gasfitters, TIN-SMITHS, ZINC, GALVANIZED & SHEET IRON WORKERS CORNER VICTORIA SQUARE AND CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. MANUFACTURE AND KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND, Baths, Beer Pumps, Hot Air Furnaces, Hydrants, Shower Baths, Tinware, Cess, Water Closets, Refrigerators, Voice Pipe, Lift & Force Pumps, Water Coolers, Sinks, all sizes. Jobbing Punctually attended to.

O. J. DEVLIN, NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE: 32 Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

W. F. MONAGAN M.D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR; Physician to St. Patrick's Society of Montreal. OFFICE: 153 Craig Street, Montreal, C.E.

B. DEVLIN, ADVOCATE, Has Removed his Office to No. 32, Little St. James Street.

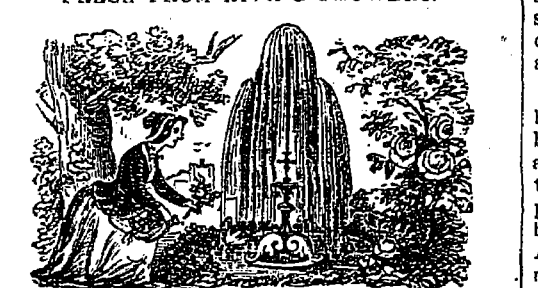
THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St.

P. J. KELLY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, No. 38, Little St. James Street. Montreal, June 12.

CLARKE & DRISCOLL, ADVOCATES, &c., Office—No. 126 Notre Dame Street, (Opposite the Court House), MONTREAL. H. J. CLARKE. N. DRISCOLL.

J. J. CURRAN, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, Office—No. 40 Little St. James Street.

THE PERFUME OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE!



MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. THIS rare Perfume is prepared from tropical flowers of surpassing fragrance, without any admixture of coarse essential oils, which form the staple of many "Essences" and Extracts for the Toilet. Its aroma is almost inexhaustible, and as fresh and delicate as the breath of Living Flowers.

WHAT ARE ITS ANTECEDENTS? For twenty years it has maintained its ascendancy over all other perfumes, throughout the West Indies, Cuba and South America, and we earnestly recommend it to the inhabitants of this country as an article which for softness and delicacy of flavor has no equal. During the warm summer months it is peculiarly appreciated for its refreshing influence on the skin and used in the bath it gives buoyancy and strength to the exhausted body, which at those periods is particularly desirable.

HEADACHE AND FAINTNESS Are certain to be removed by freely bathing the temples with it. As an odor for the handkerchief, it is as delicious as the Otto of Roses. It lends freshness and transparency to the complexion, and removes RASHES, TAN AND BLOTCHES from the skin.

COUNTERFEITS. Beware of imitations. Look for the name of MURRAY & LANMAN on the bottle, wrapper and ornamented label. Prepared only by LANMAN & KEMP, Wholesale Druggists, 69, 71 and 73 Water Street, N. Y.

Agents for Montreal:—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, and H. R. Gray. And for sale by all the leading Druggists and first-class Perfumers throughout the world. Feb. 26, 1863. 12m.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, O.W.

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

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

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

M. O'GORMAN, Successor to the Late D. O'Gorman, T. A. BOAT BUILDER, SIMCO STREET, KINGSTON. An assortment of Skiffs always on hand. OARS MADE TO ORDER. SHIP'S BOATS' OARS FOR SALE



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative, of wonderful efficacy in Disease of the STOMACH; LIVER AND BOWELS. PROTECTIVE PROPERTIES: Prevents Fever and Ague, and Bilious Remittent Fever; fortifies the system against Miasma and the evil effects of unwholesome water; invigorates the organs of digestion and the bowels; steadies the nerves, and tends to PROLONG LIFE.

REMEDIAL PROPERTIES: Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick and Nervous Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Sea-Sickness, Cramps and Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex, arising from Bodily Weakness, whether inherent in the system or produced by special causes.

