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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XIX.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1869.

No. 23.

NELLIE NETTERTVILLE;

OR,

ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTED.

By the author of 'Wild Times,' 'Blind Agnes,' etc.

CHAPTER X—(Continued)

Roger had lowered the sail while speaking, and he now began sculling the boat round a low sandy point which had the harbor from their view. While he was occupied in this manner, Nellie, chancing to turn her head in the direction of Clare Island, perceived another corragh fast following in their track, and rowed by a boy, who was evidently working might and main in order to overtake them. She mentioned the matter to Roger, who instantly ceased his toil, and turned round to reconnoitre.

'It is Paudeen,' he said at once. 'What, in Heaven's name, has sent him to us here?'

The boy saw that he was observed, and without stopping a moment in his onward course, made signs to them to wait his coming.

Roger did as he was desired, and in a few minutes more the two corraghs were lying together side by side, and so close that their respective occupants could have conversed easily to a whisper.

'What is it, Paudeen?' asked O'More; 'have you any message for me, or is there anything the matter that you have followed us so far?'

'It's Mistress Hewitson who is wanting to see you,' said the boy. 'She was prevented leaving as soon as she intended, and she sent me on before to ask you not to quit the island until she had spoken to you. You were gone, however, before I could get there; so guessing well enough where you would most likely be upon Sunday morning, I followed you down here.'

'But if you came straight from the mainland, how is it that I did not meet you on the way?' asked O'More suddenly, a strange suspicion of even Paudeen's simple faith passing rapidly through his mind.

'Because I didn't come from it at all, at all,' the boy answered curtly. 'It is yonder there're staying now,' he added, pointing to Achill Island; 'and they do say in the house that Clare Isle will be the next to follow.'

'And is it to tell me this that Mistress Hewitson is about to honor me with a visit?' Roger answered bitterly. 'The formality, methinks, was hardly needed, considering all that her father has robbed me off already.'

'Sorrow know I know what she will be wanting; but this, at all events, I know for certain, that it is for nothing but what is good and kind,' said Paudeen; adding immediately afterward in a moving tone, 'though how she can be what she is, considering the black blood that is running in her veins, it needs greater wits than I can boast of to be able to discover.'

'Well, well,' said Roger, 'I believe you are about right there, Paudeen. So now go back at once, and say to Mistress Hewitson that she shall be obeyed, and that I will return to Clare Island in time to receive her at the landing place.'

'Let me go back also,' said Nellie in a smothered voice. 'If I and my grandfather have brought this danger to your door, it is only just that we should share it with you.'

'Share it, Mistress Netterville? Nay, but you would double it!' cried O'More vehemently. 'In the face of anything like real, present danger, I should infallibly lose my life in anxiety for yours. In point of fact, however,' he added seeing that she still looked distressed and anxious, 'in point of fact, the danger (whatever it is) cannot be immediate, since it is evident that Mistress Hewitson expects her intended visit to give me such information as may enable me to evade it. Possibly she has heard further details concerning those plans of the old man, her father, at which yesterday she obscurely hinted. It may even be, as Paudeen seems to think, that they intend to put an English garrison on the island, and she may hope to soften matters for me by giving me this previous notice. Any way, I entreat you not to be over anxious; for though I acknowledge that we live in perilous times and places, yet still, and if only for that very reason, it behoves us to keep our common sense intact, and not to allow it to be scared away by every passing cloud that seems to threaten us with storm.'

After such words as these, Nellie felt there was nothing for it but to land the moment the boat reached shore, and Roger helped her out with a sort of graceful tenderness, which seemed intended tacitly to ask forgiveness for the constraint he had been compelled to put upon her inclinations.

Then he pointed to a scarcely discernible path among the brushwood, and said hastily:

'That path will take you straight to the church. If any one ask you any questions, the watchword is, 'God, our Lady, and Roger

O'More.' Farewell! Get as near the altar as you can; tell them not to wait for me, but I will be back in time to fetch you.'

He waited one moment to make sure that she understood him, then pushed the boat out into deep water, and without even venturing to look back, pursued his way diligently homeward.

The breeze had died away, so that he would be loath, he infinitely longer in returning to Clare Island than he had been in coming from it. As he passed Paudeen, he had half a mind to hail him; but reflecting that he would probably lose more time by the stoppage than he could gain by the boy's assistance, he changed his mind and went on his way alone. It was hot and weary work, but he put all his strength and will to it, and did it in a shorter time than he had expected. Not, however, before his presence was apparently sorely needed; for just as he neared the harbor, the deep, angry bay of the wolf-dog Maida reached his ear. This was followed by a woman's voice, endeavoring probably to soothe the dog, and thus again by a long shrill whistle which came like a cry for aid across the waters. Thus urged, O'More pulled with redoubled energy, and next moment was in the harbor. A corragh, ownerless and empty, was lying loose beside the pier, and a few yards from the landing-place he saw a girl standing motionless as a statue, one hand raised in an attitude of defence, confronting Maida, who, with head erect and bristling hair, seemed to bid her advance further at her peril. Had she attempted to retreat, had she shown even a shadow of timidity or of yielding, the dog would undoubtedly have torn her into pieces; but, with wonderful nerve and courage, she had so far stood her ground, and, rebuked by her stillness and unyielding attitude, Maida, up that moment, had fortunately contented her sense of duty by keeping a close watch upon her proceedings. Horrified at the sight, and dreading lest Maida might mistake even the sound of his voice for a signal of attack, Roger hastily leaped on shore. Henrietta heard him, and without even daring to turn her head in his direction, whispered softly:

'Call off your dog—for God's dear sake, call her off at once!'

Roger made no reply, (for, in fact, he did not dare to speak) but he made one bound forward and placed himself between her and her foe. Maida instantly abandoned her threatening look to greet her master, and for one half-moment he employed himself in caressing and calming down her fury. Then he turned eagerly to Henrietta.

'How is this, Mistress Hewitson? For God's sake, speak! The dog has not injured you I trust?'

Henrietta did not at first reply. She was as white as ashes, and her eyes glittered with a strange mingling of courage and of desperate fear. 'Send away the dog,' she cried at last; 'send away the dog. I cannot bear to see her, and then burst into tears.'

Roger said one word, and Maida instantly flew toward the castle. He was about to follow in the same direction in order to procure some water, but the girl caught him by the arm, and held him so that he could not move.

'Calm yourself, I entreat you,' he said, fancying she was still under the influence of terror. 'No wonder that even your high courage has given way. Let me call Nora. She will help you to compose yourself.'

'Call no one,' Henrietta gasped. 'Call no one; but tell me, is there not a priest and some other outlaws in hiding on the chieftain's rock?'

'What then?' he asked, the blood suddenly rushing to his heart as he thought of Nellie.

'What then?' she repeated fiercely; 'because (oh! that I had known it but an hour ago!) because death is there, and treachery and woe!—But whither are you going?' she cried, as he broke suddenly from her grasp, and began to retrace his way towards the pier.

'Whither? whither?' he answered, like one in his sleep. 'There, of course. Where else?—My God, that I should have left Nellie there!'

'The girl!' cried Henrietta; 'and you have been there already, and I have had time to row all this way back? My God, then it will be too late to save her. The church must be in flames ere now!'

O'More made no reply, but leaped at once into the boat. 'What do you want?' he asked almost savagely, as Henrietta followed him.

'What do you want here—you, the child of her assassin?'

'I want to save her, and, still more, to save my father, if I can, from this most fearful guilt,' she answered promptly. Roger made no further opposition. Once fairly out of harbor, he rowed with all the energy of despair, and Henrietta helped him nobly. They were obliged to trust entirely to their oars, and the delay was maddening. Roger never cast a single glance toward the spot where all his soul was centred, but Henrietta could not resist a look once or twice in that direction.

Suddenly she cried out:

'What is it?' he asked nervously; 'what is it?'

'They have fired the church!' she said, in a smothered tone. 'There is a cloud of smoke; and now—my God!—a jet of flame going through it to sky!'

He made no reply, but he bent to the oar until the bead drops of mingled agony and toil stood thick upon his brow.

'God help them! They must be trying to escape,' she muttered yet again, as something like a shot or two of musketry reached her ear.

Easter he rowed, and faster. The boat leaped like a living thing along the waters. They were close to the cliff at last. Overhead the sky was hidden by a canopy of heavy smoke, with here and there a streak of fire flashing like forked lightning athwart it. Underneath the water lay black as ink in the reflection of the clouded heavens, as the boat rushed through it. One more effort, and they were in the cove—another, and they were flung high and dry upon the beach. Roger jumped out without a word.

'Was he in time? or was he not? His whole soul was engrossed in that fearful question.

'What are you going to do?' asked Henrietta uncertain as to what her own share in the enterprise was to be. He had been searching in the bottom of the boat for something, but he looked up then with a kindling eye and said:—

'Will you be true to the end?'

'So help me God, I will!' she answered in that quiet tone which tells all the more of steady courage that it has no touch of bluster in it. He had found what he wanted now—a catlass and a coil of rope—and answered rapidly:

'Take the boat out of this, then, and wait beneath the cliffs. Wait till I come, or until yonder tower falls, as fall it must, and soon. After that, you may go home in peace. Yes, peace! For happen what may, your soul, at any rate, will be guiltless of this day's murder.'

He shoved the boat back into deep water as he finished speaking, and then, without even looking back to see if Henrietta followed his directions, strode rapidly up the cliffs.

CHAPTER XI.

Happily unconscious of the peril by which her own life was so speedily to be placed in jeopardy, Nellie stood for a few minutes after Roger left her, watching his progress through the water, and speculating anxiously upon the nature of the summons which had been delivered to him by Paudeen. In spite of his apparent coolness, there had been something in the way in which he had almost forced her to leave him—something in the haste with which he had given her his last directions—something (if it must be confessed) in the very fact of his having rushed off without even a parting word or look, which made her suspect the danger to be more real and immediate than he wished her to suppose it. And now, as she watched him bending to the oar as if his very life depended on his speed, suspicion seemed all at once to grow up into certainty, and she bitterly regretted the shyness which had prevented her insisting on returning with him to the island. Regrets, however, were now in vain, and remembering that, if she delayed much longer, she would in all probability be too late for mass, and so lose the only object for which she had remained behind, she turned her face resolutely toward the path pointed out by Roger.

It was less a path indeed than a mere narrow space left by the natural receding of the rocks loose boulders, which lay scattered about in all directions. Such as it was, it led Nellie in a zigzag fashion upward toward the cliffs, turning and twisting so suddenly and so often, that she could hardly ever see more than a yard or two before her, while the boulders on either side being generally higher than her head, and the intervals between them filled up with tall heather and scrubby brushwood, she might as well, for all that she could have seen beyond, have been walking between a couple of stone walls. The congregation had in all probability already reached the church, or else they were coming to it by another path; for not the sound of a footstep either before or behind her could she hear, though she paused occasionally to listen. Once indeed, but only once, at a sudden opening among the boulders, she fancied she saw something like the glistering of a spear in the brushwood underneath, and a minute or two afterward the air seemed tremulous with a low sighing sound, as if some one were whispering within a few yards of her ear. Nevertheless, when she paused again in some trepidation to reconnoitre, everything seemed so lonely and so still around her, that she was obliged to confess that her imagination must have been playing her sad tricks. The light which she had seen was, in all probability, a mere effect of sunshine on some of the polished rocks, while the sound and sigh of the waters, as they lapped quietly on the beach below, might easily have assumed, in that distance and in the calm summer air, the semblance of a human whisper. Once she had satisfied

herself upon this point, she resolved not to be frightened from her purpose by any nervous fancies, and, stimulating her courage by the reflection that, if an enemy really were lurking near, her best chance of safety would be the church, in which her countrymen and women were already gathered, she toiled steadily upward until she reached the platform upon which it was erected. A sudden turn in the path brought her face to face with it almost before she fancied that she was near, and she only comprehended how heartily she had been frightened on the way, by the sense of relief which this discovery imparted. It was a low, mean-looking edifice enough, with the hermit's cell built against the wall, and forming in fact a kind of porch, through which alone it could be entered. From the moment it first came in sight, the path had narrowed gradually until there was barely room at last for the passing of a single person; and while it appeared to Nellie to descend, the rocks on either side rose higher, slanting even somewhat over, so as partially to impede the light. From this circumstance she was led to fancy that both cell and church had been built originally below what was now the present surface of the land—a fact which, joined to its desolate, ruinous condition, might easily have pointed it out to Roger as a fitting place for the concealment of his friends. The low door of the porch was closed and fastened upon the inside, so that she was obliged very reluctantly, to knock on it for admittance. A moment afterward she heard the sound of footsteps, the door was drawn back an inch or two, and some one from behind it whispered in Irish, 'Who are you, and for whom?'

'For God, our Lady, and Roger O'More,' Nellie promptly answered.

'Enter, then, in the name of God,' the voice replied; and a strong hand being put forth, she was drawn within the building as easily and unresistingly as if she had been a child, and the door was again closed behind her. The cell into which she had been thus unceremoniously introduced was very dark, and she could only just perceive that the person who had played the part of porter was a tall, soldierly looking fellow, and therefore, she concluded, one of the outlaws of whose residence in the building Roger had informed her.

'You have been long a-coming,' said the man. 'Why is not the chieftain with you?'

'How do you know that he brought me hither?' asked Nellie, startled by the knowledge he seemed to have of her proceedings.

'We keep a good look-out seaward upon Sunday mornings,' he answered significantly. 'Why did he go back?'

'A message—a summons from the island, said Nellie; not well knowing how much or how little it would be prudent to communicate. 'It was nothing of any consequence, I believe, and he said you were not to wait. He will probably be here before all is over.'

'Good,' said the man; 'then follow me.' He went on as he spoke, Nellie stumbling as well as she could after him in the dark, until they reached the thick matting of dried grass which separated the church from the porch outside. Here the descent became so sudden that she would inevitably have been precipitated face foremost into the midst of the congregation, if her conductor had not caught her by the arm in time to prevent this catastrophe, and landed her safely on the other side. The interior of the building, as Nellie saw it in that dim light, had a much nearer resemblance to a ruinous barn than to a place of Christian worship. As Roger had already told her, it had been so long dismantled and forgotten as a church that the people had come to look upon it simply as a storehouse for their winter firing, a fact amply attested by the piles of drift and brushwood which rose in all directions, blocking up the narrow windows, and forming a gigantic stack against the wall behind the altar. This latter was of stone, facing the door by which she had just entered, and so placed that there was a considerable distance between it and the wall beyond.

In this desolate-looking building about twenty or thirty people were assembled, most of them women and young girls, with a sprinkling of old men and half a dozen younger ones, in whom Nellie fancied she recognized the outlawed soldiers of the Royal army. Two or three of these last stole a curious glance upon her as she moved onward toward the altar; but the greater part of the congregation were so absorbed in earnest and loudly-uttered prayer, that they seemed absolutely unconscious of the entrance of a stranger. Passing quietly, so as not to disturb them in their devotions, Nellie made her way to a spot from whence she had a full view of the priest as he sat, a little on one side, engaged in hearing the confessions of those who presented themselves for that purpose. He was in truth a hero in Nellie's eyes—the best of all heroes—a Christian hero. He had stood by that brave old bishop who had gone to death for an act of

patriotism which, in the old heroic days of Rome, would have set him as a demi-god upon pagan altars. Quiet and self-possessed, he had knelt, amid the thunders of the battle-field, to hear the confessions of the wounded soldiers. He had plunged into the fell atmospheres of plagues and fever, braving death in its worst and most loathsome forms in the exercise of his ministerial functions. He had buried the dead—he had consoled the widow and orphan, made such by the reckless cruelty of man—and now, when he had exhausted all the more heroic forms of service to his Lord, he had come hither, like that Lord himself—like the good Shepherd of the Gospel—to gather up the young lambs in his arms, and to comfort a conquered and stricken people—to pour the consolations of religion upon hearts wrung and disconsolate in human sorrow—to preach of heaven to men forsaken of the earth, and to teach them, hopeless and hapless as they were, to lift up those eyes and hands, which had been lifted in vain to their brother man for mercy, higher and higher still, even to that Almighty Father to whose paternal heart the life of the very least of His little ones was of such unspeakable and unthought of value that not a hair might fall from one of their heads without his express permission. Thoughts like these passed rapidly through Nellie's mind as she watched the old man bending reverently and compassionately to receive, in the exercise of his ministerial functions, each new tale of sin or sorrow which, one after another, the poor people around him came to pour into his sympathizing ear.

We have called him 'old,' for his hair was white and his face was ploughed into many wrinkles; yet Nellie could not help suspecting that the look of wearied, patient age upon his features was less the effect of years, than of the toil and suffering by which those years had been utilized and made fruitful in the service of his Master. Altogether she felt drawn toward him by a feeling of reverent admiration, which would probably have found vent in words, if he had not been so completely occupied in his ministerial duties, as to make it simply impossible to interrupt him. For in a congregation, deprived, as this had been, of a pastor for many months, there was of course much to be done ere the commencement of the Sunday service. There were confessions to be heard, and infants to be baptized, and more than one young couple—who had patiently awaited the coming of a lawful minister for the reception of that sacrament—to be united in holy wedlock. At last, however, all this was over, and Nellie had just made up her mind to go and speak to him in her turn, when, to her infinite annoyance, he rose from his place and commenced robing himself at the altar. Kneeling down again, therefore, she endeavored to withdraw her thoughts from all outward things, in order to fix them entirely upon the coming service. In spite, however, of her most earnest efforts, she felt nervous and unhappy at the prolonged absence of O'More, and she could not help envying the people round her as, with all the natural fervor of the Celtic temperament, they abandoned themselves to prayer; prostrating, groaning, beating their breasts, and praying up aloud with as much naive indifference to the vicinity of their neighbor, as if each individual in presence there imagined that he and his God were the sole occupants of the church. Poor Nellie could obtain no such blessed absorption from her cares. Her eyes would glance toward the door for the coming of Roger, and her ears would listen for his footsteps; once or twice indeed she felt quite certain that she heard him moving quietly behind the screen of matting, which shut in the church from the porch outside, and became, in consequence, nervously anxious to see him lift it and take his promised place beside her. He never came, however; yet the sounds continued, accompanied at times by a slight waving of the screen, as if a hand had accidentally touched it; and this occurred so often that Nellie began at last to be seriously alarmed. She thought of Paudeen's mysterious message to his chieftain, and her own half extinguished fancy of having seen a spear among the brushwood recur vividly to her mind. What if she had seen rightly after all? What if an enemy were really lurking in the neighborhood; or, worse still, crouching behind that terrible screen, ready to massacre the congregation as they passed through it to the open air after service? The thought was too terrible for solitary endurance, and she was just about to lessen the burden by imparting it to her nearest neighbor, when she found herself forestalled by a heavy, stifling cloud of smoke, which rolled suddenly through the church and roused every creature present to a sense of coming danger. There was a rustle and a stir, and then they all stood up, men and women and little children, gazing with wild eyes and whitened faces on each other, uncertain of the 'how or from whence' of the threatened peril.

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to the danger.

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to the circumstance, nevertheless he felt and comprehended far better than they did the nature of the late awaiting them, and hurried on to the conclusion of the mass, which was by this time, fortunately, well-nigh over.

He had hardly finished the communion prayer before the heat and suffocation had become unbearable. In an agony of terror the people made a rush to the gates, and tore down the screen of matting which separated the church from the porch beyond.

Then arose a wild cry of despair, filling the church from floor to ceiling—the cry of human beings caught in a snare from whence, except by a cruel death, there was no escaping. The porch was already a blazing furnace, filled almost to the roof with fagots burning in all the fury that pitch and tar, and other combustibles flung liberally among them, were calculated to produce. These then were the sounds which had disturbed Nellie during mass. The enemy had proffed by the rapid devotion of these poor people to build up, unheard and unsuspected, their death-pile in the porch, after which doughty deed, they had retired, closing the gates behind them, and trusting the rest to the terrible nature of the ally they had so recklessly invoked.

