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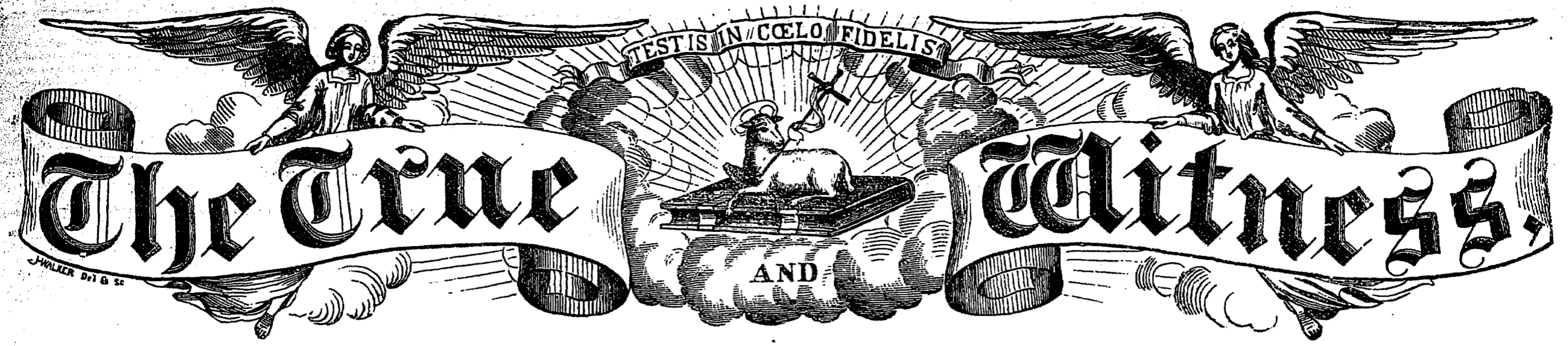
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 47.

GRACE AYTON:

OR, THE YOUNG WIFE'S TRIALS.

A low chamber, dimly-lighted, excepting where the shaded lamps threw a downward glare on a dingy table covered with green baize, sorely stained and much worn; a low chamber, approached carefully, with scouts placed through the passages and against the doors—and they were many—leading to it; a chamber filled with haggard men crowded round the table, and clustered together at the further end, where wine and spirits were flowing like water; and a chamber where the rattle of dice was symphony to the burden of oath and jest, and laughter more hideous still, from the feverish lips of the gamblers—such was the scene from which Herbert Ayton passed to the room which held his dead child, sleeping in its cradle-grave. There he had been all the day, and for many days before, playing fiercely, now with good and now with ill luck; playing desperately, for he was playing with his all. And this had been his home for many months, his office, and place of business—for gaming had become his sole profession now.

'Lost again,' he cried, with a wild laugh, and a desperate oath. 'Here! another glass of brandy! Perhaps that will change the tide of fortune!' and he laughed again in the same reckless manner to his companion who had won his money—a gambler of the real type.

The brandy was brought, and swallowed at a draught; and again the rattle of the dice went on to the frightful sounds that rose from winner and loser; and again men staked their souls and lost them against pleasure.

Doubled stakes—lost; headlong rushing to destruction—the hopes of retrieving something from the present ruin flattering like marsh-light misleading; the last stake but one—then the last of all—saw Herbert a ruined man. He was a beggar, stripped of every farthing, without enough to save himself from starvation, or to give his wife a shelter from the rain. His child might cry for bread in vain—he could not feel it; his wife might ask for a home—he had none to give her. He was emphatically a beggar, who had signed his ruin with his own hand, and of his own free-will declared himself bankrupt and outlawed. He rushed from the house with a frantic exclamation, and for hours wandered through the darkening streets with thoughts of suicide haunting him, and risous of despair maddening. He thought of his wife, but not with love; of his child, without tenderness. They were only burdens on him, and he wished he was free of them. He forgot even the remembrance of his past fondness, which, until now, had preserved his feelings from utter corruption, and steeled his heart against all the recollections which might awaken the slumbering spirit of love. His child was a tie that bound him to poverty and slavery, and his wife were better begging her bread from door to door than lying as a perpetual hindrance in his path. He would go home, and make some arrangements that should release him. He could not support such bondage longer.