Nothing that is not wholesome, genial, and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral of any kind, no deadly botanical element; no fiery excitant; but it is a combination of the extracts of rare balsamic herbs and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is well to be forearmed against disease, and so far as the human system can be protected by human means against miasmas engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, impure water, and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard. In districts infested with Fever and Ague, it has been found infallible as a preventative and irresistible as a remedy. Thousands who resort to it under apprehension of an attack, escape the scourge; and thousands who neglect to avail themselves of its protective qualities in advance, are cured by a very brief course of this marvellous medicine. Fever and Ague patients, after being pined with quinine for months in vain, until fairly saturated with that dangerous alkaloid, are not unfrequently restored to health within a few days by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and the appetite restored by this agreeable Tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of Depression and in less confirmed forms of Indigestion. Acting as a gentle and painless aperient, as well as upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the CONSTIPATION superinduced by irregular action of the digestive and secretory organs.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks; Lowness of Spirit, and Fits of Languor, find prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters. The testimony on this point is most conclusive, and from both sexes. The agony of Bilious Colic is immediately assuaged by a single dose of the stimulant, and by occasionally resorting to it, the return of the complaint may be prevented.

For Sea-Sickness it is a positive specific—either removing the contents of the stomach, and with them the terrible nausea, or relieving the internal irritation by which the disposition to vomit is occasioned.

As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Constitutional Weakness, Premature Decay, and Debility and Decrepitude arising from Old Age, it exercises the electric influence. In the convalescent stages of all diseases it operates as a delightful invigorant. When the powers of nature are relaxed, it operates to re-enforce and re-establish them.

Last, but not least, it is The Only Safe Stimulant, being manufactured from sound and innocuous materials, and entirely free from the acrid elements present more or less in all the ordinary tonics and stomachics of the day.

The fact is well known to physicians that the basis of all the medicinal stimulants of the pharmacopoeia is fiery and unpurified alcohol, an article which no medication can deprive of its pernicious properties. The liquors of commerce are still worse. They are all adulterated. Hence the faculty, while universally admitting the necessity for diffusive tonics, hesitate to employ those in common use lest the remedy should prove deadlier than the disease. During the last twenty years, the quality of these articles has been continually deteriorating, and it is notorious that the fluids which bear the names of the various spirituous liquors, are flavored and fixed up with corrosive drugs, to a degree which renders them dangerous to the healthy and murderous to the sick. Under these circumstances, medical men are glad to avail themselves of a preparation absolutely free from those objections, and combining the three invaluable properties of a stimulant, a corrective, and a gentle laxative. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are therefore held in high estimation by our most eminent practitioners, and bid fair to supersede all other invigorants, both in public hospitals and in private practice. No family medicine has been so universally, and, it may truly added, deservedly popular with the intelligent portion of the community, as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, N. Y.burgh, Pa., U. S., and Sold by all Druggists. Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, A. G. Davidson, and H. R. Gray.

PURE NATIVE WINES.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for SALE a PURE LIGHT WINE made from the NATIVE GRAPES of Worcester County, Mass., by Mr. S. H. ALLEN, of Shrewsbury. It will not be found to satisfy the lovers of heavy foreign Wines, which, even when genuine, are highly fortified with Alcohol, to prepare them for exportation, and in the majority of cases are only skillful imitations, made from neutral spirits, water and drugs; but those who have drunk the pure light German Wines, or the Chablis Wine of France, and have a taste for them, will appreciate such as is offered by the subscriber. Invalids who require a mild, safe stimulant; good livers who like a palatable dinner wine; and officers of Churches, who desire to procure a well authenticated and surely genuine article for Communion purposes, are respectfully solicited to purchase it. Any person desiring to do so will be at liberty to apply Chemical tests to samples of any of the stock on hand. GEO. E. WHITE, 55 Cliff Street, New York.

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

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR. From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimple He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder-bur.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach. Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas. One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes. Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers. One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism. Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula. Directions for Use.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, a tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a lispn rag when going to bed. For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient. For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in. For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color. This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 25 cts per Box. Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass. For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.

Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:— ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM, Boston, May 26, 1866.

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

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORE, Superiress of St. Vincent's Asylum. ANOTHER.

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

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