To attempt a passage through that sea of fire in its first wild fury would have been instant death; and amid the cries of women and children, many of whom were well-nigh trampled to death beneath the feet of their fellow-victims, the crowd swayed backward.

Then came another horror. An unhappy girl, one of the foremost of the throng, in her eagerness to escape, had rushed so far into the porch that her garments caught fire, and, mad with pain and fear, she flung herself face downward upon a heap of driftwood near her. It was all that was needed to complete the work of destruction. The wood, dry and combustible as tinder, ignited instantly, and in two minutes more was a mass of flame. In vain some of the men, with the priest at their head, leaped on it in a wild effort to trample it out before it could spread further. As fast as it was stifled in one place, it broke out in another, the subtle element gliding along the walls and seizing upon stack after stack of wood with an ease and speed that made at all their efforts to extinguish it. No words can paint the horrors of the scene that followed! Heavy volumes of black smoke, ever and anon rolling upward from some new spot upon which the fire had fastened, snout out at times the light of day, and made the darkness almost palpable to the senses. Fire, bright and angry, flashing at first here and there at intervals, like forked lightning, through the gloom; then coming thicker and quicker, as it grew with what it fed on, hurrying and leaping in its exultant fury, licking up and devouring with hungry tongues all that opposed its progress; now spreading itself in sheets of streams, bearing a terrible resemblance to fiery serpents; but never for a moment slackening in its work of woe, widening hither and thither, and in and out, and fastening with all the malice and tenacity of a conscious creature upon everything combustible within its reach until the very rafters overhead were wreathed in flame; and underneath that awful canopy the panting, shrieking crowd, struggling in that sulphurous atmosphere of smoke and fire, rushing backward and forward, they knew not whither, in search of a safety they knew too well they could never find; for even while obeying the animal instinct to fly from danger, there was not a creature there who did not feel, to the very inmost marrow of his being, that, unless a miracle were interposed to save him, he was doomed then and there to die.

Nellie was the only person in the church, perhaps, with the sole exception of the pastor, who made no vain effort of escaping. Driven by the swaying of the others, after their first rush to the door, backward to the altar, she had remained there quietly ever since, praying, or trying to pray, and shutting eyes and ears as much as might be to the terrible sights and sounds around her. Accident had, in fact, brought her to the only spot in the building where safety was for the moment feasible.

The altar was built, as we have already said, of stone, and being placed at some distance from any of the walls, the space in front, though stifling from heat and smoke, was clear of fire and consequently of immediate danger.

Hither, therefore, the priest, who, having done all that man could towards the stifling of the flames, now felt that another and a higher duty—the duty of his priestly office—must needs be exercised, endeavored to collect his flock; and, lether, at his bidding, one by one they came, every hope of rescue extinguished in their bosoms, and scorched, and bruised, and half-suffocated as they were, lay down at his feet to die. There was no loud shrieking now—the silence of utter exhaustion had fallen upon them all, and only a low wail of pain broke now and then from the white parched lips of some poor dying creature, as if in human expostulation with the sputtering and hissing of the flames that scorched him. Once, and only once, a less fitting sound was heard—a curse, deep but loud, on the foe that had so ruthlessly contrived their ruin.

It reached the ear of the priest as he stood before the altar, sometimes praying up aloud, sometimes with look and voice endeavoring to calm his people, waiting and watching with wise, heroic patience for the precise moment when, all hopes of human life abandoned, he might lead them to thoughts of that which is eternal.

But that muttered curse seemed to rouse another and a different spirit in his bosom, and, filled with holy and apostolic anger, he turned at once upon the man who spoke it. "Sinner!" he cried, "be silent! Darest thou go to God with a curse upon your lips? What dost thou curse upon in return? What if he plunge you, for that very word, from this fire, which will pass with time, into that which is eternal and endures for ever? O my children, my children!" cried the good old man, opening wide his arms as if he would fain have embraced his weeping flock and shelter them all from pain and sorrow on his paternal bosom, "see you not, indeed, that you must die?—with foes outside, with de-

voruing flames within, all hope of life is simply folly. Die you must. So man deceives; but God, more merciful still, leaves a choice—not as to death, but as to the spirit in which you meet it. You may die angry and reviling, as the blaspheming thief, or you may die (O blessed thought!) as Jesus died—peace in your hearts and a prayer for your very foes upon your lips. Have pity on yourselves, my children; have pity on me, who, as your pastor, will have to answer for your souls, as for my own, to God—and choose with Jesus. Put aside all rancor from your hearts. Remember that what our foes have done to us, we, each in our measure, have done by our sins to Jesus. Pray for them as he did. Weep, as he did for your sins (not his) upon the cross, and kneel at once, that while there yet is time I may give you, in his name and by his power, that pardon which will send you safe and hopeful to the judgment-seat of God."

Clear, calm, and quiet, amid the fear and confusion round him, rose the voice of that good shepherd, sent hither, as it seemed for no other purpose than to perish with his flock; and like a message of mercy from on high his words fell upon their failing hearts. They obeyed him to the letter. Hushed was every murmur, stifled every cry of pain, and prostrate on their faces, they waited in solemn silence the word which they knew would follow. And it was said at last. With streaming eyes, and bands uplifted toward that Heaven to which he and his poor children all were speeding, the priest pronounced that *Ego te absolvo*, which, speaking to each individual soul as if meant for it alone, yet brought pardon, peace, and healing to them all. Something like a low "Amen," something like a thrill of relief from overlaid bosoms, followed, and then, almost at the same instant, came a loud cry from the outside of the church—a crushing of doors—a rush—a struggle—a scattering of brands from the half-burned fagots in the porch—and, blackened with smoke and scorched with fire, O'More leaped like an apparition into the midst of the people. A shout almost of triumph greeted his appearance, for they felt as if he must have brought safety with him. It seemed, in fact, as if only by a miracle he could have been there at all. Unarmed as he was, he had rushed through the English soldiers, and they, having all along imagined him to be in the church with their less noble victims, were taken so completely by surprise that they suffered him to pass at first almost without a blow. By the time they had recovered themselves, their leaders had stayed their hands. It was better for all their purposes that he should rush to death of his own accord than that they should have any ostensible share in the business. No further opposition, therefore, being offered to his progress, he easily undid the gates, which were only slightly barricaded on the outside, and having cleared the porch at the risk of instant suffocation to himself, he now stood calling upon Nellie, and vainly endeavoring to discover her in the blinding atmosphere of smoke around him. She was still where she had been from the beginning—at the foot of the altar, faint and half-dead with heat and fear. But the sound of his voice seemed to call her back to life, and, with a cry like a frightened child, she half rose from her recumbent posture. Faint as was that cry, he heard it, and catching a glimpse of her white face, rushed toward her. In another moment he had her in his arms, wrapped carefully in his heavy cloak, and shouted to all to follow and keep close, he rushed behind the altar.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Dublin Nation, of Dec. 5, says:—In computing last week the number of Catholic members of the new Parliament at 38, we included the member for Sligo Mr. D. M. O'Connor, and the polling on Monday justified us in the assumption. The Catholic members are:—Mr. Blake, Sir R. Blennerhasset, Dr. Brady, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Callan, Lord Oastlerose, Mr. Cogan, Mr. Oorbally, Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. Deane, Mr. Delahunty, Mr. De La Poer, Mr. Dwyer, Mr. Digby, Mr. Downing, Mr. Egan, Mr. Egan, Captain Fagan, Major Gavin, Mr. MacEvoy, Mr. McLachlan, Mr. Maguire, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Monsell, Mr. O. Moore, Mr. G. H. Moore, Mr. Murphy, Mr. O'Seane, Sir P. O'Brien, The O'Connor Don, Mr. O'Connor, The O'Donoghue, Sir C. O'Loughlin, Major O'Reilly, Mr. Power, Mr. Sherlock and Mr. Synan from Ireland, with Sir J. Simeon from England.

An Irish contemporary pertinently remarks, that the number of Catholic members of the new House of Commons is 38, exceeding that in the last Parliament by 6. The same journal observes, that while in all Great Britain only one Catholic has been returned, England has given seats to 6 Jews.—Tablet.

Among the most prominent and effective Liberal agents during the late elections in Cork, was a popular lady known as Mrs. Scannel. A correspondent of the Irish Times thus describes her action and words at the declaration of the poll for the county election:—When the doors of the Court-house were thrown open, she was one of the first to enter, but she took up no prominent position, merely seating herself on one of the benches in the body of the court. When however, the High Sheriff (Mr. Gould Adams) and Messrs. McCarthy Downing and Smith Barry entered court shortly after, she suddenly bounced off the seat and jumped immediately on the table in front of the bench, leaving her cloak behind her; and then was seen in her hand, what had been before cautiously concealed beneath her cloak, a small green silk flag with a harp emblazoned in the centre of it, and the words "God save Ireland" done in white above and below the harp. This she shook out and waved enthusiastically, saying at the same time, "This is the flag that was never conquered." She then moved up close to the bench, and, stretching over it, shook Mr. Downing by the hand warmly, then the High Sheriff, and finally, Mr. Smith Barry, whose hand she kissed repeatedly. Great cheering followed this prelude, and Mrs. Scannel, after waving the flag to her heart's content, said, "This is the gallant flag that captured Billy on the Boyne. Where's Mr. Shaw, the hero of the Boyne?" She then sat down on the table, and the High Sheriff and the members retired to make up the polling books. On the entry of Mr. Shaw, M. P. for Bandon, (who beat the Conservative Bernard, he again rose, rushed to the bench and waved the green flag over his head, saying, "You fought the battle of the Boyne." The High Sheriff then came forward and announced the state of the poll, which was greeted with laughter, ironical cheering and hisses, during which Mrs. Scannel stood up and waved her flag energetically, cheering at the same time for Messrs. McCarthy Downing and Smith Barry.]

At a late Queenstown petty session, a woman named Catherine Ooster was arraigned on the charge of forgery. It appeared that the offence was committed in the year 1857. The information of Mr. Francis Henry, jun., Secretary to the Queenstown Loan Fund, sworn shortly after the offence was committed, stated, that the prisoner presented to him an application to the fund for £2, bearing the signature of the Rev. Mr. Parker, R. C. O., then residing at Queenstown, and Mr. Dorman Newman. On this note she obtained the money, and subsequently it was ascertained that the signatures were forged. He accordingly swore the information, and a warrant was issued, but the accused having run away, she evaded arrest up to the 10th ult. The prisoner was returned for trial at the quarter sessions.

An investigation into the circumstances connected with the attack upon the house of Mr. Richardson, the gunmaker, of Cork, on the day of the borough election, and the firing of shots by the inmates upon the populace, has occupied the attention of the local magistrates for some days. Among the persons in the house were two policemen, and it was alleged there was no justification for the discharge of firearms from the house, only a few stones having been thrown in by the crowd. For the defence it was sworn that shots had been fired into the house and that the inmates acted in self-defence. An application was made to have informations taken and the parties committed for trial, but the Bench refused it.

The Castiglione, of Liverpool, bound for Bombay, has been wrecked off the coast of Wexford, and six of her crew were drowned while attempting to land in a boat. The Marie (Hanoverian, bound from Rio Grande, with hides, has been wrecked off Cork harbour, and all hands are supposed to have perished.

The Advocate of Nov. 28, says:—We regret to learn that at the last fair of Oappawhite a faction fight took place which resulted in serious injuries to several parties engaged, and fears are entertained as to the recovery of some of them. It is lamentable that in this age the old feuds of the past should be excited, and Irishmen arrayed in disgraceful contests against each other.

The Tipperary Free Press of the 2d inst. announces that at a meeting of the corporation held that day, Town Councillor Thomas Cantwell was elected to the office of Mayor of Clonmel for the ensuing year. Mr. Cantwell has been for a long period a member of the council, and will we are assured, make an active and useful and energetic chief magistrate during his occupation of the civic chair.

The Kilkenny Journal of a late date says:—As a proof that the breed of horses is not degenerating in Ireland, we may mention that Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, who was lately on a visit with Mr. Bryan at Jenkinstown, has purchased from Mr. Mulholland Marum, his mare 'Gazelle,' for 250 guineas, and Mr. John de-Bely Obadwick purchased last Jun., from the same gentleman, his mare 'Afidavit,' for £170.

HOW JOHNSTONS GAVE MARCHING HOME.—The Orangemen and women of Newtownlimavady celebrated the return of Johnstone of Ballykilbeg in a peculiar fashion. The largest gun that could be obtained was drawn to Protestant Terrace, the residence of Miss Sterling, who fired the first shot and as she applied the fuse, said—"To the glory of God; in the honor of Mr. Johnstone, and the Orange Volunteers of Ireland." The heavy boom of the cannon was accompanied with prolonged cheers for Johnstone, and shouts of no surrender. Brother John Stirling, D. L., then mounted the carriage of the gun and addressed the crowd. The victory in Belfast was, he said the greatest since the battle of the Boyne. What would 'this great man' (Johnstone) do in St. Stephen's? 'He would support the Bible and nothing but the Bible. He would support the Queen and the Constitution of Old England as long as she and it remained Protestant and no longer.'

It is stated that an irregularity has occurred which will vitiate the election for the county of Monaghan. The nomination was held on Friday, and the polling on the following Monday. Two clear days should intervene, and Sunday being a dies non, it is believed the return is bad, and a new election must be held, the expense of which will fall upon the Sheriff.

The conducting agent for Sir L. M'Olinstock yesterday lodged £1,000 as security for costs. It is expected that the case will be heard early in January.

There is little doubt that Mr. Serjeant Barry will present a petition against the return of Mr. Matthews for Donaghry. It is rumored that a petition will be presented against the return of the members for Wexford, on the ground that they had issued invitations for the recent banquet to the electors before the day of nomination. It is not likely, however, that such a point, if it can be made at all, will be pressed in the absence of any Conservative candidates to claim the seats.

The opening meeting of the College Historical Society was held last evening in the Dining-hall of Trinity College. It had been announced a fortnight ago, and summarily postponed by the Board from prudential motives, to prevent any display of political feeling during the heat of the elections. All the excitement has since subsided, and the meeting last night was characterized by a spirit of perfect harmony. On the platform were the two most prominent combatants in the late electoral duel—Sir D. Orrigan and the Hon David Pincknet—and around them were ministers of various religious denominations and other gentlemen representing every shade of political sentiment. The society is popular with all classes on account of its national traditions, the distinguished names inscribed upon its roll and the generous spirit which it infuses into the educated youth of the country. Additional interest was excited on this occasion by the fact that Mr. O'Hea, the auditor, by whom the inaugural address was to be delivered, is a Roman Catholic gentleman. It is a remarkable circumstance that some of the ablest essays heard in the society of late years have been composed by students of the same creed. No more satisfactory evidence need be offered of the willingness of the Roman Catholic youth.—[Times Cor]

On November 29, about two o'clock, A. M., a number of persons resident on the Belfast road, and within two miles of Newry, came to the Hilda market Police Barracks and informed the barrack orderly, Sub-constable Farrelly that they had found a man named John Digney lying dead on the road. Sub-Inspector Fitzpatrick was communicated with, and Head-Constable Black and eight men proceeded to the scene of the alleged outrage. The police found the body in the house of William Johnston, to whose place it had been carried some few minutes before. A man named John Murtagh, it appears, was in company with deceased, and both were proceeding home when two men came out of a house and attacked them with clubs. Murtagh was first struck, but being only slightly injured, he managed to escape.

Dr. Nicholas C. Whyte, city coroner, held an inquest on the 26 ult., at Mercer's Hospital, Dublin, on the body of the late Edward J. Myles. There was a large number of medical students present, who evinced considerable interest in the proceedings. The deceased (as we stated last week) was a son of Capt. Myles, of Sandford, and was about 27 years of age. The three young men who were arrested—Thomas Walsh, Edward Walsh, and Joseph Hamilton—were present in custody. A respectable jury were sworn, who viewed the body of deceased, which lay in the dead-house of the hospital. The verdict finally returned was:—That Edward J. Myles died in Mercer's Hospital, in the parish of St. Peter's on the morning of Wednesday, Nov. 25 1868, from a fracture of the skull and other injuries inflicted on him at the junction of Westmoreland and College at, in the parish of St. Mark, on the morning of the said 25th of November, and that the said wounds were inflicted by coming in collision with a party of men, of whom the persons now charged, and in custody, formed a

portion, but we have no direct evidence as to the person who inflicted said wounds." The prisoners entered into security, themselves in £100 each, and two securities for each person in £100 each to appear at the next committal. They were then discharged.

An odd incident is reported to have taken place at a meeting of the Belfast Board of Guardians recently. An old and infirm inmate of the workhouse announced that he wished to change his religion from Protestant to Roman Catholic. The Chairman inquired 'if the patient was of sound mind,' and that point being settled in the affirmative, a difficulty arose as to the guardians who should act as a deputation to bear the paper's confession of faith. A Roman Catholic guardian not being at the moment procurable, an Episcopalian and a Presbyterian were selected to act as a watch upon each other during the scene.—Mr. Bewick and Mr. Tierney, then retired to carry out their instructions; and on their return Mr. Tierney astonished his friends by announcing that their interesting disciple 'wished to be a Unitarian.'

On the 22nd ult. a man named John Digney was found lying dead on the road near Newry. He had been coming home the night before with a man named John Murtagh, who states that they were attacked by two men, who first struck him, when, being but lightly hurt, he escaped and told the neighbors, amongst others a man named Johnston, who found Digney dying on the road. Murtagh has been kept in custody on remand.

Some further outrages are reported from the county of Sligo. Several heads of sheep and cattle have been stolen off the lands of the late Capt. King who was shot while proceeding to vote in the borough. On the night of Nov. 26, a patrol of police was fired upon by a mob of three hundred persons. The police returned the shot, but no lives were lost. Three persons were arrested.

A very destructive flood came down on the 30th ult. into the river Liffey from the Wicklow mountains, carrying away the greater portion of the main bridge over that river close to the factory at Ballymore-eustace. The flood came with great violence, between two and three o'clock in the day, and carried away five or six arches of the road leading to Dunlavin and other important towns in the county Wicklow, thereby rendering the traffic impassable. The bridge was a six-arch one, and therefore the expense on the cess-payers must be something heavy, independent of the inconvenience, and it is not likely the work of rebuilding can commence until next Spring.

On Nov. 22, as some men were walking through Larrycormick, about one mile from Moneymore, they found a man lying dead. An inquest was held on the body of D. Kelly, Esq., coroner, when it was made known that his name was Arthur Longbrun, of Peccan, Parish of Lissan, and that he had left home on November 21 to go to Moneymore fair, to sell a horse. It seems that he had got some drink, and had wandered out of his way, in leaving town at night, into the field where he was found, and that his horse had went home during the night. There were no marks of violence on his person; and the verdict of the jury was that he was found dead, and that he had died from exhaustion and exposure to the cold.

The matter of the verdict of the Monaghan coroner's jury against David Beard was before the Court of Queen's Bench on Nov. 25, on an application to make the conditional order quashing the verdict absolute. The question, as may be remembered arose out of the riots in Monaghan, in which a man named Hughes was shot. At the coroner's inquest, there was a jury of twenty-three persons, and twelve were for a verdict of wilful murder against Beard, while the remaining eleven were against it. The coroner refused to take the verdict of the majority, and ultimately dismissed the jury; but he afterwards called a portion of them together again, and then returned the above verdict. The conditional order quashing the verdict was granted on the 9th November; and on November 25 the Attorney-General not appearing, the Court made the rule absolute.