These were the thoughts with which he returned to his miserable home, this the spirit which went before him as he rushed through the narrow hall and trod heavily on the creaking stairs. Grace heard him come. She knew by his step that something was wrong; that either he was tipsy—as when was he not now?—or that he was irritated, and probably prepared for some miserable scene of reproach and bitterness. A strange revulsion of feeling came over her for the first time—a kind of indistinct loathing, a dread, a horror, a consciousness of desecration in the presence of that polluted man by the side of that holy corpse.

She rose hastily, she scarcely knew for what, and stood by the side of the cradle. She was deathly pale, her eyes sunk and discolored, her hair pushed far back from her face, and her hand raised as one standing in expectation, yet in terror.

Herbert entered the room roughly, but started on seeing his wife, so ill and wild as she looked. He spoke savagely to her—asking why she was not in bed, and why she stood there like a spectre to disgust him. Had his home so many attractions, that she must keep the balance by making herself the reverse?

His blood-shot eyes and parched lips, his haggard looks and disordered mein, shewed Grace that he had been drinking, if not so as to make him drunken, at least enough to make him sinful. The evidences of this dissipation by her child's death-bed maddened her. She forgot her love, and saw only his crimes; knew only her own sorrow which had borne its last bitter fruit in death, and could keep no terms with peace.

'Shame, shame, Herbert!' she cried. 'Burning shame on you, degraded, brutalized, unmanly as you are!'

She made a gesture of reproach, pacing wildly through the room.

'Go home, if you are tired of me,' said Herbert in a loud voice, startled, yet irritated still further by her voice and manner; 'I shall only

be too glad to get rid of you on any terms. You may go whenever it suits you!'

Grace continued her feverish walk, pressing her hands on her forehead, and sometimes uttering a sharp cry, sometimes a low moan, as of one in extreme agony; yet doing her best still to control herself.

'I tell you, you may go. Go, Grace,' repeated Herbert in the same angry voice, and with a peculiar coarseness of accent; 'I am tired of you—have long been tired of you, and I wish to be rid of you. I married you for your pretty face, and it has palled on me; and for your silly laugh, which had a certain charm of girlish freshness in it then, which it has long since lost. You may go; you have lost all your power of fascination over me. You are only a burden on me, more distasteful every day we live together, and I want to be rid of you—you and your brat.— Curse you both!'

Angry words—drunken words as she thought them—but sharp as steel to the poor young woman's heart. She stood and listened with parted lips and upraised hand, holding her breath with horror as one listening to damning blasphemy, and feeling a heavy agony at her heart, as if it was breaking. She went nearer to him, as if for protection against the strange thing between them; she did not speak, but only crept closer, looking at him with a terrified glance, her pale face turned towards him in wonder and dread.—The very brutality of his words brought back her love. They formed such a sudden and such a frightful contrast with the past, that all minor causes against him were swallowed up in this; and this was something so inoustrous, she could not accept it as a reality. It seemed to be some one else who spoke while wearing her husband's form: she could not understand that it was Herbert who said he loathed her—Herbert who wished her away, and who cursed both her and her child. It was a dream that a struggle would dispel—a spectre that a touch would annihilate.—She came nearer and nearer, still silent, and looking at him inquiringly.

Something in her face and manner irritated Herbert beyond his power of endurance. He was half mad, and that was his sole excuse; but a sorry one at the best. He forgot himself, his manhood and his honor, his rows, his lore; he raised his hand, and struck her once—twice—and cursed her bitterly.

She did not scream nor faint, nor turn to anger nor to tears. She only rushed forward, and threw herself on his breast, crying, 'Herbert! Herbert!—your wife—your own Grace!'

God bless the patient heart of woman's love! God bless the mighty soul of woman's endurance! Of all grand attributes of humanity, these are among the grandest and the best.

The plaintive accent of that voice—the pleading touch of those trembling arms—the patient prayer for mercy in that upturned face! Herbert shivered with agony as the villain of that blow made itself felt, now that his blood was calmer. He tried to put her away, but Grace clung closer and closer, taking his hand and kissing it as in days of old.

'Herbert! Herbert! you are all that is left to me now; you must not thrust me from you; you must not be angry at my first impatient word.—I have suffered much, darling—suffered where you have been spared, and I thought you might have been more tender to me and more considerate. Look here, Herbert; we are alone now, and you must not hate me or be cruel to me!'