An incident among the strangest in the history of the police force, and one which is affording considerable local gossip, has just happened in the neighborhood of Parsonstown. The Earl of Rosse, accompanied by his brothers and some friends, were returning along the Brough road from shooting on the evening of November 28th, and within a mile of the Castle, they were met by some constabulary of the Anrah Station, who peremptorily ordered the young nobleman to halt, one of the policemen giving proof that the command was no joke by deliberately loading his rifle and making the most convincing gestures. His lordship and party had the presence of mind to forego a long parleying, simply contenting themselves by stating who they were. But the policemen would listen to no statement or explanation, and his lordship and party had no alternative but to save themselves from the indignity of the handcuffs, or probably a personal encounter, by going with the policemen into the town, where the tables were soon turned, as the sub-inspector, on hearing the strange narrative, forthwith had the whole of his lordship's late escort taken into custody.

FATAL AFFRAY BETWEEN POLICE AND CIVILIANS.—Another melancholy instance of the painful results accruing from the collisions between the police and civilians, now of somewhat frequent occurrence in this country, occurred on Monday night. The scene of the affray is Kiltirritain, a village eight miles southwest of Bandon and up to the present the circumstances are exceedingly difficult to reach, owing to the various stories that are circulated respecting the matter being quite opposite in tone. The one great fact is, however, that a fierce and violent feud ensued in the village on Monday night, which terminated in the death of a young man named Donovan, and the wounding of four or five policemen. Two stories in particular are told—one, the version of the police, and the other, the tale of the civilians—both setting forth the facts with much confidence and apparent truth. The police tell the following account of the transaction: Monday being the fair day a large auxiliary force was drafted into the village, but everything went off in the usual peaceful manner for that locality—no occasion arose for calling their services into requisition until the occurrence, late in the evening, which led to the deplorable circumstances to be related. Shortly before 11 o'clock, Constable Clifton and a party of six men proceeded to clear the public-houses in the village, and met with no opposition till they came to the house of a man named Barrett. Here there was a large number of civilians assembled and the constabulary met with much opposition in performing their duty. Remonstrance and argument were used, the danger of obstructing the police in the discharge of their duty was explained to the people, but they refused to leave, and eventually a row ensued, through their endeavors to eject the people by force. All descriptions of missiles were hurled at the police, including some drinking vessels. Soon the place was the scene of a terrible fight, the police drew their swords, and, after considerable trouble, several of the men having received serious wounds, they succeeded in clearing the house. Donovan was one of the party, and unfortunately for him, the fight was resumed outside. A considerable crowd had gathered in the street, and on the police coming out they were attacked with vigor and determination. They were surrounded, and a fierce conflict ensued. The stones fell upon them like hail. Nevertheless they succeeded in making good their retreat, bringing with them, as prisoner, the man Donovan, who, however, was rescued by the crowd; a fresh attack was commenced, and the police fired, one shot striking the unfortunate man in the abdomen. He was removed to the dispensary, where he died on Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock. The people say that the police entered the house before they had cleared out—11 o'clock—

and demanded that the people should be turned out. Donovan remonstrated, the police were determined on a row ensued. The conflict was a hand to hand one, the police fighting with their sword-bayonets, and the people with whatever weapon they could lay hand upon. After a severe fight, in which a man named O'averly received two wounds in the head from the swords, and four policemen were more or less injured, the constabulary retreated, and, as is alleged, returned to the contest with reinforcements, as well as firearms. The house had by this time been cleared, and outside they proceeded to disperse a crowd that had collected. Donovan was arrested, although at the time, it is stated he was proceeding quietly home with his mother and brother, and while in the custody of the police it is said that he was shot. He was seen between two policemen, and was observed to resist the capture; a shot was fired from the group around him and he fell mortally wounded. The poor man was removed to the dispensary, where he was attended by Dr. Crowley, his wife, and the Rev. Mr. Hurley. The ball was extracted successfully, and the reverend gentleman at once, knowing the dangerous position in which the man was, endeavored to have his depositions taken, but could not procure the services of a magistrate for the purpose. He gradually sank, and died on Tuesday morning. The shot must have been fired quite close to the man, because it pierced him completely, and where it entered at the abdomen the clothes were scorched and burned. The bullet proved to be that of a revolver. The four policemen were much injured about the head and face. Their names are Constable Clifton, Acting-Constable Carroll, Sub-Constables Warrcock and Hennessy. The policeman, Barrett, was also injured. He received a wound in the leg while assisting the police. Much commiseration is felt at the death of Donovan, for at the time, it is alleged, he was perfectly sober, and was going home when arrested. He was aged about twenty-six, and was for a long time in the employment of Colonel Stawell.—[Cork Reporter.]

G. F. TRAIN.—HIS PRONOUNCEMENT.

Dublin, Dec. 13.
Civis Americus sum (pumpkins.) Gladstone quails. I am released with an autograph request from the Queen, brought to me by Earl Spencer, in full Lord-Lieutenant's uniform, to secure America's forgiveness for the Alabama outrages. Prince Alfred offers to accept the crown of Independent Ireland, with Train for Prime Minister. Remember the answer of indignance France to the proposed Regency of the Duchess of Orleans: 'It is too late!' Fiat justitia. Delenda est Britannia. E Pluribus Erin Train go Bragh! I return by the Australasian. Have ordered the hotels in Omaha to be set on fire. That blase will beacon Ireland to Liberty, England to her doom, America to the Empire of the World. Mens sana in corpore sano. Turkish Barb. Tell the Truth. No Tobacco. No Whiskey. Never say Die. I still live.
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

The results of the contests in the Three Kingdoms are as conclusive as they are satisfactory. The Liberal majority is greatly in excess of the most sanguine expectations, and even the Lords must be convinced that further resistance to the principle of religious equality is vain, and can only be productive of evil. Ireland more interested in the settlement of the question of the hour than any other portion of the Empire, has responded to the appeal of the Sovereign with a vigor and a passionate earnestness indicative at once of the depth to which popular feeling has been moved, and of the danger that will arise should the national hope be disappointed. Up to the close of the week the numbers returned for Ireland stood thus:

For Disestablishment and Disendowment.....11
For Orange Ascendancy.....12

Large, however, as this majority is, an analysis of the elements of which it is composed is of still greater significance as a demonstration of the progress of opinion in Ireland, and of the growth of a conviction amongst Protestants that the Ascendancy of the Anglican Church should cease, and that no supporter of the ministry that defends that monster of iniquity should be tolerated.

Derry, 'Protestant Derry,' as that city is usually called—that city within whose walls no Catholic was permitted to reside—that city which is chronicled in the story as the fortress of Anglican Ascendancy in Ireland, and which served as the watchword of Ascendancy at the recent Dublin election, has rejected Conservatism, and returned to Parliament by an enormous majority, a staunch advocate of Disestablishment and Disendowment. The battle of 'No Surrender' was fought under signal advantages. The Champion of Ascendancy had been the previous member—was the son of the Irish Viceroy—a large dispenser of patronage—his family were the owners of large possessions in and around the city, and against all these odds Mr. Dowse, one of the most able advocates of Catholic rights, has been elected, and commissioned by the 'Protestant Boys' of 'Protestant Derry' to reverse the policy of exclusiveness with which the name of Derry has been associated in song and in story for nearly two centuries.

Bandon—which was the southern fortress of Ascendancy, as Derry was the northern stronghold—has also rejected the Ascendancy candidate and declared for Religious equality. Mr. Shaw was elected as the representative of progress, and of the growth of that opinion which long since erased the inscription from off Bandon's gates—

Turk, Jew, or Atheist,
All may enter here
Except a Papist.
'Protestant Bandon' like 'Protestant Derry,' the historic fortresses of Ascendancy, have declared that the hour has come when exclusive privileges must cease, and when Religious Equality must prevail in Ireland.
To return to 'Protestant Ulster,' Carrickfergus has rejected the policy of Disraeli, declared for Mr. Gladstone, and emphatically adopted the programme of the hour. Belfast, the capital of Ulster, has adopted a still more emphatic programme. The Ministerial candidates were rejected, and a democratic tenant-right Orangeman, Mr. Johnston, elected in association with a Liberal Presbyterian, who is a supporter of Mr. Gladstone. Belfast, then, pronounces against the Ministerial policy, against Anglican Ascendancy, and, through Mr. Johnston, in favor of Dr. Drew's tenant-right principles, which are identical with the programme enunciated by the member for Kilkenny. Newry another great centre of industry and of opinion in Ulster, has also declared for the policy of Disestablishment and Disestablishment. Thus the capital of so-called 'Protestant Ulster,' with its three chief centres of thought and action, have emphatically declared for the Liberal party—giving on a division eight numerically in support of Mr. Gladstone's Disestablishment Disestablishment policy.

In New Ross one seat and two votes on a division have been won. In Wexford, the model county of Ireland, another seat and two votes on a division will be won from the enemy. Galway has expelled a Catholic Conservative, placing a chivalrous young nobleman, a sound Protestant Liberal, in his place—the Catholic electors placing the Protestant Liberal at the head of the poll. Two other Catholic Conservatives—Sir George Bowyer and Sir Joseph McKenna—were displaced by Catholic constituents, an Irish Nationalist and an English Liberal Protestant having been selected to replace them.
Thus have we already won ten seats, which are equivalent to twenty votes on a division. From this gain we have to deduct one less in Sligo, which leaves, up to this, a clear gain of nine seats won from Tories, which will count eighteen on a division.
Three other seats have been won in the counties. The Queen's County and the King's County have

given two of them, and Cork the third. Thus the Irish clear gain is twelve seats won from the enemy, making a difference of twenty-four on a division. This, then, is Ireland's answer—and it is expected from all of these men and their elder colleagues that they will go to their work with a determination to complete it, and a resolve to do it quickly, and after a fashion that will demonstrate to the House of Lords that they and the country will endure no nonsense, and not suffer old ladies in ermine to mar the realization of that peace, unity and universal loyalty which is now within the grasp of statesmanship to secure throughout the length and breadth of this land. Now or never—now and for ever exceeds the present mood of Ireland. Let there, then, be no foolish and vain obstacles raised, for if there be the people are not indisposed to sweep them away without ceremony.—[Dublin Freeman.

A young man named Arthur Clarke has died in Newry from the effects of a blow of a stone thrown at his head while he stood at the door of the Savings Bank, on the 21st ultimo. A warrant has been issued for the arrest of a man named Allen, who is said to have thrown the stone.

GREAT BRITAIN.

CONVERSION.—Some days ago a report was printed in some of the papers of the reception into the Church of the Hon. John Lindsay, late President of the English Church Union. It was premature, but he was received on Saturday by Dr. Newman, at Edgbaston.

TRUSS NOBILITY.—The London Morning Summary says that the Marquis of Sute has not only purchased the greater portion of the Hastings property, but has most delicately offered it to the family on such terms that virtually it will be referred to the old line. The two marquises were cousins.

Three constabular men, who went out to fish in the bay of Sligo, have been drowned, the boat having been upset in a gale.

One thousand and fourteen persons were killed, or wounded on the railroads of Great Britain last year—two hundred and nine of them killed; one half of whom were employed on the roads. When it is considered that more than two hundred and fifty millions of passengers were carried over the English roads alone, the number of serious accidents must be regarded as wonderfully small.

CHATHAM CONVICT PRISON.—The Fenians.—A batch of convicts will leave the convict establishment, St. Mary's, Chatham, in the course of the ensuing week, for Gibraltar, where they are to be employed on the defence and other public works now in progress at the station. The convicts will be conveyed to Gibraltar in the chartered ship Warwick, which will also receive on board parties of convicts from Portsmouth and Portland. Among the convicts to be despatched from Chatham are several of those undergoing their punishment for being concerned in the Fenian movements. The convict establishment at Chatham is to undergo considerable enlargement, so as to accommodate 1,650 convicts, instead of 1,470, the number at present under confinement. Two new buildings will be erected by the convicts themselves, under the superintendence of officials employed for that purpose English paper.

It is an error, only too common among the Catholics of this country, to suppose that the contemplative and inactive orders are of little or no use in promoting the spread of our holy faith in this infidel land. They think because these holy women lead lives of prayer and piety, hidden from the eyes of the world, that they are there solely for their own sanctification. Little do such know of the life of a Carmelite, a Franciscan, a Redemptorist. Abroad we see the Sisters of Charity on their mission of Mercy, saluted by all, for all respect and love her. But higher reverence is still kept for those consecrated souls, who in their convent chapels are heard but never seen. Their cloisters rise up about our cities as an impregnable barrier between God's justice and sinful man. Whilst legions of Christ's chosen ones work and suffer in the plain below, these are in the Mount, face to face with God; with pure hands uplifted in supplicant prayer and hearts burning before His tabernacle of love. It is said of St. Teresa, that she was made beautiful with gazing upon God. As much may be surely said of these watching angels who bear upon their countenance the impress of that close though mysterious union between Christ and his hidden spouse. If God in his mercy would have spared the wicked city of old, if only ten just men were found within its walls, who can tell what judgments have been averted what graces showered upon those paradises of love, those gardens of chosen flowers, where we strain the ear to catch an echo of that endless song of the one hundred and forty thousand who follow the Lamb. In this our capital, perhaps one of the most wicked cities in the world, there are cloisters where the tabernacle is never left and where Jesus dwells with joy because His spouses are ever prostrate there. Impious men call such things lazy and useless, because they are far from the busy din of life's incessant toil. It is true that that abode of peace is to some a forest of beauteous joy. But there are many beneath that humble garb whose lives ebb away in one painful act of love, strip of all spiritual consolations, and tried as God only tries his loved ones. 'Tis not to human men we must look for the fulfilment of that hope dear to every Catholic; man's heart is hard to move, and God's grace alone can do it. But what is more likely to draw Heaven's blessing upon our dear unhappy land than prayers ascending from hearts that have never wavered in their loyalty. Such prayers must be heard, though England may never again be what it was—herself will ever lurk within its bosom. Still God is all-powerful, and none hope in Him or see His mercy in vain: 'For with Him there is plentiful redemption.'—[London Weekly Register.

THE HOLY PROTISTANT CHURCH.—For a century and a half it has been a maxim with our makers of Bishops that no man of force should ever be raised to the Primacy. Since the Revolution, the Church has been treated as one of the greatest means of maintaining the present system of government by patronage. Every political memoir is full of anecdotes, proving the true successive Ministers, have been in this tradition. Church preferment, like promotion in the army, has, with rare exceptions, been treated as a perquisite of power; not always for distinctly recognizable reasons of a political kind, but always ready to be so used when there was an occasion. Denaries, livings, canonries, and bishoprics have floated through the dreams of indolent young sons from generation, as forming part and parcel of their changes in life; and they have been habitually dispensed to the partisans and dependents of the political men of the day, without any disguise, and without popular protest. Troublesome, and even turbulent men have been thus quieted, regardless of the price paid by the Church in their unwarranted elevation.—Only in the case of Oastbury, no Minister has ever ventured to place a man of energetic or original mind. What has been the effect of this policy of setting in the chief steppe a bell that would never ring, we leave to our ecclesiastical contemporaries to determine. Of one thing, however, we are sure, that never did the Church stand so much in need of a man capable of discerning the signs of the times. It is not from without, but from within, that the Established Church has real cause for fear. The enlightened laity are fast learning to regard a free literature instead of a dogmatic and anomalous liturgy, the fountain of religious thought. Unless the forms prescribed can be brought into harmony with the mental development around us, it will cease to hold its place among the living influences of the time. Ritualism has desired to have it that it might sift it as wheat for its own anti-Protestant purposes. We do not say that its rescue from Ritualism necessarily depends upon the character of the man who shall succeed Dr. Longley in the enjoyment of £16,000 a year, and two palaces; but it is impossible not to believe that a great deal may turn upon the choice which the Government may make. Mr. Disraeli has to choose the man

upon whose sayings and doings, more than upon those of any other, may depend the stability of the Church of England.—[Examiner.

PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.—The Missionary zeal of our country, coasting into collision, as it does, with every religion, every opinion, and every institution in the world, is becoming a fertile source of political embarrassment. Any day we may hear that Her Majesty's representatives at foreign cities or ports, as well as her forces by land or by sea have been engaged with more or less activity in backing up persons hitherto unknown in undertakings upon which the State has never been consulted, and upon which it must still remain ignorant. A company of Missionaries, assuming the title of the 'Chinese Inland Mission,' proposes to plant and establish some denomination of the Christian Faith in the interior of China. The attempt has the sanction of all ages and countries in the civilized world, inasmuch as we should never have been what we are but for similar operations many centuries ago. To the principle there can be no objection whatever, nor will any be alleged. But it is quite easy to disturb and annoy a foreign people and even to give it just offence, in a good cause as in a bad one; may, perhaps somewhat easier, as it is notorious that people are less disposed to recognize what may be called the laws of the game and trifling punctilio when they stand, as they think, on the impregnable ground of absolute justice and truth. If persons whose ambition is confined to smuggling prohibited cargoes or cheating the foreign custom houses have sometimes brought us all into trouble, and engaged us in wars we take no pleasure to think about, much more may these consequences be apprehended when the design is to demolish the ancient faith and overthrow the peculiar institutions of an empire. It stands to reason that the Gospel of Peace ought not to be made an occasion of universal war; and when we revert to the early precedents bearing on the question we find that at the Apostles and early Missionaries certainly did not propagate their faith under the protection of armies and fleets. They did not bring war in their train, and avenge themselves upon unbelieving hearers or rebellious persecutors by invoking fire from heaven and destroying their place and their nation. The argument of fire and sword was first imported into polemics by an Arabian fanatic in the seventh century, and in British eyes is now utterly abominable. We all dread the least approach to it, and are carefully searching our laws and customs in order to eradicate every trace of the evil. When, therefore, we read that imposing displays of force are made, heavy guns pointed against walled cities, and severe ultimatums addressed to municipal authorities, all on behalf of men whose mission is to preach and pray, we may be excused if we feel rather shocked, and if we venture to say there must be something wrong about it. These Missionaries, after trying to force their way first to one city, then in another, and fusing the people as well as the authorities dead against them, thought they had found an opening in Yang-chow, on the Grand Canal, fifteen miles from the great river Yang-ze, and the cluster of popular cities at its mouth. Here they made themselves comfortable with their families, adopted the Chinese dress, and set about the work of conversion. What doctrines they preached, and what they denounced, we are not told, and all that actually appears in the intelligence is the antagonism between the two systems, the native and the foreign. It is stated that the Missionaries were followed and beset by a conspiracy of the Lic-ai, or educated men, with the complicity of the authorities, and with the aid of the Tartar soldiers, brought over by the usual means. Curiously horrible columns are circulated against the Missionaries and their creed. A mob—a mercenary mob, not of the populace—is assembled; and the Missionaries are forcibly expelled, with the loss of their house and all their property, and with severe personal injuries. Up to this point the narrative reads not very unlike one of the chapters in the life of the first Apostle to the Gentiles. What follows is a chapter in the history of the British Empire. It presents us with the intervention of Her Majesty's Consul-General at Shanghai; his abortive visit to the offending Prefect; his progress in Her Majesty's ship Rinaldo to the Vicery at Nankin; the trickery of the Prefect defeated by the promptitude of the British Consul-General; and the negotiation with the Vicery under the guns of the Rinaldo. All this reads as if it were stereotyped. Nor will the rest be very strange to English ears. The guns of the Rinaldo obtain the usual full amends in the shape of dismissals, punishments, compensations, humiliations, and a public inscription on stone for all readers for all time. All is settled, and the Church is triumphant. Suddenly the Captain of the Rinaldo falls sick, and instead of taking his passage in one of the steamers plying regularly down the river, chooses to go back in his own ship. The guns once out of sight, everything changes, and the negotiation is fruitless. Thus far it is evident that at the city first introduced to European notice by Marco Polo the Gospel can only be preached under the guns of the Rinaldo. Besides the fact that both in China and in Japan the Missionaries of our faith have always contributed largely to their own failure by their imprudent conduct and extravagant pretensions, it ought not to be forgotten already, before the close of this present year, that the quarrel of Europe with the Abyssinian Emperor arose out of the political indiscretions of some Missionaries. It is idle to proclaim the doctrine of non-intervention, and the right of every nation to manage its own affairs, if we are to be liable to be called in every year to avenge the quarrels of Missionaries upon whose character, selection, operations, and discipline the British Government has no check whatever. It can obligate its own servants to observe the rules of common sense and international civility. It can impress upon them that nobody can expect to do with public sanction, or even impunity, in a foreign land what he would not be permitted to do at home. If a Confucian Propagandist presented himself in this metropolis, and began to assail publicly our faith, the Book that contains it, and the men who preach it, he would certainly fare ill, and would not be protected or even compensated for injuries and losses. Mr. Murphy has had to hold his hand, and we cannot think he would be allowed more licence if he chose to carry his operations into France, Germany, or even New York. The substitution of one faith for another is a most delicate operation and the work of time. It is not to be done with hard words, often worse than hard blows. In the great examples that should be always in the mind of every Missionary there was a careful adaptation, and even accommodation to the opinions, the traditions, the religion and the philosophy of the people addressed. If our Correspondent be correctly informed, the English Missionaries neglect this rule by needlessly outraging the sentiment which reigns supreme in every soul in China, and is the foundation of their religious and moral system.—[London Times.

Some considerable difference of opinion appears to exist as to the duties to be performed by Archdeacons; indeed, it has been a mystery for a long time past as to whether these gentlemen were retained for use or for ornament. This related of Lord Palmerston that on being asked what an Archdeacon was, replied, 'one who performs archidiaconal functions' an unobscure but sufficient answer. The definition of the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of Queen's Bench, the other day, was, 'It seems that the chief functions of the archdeacons are to scold the clergy.' Archdeacon Allen, of Shrewsbury, is apparently horrified at the profane scoffs of the Lord Chief Justice, and writes to the papers explaining matters. He brings forward several acts, of which few people ever dreamt the existence, and in which many duties are enunciated. Unfortunately, the existence of duties is not always a guarantee for their performance. London Cor of Montreal Herald.

MR. GLADSTONE AS MINISTER.—Whether we criticize or approve what Mr. Gladstone does, we shall never doubt anything but its expediency. We shall never have to fear that his attitude towards Ireland will be accepted in deference to the exigencies of a tottering administration, or that a great principle will be suddenly conceded while the House is dining, as a sort of after-dinner joke. The country may trust the incoming Administration, for a Liberalism that will not be disgraced by the slightest taint of that jaunty indifference which Mr. Disraeli has anxiously copied from Lord Palmerston—for a Liberalism that has its roots deep in sympathy for the whole people, British and Irish, and in respect for their divergencies of genius and gifts; for a Liberalism that will be grave conscientious and compassionate, for a Liberalism founded on the determination to be just to wishes and qualities we do not share, firmly resolved to make the political equality we have accepted as the basis of our Constitution a reality, and anxious to crowd measures of justice with measures of compassion, to sit to the bottom the administrative aggravations of pauperism, and so far as possible to attack them at the root. This we look for without any misgivings. An Administration which its enemies may call puritanic, but which will be puritanic in its steady resistance to the bigotry of Puritans,—which its enemies will possibly call rash and imperious, but which will be admitted by all to show its rashness and imperiousness—if rash and imperious it should be—not on behalf of dominant races or traditional privilege, but, in opening a new life before the children of the despised Celts, and of the wretched, and the ignorant in our own kingdom. This is to be, we trust, a middle-class Government bent on expiating the worst growths of the middle class prejudice and selfishness.—[Spectator.

It is an error, only too common among the Catholics of this country, to suppose that the contemplative and inactive orders are of little or no use in promoting the spread of our holy faith in this infidel land. They think because these holy women lead lives of prayer and piety, hidden from the eyes of the world, that they are there solely for their own sanctification. Little do such know of the life of a Carmelite, a Franciscan, a Redemptorist. Abroad we see the Sisters of Charity on their mission of Mercy, saluted by all, for all respect and love her. But higher reverence is still kept for those consecrated souls, who in their convent chapels are heard but never seen. Their cloisters rise up about our cities as an impregnable barrier between God's justice and sinful man. Whilst legions of Christ's chosen ones work and suffer in the plain below, these are in the Mount, face to face with God; with pure hands uplifted in supplicant prayer and hearts burning before His tabernacle of love. It is said of St. Teresa, that she was made beautiful with gazing upon God. As much may be surely said of these watching angels who bear upon their countenance the impress of that close though mysterious union between Christ and his hidden spouse. If God in his mercy would have spared the wicked city of old, if only ten just men were found within its walls, who can tell what judgments have been averted what graces showered upon those paradises of love, those gardens of chosen flowers, where we strain the ear to catch an echo of that endless song of the one hundred and forty thousand who follow the Lamb. In this our capital, perhaps one of the most wicked cities in the world, there are cloisters where the tabernacle is never left and where Jesus dwells with joy because His spouses are ever prostrate there. Impious men call such things lazy and useless, because they are far from the busy din of life's incessant toil. It is true that that abode of peace is to some a forest of beauteous joy. But there are many beneath that humble garb whose lives ebb away in one painful act of love, strip of all spiritual consolations, and tried as God only tries his loved ones. 'Tis not to human men we must look for the fulfilment of that hope dear to every Catholic; man's heart is hard to move, and God's grace alone can do it. But what is more likely to draw Heaven's blessing upon our dear unhappy land than prayers ascending from hearts that have never wavered in their loyalty. Such prayers must be heard, though England may never again be what it was—herself will ever lurk within its bosom. Still God is all-powerful, and none hope in Him or see His mercy in vain: 'For with Him there is plentiful redemption.'—[London Weekly Register.

enormous. It would be a bad feature in the affairs of an individual largely in debt, that with great exertion he could only keep his indebtedness from increasing during the year. He would be regarded as on the verge of bankruptcy. The case of a government with a half millions to the debt in thirteen months, with taxation at about the utmost limit which the tax payers can bear, is certainly an ominous footing for the year's accounts. It requires no prophet to foretell that there 'must be better management,' or the public debt will never be 'paid in anything.'

There are many hopes of reform from the present Congress. We fear not. Its members were lavish of promises during the campaign; but we fear that those who put trust in the promises and seed the members back again, are doomed to disappointment. This Congress seems to be utterly lacking in either the disposition, or the ability, to inaugurate the needed financial reforms.—Portland Argus.

The New York World has commenced a crusade against the 'Stupendous Swindling' which it alleges is daily practiced by the retail grocers in that city. The World estimates the yearly loss to purchasers of groceries and provisions to be \$54,600,000, and affirms that housekeepers are habitually cheated to the extent of 15 cent on what they purchase. This is done by means of false weights and adulterated goods, and the World has not only attacked the system in its editorial columns, but has taken practical measures to expose the culprits. An Analytical Chemist has been engaged for the purpose of testing the goods sold in New York and to discover in what proportions they are adulterated. A special reporter is sent round to purchase groceries, &c., at different stores, carefully noting the weight and price, and these are handed to the chemist—Professor Seely—for analysis. A number of purchases have already been made and experimented upon, and the results show an amazing amount of fraudulent smartness. Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Tapioca, Sago, Raisins, Citron, Prunes, Maca and every article used for household consumption was included in the chemical analysis, and in no instance of those houses already tried has the result been satisfactory. In the samples of Tea the weight was nearly always short, and in those cases where the weight was true the goods were adulterated. The Coffee chests seem to have been made the receptacles for burnt sugar, chicory and roasted peas: the tea is invigorated with leaves 'supposed to be willow' and also 'broken leaves agglutinated by some artificer.' Sugar seems to be less adulterated than other articles; in spite of the numerous traditions about sand, &c.; but other articles which people imagine are never adulterated have been otherwise reported upon by Professor Seely. In some ground Cinnamon he found a starchy matter supposed to be Tapioca. In the sample of ground Maca he found a ferruginous substance which he supposed to be pulverized crackers, and in his experiment upon a parcel of Cloves, he found Cloves predominating, but the sample made up in a great part of Spice, from which the essential oil had been extracted. These are only the beginning of the World's researches into the trick of the trade, but the editor promises to continue them and publishes the name of each house at which purchases have been made, with the results of the test that has been applied to their goods. By this means the Sheep and the Goats are separated; that is when there are any sheep amongst them; and housekeepers can see for themselves, and conduct their business accordingly. In the meantime the lesson that is being read to the inhabitants of New York may be studied with advantage by other places, and this point remembered that those samples which exhibited adulteration were necessarily of Crushed Goods, and that when the customers could not be got at, by means of adulteration short weights were found to answer the purpose as well. Some of the more 'enterprising' tradesmen adopted those measures. We are far from asserting that such horrible villany could ever find its way to Canada, still there is much virtue in a pair of scales.

PROTESTANTISM A FAILURE?—The New Yorkers—a portion of them at least—are undergoing a new sensation, in connection with the discussion, whether Protestantism is a failure. Some weeks ago the Rev. Dr. Ewer, of Christ Church, Fifth Avenue—a Protestant Episcopal Church—quite disturbed the depths of New York Protestantism, by boldly asserting that Protestantism was a failure. The grounds of this assertion were: 1st. That it failed to get hold of the masses; and even where it once had its hold it lost it. 2nd. That the logical issue of Protestantism was Rationalism, and this was destructive of Christianity. 3rd. That the history of Protestant nations substantiated these charges; for such nations as Germany and Switzerland were honeycombed with infidelity. From these premises Dr. Ewer argued Protestantism a failure. He admitted, however, at the same time, that Rome, too, had proved a failure in some respects; not, however, he asserted, on account of her Catholicity, but her Romanism. These charges very naturally stirred up the Protestant divines to reply. To these replies Dr. Ewer made answer on Sunday evening last. In this he avers that none of his opponents have met his points, or answered his arguments. It is Dr. Ewer's mistake in this, he would not be the first controversialist who has made this mistake. In the meantime, we hope the discussion will go on. Protestantism has no reason to fear discussion. If she has failed to reach the masses, she should search out the cause of the failure and remedy the great evil with all possible despatch. Protestantism, we admit, has not much hold on the masses in this country, nor has any other religion. Infidelity—unbelief in some form—is the religion of the masses in this country, and we apprehend elsewhere also. But that that unbelief is not a logical issue of Protestantism is evident from the general prevalence of infidelity in France, which has for centuries been the bulwark of the Romish religion. We honour Romanism so far as it has brought the rich and the poor together in the worship of a common Lord and Master; and have long mourned that the prevalent tendency of all sects and denominations in our country was, to separate what God had joined in His worship—the rich and the poor. But that Protestantism can reach, and does reach the masses, when the right men with right measures, at tempt it is evident from the whole history of great denominations in this country and in the old world, as well as from the success of individual workers in nearly or quite every religious denomination of Protestantism.—Boston Traveller.

By the way, we got a new religion out of this 'progressive' Protestantism, called 'The first Positive Society of New York,' in which Theology,—in other words, God,—is to be excluded, and Science, as understood and interpreted by Positivists, is to be the sole arbiter of truth. I have not time just now, nor am I in the humour of going minutely into the 'creed' of this new Creed. For the present I will content myself with giving your readers what John Mitchell, in his Irish Citizen of last week, says of it: 'There is nothing which these poor devils of 'Positivists' seem to have so dearly at heart as the utter denial and final crushing out of creation by God Almighty. This is their great point. They, for their part, are created by cells, sacs and gemmules; they are living under no moral government in this world, and do not mean to give any account of themselves in going out of it. Duty is what your 'correlated forces' compel you to do. As for the author and creator of the world, the Positivists simply ignore Him—that's all. They are willing to let Him alone, if He lets them alone. The trouble is, that He will not let them alone: He will see them damned first.' However, notwithstanding the 'Positivists' ignoring Theology, and their 'exalted' faith in Science, cells, sacs and gemmules,—we poor benighted priest-ridden Catholics will obstinately hold to our 'theology,' and build churches to our God—that God who created us, and who assumed our nature and paid the penalty of Father Adam's first Positive paper.—[Western Oracle.

WANTED: PRICES OF LIVES IN EUROPE.—The following extract is from the report of a lecture recently delivered in New York:—'We cannot see ourselves properly until we get outside the atmosphere of our own society or class. The first thing that strikes a Yankee, if the term might be pardoned, in Europe, but especially in England, is the great personal independence and frankness and individuality of the people. We have an idea that having the freest possible government in its form, the result must necessarily be the freest men and women. De Tocqueville, who let the line and plummet down into the States, nature lower than any other man, said he 'Never knew less independence or less frankness of speech than in America; and Miss Martineau said, 30 years ago, she never found so much concealed infidelity whispered confidentially into her ear as in New England. In England there is the nobility, there is art, there is trade, and there is literature; the man who can stand well with his own set can afford to laugh at the other three. But there is no such shelter here, and America is the most prudent of countries. But prudence is only a skulking virtue. We repress our emotions lest Mrs Grundy will have something to say. About a year ago, at a great public meeting, Berryer made a famous speech, and when he had finished Favre ran from the other side of the table, and those two men kissed each other for about five minutes. Think of Vallandigham and Fernando Wood in that situation. Those are independent men; their nature wells out. There is no doubt that more of us than of those people can read and write; but it does not necessarily follow that we are better educated. The porter who carries your trunk can speak three or four languages, while here no other than our own is an accomplishment. An Italian peasant will explain to his ragged child 10 years of age their magnificent bas-reliefs, unfold their beauty, and analyze it better than ninety-nine Americans out of a hundred could do, and with appreciation and loving admiration. In conclusion, Mr. Phillips said he wished to say a good word about the Catholic Church. We are Protestants; we have got the enterprise, the social prestige, the education, the wealth, and the truth on our side, and we can afford to say a word in favor of the traits of Catholic worship. He had seen the blood royal of Napoleon kneeling down side by side with the beggar who had been begging alms at the door. In America, the doors of most of the churches are shut to all but the wealthy. In Europe, religion is not at ten percent investment as it is here.'

It is a source of pride to us to feel that South Carolina is the only State in which Divorce has not been granted, or, as Dr. Woolsey expresses it, 'In South Carolina no case of divorce ever came before the Courts, and no divorce was ever granted by the Legislature until the overthrow of the State Government in the late war.' But this non interference on the part of our State with the solemn ties of marriage did not remove the abuse of Divorce. Discontented parties could and have taken the privilege of this extraneous proceeding in any neighboring State. In fact to obtain this boon Divorce, has become a specialty in the legal profession. The following advertisement taken from a New York paper is familiar to the readers of these papers:—

ABSOLUTE DIVORCES legally obtained in different States; desertion, non support, &c., sufficient cause. No publicity. No charge until divorce obtained. Advice free. M. HOWES, Attorney, 78 Nassau Street, N. Y.

This shows but too plainly what will be the ultimate of such an evil. But this state of things is in perfect conformity with Protestantism since it holds marriage as a simple contract and distorts the Sacred Scripture to prove that it is dissoluble. 'Quod Deus conjunxit homo non separet,' and the man who writes with this sacred contract is the accused of God.—[Charleston Gazette.

BILL TO PROTECT CRIMINALS FROM PUNISHMENT.—The bill recently introduced into the United States Senate by Mr. Trumbull to prevent a repetition of such crimes by popular violence, that which was recently committed at New Albany, Indiana, has, it is understood, the approval of the Secretary of State. It is as follows:—A bill further to provide for giving effect to treaty stipulations between this and foreign governments for the extradition of criminals: Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, That whenever any person shall have been delivered by any foreign government to an agent or agents of the United States and tried for any crime of which he is only accused, the President shall have power to take all necessary measures for transportation and safe keeping of such accused person and for his security against lawless violence, until final conclusion of his trial for the crimes or offenses specified in the warrant of extradition and until his final discharge from custody or imprisonment for or on account of such crimes or offenses and for a reasonable time thereafter, and it shall be lawful for the President or such person as he may empower for that purpose to employ such portion of the land and naval forces of the United States, or of the militia thereof, as may be necessary for the safe keeping and protection of the accused as aforesaid. Sec. 2. That any person duly appointed as agent to receive in behalf of the United States the delivery by a foreign government of any person accused of a crime committed within the jurisdiction of the United States and to convey him to the place of trial, shall be, and hereby is, vested with all the power of a marshal of the United States in the several districts through which it may be necessary for him to pass with such prisoner, so far as such power is requisite for his safe keeping. Sec. 3. That if any person or persons shall knowingly and willfully obstruct, resist or oppose such agent in the execution of his duties, or shall rescue or attempt to rescue such prisoner, whether in the custody of the agent aforesaid, or of any marshal, sheriff, jailer or other officer or person to whom his custody may have lawfully been committed, every person so knowingly offending in the premises shall, on conviction thereof before the District or Circuit Court of the United States for the district in which the offense was committed, be fined not exceeding \$1,000 and imprisoned not exceeding one year.

HOW TO GET UP A REVOLUTION.—In a late letter Mark Twain writes: 'They have a "revolution" in Central America every time that the moon changes. All you have to do is to get out in the street in Panama or Aspinwall, and give a shout, and the work is done. Shout, "Down with the administration and up with somebody else," and the revolution follows. Nine-tenths of the people break for home, slam the doors behind them and get under the bed. The other tenth or two and overturn the government and banish the officials, from President down to notary public. Then for the next thirty days they inquire anxiously of all the camers what sort of a stir their little shivers made in Europe and America. By that time the next revolution is ready to be touched off, and out they go.'

TUS ALASKA BRIBERY INVESTIGATION.—It has come out in the course of the investigation that Mr. Robert J. Walker got \$26,000 for his services in writing up the case for the newspaper, of which sum he paid \$5000 to Fred P. Stanton, his associate in business, for riding him in the matter. It also appears that the publishers of the Chronicle newspaper were given \$3,000 for opening his columns to a long discussion by printing several articles over Mr. Walker's name. This gentleman testifies that nothing was said about compensation in any way until after the appropriation was made; that the editor of the paper refused to receive the money, and that the amount would no more than have paid for the insertion of matter at the advertising rate.

UNITED STATES.

Every intelligent person is now forced to confess that the financial affairs of our country are in any thing but a satisfactory condition. The public debt is forty-six and a half millions greater than it was thirteen months ago; yet during this period the pockets of the tax payers have been drained pretty well—about as much as their owners wish to see them. But with all the efforts thus made to keep up the credit of the government, it has marched steadily onward in the road toward bankruptcy. There can be no doubt on this point. The present indebtedness is

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 1, 1869.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR. JANUARY—1869. Friday, 1—Circumcision. Obl. Saturday, 2—Octave of St. Stephen. Sunday, 3—Octave of St. John, Ap. Monday, 4—Octave of Holy Innocents. Tuesday, 5—Vigil of the Epiphany. Wednesday, 6—Epiphany, Obl. Thursday, 7—Of the Octave.

THE NEW YEAR. We avail ourselves of the usual privilege at the beginning of the year to address a few words to our readers. First—to all we wish a Happy New Year and many pleasant returns of the season.

A Western editor lately struck the names of two of his delinquent subscribers who had been hung, off his list, because, as he observed, he did not know their actual address. Were we to deal in like manner with all who are in arrears, but of whom the address is still well known to us, we should, we suspect, make a pretty large gap in our subscription list.

But we also avail ourselves of the season to return our best thanks to our very numerous friends who not only punctually discharge their pecuniary obligations, but who by their kind approval of our humble services cheer us on, and encourage us to bear the burden of journalism.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Conference of the Great Powers is to be held in Paris about the beginning of the present month, in order to bring about an amicable arrangement betwixt Greece and Turkey.

From Spain there is nothing new to report. In Italy, Mazzini is again endeavoring to arouse the spirit of the cohorts of rascaldom that was crushed by the fire of the brave Zouaves at Mentana.