Broken with grief and terror, and exhausted by the unusual passion of her late excitement, Grace sank, weeping, by the side of the covered cradle, sobbing with such violence that even Herbert was alarmed to see her. A pang passed through him; the cold hand of death was before him; he tore off the coverlet, and saw the baby as it lay—a dead pale bud broken for ever.

'It is dead!' sobbed Grace, as she heard his sudden groan. 'It died in my arms to-day, Herbert, and I have had no one to comfort me, or to speak a kind word to me. O, that I were dead too! God, O God! take me to my child!'

To-day!—this fatal day of grief and sin!—While he had been at the gaming-table, drowning thought in loud oath and horrid jest, his child had breathed out its gentle soul in its sad mother's arms, and the last act of his fatal tragedy had been played by that sinless death-bed. What a contrast!—madness, intoxication for him—for her the pale shroud of all her happiness—misery, solitude, and despair! He could not but remember the beauty of their first months; he could not but recall the sunny days and the full hearts which had received this little one—of the mighty love that had baptised it into being; and now all was over! The golden morning had deepened into a twilight of eternal gloom, across which at times flashed streaks of burning fire; the blessed babe, which had come as a flower from the gardens of heaven, had withered on its stalk—too pure to remain near him; the wife, whose smallest tear he once had kissed away, had suffered the agony of death uncheered and unassisted, and

he stood there the sole cause of all!

He raised her gently from the ground, and placed her on the sofa, seating himself by her, but without speaking. Proud, yet touched, he turned away his face sullenly, but left his arm round her. A mysterious kind of remorse, as if he alone had been to blame for this sad fate—as if his mere wish had produced its own fulfilment—made him like a murderer to himself; it seemed as if his unspoken passion had borne a blight which had stricken the helpless little one to the heart.

Grace leaned against him, still sobbing in the same passionate manner. Even the slight return of kindness in the arm left loosely round her could not cheer her; the sight of the dead baby had awakened all her grief, and it was not now the husband who was left her, but the child who was taken away; she had not so much comfort in his forbearance as despair in her desolation. Her heart felt broken; her life seemed darkened for ever; she was in a pathless desert, bleak and bare, without a light to cheer or a star to guide her. Her only star was quenched—her only flower plucked; the sole bird that ever sang without false accents in its notes was hushed for ever, and from henceforth her way must lie in the path of unutterable woe. Her husband—he was but a man left of the glorious truth—a shadow of the adored reality. He was no husband in all that better part which constitutes true marriage.

Did such a thought as this cross Herbert's brain? Or why did he suddenly turn to his wife and strain her to his heart and kiss her pale face again and again? Why did he call her 'Grace, beloved—wife—his love—his dearest?' Why did he whisper words, faint and few, which flowed like living light over his lips, and cleared his bloodshot eyes of their fierce glare and impure fire? Why did he take her hand in his, and lay them both, clasped tight together, on the cold face of the waxen corpse, and swear, in low tones, half lost through the woman's bursting sobs, to be true and faithful to the trust that dead child's mother had given into his keeping—to guard her, love her, protect her, honor—to turn from the sins which had ensnared him to the holiness of remorse, and to cherish in sorrow the purification of repentance? Why was all this, if he did not acknowledge how basely he must have deserted her when she could wish herself dead—not two years married, and married with such love and joy?

'Grace, can you love me again?—can you trust me again? When you know all that I have done in injury of you, can you forgive me, and live with me, and for me, as of old?'

Grace could not raise her face. Her grief weighed down her head like an iron hand crushing her. But though she could not look into his eyes, and smile back her love and assurance, and talk gaily of their reconciliation—though its baptism was made in the bitterest tears—a woman's eye can weep—yet she could kiss his breast, and press his hand, and fold herself nearer to him, and lean upon him lovingly, and make him feel that she had forgiven him. Strong as she was, and enduring as she had been, she yet was all a woman in her feelings, and snatched eagerly at the chance of support and love even from one who had so often failed her.

'A beggar, Grace—ruined entirely—without a home, without food for you, work, or character—can you cling to me yet?'

Her sobs were getting quieter. She could speak now, and did.

'I have loved you always,' she said, 'and will never desert you.'

Herbert was trembling, his manhood almost giving way. The reaction had been too sudden for him, weakened as he was with the fever of his late life; the sight of the dead baby, of his wife's despair, of their bitter poverty, all pressing on him as his own work, almost overcame him. He struggled against the choking tears that swelled his heart, and kissed the downcast face again and again. And then he could bear up no longer. His thoughts and remembrances became too painful. With the terrible cry of one wounded, he uttered her name in a prolonged shriek, and fell fainting on the floor. And when he arose again, he did not even know the sweet hands that tended him.

It was a brain fever, brought on, the doctor said, by mental excitement and bodily exhaustion. It seized him like an iron vice, and kept him for long days and weeks between life and death. Without money or aid, Grace must support this new affliction as best she could, herself so wan and fragile that the good doctor more than once sent his own servant with nourishment for her, and drugs, and with orders to divide the labor of nursing, and to sit up with Herbert while the poor wife slept. And then Grace would smile in her faint, melancholy way, and say that her very afflictions were blessings, too, since they brought out the kindness of the human heart, and made her feel that human love left no one solitary in the world.

She had a hard time of it, though, having to work between the hours of her incessant attend-

ance, so that they both might live. She got but poor pay for what she did, scarcely enough to support her in the miserable scantiness which she made sufficient for herself, and to get such things for the invalid as were necessary for his state.—But she worked on diligently and uncomplainingly, doing her duty quietly and steadily, and hoping where she could not realize. Still the dead baby never left the mother's heart. Tending her husband carefully, she was not less a bereaved mother—loving him, if not with the blind devotion of her first love, with the womanly trust of a reconciled and renewed confidence, she was not less conscience of her loss. The dead child's toys were ranged before her eyes on the shelf where they had always stood, and where it could see them, and point to them, and crow for them; its little caps, and frocks, and tiny shoes, were cherished like priceless gems; and, weak as it might be, many an hour of fearful agony was passed in looking at these signs of a departed bliss. Once or twice the thought that Herbert had caused its death started out like a visible shape before her; but she always thrust it back, and turned her heart away from it, and busied herself with increased diligence about that helpless bed.

One cherished remnant of pride Grace preserved amongst all her misery—the concealment of her condition from her friends; not so much, perhaps, from pride for herself as for Herbert, dreading the blame they would cast on him, and shrinking from the exposure of his faults and crimes. A few of Herbert's former intimates had maintained a questionable kind of intimacy with him, while the gaming-table held out some hope of monetary success; but as soon as he was thoroughly broken, they lost their interest in him; and even Frank Lawson, famous for his studies of 'low life,' voted it disreputable to be seen in such a neighborhood, and found out that it was a humbug to be always inquiring after a man's health; for inquiries don't do any good, you know, and only disturb people from their work. Hyde Smith kept his interest in poor Herbert much longer, being impelled thereto partly by a coarse admiration of Grace, which yet was a good-natured, doggish kind of feeling. But Grace had such a profound horror of these two men, that had she been starving, she would rather have hidden in the first tomb that was open, than have accepted life from their hands. She looked on them as so immediately the cause of Herbert's first disasters—these, again, engendering his subsequent sins—that they became at last the very embodiments of her evil fate, and she shrank from them as birds from serpents, or children from the evil eye? And as she was pale and thin, and all her heavy chestnut curls plainly braided under a kerchief, and as the girlish laugh was stilled, and the girlish glance subdued, Hyde reconciled himself more easily to the 'cut,' and vowed that 'Mrs. Herbert had grown jolly plain all at once.'

Grace's best friend was the doctor. Medicines, food, clothes, and even money, he pressed on Grace; always in such a fatherly way, that she could not feel offended. And if she drew back her hand as he pressed his gifts into it, and shook her head, while tears of wounded pride and gratitude together rose up into her eyes, the doctor would end the contest by pointing to the sick-bed, and saying gently: 'I do not ask you to accept this for yourself; you can work, and earn enough for your own wants; but his—'

And then Grace would yield between many a smile and many a hope of 'being able to repay the loan' when brighter times should come. The most painful thing that she had to suffer were her husband's ravings. Often in the dead of night, when she was sitting there alone, her dim candle throwing but a ghastly light on wall and floor, and forming a thousand fantastic shapes from the waving of the curtains and to fro—often then, as she sat there, painfully watching the sick man, or wearily working at her eternal needle, he would suddenly utter shrieks and cries that startled her till she shook for fear; fearful words would drop like burning lava from his lips; and terrible accusations would chill her blood to listen to, spoken though they were in the mockery of fever.