The President has issued a Proclamation of general amnesty to all persons engaged in the late war betwixt the Southern and Northern States. Had he thus acted at the commencement of his official career; and had he refused to recognize as a Congress of the United States, any body from which the representatives of any of the States were excluded, that career might have been more useful to the nation, and more glorious for himself.

of February in order that his Appeal may be duly considered. It is the opinion of many well qualified to judge, that the Court before which he was tried and convicted, in refusing to allow his challenge of one of the jurors "for cause" before all his "peremptory" challenges were exhausted, was guilty of error, and that thereby its proceedings were vitiated.

A PLEA FOR WHELAN.—Unconsciously, perhaps, certainly unintentionally, the Liberal press in Europe and America is warmly pleading the cause of Whelan, the convict now under sentence of death in Upper Canada for the murder of Mr. McGee.

Divested of all its useless appendages, and reduced to its simplest form of expression, the plea amounts to this:—That political crimes, or crimes committed from political motives, and with a political object, should not be visited with death.

The theory is by no means new. It is older than the guillotine; it was in vogue amongst French Terrorists before the Terror; and it has been in the mouths of Liberals—when out of power bien entendu—ever since.

We could fill our columns with quasi apologies from Liberal Protestant papers for the act for which Monti and Tognetti lately suffered death at Rome; and with denunciations from the same source of the cruelty and blood thirstiness of the Papal authorities who inflicted the penalty of death upon these glorious martyrs for the cause of Liberalism.

The first, the N. Y. Sun, broadly lays down the proposition that political crimes should not be punished with death.

The extract from the Montreal Daily News is from the Paris correspondence of that journal; for the sentiments of which, until disavowed by the publisher, we cannot but hold our Montreal contemporary responsible:—

Let the Daily News think well of it, and ask himself this question—Whether by his denunciation of the Papal Government for executing "the political criminals" who blew up the Zouaves barracks, he does not by anticipation, condemn the Government of Canada, should it in pursuance of the law allow the death penalty to be inflicted upon Whelan?

political criminals" who blew up the Zouaves barracks, he does not by anticipation, condemn the Government of Canada, should it in pursuance of the law allow the death penalty to be inflicted upon Whelan? That the latter's crime was a most atrocious crime, abhorrent to all honest men of all creeds, of all shades of political opinion, no one can deny.

The Daily News knows not what it is about; or in its eagerness to pander to the morbid Liberalism, and anti Papal bigotry of some of its readers, it overlooks the evil consequences which its doctrines with regard to the duties of governments towards political criminals, will inevitably generate amongst another class.

Better by far, even though it might be unpopular, would it be for the Daily News to tell its readers the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: to tell them that God's laws makes no allowance for political murders, and has created no exception in favor of the political criminal.

But our contemporary may be sure that what he lays down as the rule to be followed with regard to political murderers in the Papal States will be accepted by many who read him, as the rule to be followed in Ireland and in Canada; and thus if he will but consider, he will see that in his anxiety to condemn the Pope, he is virtually pleading the cause of the convict Whelan.

Most cheerfully do we accept the call of our contemporary, the Montreal Gazette, to do justice, by reproducing his emphatic disclaimer of the policy which we thought his language indicated—and which we attributed to him—to wit, the design of so working the Constitution under which we live, as to eliminate therefrom what it contains of the Federal principle: and so as to transfer all powers to the Central Government, even in matters relating to particular Provincial interests.

This policy, these designs our contemporary disclaims, and we believe that he does so honestly. But he will allow us to make these remarks—That whilst we give him credit for the intent to keep strictly within the limits of the Constitution, we look upon him as one who will always, when two views may honestly be taken of the true intent of that document, advocate the views of those who seek to minimize what we may call "State Rights," and to maximize the rights or powers of the Central Government.

The Gazette also vindicates his loyalty, which we thought somewhat tarnished by a letter of a decided Annexation complexion published by the Gazette without a word of censure. The Gazette disclaims all community of sentiment with his correspondent, and then proceeds to define the nature and extent of his own loyalty:—

to declare for King James, or for King George, preferred to wait before declaring and committing himself, till he saw which side the hangman would take; and such as it is, we suppose, all the loyalty that many in Canada are capable of.

The Toronto Globe publishes the clauses of the new School Bill for Upper Canada, which, under the dictation of the Rev. Mr. Ryerson, his tools, the members of the local legislature, propose imposing upon the minister-ridden people of that Province. The main feature of this edict is the proposed compulsory clause which it contains; and in virtue of which it is provided that any parent or guardian who does not send every child, from the age of seven to twelve years inclusive, under his care, to attend some school for six months in each year, shall, upon conviction before a Magistrate, be punished by fine, and imprisonment until the fine be paid—the penalty to be doubled upon every subsequent conviction.

Now as it so happens that, in many parts of Upper Canada, the Catholics are too few in number, and too poor to be able to maintain a school of their own, it follows that, if the proposed law be carried, Catholics will be forced, under ruinous pains and penalties, to send their children to the Protestant school of the district—in which as we know from Protestant testimony, no adequate provision for the moral training of the pupils, exists; and will thus be obliged to choose betwixt spoliation of this world's goods, and violation of their duties towards God.

And thus, too, we trust, will it be with the Catholics of Ontario, should the infamous edict now in contemplation be published by a tyrannical majority. Let it be understood clearly, from the first, that the Catholics of Upper Canada will never, at any cost, yield respect or obedience to any such a law; that if called upon to choose betwixt loss of world's goods, and exposing their children to the risk of losing their immortal souls, betwixt obedience to man's, or rather the devil's law, and obedience to God's law, they will obey God rather than man.

Fortunately many means will always present themselves for evading such a law as that which we have under discussion; and of which means Catholics will in good conscience be able to avail themselves. Though the law may ordain the attendance of the child at school, it cannot ordain how the child shall conduct himself when at school; and to a school teacher imposed, not by the parent, but by the State, the child would owe neither respect nor obedience—for it is only in virtue of a delegated parental authority, that children are bound to respect and obey their teachers.

Now thousands of means will always present themselves to the quick-witted child, taught by the parent that he is at liberty to treat with contempt, and to annoy by every means in his power, the State-imposed teacher, whereby he may make his presence in the school intolerable, and so incompatible with any of the objects for which schools are established, as to procure his expulsion. This would be fine fun for the boys compelled against the wish of the parents to attend such a school; and would, from what we know of boys, and remember of school-boy days, find plenty of skilful imitators and able supporters, even amongst those whose parents were consenting to the attendance of their children at the State-school.

And so, if it be impossible for them to prevent the enacting of the law, they should even now organize amongst themselves, and devise schemes for rendering the law inoperative, and for frustrating the design of its framers. Indeed we think that merely by carefully and constantly

impressing on the minds of their children the truth, that no semblance even of respect, no obedience is from them due to the teachers of schools to which by law, but not by their parents, they are sent, our Catholic friends can render the whole scheme of compulsory education nugatory, and indeed ridiculous.

As a case in point, and illustrative of our meaning, we may allude to the means by which a low-church Anglican congregation managed quite legally to put a stop to the periodic recitation by their high-church parson of the Athanasian Creed. The rubric enjoins that this Creed "shall be sung or said," but does not prescribe to what tune it shall be sung. Consequently, when the parson, on one of the occasions indicated by the Rubric, stood up to recite the obnoxious Creed, the congregation struck up with a will, and sang the whole of it from the "Who-soever will be saved" to the Amen, to the air of a rollicking hunting song, with a stentorian chorus. The rubric had not provided for this, and so the parson had to abandon the Athanasian Creed. We cite this as an instance how easy it is to evade or neutralize an obnoxious law; and in illustration of the truth of the Persian proverb, "that there are many ways of killing a cat besides choking it in fresh butter."

THE RYERSON FRAUDS.—We invite attention to an article from the Toronto Telegraph on the alleged pecuniary eccentricities of the Rev. Mr. Ryerson. If it be true, as the Telegraph asserts, that Mr. Ryerson has, as a government official, appropriated to his own use sums of money "to which he had no more right than he has to Mr. Sandfield Macdonald's homestead dairy farm in the township of Cornwall," it is evident that the Provincial Penitentiary, not the Education Office, is the proper sphere for the reverend delinquent's labors. The matter ought to be investigated: for it argues a very low moral standard indeed amongst the members of the Ontario government, and the people of the Province generally, if they allow such grave charges as those explicitly made by the Toronto Telegraph against the Chief of the Education Office, to pass unventilated. Of two things one, either the Telegraph is guilty of foul defamation of character, for which Mr. Ryerson will seek reparation before the Courts of Law: or the Reverend official himself is on better than a thief. From this dilemma there is no possible, no conceivable means of escape: and we shall therefore watch the clearing up of the alleged "Ryerson Frauds" with no small anxiety, as it would be a disgrace to L. Canada to be politically united to a Province in which such charges should be allowed to pass unnoticed. The Rev. Mr. Ryerson may be a much injured and very innocent man: but if so the Telegraph has been guilty of a most foul libel. In justice then to the Superintendent of Education for Ontario, in justice to the tax payers of that Province, in justice to the entire Dominion of Canada, the matter should be thoroughly ventilated, so that the whole truth may be made known.

"The Side-Walk Nuisance" is a text upon which many of our contemporaries hold forth, but all in vain. Until the side walks are cleaned by the Corporation, a special tax on property being levied for that purpose—they never will be cleaned at all. The law defective as it is, is never rigidly enforced: and the fronts of vacant lots are never cleared at all, but the snow is there allowed to accumulate from the beginning of winter, to the month of March. All that is obtained by the present silly regulations is, that here and there proprietors dig holes in front of their doors, which, when thaw comes, are converted into small lakes which have to be bridged over. It is in short the height of absurdity to suppose that the public thoroughfares can be kept in order by the isolated, unconnected, and ill regulated action of private individuals.

We learn from the Montreal Witness that our separated brethren have determined to found a Protestant Institution for the instruction of Deaf-Mutes amongst their people. We wish them every success: and we think we can promise them that their philanthropic labor will not be made by Catholics, the subject of hostile criticisms.

The Almoner of the Irish poor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of \$248.65 from the St. Patrick's congregation. \$86.87 from St. Ann's Congregation; and \$14 from the St. Bridget's Congregation; making in all the handsome sum of \$349.52, as their Christmas collection in aid of the suffering poor.

We understand that arrangements are already being made for the Annual Concert of the St. Patrick's Society, to come on or about the 27th inst. As the proceeds will be for the poor, we feel assured that it will be a success. Of course the Society will have the powerful assistance of the Ladies on this, as on former occasions.

Mr. David Walker, has kindly consented to act as our Agent, for the County of Victoria.

The love that the Republican party in the United States bear to Irishmen is well exemplified in the following article, quoted by the Irish American from the Chicago Post, of a late date, a leading Republican journal, and the stout advocate of the claims of the North to hold the South in subjection.

The Chicago Post meets the argument that to confer political equality on the negroes, will be to give them social equality, and will lead to the inter-marriage of whites with blacks, by the following ribald abuse of Irishmen and Catholics:—

Teddy O'Flaherty votes. He has not been in the country six months. But he has been through Dan O'Hara's court. He is naturalized. Terence O'Manus swore for him that he had been five years in the United States; that he was a gentleman of good moral character, and Dan O'Hara knew that he was a Democrat.

He has hair on his teeth. He never knew an hour in civilized society. He never stepped on anything more solid than a dirt floor all his life until he stood on the deck of an emigrant ship. He is a born savage—as brutal a ruffian as an untamed Indian of the North American tribes. Of course he can't read. He can't write. All books to him are sealed. He only believes in the priest; and the priest is 'little less a barbarian than he.' 'Be Jesus, I'm a Dimmerite!' is his shibboleth. Breaking heads for opinion's sake is his practice. The born criminal and pauper of the civilized world, and withal the innocent victim of the statecraft of England, and of the priestcraft of Rome—a wronged, abused, and pitiful spectacle of a man capable of better things, pushed straight to hell by that abomination against common sense called the Catholic religion, and that outrage upon political decency falsely known as American Democracy—what else does he know? To compare him with an intelligent freedman would be an insult to the latter.

Do American women run after Teddy O'Flaherty? Are they in haste to marry him? Oh, father of a beautiful daughter, are you afraid that she will break away from your love and kindness and make Teddy a companion? Yet how much less danger of her marrying a nigger! The black man, if he has been at all favoured by the chances that slavery afforded, is the superior of Teddy in the things which women value, but his color is against him, and so Cuffy and Paddy are equal—the first having the most civilization; the latter being the whitest.

Now, marriage is not a thing of the law, save and except as the law directs how it shall be celebrated. If a decent woman wants to marry Teddy O'Flaherty, the law takes no cognizance of her low desire. If she wants to marry a nigger, the law is equally dumb. When then, you can point out to us that the race of Americans is in danger of destruction by the admixture of the O'Flaherty blood, we shall be ready to believe that it is in danger of deterioration by the admixture of nigger blood. Putting colour aside, what is there to choose between Teddy and Cuffy?

The country has survived the Irish emigration, — the worst with which any other country was ever afflicted. The Irish fill our prisons, our poor-houses, our reform schools, our hospitals, our eleemosynary and reformatory institutions of all sorts. Search a convict or a pauper, and the chances are that you tickle the skin of an Irish Catholic at the same time, — an Irish Catholic made a criminal or a pauper by the priest and politician who have deceived him and kept him in ignorance in a word a savage as he was born. He has not thus far, deteriorated the American blood. Why then fear that with these obstacles of race and color in the way, the nigger will accomplish that in which the Irish have failed.

Bah! This appeal to the fear of the populace that we must have a mixed race, is only the gabble of racials who want to perpetrate injustice under cover of a popular prejudice. Mexico was not so ruined either. The priests, bishops, monks, nuns, operating upon the Catholic laity did the job for that unhappy republic. Just as Catholicism, which is despotism, goes out, Mexico rises.

The danger of miscegenation, white with black, is, then, as remote as that of Teddy O'Flaherty succeeding in making his way by marriage into the American families by whom he is abhorred. We have been acquainted with Teddy a long time. He has dug numberless canals, made many railroads, fought many a fight, voted the democratic ticket, been in many a jail and pauper house, and he has all the while been priest ridden. The fat, sleek, raggled hairs and scoundrel (consciously such) who have been about him have kept him in ignorance, robbed him of his peace, and given him, after many sprinklings of holy water what they call passports to heaven; but he is Teddy O'Flaherty yet; and it were disposition to marry, there's Bridget—Bridget only. Miscegenation is not for him.

The above extracts no doubt truly express the sentiments which the great majority of the Northern and Republican party in the United States entertain towards Irishmen and all Catholics. The New York Irish American thus happily replies to them:—

We believe, in the worst period of the frenzy of Know Nothingism, a fouler tirade of abuse than the foregoing ever found its way into print. The miserable bond who indicted, it, and the equally wretched idiot who gave it circulation forget how short a time it is since they were yelling with delight around Mulligan and his "Teddy O'Flaherties," who in the South West, stood between them and the victorious march of the Confederates, even as Mesager and Corcoran and Shields, with their Irish legions checked their advance at the North while Massachusetts could not find enough of her own sons with pluck or patriotism sufficient to recruit her ranks, and had to send out her agents to buy, steal or kidnap the Southern negroes, who, by special favor, at Washington, were allowed to be counted as her quota. Deteriorate the American blood, indeed! Does the fool-minded scribbler imagine that the world is as stupid and short of memory as he shows himself to be, or that people do not recollect the declaration of the Massachusetts Commission on the medical statistics of the census, which showed that the native population of New England had become so deteriorated from vice and money-grubbing, that, in two or three generations the race would vanish from the earth, if it had not been for the admixture of new, healthy blood brought into the country by the foreign-born emigrants? Or does this canting hypocrite forget that when the State of Rhode Island instituted a similar investigation, the revelations they made were of so horrifying a nature that they had to be suppressed, and the Commission abolished, lest the civilized world should get hold of them, and cry out against the cant and bungling which made New England a whitened sepulchre? The Republicans complain that the Irish are antagonistic to them, and will not even examine into their principles; but while their organs indulge in such language as we have quoted above, they can expect nothing but hostility from all who have either the blood or the feelings of manhood in them. The party that could tolerate such a rag as this Chicago Post as their mouthpiece, could give us neither friendship nor fair play if they had the power, as they evidently have the will, to crush us, out of sheer bigotry and fanatical hate.

OBITUARY
The mortal remains of the Rev. Walter Barret, Secretary to his Lordship the Bishop of Kingston, whose death was chronicled in the True Witness of the 18th ult., were interred on last Monday, the 14th ult., in the Catholic Church of Williamstown, with all the sad pomp and magnificence which the "Spouse of Christ" shows to those whose bodies have been the temple of the Holy Ghost.

The deceased Rev. gentleman was in his thirty-fourth year; and the very day of his death, counted but eighteen short months from the day upon which, for the first time, he had the unspeakable happiness of offering up the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass.

Of him well may it be said: "Consummatum in brevi explicit tempora multa," for never did young priest, in the first fervor of his Ordination, exert himself more, or more ardently long for the glory of his God and the salvation of his fellow-men.

For some years the lamented deceased had been engaged in temporal affairs, in which he was most successful, securing a respectable independence, and endearing himself to all with whom he came in contact. In early youth, the fondest, the holiest desire of his heart was to consecrate himself to the service of the altar; but circumstances not permitting it then, it was only a few years since, his pious heart was filled with unutterable joy at seeing a possibility of realising the holy aspirations of days gone by.

Introduced to the present venerable Bishop of Kingston, whom, to know is to love, he was received with the greatest kindness, and every thing done to second his generous and laudable desires. Having completed his philosophy in Regiopolis, His Lordship gave him the "Soutane" and made him reside with himself in his palace.

Though exceedingly delicate, often very ill, he made such excellent use of his time, that His Lordship, long before the usual theological term had expired, was pleased to confer upon him the sacred order of the Priesthood; and to show his high appreciation of his many sterling qualities, decided on ordaining him in his own parish church, St. Mary's, Williamstown.

No doubt on that, to him the happiest day of his life, he looked forward to a long career of usefulness; but God had disposed otherwise, and but one short year and a half have rolled by since that fair summer morning, when having cheerfully made the sacrifice of the world, its pleasures and its joys, he perfected it by the sacrifice of his young life, remitting, with most Christian and edifying resignation, his soul into the hands of Him who created it.

The solemn mass for the dead was offered for him the morning of his interment by his Lordship, assisted by the Rev. Vicar General Hay, as high priest, the Rev. Fathers Lynch and McDonald being deacon and subdeacon.

The church was draped in deepest mourning, the grand and side altars, communion table, pulpit and windows being covered: while from the ceiling and columns supporting the gallery, hung ample and most graceful festoons of white and black cloth.

Immediately before the gate of the Sanctuary was placed the body enclosed in a beautiful metallic case and surmounted by numbers of waxen tapers. Immediately before the *Liberia*, his Lordship addressed the congregation, speaking in eloquent and most feeling terms of the honored dead. At the conclusion of the service, the body was lowered into the grave at the Gospel side of the large Altar, when the face was exposed, many being desirous to look for the last time on him in death, whom they had loved so much in life. He is gone! Peace to his ashes; may he rest in peace! Never did a nobler heart warm the human breast; never was there a more charitable, more unselfish, or more honorable man; and certainly never was priest more beloved by all who knew him, or whose memory could be held in higher benediction.

In him the Church has lost a most devoted son; the Bishop a good and faithful priest; and the writer of this most imperfect tribute to his hallowed memory, a dear, a cherished friend, almost the last link that still binds him to a world of sorrow. Requiem aeternam dona ei Domine. Amen.

Williamstown, Dec. 20, 1868.