One night, she had been sitting by him working for a long time in silence. He was dozing lightly, and, excepting the restless head tossing on the pillow, and the hot hands beating the air, and the feeble voice groaning heavily and sighing between, not a sound broke the sepulchral stillness of the room. Worn with many days and nights of incessant care, Grace was half yielding to the soothing influence of that respite of quiet. Still awake, but in that kind of tranquil dreaminess which leaves the senses free, but shuts out painful thoughts, a thousand indistinct sensations rather than visions floated before her; and for a time her mournful existence took back something of its former loveliness. Flowers seemed to wave before her, and the pleasant songs of birds sounded in the distance; the old cottage, with its gable roof and jessamine porch, its profusion of roses and multitude of thrushes, seemed to stand in the twilight far off, but not unattainable; and

she heard the laughter of children on the grass, and saw them play among the lambs in the meadow; and it seemed as though she had gone back into the pure country again, as merry and as blight as in the times that had passed.

Suddenly a cry echoed through that enchanted silence, and shook her sweet vision to the ground—a cry which shot to her heart with a vague sentiment of worse than pain to come—of dread, of horror, of agonizing terror. She started and looked up; her upraised hand met her husband's, clenched and fiery.

One hand holding back the curtains of the bed the other raised as if menacing, at the same time that it repelled; his pale face, livid with horror, thrust forth from the opening; his eyes fixed and bloodshot; his open lips black with fever and crisp with fears; his terrible cry that came as a death-shriek from his heart; all the concentrated agony and despair which a guilty conscience mixes in with the fierce fancies of delirium, made Herbert at that moment such a thing of horrors, that Grace for the first moment shrunk back from his eyes and from his hand, terror overpowering every feeling of duty or compassion.

And then burst forth the most fearful flood of words that had ever blighted the air of heaven; then accusations of unnumbered crimes revealed the trouble of the blabbing conscience, though they betrayed also the shattered mind; then descriptions of ghastly sights froze the heart's blood of the listening girl; and passionate denunciations, made up of oath and invective, caused her to place her hands over her ears, shocked and terrified at what she heard. Then all the past came up in review, but deepened into monstrous shapes, and mingled with fantastic fancies; then Grace was bid to look upon him, a murderer, and that was summoned to avenge the slaughtered child; then hosts of fiends were told of gathering thick about the bed, and one, the most dreadful of them all, hovered over him ready to clutch his soul and carry it to an eternal condemnation; and at this the wretched man shrieked anew, while his face took a deeper expression of agony and fear; and shrieking still, calling on Grace to shield him, he fell back on the pillow in strong convulsions, which resisted all the girl's efforts to subdue.

In spite of herself, she must have the doctor. Though his attendance was gratuitous, and it was now the dead of night, she must demand his aid, and not suffer her husband to die before her eyes. Calling up one of her neighbors to watch while she was away, she prepared to set out for the house of the medical man. This was her first walk in the mid-night streets; and had she been less absorbed in her anxiety for Herbert, she would have been terrified for herself. It was so strange, and she felt so desolate, and tales of unimaginable horrors came before her brain, jarred as it was with the frightful scene she had just gone through; and her nerves were shattered and her strength decayed; but still the brave heart triumphed over all these obstacles, and the woman's love subdued the woman's weakness. O the great heart of love! O the life giving power of a woman's tenderness and pity! There is no mountain which these, like faith, will not remove; no rock which these, like fire, will not consume. They make eagles of doves, and lions of the hare; they change the very elements of being, and transform the very characteristics of nature. Alchemists of humanity, what gold have they not brought forth from dross!

Grace met nothing to annoy her, and only her own thoughts to terrify her. A few policemen eyed her scrutinizingly, as much from idleness as from suspicion; and one or two straggling men wished her good night as she passed. The doctor was soon ready; and as he insisted on her waiting for him, and obliged her to swallow more than one glass of wine, she found the walk back in the cool night-air refreshing and invigorating. She had no cause for fear now, and nature was therefore open to her without any veil between.

When they arrived, they found that the paroxysm had passed, but had been succeeded by another; and Grace and her good friend entered just as the sick man's screams were echoing through the room. The doctor shook his head. 'Medicine,' he said, 'will do its work for a time; but another physician besides an earthly one is wanted here. Drugs may soothe your husband's body, my child; I fear my repentance can alone restore his health of mind!'

'Flush, flush, my Herbert,' cried Grace, trying to recall her husband's senses by the touch of her gentle hand on his forehead, and the touch of her little lips on his cheek. But he thrust her from him, while calling on her to see how his Grace was lying there in her shroud, and how he had killed her too, by cruelty, and cold and hunger.

It was a fearful scene! and the doctor said truly when he told poor Grace, that more than drugs and human skill were wanted here. For wild as were those ravings, and false as were the

details, they were true in the expositions of the feelings which Herbert had lived under for weeks before the catastrophe. The doctor knew this and Grace knew it too; and they both kept silent in the presence of a terrible truth which neither could ignore and neither could deny.

Grace could not frame her lips for false excuses which she said in heart were but words, and nothing more; and her friend was too well versed in the mysteries of delirium, not to be able to recognize the accents of truth, even through the deepest cloud of feverish fancy.

Much good of both in the cup of sorrow. Its taste may be bitter, but drink bravely, brother, for the sake of the jewel in the latest drop! The flow is best, and the drops fall heaviest one by one, and nauseous is the taste and fiery the scar it leaves on the outstretched hand; but oftentimes it is the bravest medicine for a sick soul that life can furnish, bringing it back to the health it had lost, and restoring it to the place it had forfeited.

It was so with Herbert Ayton. Nothing but the sharp afflictions he had met with could effectually have reformed him. Prosperity would only have sunk him deeper into the slough of indolence and dissipation, and mere sorrows would have but hardened what they could not repair. The heart must be touched to effect a reformation, and the loss of riches and position does touch it; by these, pride may be wounded and despair awakened, but no real penitence flows from a humbled spirit will be gained.

As he slowly rose from his sick-bed, and painfully gathered strength enough to feel that he was safely on his feet, Grace noticed that he was quieter in his manners than even belonged to his state of weakness; making no professions and but few demonstrations, and sitting in his place for hours in silence, watching her as she bent over her work by the window, busily moving her pale hands.

And then she would stand by him for a few moments, and speak tenderly and fondly, though often the force playfulness that rose to her lip was checked before it fashioned itself into words by the quick tears that outran it: tears tried to be concealed, transformed, laughed away, but caught by the sick man's heart, and hidden there like thorns from a saintly relic.

'Grace,' said Herbert one day, suddenly, 'you have forgiven me fully!'

'I have nothing to forgive, Herbert dear.'

'Well you love me then as you did?'

'Yes, I love you as truly as I ever did.'

'But differently, Grace!'

'Yes differently. I loved you when I first knew you, as a girl loves—now, as a woman. Then it was a blind adoration—now, it is an understanding affection. I know you better than I did—your faults and your virtues—and can act with more consideration myself. I would not exchange my present feelings for you, Herbert, for my past, delicious as they were; which ought to prove to you,' she added gently, 'that I do really love you now.'

'Then you would not object to any home with me, Grace? Mind well what I say, and don't answer too quickly.'

'To none, Herbert,' she said, laying her hand on his. 'You are all that I have in this world and I would share your home were it a prison, a palace, or the grave.'

Yes, anywhere, Herbert. 'To a colony, darling? to a rough settler's life, with no comforts or luxuries? But I need say nothing about that,' he added, looking with a melancholy smile round the room, 'for you could not be worse off in the bush than you are in civilised, wealthy London.'

'Never mind the luxuries, Herbert—we can get on very well without them,' said Grace, hurriedly. 'A home is not where there is a grand piano or an ornate clock, but where there is love and mutual trust. The bush with these will be more a home than Connaught Square without.'

'Then you will come with me to Australia?' 'Willingly, gladly.'

'And you will be happy?' 'Yes,' she answered, with a bright glance: then a shade crossed her face; but she did not say what she was thinking of.

'Why that cloud?' said Herbert, caressingly. She did not answer at first; then she said in a low voice: 'I only thought of baby's grave, and who would take care of it when we were away.'