A REAL CHRISTIAN.—In our Protestant exchange we find the following notice of one lately deceased, who though walking amongst the humble ones of earth takes, we doubt not, a high place in the celestial ranks. The first extract is from the *Herald*, the other from the *Montreal Witness*:—

'SHE DID WHAT SHE COULD.'—The death of Mrs. Dennis Downey of St. Antoine street, is announced. Deceased was one of those charitable persons who were willing to divide, nay, do more than that, her all with the poor. Although only the wife of a fruit dealer, and that in a small way, her acts of kindness have found for her a place among the charitable ones of Montreal. Many is the orphan who, without her kindly shelter, would have been cast upon the cold charity of the city, and of such seldom was her house destitute. The newboys were specially favoured by her, and the Christmas dinner of St. Patrick's Asylum was always supplied with good things from her generous hand.
TRUST CHARITY.—An obituary appears in our columns to day of Mrs. Dennis Downey, whose good qualities should be generally known. Her means were scanty, but nevertheless she was always willing to divide with the poor. Her donation to the Orphans of St. Patrick's Asylum, in the shape of good cheer at Christmas, was equal to that of persons whose means far exceeded hers; and her donations were rarely without an orphan or two. Indeed her acts of kindness even to the 'Newboys' will not be forgotten by them. She on one occasion gave

a donation in the shape of apples to their festival, and she was always kind in bestowing more value to them for their "copper," than to those better circumstances. One of the boys trespassed so far as to steal a lobster from her when she occupied a store in McGill street, being caught by a passer-by and given in charge to Mrs. Downey, with a suggestion that she should give him to a policeman, she answered, "God knows the whose child he is, and I will not send him to goal, but I will give him the lobster and two apples if he promises not to steal again." She took the boy in a motherly manner, by the hand, after he had promised, and said, should you be tempted to steal again, come to me and I will give you rather than that you should steal.

115 Wickenden Street, Providence, R. I.
Dec. 22nd, 1868.

My Dear Sir,—Both your letters of 19th ult., also your telegram from Albany are to hand, saying that, as a deputation from the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society of Montreal, you called at my address at Albany, but could not find me; and adding, that your excellent and patriotic Society were most anxious to have me visit Montreal, and deliver an address for the Irish inhabitants of that city.

In answer I beg to offer your Society the expression of my deep-felt gratitude for their generous opinion of me, and request you to accept for yourself my special thanks for the handsome manner in which you conveyed to me the ardent desire of my devoted countrymen in the Canadian Dominion to see and hear me.

I fear that the public journals have colored to too highly my character, and so lauded my poor efforts to assist good men in the cause of our oppressed, loved native land that the patriots of Montreal will be disappointed by my presence amongst them. They are, however, I am apt to think, considerate enough to take the will for the deed.

"I give thee all, I can no more,
The poor the offering be,
My heart and tongue is all the store,
That I can bring to thee."

I have had several pressing invitations from other parts of the Dominion. To these I have forwarded my answer, conveying the expression of my wish and disposition to visit them as soon as possible. From many parts of this glorious Republic warm letters have reached this address, and I have been adjusting the probable time I could attend to them in such order as not to disappoint any, whilst I should take care not to exhaust myself by long intermediate journeys.

As you went to so much trouble to secure my presence for the evening of January the 14th at your Concert in the St. Patrick's Hall, I can not withhold my compliance with the wish of your excellent Society, and shall therefore—God permitting—be with you. I am to lecture here on Monday the 11th of January—subject: "Mixed Education, and the Coming Council of the Church at Rome." In order to be with you I am compelled to adjourn several appointments in New England—I could not refuse your urgent invitation. In fact, the call of your Society, being unanimous, is, in my mind tantamount to a command.

I leave to yourselves to make arrangements for my reception on arrival.
For your flattering opinions of my poor talents, I am thoroughly grateful; and again expressing my thanks, believe me to remain your devoted servant.

MARTIN A. O'BRENNAN.

We have received the Almanac for 1869 of the Royal Insurance Company. This is a very useful compilation, very handsomely printed in colors.

DIFFICULTY BETWEEN THE FIRE-MARSHALS AND THE CHIEF OF THE FIRE-BRIGADE.—Mismanagement and cross-purposes seem to cling to the unfortunate Fire-marshals. It appears even to be doubtful what shall be considered as being a fire, and what is not. The giving of an alarm, or the presence of the firemen, should be held to establish the fact. Be this as it may, the Fire-marshals declare that a fire broke out in the Seminary on the 8th of November, and they claim \$100 as the fee for investigation. But neither the Superior of the Seminary nor the Insurance Company nor yet did the Chief of the Fire Department, ever become aware of such a fire having occurred. It seems however, that a servant, after lighting the gas, threw down the match, which, falling amongst some rubbish, set it on fire. This fire, such as it was, the Fire-marshals investigated, and declared that it caused damage. Now the law requires that, before the Fire-marshals can claim their fee, they shall obtain a certificate from the Chief of the Fire brigade certifying that an investigation has been made. The Chief, having refused to sign a certificate in the present instance, on the ground that he had not been made aware that the investigation had taken place, the Fire-marshals sue him for damages incurred in the withholding of their fee of ten dollars. This case is apparently to be made a test one, to settle the question, whether the Chief, under the law as it now stands, is bound to sign the Fire-marshals' certificate. As to the fire in the Seminary, it seems to have been a most trifling affair;—but so would most fires prove, if fortunately they were stamped out like this one was. Many brilliant fires have occurred lately, and yet there is little or no doubt that they were originated by an incendiary. But there seems to be a "missing link" as between the Chief and the Fire-marshals, whereby the former should be provided by the latter with sufficient evidence that an investigation has been held. As it is, the Chief cannot speak of his own knowledge, and refuses to sign to a fact of which he may know nothing but by hearsay.—*Montreal Witness*.

A CHILD FROZEN TO DEATH.—A woman named Margaret McDonald, residing at the Tanneries, on Thursday morning brought in a child, 14 days old, to be christened. While coming along St. Joseph street, she observed that the child was rather cold. She went into the Orphan's Square Police Station, and on taking the clothes off the child it was found to be dead. An inquest was held by Mr. Coroner Jones, and a verdict of 'Died from the inclemency of the weather' returned.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Andrew Thompson plumber and gas fitter, residing at the corner of Vitre and St. George street, retired to bed Saturday morning about five o'clock, after spending the week in drinking and dancing. About seven o'clock he awoke and asked his wife for a cup of tea. She got the tea ready, but, hearing him breathe heavily, thought he was asleep. A few minutes afterwards, not hearing any noise, she approached the bed, and found her husband was dead. An inquest was held by Mr. Coroner Jones, and a verdict of 'nervous apoplexy' returned by the jury. Thompson was about forty years of age, and leaves a wife and four small children in extremely indigent circumstances.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Thursday morning while the snow trains were proceeding westward, the body of a man was found lying on the track, two miles this side of the Lachine Junction. They backed to the junction with the body, and at two o'clock on Thursday afternoon brought it to the Bonaventure station where an inquest was opened by Mr. Coroner Jones. The jury viewed the body and found that death ensued from injuries to the head. The body was not recognized, and how deceased came to his death is no known. The body was removed to the Roman Catholic dead house for identification. In the meantime the Coroner adjourned the inquest until this (Saturday) morning, in order to obtain further information as to how deceased came on the track. From his dress he appears to be a French Canadian; about thirty years of age; comfortably dressed; with his capuchin over his head and a fur victorino around his neck.

We have several times alluded to the case of Guilmette, the Arthabaska farmer, who is charged with firing his house and burning his wife and two children, so as to be free to marry a girl residing in the same parish, and it now appears that the evidence adduced at the coroner's inquest was of such a strong circumstantial character that the authorities have committed him for trial at the next Court of Queen's Bench. The counsel engaged on both sides have, in the meantime, agreed to suppress the preliminary evidence so as to create no prejudice in the minds of the jury.

THE WHELAN CASE.—Toronto, Dec. 24.—As previously announced, Whelan was brought before the Court of Queen's Bench to day, with an argument for an appeal to the Court of Error and Appeal was heard. In answer to Justice Richards, J. H. Cameron stated the cause of appeal, and said that the Attorney-General had given his consent as to the legal point raised to *modus operandi* of the appeal and argued at some length. Mr. Cameron also applied for a writ of Habeas Corpus to bring the prisoner up on the first day of the meeting of the Court of Error and Appeal. The writ was granted, and accordingly the Chief Justice gave a further respite until the 1st of February, that being the first day of the term and first after the sitting of the Court of Error and Appeal on which the Court of Queen's Bench can make a return. The points raised in the appeal are a *fiat* from the Attorney-General, and the validity of the recent judgment confirming the sentence, Mr. Cameron holding that it is contrary to practice and some recent decisions.

SANDFIELD'S ECONOMY WHITTLED TO A FINE POINT.—Considerable discussion was raised last night in the House says the *Globe* on the discovery of the fact that salaries of officers in the Educational Department were actually much larger than stated in the estimates, the difference being set down to contingencies and special accounts. Mr. Wood promised to amend his estimates at a future date. Objection was made to the vote of \$1,800 for printing the *Journal of Education*; and Mr. Wood made a very poor defence of that remarkable publication. Mr. McColl, of Norfolk, said that in his former capacity of Postmaster he had great difficulty in inducing School Trustees to take the *Journal* out of his office. Mr. Sandfield Macdonald came to the rescue by stating that the *Journal* would be printed at the Government office, and would be economically got up. This was a very poor excuse for an utterly unnecessary and even mischievous publication. If it is not needed it is no excuse to say that it is cheap. We hope that at a future stage some member will move to strike out the item. We fancy that no member would like to be called upon to defend the *Journal of Education* before his constituents.

We notice that Mr. Howland, pending the completion of the official mansion, has \$2,500 a year allowed him for rent. Sir Narcis Bellou, though he be a Knight, is living quietly, as St. Paul once said, in his own hired house, and is charging the public nothing for his lodgings. Our Lieutenant Governor is therefore, certainly not one of the Quebec officials to whom the censure of wasteful expenditure should be applied.—*Montreal Herald*.

At the Recorder's Court in London on Wednesday, John Cooper, a soldier of the 69th regiment was arraigned for forcible entry into a house and a trivial theft. He pleaded not guilty, and the jury, after being out five hours, returned into court, 'not agreed'—ten being for acquittal. They were about being discharged, when Cooper, who is a reckless character, pleaded 'guilty' for the purpose of staying in gaol all winter. Another plea for ball and chain or a tread mill.

Thomas Oddy, formerly of Whitby, was shot by a detective, in a low saloon in Chicago last week. The detective, it appears, had a warrant for his arrest, but Oddy refused to go with him. Some of Oddy's companions interfered to rescue him, and thus the fatal shooting.

Births.

In this City on Sunday, the 27th December, the wife of Mr. John Hoolahan, of a son.

In this city on the 21th ult., the wife of Francis Green, of a daughter.

Died.

In this city, on the 23 instant, Annie beloved daughter of Mr. Bernard Tausay, aged 2 years and 3 months.

In this city, on the 26th ult., Catherine Hardigan, the beloved wife of Denis Downey, aged 59 years—may her soul rest in peace.

At Alexandria, Glengarry, on Tuesday, the 8th December Angus Oshibolin, aged 36 years; he has left a wife and a son 3 years of age to mourn his loss. He was Brother-in-law to the Rev. Dr. Oshibolin, Perth, Ont.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, Dec. 28, 1868.
Flour—Pollards, \$0.00 to \$0.00; Middlings \$4.00 \$4.10; Fine, \$4.30 to \$4.40; Super. No. 2 \$4.55 to \$4.65; Superfine \$4.95 \$5.00; Pastry \$5.10 to \$5.15; Extra, \$5.30 to \$5.50; Superior Extra \$0 to \$0.00; Bag Flour, \$2.45 to \$2.50 per 100 lbs.
Graham per brl. of 200 lbs.—\$6.20 to 0.00.
Wheat per bush. of 60 lbs.—U. C. Spring, \$1.14 to \$1.16.
Barley per 48 lbs.—Prices nominal,—worth about \$1.20 to \$1.30.
Asbes per 100 lbs.—First Pots \$5.40 to \$5.50 Seconds, \$4.70 to \$4.80; Thirds, \$4.20 to 0.00.—First Pearls, \$6.00.
Pork per brl. of 200 lbs.—Mess, 23.25 to 23.50;—Prime Mess \$0.00; Prime, \$13.00 to 13.25.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

Dec. 28, 1868.
Flour, country, per quintal, 14 6 to 15 0
Indian Meal, do 10 0 to 10 0
Peas, do 6 3 to 6 0
Oats, do 3 0 to 3 0
Butter, fresh, per lb 1 3 to 1 4
Lard, do 1 00 to 1 2
Potatoes per bag 2 3 to 2 6
Onions, per mino 6 6 to 7 6
Lard, per lb 0 8 to 0 11
Beef, per lb 0 4 to 0 8
Pork, do 0 7 to 0 8
Mutton do 0 5 to 0 6
Lamb, per quarter 2 6 to 3 0
Eggs, fresh, per dozen 1 3 to 1 3
Hay, per 100 bundles, \$10.00 to \$13
Straw \$2.00 to \$3



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the above Corporation will take place on MONDAY EVENING next, 4th instant, at Eight o'clock precisely.

By Order,
P. J. COYLE, Rec.-Sec.

BAZAAR.

THE Ladies of St. Mary's Church, Williamstown, respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they intend holding a Bazaar of useful and fancy articles, on MONDAY, 4th January, 1869, and the four following days of the week; the proceeds to liquidate the debt upon the Church. Contributions will be thankfully received by the following ladies, and also by the Rev. the Parish Priest:—Mrs. John McGillis, Williamstown; Mrs. Gadois, do; Mrs. A. Fraser, Fraserfield; Mrs. D. McDonald, Martinstown; Mrs. James McPherson, Lanaster; Mrs. A. Leclair, do; Mrs. Wm McPherson, do; Mrs. Duncan McDonald, Williamstown.
Williamstown, Oct. 28 1868. 3.12

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

Province of Quebec } In the Superior Court,
District of Montreal. }
In the matter of JOSEPH N. DUHAMEL,
An Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the seventeenth day of March next, at ten of the clock, in the forenoon or as soon as Counsel can be heard, the undersigned will apply to the said Court, for a discharge under the said act and its amendments.

JOSEPH N. DUHAMEL.

By M. GARAUULT,
Atty at Law.

Montreal, Dec. 28, 1868.

WANTED.

FOR the Municipality of St. Sylvester, a School Mistress, with a diploma for elementary school in the English language.

Apply to
M. LESJARD,
Secret.-Tres.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF Thomas Moylin, who left Summer Hill, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, on the 20th Sept. 1867, and sailed from Liverpool, on Board the Moravian Steamship for Canada. Any information of him will be thankfully received by William or Thomas Moylin, G. W. R. R., London, Ont.

WANTED TO BUY,

A COPY OF KEATING'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, 10th edition.

SIR WILLIAM PETTY'S DOWN SURVEY, Edited by Sir Thomas Larcom.
Apply at this Office.
Montreal, Dec. 9th, 1868.

WANTED

For the Roman Catholic Separate School at Prescott, Ont., a first class Male Teacher, one holding a Normal School certificate preferred; application by letter prepaid will be received by the undersigned up to January 1st prox.

FRANCOIS FORD,
Secretary.

Prescott, Ont. Dec. 1st 1868.

TEACHERS WANTED.

Wanted for R. C. separate School, Lindsay, to do his duties in January next, a male teacher having a first class certificate also a first class assistant female teacher. Application (with testimonials) prepaid, stating salary, will be received up to 15th December next.

A. CADOTTE,
Secretary School Board.

P. S. A male teacher capable of teaching classics and an assistant qualified to take charge of a choir preferred.
Lindsay 20th Nov. 1868. A. C. 4 16

TEACHER WANTED.

WANTED for the R. C. Separate School of Brockville, a Male Teacher, holding a first class certificate, to enter on duty on first of January next. Apply, with references, and stating salary to the undersigned.

JOHN O'BRIEN, Priest.

Brockville, 15th Dec. 1868.

TEACHERS WANTED.

TWO Teachers Wanted in the Parish of St. Sophia, county Terrebonne, capable of teaching the French and English languages. Liberal salary will be given. Please address, Patrick Carey, Secretary, Treasurer, School Commissioners St. Sophia Terrebonne Co. P.Q.

SITUATION WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN, a First class Teacher, who has taught in one of the Maritime Provinces for the past six years, is now open to an engagement. Can be communicated with any time prior to 1st. November. Would prefer a Catholic Separate school, and can be well recommended. A liberal salary required. Address: P. B. Teacher, office of this paper Sept. 17.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS,
KINGSTON, Ont.
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 beautiful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include 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 first Thursday of July.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

December 2.—There is a very strong feeling among many persons interested in political matters that war between Prussia and France must come, and that soon. The Prussian papers are exceedingly insulting; and insult to the natural vanity is what a Frenchman can't stand beyond a certain time and amount. Many of the French journals are also sufficiently martial in their temper just at present.

The French Opposition Press accuses the Government of having endeavored to provoke a conflict on the 3rd of December, and asserts that there was no cause for the extensive military preparations made on that occasion.

The Government papers persist in affirming that an *emute* was contemplated on pretext of doing honor to Baudin; the Opposition Press, on the other hand, as strongly deny that there was any such intention. Both, probably, are insincere. A 'demonstration' in the cemetery had been talked of several days before the 3rd, indeed, ever since that of the 2nd of November. The promoters had, perhaps, no intention of committing overt acts of violence, but there was hardly a necessity for so imposing a display on the part of the authorities; and this was, in fact, the only 'demonstration' of the day, for which there would have been no occasion had the Government originally taken no notice of the speeches of the 2nd of November, or abstained from prosecuting the papers that published the subscription lists. Both would by this have been forgotten.

The 'Missions Etrangères' in Paris have recently received the martyred remains of nine missionaries, who left the college in 1864, and were martyred in 1866 in Tonquin. The students went forth to meet the relics; and an instantaneous cure was wrought upon a student on the occasion. The number of students in this college in 1850 was 30, this year the number has reached 127.

M. Gruneisen communicates to a contemporary a reminiscence of the trial of the Emperor of the French, Prince Louis Napoleon, for the Boulogne invasion in 1840, when he was defended by M. Berryer. To avoid a scene in the Court of Peers, it was determined that the Prince should deliver a short address, and then decline to answer questions. It is a passage in this speech which has given rise to endless commentaries on the Corsican character of the Prince as entertaining *La Vendetta* against the English for the battle of Waterloo. When it is stated that Prince Louis never wrote the passage referred to, but that it owes its origin to a mere jocular observation of an Englishman, what a mass of indignant commentaries fall to the ground. The facts are simply these. The Prince wrote down a sketch of what he wished to say to the Court of Peers, giving it to his counsel to alter and amend as he thought proper. M. Berryer, who was in daily communication with an English friend of the Prince resident in Paris, being struck with the rather inflated style of the proposed address, quite natural under the serious occasion of the prisoner, read over the draft to the Englishman, with the other observation—'You, English, who have so much common sense, can suggest what is ultra and exaggerated.' Suggestions were mutually made on the reading until M. Berryer came to a passage—'I represent before you a principle and a cause, the first the sovereignty of a people, the second that of the empire.' On hearing the sentence the Englishman smiled. 'What are you laughing at?' said M. Berryer. 'Well,' was the reply, 'I think there is one other thing the Prince represents.' 'What is that?' rejoined the advocate. 'A defeat,' was the answer. 'What do you mean?' 'Waterloo,' quietly remarked the Englishman. 'C'est le mot, c'est le mot,' called out M. Berryer, and pen in hand, he altered the passage as it was delivered to the Court, and it stood thus—'I represent before you a principle, a cause, and a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people, the cause is that of the empire, the defeat is that of Waterloo. The principle you have recognized, the cause you have served, the defeat you would revenge.'