Not long after this a ship, chartered for Australia, bore among its passengers Herbert Ayton and his patient wife. They went humbly, among the steerage passengers, in discomfort and poverty; but in such happiness, such hope, and love, and confidence, that Grace would not have exchanged her present position for all the riches in the gold-fields of their new home.

And though Grace never forgot her first-born lying in its English grave, yet the sharp pang of grief for its loss was softened by the many beautiful ones that in years gathered round her. A trusting wife and tender mother, she recognized the mercy of the sorrow through which she had been brought to her present state, and acknowledged that prosperity alone did not make happiness, but that often the blackest morning brought the clearest day.

She knew that had they remained in England, even with all pleasant accessories about them, they never would have shaken off the evil effects of the past so completely as they were able to do in a new country. She knew that Herbert's facile disposition might easily have re-kept the broken threads of his dissipated habits, that good-nature added to weakness might again have produced crimes which would have gone near to ruin both body and soul for ever.

She knew that even had they gone on untouched from the first by sorrow, they would never have been so fit for happiness as now; that their natures would not have been so purified, their hearts so raised, their characters so strengthened. It had been a fiery trial, but a blessed one; and had left a long line of unflinching sunshine behind it.

Their tears were wiped away for ever. Here in this new land all bid them to forsake and to forget, all bid them to endeavor and to strive. The past was a nightmare which the golden wand of truth had broken and it must never trouble them again. Blessed by earth and beloved of God, Grace could kneel in thankfulness by her husband's side; and never had she felt more real peace in all the brightest years of her life than now, when Herbert read a few words, with quivering voice, from a sweet Book of Love, and closed the page with the verse: 'There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'

THE END

PASTORAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

On Sunday a pastoral from the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, addressed to the clergy of the archdiocese, was read in the chapels and churches. Having referred to the approaching canonization of the Japanese martyrs and the progress of the Catholic Church throughout the world, his Grace says:—

'But, though the spectacle to which we have referred, must bring great consolation to the heart, and excite the courage and hopes of every Christian, yet such feelings should not make us forget that his holiness, surrounded by dangers, still requires the prayers and assistance of all his faithful children. Need we say that his enemies are anxiously seeking his destruction? The same Sardinian authorities that calumniated the Holy See at the congress of Paris in 1850—that seized on the Legations in 1859—that in time of peace invaded, like robbers, its remaining provinces in 1860—that, without any declaration of war, assailed, after the fashion of assassins, and massacred, the Pope's small but faithful army—have since declared Rome the capital of the new Italian kingdom, manifesting their determination to seize on it at the first opportunity in open violation of all right, human and divine. In the meantime public associations and secret societies are continuing their works of darkness, usurping the public mind; and the great idol of the revolution, who denounces the Pope as anti-Christ, and assails the Catholic clergy as hostile to progress and liberty, because they cannot be induced to join in his mad revolutionary scheme—this idol blasphemously sainted with the title of Redeemer, and received by his infatuated dupes with honors almost divine, is exciting the ambition of his followers, and urging them on to the perpetration of the most glaring acts of injustice and sacrilege, to despoil the Holy See of its rights, consecrated by its possession for more than a thousand years, to lay their profane hands on that city, whose earth, purified by the blood of the Apostles, has ever been the depository of the remains of saints and martyrs, and is considered the common home of all true Christians. Should such wicked designs be carried into effect, great indeed would be the injury inflicted on religion, and most serious obstacles would be opposed to the free exercise and action of the authority of the Apostolic See. How, indeed, could the Pope, reduced to poverty, provide for the expenses of the administration of the vast fold of Christ?—How could he maintain his freedom in deciding questions of doctrine and discipline, and in appointing bishops and other superiors to rule the church of God, were he the subject of another unction, and acting in open defiance of Pontifical authority? Would not the rulers and the people of other countries look with suspicion on this state of things, and perhaps refuse to accept the decisions of the decrees of Rome, on the ground that they had been obtained by the undue influence or the menaces of the grilling power, and thus give rise to dissensions and schism. The Sardinians, indeed, might promise ample revenues and full liberty to the Pope; but no trust is to be