Writing on the 4th inst., the Paris correspondent of the *Army and Navy Gazette* says:—Marshall Niel, who still remains in office, is a most practical man. It was not long ago that, with a single stroke of his pen, he deprived all the cavalry regiments of their hands, and now more practical reforms are spoken of. If the French horse have now to march without music, it looks as if the French Foot will soon have to march without that poetical addition to a regiment the vivandiere. In the history of the military women of France it is related that Teresa Figuer, Widow Sutter, called *ans gene*, in the year 1793, served in the 15th Dragoons, and then in the 9th, in what latter corps she went through the campaigns of the Republic and the Empire. The Committee of Public Safety, in consequence of the number of ladies who desired to turn their knitting needles into bayonets, decreed that no woman should be kept upon the strength of the Army, but an exception was made in favour of Olympe Figuer, who had the honour, whilst engaged at the siege of Toulon, of being put under arrest of General Bonaparte for being late for duty. Theresa fought against us in Spain, where she fell amongst guerillas, and remained in the hands of the Cure Merino till the end of the war. She only died six years ago at the age of eighty-five. The story of the Widow Brulor, who died at eighty eight is much the same. Marie Sobellinck also served with distinction, and was named lieutenant on the field of battle by Napoleon for gallant conduct at Jena. This lady expired at the age of eighty-two. Numerous women have left behind them souvenirs of their courage and devotion—Claudine Loug, Maré Adriane Quatre Sons, who at the age of sixteen, had served several campaigns. Polit Jean, who, when the mother of seventeen children, enrolled herself as a gunner; Sister Martha, who left her convent to attend the wounded, and received the title of 'Mère des Armées'; Double Breton, who killed a Russian captain at Eylau, captured six Prussians, and led them to the Emperor at Friedland; had her leg carried off by a cannon ball at Waterloo, fell into the hands of the Colonel of the Royal Irish, and became the admiration of the British Army. The list of gallant women is a long one, and to weed them entirely out of the Army would be a most unpopular act. M. Bachelier, in his military sketches, given us this portrait: 'The vivandiere is a distinct type, and has her own immortal page in the history of our wars. She has accompanied our armies in all their battle fields, from Jemappes to the Pyramids, from the icy barriers of the Spilgen to the laughing plains of Italy and Spain, from Madrid to Moscow. Turn about the vivandiere is surgeon, sister of charity, soldier, but always a woman, a mother, and the companion of a soldier. She has slept on the marble flags of the palace of the Moors at Seville, and on the flowery banks of the Guadiana; she has heard the gongolier sing on the banks of the Tagus and the Arco, and she had crossed the frozen Bresiana. The vivandiere at the head of our victorious

armies, has entered Rome, Naples, Berlin, Warsaw, Vienna, and Moscow. After this brilliant sketch, it is hard to think that for a matter of economy the vivandiere of the day is destined to perish. As for the vivandiere of the First Empire, the name of Theresa Jourdan should be mentioned. She entered the service in 1783, was present at battles in Egypt, at Ansterlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, was in Spain and Portugal, and present at Essling and Wagram, and marched to Moscow and back. She was afterwards present at Lutzen, Bautzen, Leipzig, and Waterloo; went to Spain in 1823, to Africa in 1830, returned in 1856 to France, and went again to Algeria in 1860. She died in garrison at Issoudun at the age of ninety-two. Then there was Catherine Rohmer, who saw pretty much the same service as Madame Jourdan; in 1823 she lost her husband in Spain, and as vivandieres can only keep their post on condition of marrying again after an interval laid down in the military regulations, she married a sergeant-major and went with him to Africa, accompanied by eight sons, who were all soldiers. The vivandiere appears to be a Republican institution, and people will hold to it all the more for that.

SPAIN.

It is at last definitively settled and decreed that the elections are to be held on the 15th of January, and the Constituent Cortes are to meet on the 11th of February.

The disinclination of Portugal to a union with Spain was evinced by an enthusiastic popular celebration of the anniversary of the exclusion of the Spaniards from that country.

The *Impartial* says that Spain ought not to shrink from any sacrifice to put down the Cuban insurrection, the triumph of which would be the worst stain that would be cast upon a revolution which is at present the pride of Spain.

The *Morning Post* maintains that the revolution in Spain was the work of the army and not of the people, and that it had more to do with persons than with principles. The Queen and the clergy were unpopular, not the monarchy and the Church. At present the main current of the better kind of Spanish thought and opinion tends towards the revival of the monarchy, and could there but be found and presented a personage on whom their aspirations could be centred, the monarchical party would be safe to hold its own against all others. In the absence, however, of such a personage, they see necessarily at a great disadvantage; and the disadvantage must increase every day. With the various forces pulling in as many various directions, and the probability that the elections will be delayed till they are ripe for explosion—the prospect of the Constituent Cortes being able to agree upon a settlement of the government which is likely to be permanent appears to be becoming less and less. One thing may be predicted with pretty considerable confidence—that if, as seems to be not improbable, the Republicans do obtain a temporary advantage and get the government moulded upon their plan, it will certainly not last long, and that its inevitable overthrow will once more plunge the country into the chaos of a second revolution, which would be of a very different nature from that which has been effected, and one from which recovery would be infinitely more difficult.

Let me give you some instances of the disorder and impiety which is deluging the country.

There is the inhuman ousting of nuns from their convents, of which I will state but one case, as a sample of many others. On Wednesday last, when the religious (Franciscans) of the Escorial, a few miles distant from Madrid, were going to their refectory to dinner, the order was announced to them to quit the convent within three hours. The community consisted of thirty-six members, one of them suffering from mental derangement, and within those three hours they were all mercilessly turned into the streets, not, however, without the additional outrage of having their boxes and bundles searched by the Government officials. Can we sufficiently execrate and condemn such a heartless and cruel proceeding? Thirty-six ladies (let us waive their religious profession), separated from their families, without relatives on the spot, one of them insane, thrust from their dear abode, and on a rainy day, without permission to carry with them the needful necessities for the remainder of that same day. The barbarity of the deed requires no commentaries. Even criminals and irrational animals would have been less harshly treated. This, I repeat, is but a sample of what is taking place in innumerable localities. In some towns, however, as in Zamora, and in Jativa and Outeviente, in the province of Valencia, the inhabitants all rose in a mass to resist such scandalous scenes, and successfully prevented any interference with the religious, and drew up numerous signed petitions to Government, praying that the nuns should be left perfectly undisturbed.

Another sign of the times is the scandalous exhibition in the public shop windows of the most obscene photographs, and the scurrilous, indecent, and blasphemous verses, which are distributed almost gratis among the lowest and the working classes. The number of daily political papers for the most part irreligious, published in Madrid, was thirty three a few days ago. Since then another has appeared entitled *the Goddess of Reason*.—*Cor.* of Tablet.

ITALY.

Piedmont.—On the same 24th of November, when Monti and Tognetti were suffering the penalty of their crime, Battista Montanari and Carlo Rigbetti were being shot by the soldiers at Bologna, not for mingling a barrack or depriving any one of life, but simply for defending a countryman who resisted the payment of a tax. 'We are far,' says the *Unita Cattolica*, 'from charging this act with fierce barbarity, or from saying that it will prove the bier of Italy'; but to these *Italianismi* who shall declaim about Monti and Tognetti we will only reply by naming Montanari and Rigbetti!

Out of the 4,249 inscribed electors of Venice only 1,604 voted; and yet the proportion of voters to those entitled to the suffrage was considerably larger in Venice than in the other great cities of Italy.

There has been a serious riot at Bologna, preceded by several of less importance, arising from the same cause, opposition to the payment of unpopular taxes, as are all those which effect the price of the necessities of life. The taxation on the slaughter of beasts for the market has been the origin of the late collision between the military and the malicious Bolognese which terminated in the loss of two lives, and in the wounding of ten other persons.

Rome.—An English officer—one who has seen much active service in India and the Crimea—lately arrived from Rome, assures us that the Eternal City is now so well fortified, all the approaches to it are so perfectly commanded, and the artillery by which it is defended is in such good order, that it would stand a siege of from six to ten days, even if attacked by the best troops of the Italian Kingdom. This would, in the event of another expedition like that of last year, give ample time for help to arrive from France, supposing that the French army, now at Civita Vecchia, should be withdrawn. The same gentleman describes the whole of the Pontifical army in excellent spirits, well armed, well disciplined, and most anxious to meet once more the Garibaldi. The corps of Zouaves, in particular, he says, are in material and *esprit de corps* superior to anything seen in Europe since the days of the Crusades.—*London Weekly Register.*

After a long interval, an execution has taken place in Rome. Two Italians, Monti and Tognetti, who had deliberately planned the murder of a multitude of innocent men, and by whose act twenty-seven persons were hurried to instant death have expiated their guilt on the scaffold. In such a case indulgence would have been a crime. It would have been equivalent to the profligate announcement that the protection which all other Governments extend to their servants must not be expected from the

Holy See, that in Rome justice had definitively abdicated; and that the assassination of her offending citizens might indeed be a matter for regret, but could never suggest the obligation of protecting those who survived. A Government capable of such imbecility would have deserved the reproach, not only of its own betrayed and indignant subjects, but of the least civilized of human communities. It is not in England that such suicidal feebleness would have found an apologist. When rash and misguided men shattered the walls of the Clerkenwell Prison, not with the purpose of destroying life, but only of releasing a prisoner, we remember how swiftly the tide of popular fury enveloped the criminals, and with what eager unanimity their blood was demanded. The debt which justice claimed was paid. Yet the crime of Monti and Tognetti, far more terrible in its results, and unmitigated even by the delusive plea which the Popian offenders could urge, is palliated by the very voices which cried for vengeance on the latter.—'These men,' says the *Daily Telegraph*, on the 27th of November, 'whatever their guilt may have been, have been put to death for a not designed to aid Italy in her acquisition of Rome; and whoever else may condemn them, Italians must acquit them of guilt.' The principle affirmed, without restriction, in these curious words, is this—that the most revolting crimes may be lawfully condoned by those who hope to profit by them. How long society could hold together if such maxims were generally adopted the *Daily Telegraph* omits to tell us.—*Tablet.*

Kingdom of Naples.—Naples, Nov. 30.—It is difficult to give you an idea of the angry excitement which the recent executions in Rome have created here. On this question the whole Press is united, though certain organs of it indulge in an intensity of wrath which is new even to Naples. 'Papal Rome,' says the *Livorno*, 'has executed justice; but it has executed justice on Papal Rome; it has killed the temporal sovereignty.' 'This ferocious and cowardly insult,' says the *Pungolo*, 'must be avenged. That blood, we all of us feel, has issued from our veins, and it must be that it has not been shed in vain.' I shall not give you any other extracts to show the indignation which has been created and these are mild in comparison with what has been said elsewhere; but this is not all. Subscription lists are opened by almost every journal to accept contributions towards the erection of a monument to the Italian martyrs Monti and Tognetti, and to transmit to posterity the execrable acts of the priests of Rome.

Among the subscribers I find the names of all classes and of every shade among the Liberals. Of many men of literary reputation may be mentioned the name of Peter Settembrini, one of the most distinguished writers of Southern Italy, who was himself condemned to death after the events of 1848, and was spared by Ferdinand II. Baron Noili, who was Syndic of Naples two years ago, is another; not, however, to multiply names, the hatred and indignation entertained towards the Papal Government, which were already sufficiently strong, are increasing in intensity from hour to hour. Among the subscribers are two American citizens, who say, 'we send our contribution towards the erection of a monument to the two unfortunate men who were assassinated by that man who causes himself to be called the representative of God. All America will rejoice in the fall of the High Priest of Rome.' 'It was desirable that the Pope himself should undeceive the deluded,' says a Moderate journal, 'and the Pope has not failed to do it. The decapitation of Monti and Tognetti opens an abyss between him and Italy. All reconciliation has become impossible. The only danger now is that some in emperance on our part may compromise the results of the errors of Rome.' And it is a great danger, but men of thought and foresight will it is to be hoped, be found in numbers sufficient to prevent the fatal mistakes of Aspromonte and the outbreak of last year, though it is almost too much to hope from a people excited to frenzy. 'The Neapolitan Committee for honoring the memory of Monti and Tognetti' is composed of General Avezzano, Count Riccardi, Professor Settembrini, with others, and the President is Baron Noili.

The returns of untried prisoners, now in the State prisons of Naples, exceed 2,000, and every day is making additions to the number. The ruin of a State cannot be far off, when it is obliged to have recourse to such wholesale tyranny as this. The greater part of these victims are royalists and Catholics, and the rest Mazzinians: I am speaking, of course, of political prisoners. As to the ordinary crimes, they have increased beyond calculation, and the Sicilies are absolutely ravaged by bands of brigands. The Bague of Nisida, especially, where royalist gentlemen and priests, guardsmen of Francis II., &c., may be any day seen chained to the scum of the criminal population of the two Sicilies, has been inspected, and found to be even worse than the Catholic Press and Lord Henry Lennox's speeches in the House of Commons declared it to be in 1863.—*Tablet.*

RUSSIA.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* notices, without comment, but probably without approval, the latest invention of Russian orthodoxy. The Catholic Poles, it observes, are now conveyed by force to church by a detachment of soldiers and police, to hear the service recited in the Russian language. Alexander has at length surpassed Napoleon, and it was not an easy task. There was a time when this new crime of the imperial felon, who is not satisfied to oppress the bodies of his victims, unless he can torture their souls also, would have provoked the chastisement of Christian nations. In the ages of faith, they would have proclaimed a crusade against the wrongdoer. But we are more temperate now. Crusades are a thing of the past; and not likely to be revived, except it be to abet some gigantic scheme of oppression and injustice. The Pope might wray Christian armies against the Turk, but would summon them in vain against the Czar. He can do his will without hindrance, because men are now too busy in redressing imaginary wrongs to waste their sympathy on real ones.

We are as yet without any authentic intelligence as to whether the St Petersburg Conference for the prohibition of explosive cartridges has had any result. In the meantime, it is interesting to observe the prudent circumspection with which the cause of brute force is protected by the Russian Government. By humane philosophers, as well as by adepts in mechanical arts, it has been often foretold that the inventions for killing *r&f* mankind will eventually become too much for flesh and blood to endure.—Without pretending to solve this sanguinary problem I think I may say that the explosive cartridges, such as have lately been experimented upon in the Prussian shooting grounds, are a step towards making the battle field too hot even for the most courageous. I cannot but think that if five times the present number of dead and wounded appeared in the dreadful list issued the day after the glorious excitement of content, war, especially among civilized races, would become a greater rarity than it is.

The St. Louis *Guardian* contains the following item on the progress of the Church in that city:—'The number of conversions to the Church in the best circles of society is attracting much attention. Scarcely a week passes but we hear of some such acquisition, arising, to a great extent, from the friendly intercourse existing between Catholic and Protestant society in our city. Amongst gentlemen of the learned professions these conversions are numerous and necessarily conspicuous. In looking around we see converts on every side. In the medical profession, we do not mention Dr. Luton, for many years a convert. We see Dr. Gregory, Dr. Shore, Dr. Youngblood, Dr. Pollack; at the bar two of our most distinguished judges—Judge Moody (recently received into the Church), and Judge Lord, of the Law Court, who was recently buried. Other lawyers, as Judge Cato, Asa S. Jones, and George Marshall, were re-

ceived into the Church within the last few years. These names occur to our memory just now; we were to inquire, many others, no doubt, might be added.'

Judicial Corruption at New Orleans.—A private letter from New Orleans says that affairs in official circles there are about as bad as they well can be, and as an instance of the situation it is stated that Mrs. General Gaines, who gained her great suit in the Supreme Court last winter, is preparing to have Judge Durell, of the District Court of New Orleans, impeached on the ground that he demanded money before he would do his duty in her case. The knowledge of this fact is said to cause a good deal of talk down there.

A VITAL QUESTION!

Involving the bodily health of tens of thousands, is submitted to all who suffer from dyspepsia, costiveness, bilious complaints, general debility, or any other disease originating in the stomach, the liver, or the bowels. Will you accept certain, swift, and permanent relief through the medium of Bristol's Sugar-Coated Pills? a vegetable cathartic, which controls disease without depreciating the physical strength, is absolutely painless in its operation, and actually removes that necessity for continual purgation, which all the violent and depleting purgatives create. If you desire to enjoy the blessings of a good appetite, a vigorous digestion, a sound liver, regular excretions, and the mental calm which results from this conjunction of healthful conditions, Bristol's Sugar-Coated Pills will realize your wish. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood or humors, Bristol's Sarsaparilla should be used in connection with the Pills.

418

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

A GREAT TRUMP.

Read the following letter from one of our most respectable citizens:

Gentlemen,—Having suffered severely for four years from palpitation of the heart, and frequent attacks of fever and ague, with loss of appetite and great pain after eating, attended with weakness and gradual wasting away of body, I was induced to try Bristol's Sarsaparilla, and found from the first bottle considerable relief, and before I had finished the sixth, found my malady completely removed, my appetite good and my body vigorous and strong. I feel it my duty gratefully to acknowledge my cure, and to remark I had previously been under the first physicians in Toronto, Chicago, Cleveland, and Toledo, without receiving any permanent or even satisfactory relief.

Yours gratefully,
ALFRED TUCK,
Soap and Candle Maker,
Craig Street, Montreal.

May 10, 1863.

No. 453.

Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co, K. Campbell & Co, J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

The greatest caution should be exercised in the use of preparations intended to promote the growth of the hair. A few applications of an improper substance to the delicate vessels from which the hair derives its nutriment, will cause irreparable injury, and entail premature baldness, upon the unhappy victim of charlatanism, whose nostrums crowd the market. No such bad effect need be feared from the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, manufactured in Nisabun, N. H. This article is concocted upon scientific principles and with an intimate knowledge of chemistry and philosophy as applied to the growth, preservation and restoration of the human hair. When the hair has become gray, it will restore it to its natural color, and produce a fresh, vigorous and healthy growth, improved in texture, health and beauty. If people are wise, Hall's Sicilian Hair Renewer will take the place of the multitude of inferior compositions now hawked about.—*Boston Commercial.*

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—Besides its superiority as a perfume over its costlier foreign competitors, this delicious floral essence forms a delightful tooth-wash, and a soothing application after shaving, when mixed with water. A handkerchief wetted with it and applied to the brow will relieve the severest nervous headache, and ladies, who value a clear complexion and a velvet skin, will find it extremely useful in removing blotches, pimples, cold sores, chaps, sunburns and all those external eruptions and discolourations which militate against the purity, transparency, and flexibility of the skin.

Beware of Counterfeits; always ask for the legitimate MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER prepared only by Lanman & Kemp, New York. All others are worthless. Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co, K. Campbell & Co, J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicine.

WHAT CAN AIL THAT CHILD?

How many thousands of parents ask themselves this question, as they see their children becoming more emaciated and miserable every day, while neither their physician nor themselves can assign any cause. In ten of every twelve such cases, a correct reply to the question would be *Worms*; but they are seldom thought of, and the little sufferer is allowed to go on without relief until it is too late. Parents, you can save your children. *Devins' Vegetable Worm Fastides* are a safe and certain cure; they not only destroy the worms, but they neutralize the vitiated mucus in which the vermin breed. Do not delay! Try them! Prepared only by Devins & Bolton, Chemists, next the Court House, Montreal.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

CANADA, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT
Province of Quebec, }
District of Montreal. }
In the matter of LOUIS RAYMOND PLESSIS dit BELAIR, of the City and District of Montreal, Trader,
Insolvent.

ANDREW B STEWART, Official Assignee. NOTICE is hereby given that said Insolvent by the undersigned, his Attorneys ad litem, will on the Twenty-Sixth Day of the Month of December, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-Eight, at half-past Ten of the Clock in the forenoon, make application to the said Court, sitting at Montreal in the said District, for the confirmation of the deed of composition and discharge to him granted by his creditors, and now filed at the office of the said Court. LOUIS RAYMOND PLESSIS dit BELAIR. By his Attorneys, LEBLANC & CASSIDY, Advocates. Montreal, 19th October, 1868. 2m—11

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.
Rev. Sylvanus Cobb thus writes in the *Boston Christian Freeman*:—We would by no means recommend any kind of medicine which we do not know to be good,—particularly for infants. But of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup we can speak from knowledge; in our own family it has proved a blessing indeed, by giving an infant troubled with colic pains quiet sleep and its parents unbroken rest at night. Most parents can appreciate the blessings. Here is an article which works to perfection, and which is harmless; for the sleep which it affords the infant is perfectly natural, and the little cherub awakes as 'bright as a button.' And during the process of teething its value is incalculable. We have frequently heard mothers say they would not be without it from the birth of the child till it had finished with the teething stage, on any consideration whatever. Sold by all Druggists. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and call for 'MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,' Having the fac-simile of 'CURTIS & PERKINS' on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations. December, 1868. 2m.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,
'I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, expecting to think yet better of that which I began thinking well of.'
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.
'For Throat Troubles there are a specific.'
N. P. WILLIS.
'Contain no opium or anything injurious.'
Dr. A. A. Hazas, Chemist, Boston.
'An elegant combination for Coughs.'
Dr. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston.
'I recommend their use to Public Speakers.'
REV. E. H. CHAPIN.
'Most salutary relief in Bronchitis.'
REV. S. SARGENT, Morristown, Ohio.
'Very beneficial when suffering from Colds.'
REV. S. J. P. ANDERSON, St. Louis.
'Almost instant relief in the distressing labor of breathing peculiar to Asthma.'
REV. A. C. EGGLESTON, New York.
'They have suited my case exactly—relieving my throat so that I could sing with ease.'
T. DUCHESNE,
Chorister French Parish Church, Montreal.
As there are imitations, be sure to obtain the genuine.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.
In the matter of JOSEPH OCTAVE MERCIER, of Montreal, Insolvent.
NOTICE is hereby given that the Insolvent has filed in my Office a deed of composition and discharge, executed by the proportion of his creditors as required by law, and that if no opposition is made to said deed of composition and discharge within six judicial days after the last publication of this notice, said six days expiring on Monday the fourth day of January next, the undersigned Assignee will act upon said deed of composition and discharge according to the terms thereof.
T. SAUVAGEAU,
Official Assignee.
Montreal, 9 Dec. 1868. 2 19

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT.
District of Montreal. }
In the matter of LOUIS G. ST. JEAN, Trader, of the City of Montreal, Insolvent.
Notice is hereby given that, on Monday, the twenty second day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon as Counsel can be heard the undersigned will apply to the said Court for discharge under the said act.
LOUIS G. ST. JEAN,
By RIVARD & TAILLON,
His Attorneys ad litem.
Montreal, Nov 22, 1868. 2m16

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.
Dist. of Montreal. } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.
In the matter of LOUIS GAUTHIER and HENRI GAUTHIER of the city of Montreal, Merchants, as well personally and individually, as heretofore copartners with the late Jean Bte. Brousseau, under the name and firm of GAUTHIER BROTHERS & Co., Insolvents.
ON the twenty sixth day of December next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.
LOUIS GAUTHIER & HENRI GAUTHIER.
By their Attorneys ad litem BONDY & FAUTEUX.
Montreal 23rd of October 1868. 2m—11

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.
Dist. of Montreal. } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.
In the matter of JOSEPH POITRAS and HENRI GAUTHIER heretofore co-partners with the late Jean Bte. Brousseau as lime makers, at Montreal under the name and firm of Joseph Poitras and Gauthier, and the said Joseph Poitras as well as co-partner aforesaid as personally and individually, Insolvents.
ON the twenty sixth day of December next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court, for a discharge under the said act.
JOSEPH POITRAS & HENRI GAUTHIER.
By their Attorneys ad litem, BONDY & FAUTEUX.
Montreal 23rd October, 1868. 2m—11

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.
CANADA, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT
Province of Quebec, }
District of Montreal. }
In the matter of WILLIAM HENDERSON and ROBERT HENDERSON, Traders, and Copartners, and of the said WILLIAM HENDERSON individually, Insolvents.
And ANDREW B. STEWART, Official Assignee.
PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the said Insolvents, by the undersigned, their Attorneys ad litem, will on the twenty-sixth day of the month of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, at half past ten of the clock in the forenoon, apply to the Superior Court for Lower Canada, sitting at Montreal, in the said District, for their discharge, respectively, under the said Act and the amendments thereto.
WILLIAM HENDERSON and ROBERT HENDERSON, as co-partners, and the said WILLIAM HENDERSON individually, by the undersigned, their Attorneys, LEBLANC & CASSIDY, Advocates. Montreal 19th October 1868. 2m—11

CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, May, 1867. THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business...

Consignments respectfully solicited. Prompt returns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price.

D. SHANNON, Commission Merchant, And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions, 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864. District of Richelieu, IN THE SUPERIOR COURT in the matter of FRANCOIS REMI TRANCHON-MONTAGNE...

THE undersigned has filed a deed of composition and discharge executed by his creditors, and on the thirteenth day of January next (1869) he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation thereof.

By his Attorneys at Law, BONDY & FAUTREUX. Montreal, 23rd October, 1868. 2m-11

JOHN ROONEY, IMPORTER OF PIANOS 359, NOTRE DAME STREET, 359 (Gibb's New Buildings) MONTREAL. PIANOS EXCHANGED, REPAIRED, TUNED, &C.

ROBERT B. MAY, PLAIN AND FANCY JOB PRINTER, CARDS, CIRCULARS, HAND-BELTS, BILL HEADS LABELS, &C., &C., EXECUTED IN THE NEATEST STYLE. NO. 21 BEAUVENUE STREET, Nearly opposite Albert Buildings, MONTREAL. COUNTRY ORDERS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO Post-Office Address-Box 508.

JOHN LILLY, AUCTIONEER, 18, BUADE STREET, UPPER TOWN, (OPPOSITE THE FRENCH CATHEDRAL), QUEBEC. SALES every evening at 7 o'clock of Dry Goods, Jewelry, Plated Ware, General Merchandise, &C., &C. Remittances to Consignees promptly made day after sale. Commission 7 1/2 per cent. Nov. 12. 4w14

F. W. J. ERLY, M.D., L.R.C.P.S., OFFICE - 29 M'CORD STREET, MONTREAL: October, 1868. 12m10

CANADA HOTEL, (Opposite the Grand Trunk Railway Station,) SHERBROOKE O.E., D. BRODERICK, PROPRIETOR. A First Class LIVERY STABLE is attached to the above Hotel. Conveyances, with or without drivers furnished to travellers at moderate charges. Sherbrooke, Jan. 23, 1868. 12m

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

SARSFIELD B. NAGLE, ADVOCATE, &C., No. 50 Little St. James Street. Montreal, September 6, 1867. 12m.

BELLS! BELLS! BELLS! THE Old Established TROY BELL FOUNDRY, Established 1852. Church Bells, Chimes, and Bells of all sizes, for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &C., constantly on hand, made of Genuine Bell Metal (Copper and Tin), hung with PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, the best in use, and WARRANTED ONE YEAR,

to prove satisfactory, or subject to be returned and exchanged. All orders addressed to the undersigned, or to J. HENRY EVANS, Sole Agent for the Canada, 463 St. Paul Street, Montreal, Q., will have prompt attention, and illustrated catalogues sent free, upon application to JOHN CO., Troy, N. Y. June 5, 1868. 12 48

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

TREMENDOUS REDUCTIONS

AT THIS SEASON

In every description of

READY MADE CLOTHING

ALL MADE FROM THE

NEWEST AND CHOICEST MATERIALS,

AT

NO. 60 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET

ACKNOWLEDGED BY ALL TO BE

The Cheapest House in the City.

NOTE THE PRICES OF GOOD JACKETS!

Pea Jackets at \$5

Pea Jackets at \$6.50

Pea Jackets at \$8

NOT TO BE EQUALLED FOR OUT, MAKE AND QUALITY.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC!

THE ECLIPSE PANTS AT \$4 EACH,

READY MADE or to MEASURE

are only to be obtained at

NO. 60 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

Juvenile Department

BOYS' and YOUTHS' OVERCOATS in great variety, at \$4, \$5 and \$6, in every style

BOYS' and YOUTHS' SKATING JACKETS at \$3, \$4 and \$5

BOYS' and YOUTHS' SCHOOL SUITS, from \$6 [the largest stock in the city]

BOYS' KNICKERBOOKER SUITS, from \$4

AT

J. G. KENNEDY'S,

60 St. Lawrence Main Street.

G. & J. MOORE,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS

OF

HATS, CAPS, AND FURS

CATHEDRAL LOCK,

NO. 269 NOTRE DAME STREET

MONTREAL.

Cash paid for Raw Furs.

THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY.

The Whole Dominion should buy their Tea of the Importers,

THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY,

6 Hospital Street, Montreal.

Our Teas, after the most severe tests by the best medical authorities and judges of Tea, have been pronounced to be quite pure and free from any artificial coloring or poisonous substances so often used to improve the appearance of Tea. They are unequalled for strength and flavour. They have been chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them. We sell for the smallest possible profits, effecting a saving to the consumer of 15c to 20c per lb. Our Teas are put up in 5, 12, 15, 20 and 25 lb boxes, and are warranted pure and free from poisonous substances. Orders for four 5 lb boxes, two 12 lb boxes, or one 20 or 25 lb box sent carriage free to any Railway Station in Canada. Tea will be forwarded immediately on the receipt of the order by mail containing money, or the money can be collected on delivery by express man, where there are express offices. In sending orders below the amount of \$10, to save expense it would be better to send money with the order. Where a 25 lb box would be too much, four families clubbing together could send for four 5 lb boxes, or two 12 lb boxes. We send them to one address, carriage paid, and mark each box plainly, so that each party get their own Tea. We warrant all the Tea we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense.

English Breakfast, Broken Leaf, Strong Tea, 45c, 50; Fine Flavored New Season, do, 55c, 60c 65c; Very Best Full Flavored do, 75c; Second Oolong, 45c; Rich Flavored do, 60c; Very Fine do do, 75c; Japan, Good, 50c, 55c, Fine, 60c, Very Fine, 65c, Finest, 75c.

GREEN TEA.

Twankay, 50c, 55c, 60c; Young Hyson, 50c, 60c, 65c, 70; Fine do 75. Very Fine 85c; Superior and Very Choice, \$1; Fine Garpowder, 85c; Extra Superior do, \$1.

Teas not mentioned in this circular equally cheap. Tea only sold by this Company.

An excellent Mixed Tea could be sent for 60c. Out-of-over one thousand testimonials, we insert the following:-

— A YEAR'S TRIAL. Montreal, 1868.

The Montreal Tea Company:

GENS - It is nearly a year since I purchased the first chest of Tea from your house. I have purchased many since, and I am pleased to inform you the Tea has in very case proved most satisfactory, as well as being exceedingly cheap. Yours very truly

F. DENNIE.

Montreal Tea Co:

GENTLEMEN - The Tea I purchased of you in March has given great satisfaction, and the flavor of it is very fine. It is very strange, but since I have been drinking your Tea I have been quite free from heartburn, which would always pain me after breakfast. I attribute this to the purity of your Tea, and shall continue a customer.

Yours respectfully FRANCIS T. GREENE, 54 St. John Street, Montreal.

Montreal, April, 1868. - To the Montreal Tea Company, 6 Hospital Street, Montreal: We notice with pleasure the large amount of Tea that we have forwarded for you to different parts of the Dominion, and we are glad to find your business so rapidly increasing. We presume your teas are giving general satisfaction, as out of the large amount forwarded we have only had occasion to return one box which, we understand, was sent out through a mistake.

Manager Canadian Express Company House of Senate, Ottawa.

Montreal Tea Company:

GENTLEMEN - The box of English Breakfast and Young Hyson Tea which you sent me gives great satisfaction. You may expect my future order. Yours, &c.,

S SKINNER.

Beware of pedlars and runners using our name, or offering our Teas in small packages Nothing less than a cattle sold.

Note the address. - THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY, 6 Hospital Street, Montreal. July 24th 1868.

C. F. FRASER,

Barriater and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,

NOTARY PUBLIC, COMYENAGER, &C., BROOKVILLE, O. W.

Collections made in all parts of Western Canada.

RATINGS - Messrs. Fitzpatrick & Moore, Montreal

M. P. Ryan, Esq.,

James O'Brien, Esq.,

ESTABLISHED 1859.

Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with Fresh and Pure Drugs and Chemicals.

Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with Accuracy and Dispatch.

Physicians' Preparations scientifically dispensed and forwarded to all parts of the city.

All the new remedies kept in Stock HENRY R GRAY.

Dispensing and Family Medicines 144 St. Lawrence Main Street

Country Physicians supplied cheap for CASE.

Hospitals and Charitable Institutions supplied on favorable terms.

STREET DIALOGUE. - Mr. D. (meeting his friend Mr. E.) Well Mr. E. What success in your application for that appointment?

Mr. E. - I am happy to say that the place was offered to me and that I have accepted it.

Mr. D. - How did you manage it?

Mr. E. - I previously called on Mr. Rafter, and presented myself to the Manager, in one of his Grand Trunk Suits.

HOUSEKEEPERS SAVE YOUR MONEY - MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP. By using Hart's celebrated CONCENTRATED LYE you can make capital Soft Soap for one cent per gallon, or a proportionate quality of hard Soap, of a much superior quality to what is usually sold in the shops. For sale by respectable Druggists and Grocers in town and country. Price 2 1/2c per tin

CAUTION - Be sure to get the genuine, which has the words "Glasgow Drug Hall stamped on the lid of each tin. All others are counterfeiters.

WINTER FLUID - For chapped hands, lips, and all roughness of the skin, this preparation stands unrivalled. Hundreds who have tried it say it is the best thing they ever used. Gentlemen will find it very soothing to the skin after shaving. Price 25c per bottle.

HOMOEOPATHY - The Subscriber has always on hand a full assortment of Homoeopathic medicines from England and the States; also, Huxham's Specifics, all numbers. Country orders carefully attended to.

J. A. HARTE, Licentiate Apothecary, Glasgow Drug Hall 35 Notre Dame Montreal, Feb. 4th, 1868

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the purposes of a Laxative Medicine.

Perhaps no one medicine is so universally required by civilized as a cathartic, nor was ever any before so universally adopted into use, in every country and among all classes, as this mild but efficient purgative Pill. The obvious reason is, that it is a more reliable and far more effectual remedy than any other. Those who have tried it, know that it cures them; those who have not, know that it cures their neighbors and friends, and all know that what it does once it does always - that it never fails through any fault or neglect of its composition. We have, and can show, thousands upon thousands of certificates of remarkable cures of the following complaints, but such cures are known in every neighborhood, and why should we publish them? Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates; containing neither calomel or any deleterious drug, they may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar coating protects them from the air, and makes them pleasant to take, while being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

They operate by their powerful influence on the interior of the system, to loosen and stimulate it into healthy action - remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, restoring their irregular action to health, and by covering the surface of the system, which causes derangements as are the first origin of disease.

Minute directions are given in the wrapper on the box, for the following complaints, which these Pills rapidly cure:-

For Dropsy or Indigestion, Lateness, Langor and Loss of Appetite, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach and restore its healthy tone and action.

For Liver Complaint, and its various symptoms, Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice or Green Sickness, Bilious Colic and Bilious Fevers, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action, and remove the obstructions which cause it.

For Dysentery or Diarrhoea, but one mild dose is generally required.

For Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Stomach, and all other ailments, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For Dropsy and Dropsical Swellings they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For Suppression a large dose should be taken as it produces the desired effect by sympathy. As a Diarrhoeic Pill, take one or two Pills to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels into healthy action, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is the most valuable remedy where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these Pills makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus. There are numerous cases where a purgative is required, which we cannot enumerate here, but they suggest themselves to everybody, and where the virtues of this Pill are known, the public no longer doubt what to employ.

SEWING MACHINES

J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER OF SEWING MACHINES for Family and Manufacturing purposes, would most respectfully invite the public to examine his great variety of First-class Sewing Machines, before purchasing elsewhere, among which are:-

A New Elliptic Family Machine. Price \$30.

Singer's Family, various Styles.

Singer's No. 2, for Tailoring and Shoe Work.

The Florence Reversible Feed Family Machine. How's, for Family and Manufacturing purposes.

The Anna Noiseless Machine, for Tailors and Family use.

A Button Hole and Lock Stitch Machine, combined.

Wax Thread Machines, which possess many advantages over all others.

These machines are made of the superior iron every respect to those of any other manufacturer in Canada. I have Testimonials from all the principal Manufacturing Establishments, and many of the best families in Montreal, Quebec, and St. John, N. B., testifying to their superiority. My long experience in the business and superior facilities of manufacturing, enables me to sell First-class Sewing Machines from 20 to 30 per cent less than inferior Machines of the same pattern can be purchased elsewhere. I therefore offer better Machines and better terms to Agents.

Local and Travelling Agents will do well to give this matter their attention.

A Special Discount made to the Clergy and Religious Institutions.

Principal Office - 365 Notre Dame street.

Factory - 48 Nazareth street, Montreal.

Branches Offices - 23 St. John Street, Quebec, and 73 King Street, St. Johns, N. B.

J. D. LAWLOR, Montreal. April 24th, 1868. 12m.

KEARNEY & BRO.,

PLUMBERS, GAS & STEAMFITTERS,

TIN AND SHEET IRON WORKERS, ETC.,

675 ORAIG STREET, (Two doors West of Bleury) MONTREAL.

JOBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

F. A. QUINN,

ADVOCATE,

No. 49 Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

FRANCIS GREENE,

54 St. John Street, between Great St. James and Notre Dame Streets,

STEAMFITTER, PLUMBER AND GASFITTER,

Improved Hot Water Heating Apparatus for Dwellings, Public Institutions, &C., &C.,

Guaranteed to beat with half the amount of Fuel, of any other Apparatus now in use, and wanting no more attention than an ordinary Stove.

JOBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

VARENNES MINERAL WATERS

VARENNES SELTZER:

1st Prize and Medal at the Industrial Exhibition of Canada 1868.

Price, Varennes seltzer, 3s per 6oz. (empty bottles to be returned); Varennes saline, (quarts), 2s. 6d per doz. (empty bottles to be returned); 50c for four gallons, delivered. Orders to be left for the present with Messrs. Kenneth, Campbell, & Co., Medical Hall, Great St. James street, and Phillips Square.

MOTHERS

SAVE YOUR CHILDREN!

NO MORE VERMIFUGES.

NO MORE POISONOUS OILS.

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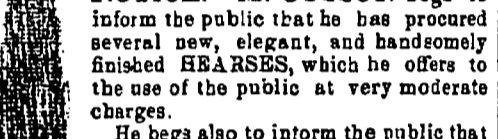
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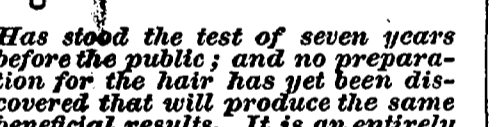
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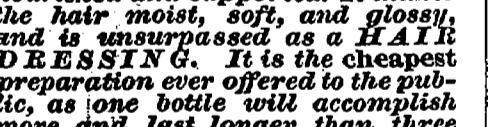
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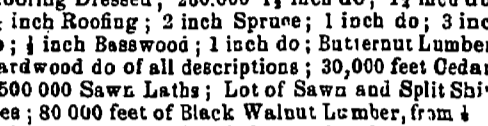
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