placed in their promises and professions. Notwithstanding all their solemn engagements, they have robbed colleges, convents and monasteries, and reduced the church to an abject state of misery in their newly acquired dominions. Professing to give full liberty to the clergy, they drove some years ago, the venerable Archbishop of Turin into exile, where he led a holy life, and within the last month, died an edifying death. They have cast Mgr. Vespasiani, Bishop of Fano, and many other bishops, into prison; and they have kept, during several months, the venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Fermo in close custody, far away from his faithful and afflicted flock. Could his holiness be considered safe were he to fall under a power so hostile to the church? Could it be expected that men guilty of so many deeds of injustice and sacrilege would respect the liberty or the rights of the Vicar of Christ? No; they would interrupt his communications with the faithful, and renew, perhaps, the calamities with which the church was afflicted when the French Republic and Napoleon I. dragged the holy pontiffs, Pius VI. and Pius VII. from their see, and detained them in close captivity. To avert such and calamities it is our duty to protest against the violence which the Pope has already suffered, and against any new aggression of his liberty; and also to send forth fervent prayers to the Almighty, begging of him to arise in his power and to dispense the enemies of his church. But, in despite of the evidence of the facts to which we have referred, we are told that the Pope's spiritual authority would acquire new strength and greater vigour were he to resign his temporal power; and it is added that his holiness, by not yielding up Rome to the Sardinians is making himself responsible for all the disturbances and all the other frightful evils with which Italy is now afflicted. Such is the lesson given to us some few days ago by the prime minister of England, Lord Palmerston. According to him, to make the Pope more powerful you must make him the subject of a persecutor of the church and religion; and if the Pope do not consent to become a slave—if he do not yield up everything he possesses—if he do not sanction the spoliation of his states, already perpetrated—if he do not consent to surrender Rome, he is answerable for the past aggressions, and for all future evils that may ensue. The modern Achaia is applauded and protected in his robberies; the Pope, wishing to preserve his vineyard—the inheritance of his fathers—is denounced as an enemy of the happiness of mankind. Dearly beloved brethren, do not listen to such suggestions worthy only of the most dangerous enemies of the Church, who, for want of sound argument, are compelled to have recourse to palpable absurdities. If any Catholic adopt them, he must be wilfully blind, and willing to be deceived; he must be cold and indifferent to the interests and prosperity of religion, and care but little for right and justice, for the free administration of ecclesiastical matters, and the independence and liberty of Christ's Vicar on earth. A Catholic of this character, had he lived in the days of Herod, would not have been afflicted at the imprisonment of St. Peter, nor would he have joined the faithful in their persevering prayers that he might be freed from the prison of that tyrant. Besides holding out false promises and delusive words, the enemies of the Church lay down and propagate false principles, in order to give a coloring to their wicked deeds, calling evil good, and good evil; putting darkness for light, and light for darkness.—With the view of justifying the spoliation of the Papal States, they proclaim the doctrines of communism and socialism, and pretend that the Church has no right to hold property, or to exercise temporal power. Having succeeded in their wicked designs of spoliation, they proclaim that accomplished facts must be respected, even when contrary to intrinsic justice and eternal law, a doctrine by which the robber, having once secured his prey, would be justified in retaining it, whilst the sufferer would be allowed no redress. To find grounds for seizing on the Pope's territories, statesmen who exercise a despotic power where they rule themselves, and who would punish with the utmost rigour any attempt at resistance to their own jurisdiction, proclaim elsewhere the right of revolution, and pretend that, except where they are concerned themselves, all other peoples and nations can rise in rebellion against lawfully constituted authority, and select a new form of government according to their caprice. It is not necessary to tell you that the maxims referred to, and the principles of insubordination now so widely spread, are contrary to the ordinances of God, and subversive of human society. The All-Wise ruler of the universe commands us to respect the property and the rights of others, and to do to them as we would that others should do to us. In a special manner he incites submission and obedience, without which no community, no state can exist. There must be rulers, it matters not what the form of government may be.—Though it be irksome to flesh and blood, yet when those bearing rule issue just orders, obedience must be practised. Where hereditary sovereigns have been set aside, others have succeeded; and it has too often happened that those who were the pretended heralds of liberty, and the leaders of revolutions, have become, on assuming power, tyrants and despots, the very scourges of mankind. With promises of liberty, themselves the slaves of corruption, having their heart exercised with covetousness, children of malediction (2 Peter, ii. 14, 15), the organizers of conspiracies, the leaders of revolution generally care little if they involve others in ruin, provided they can carry out their own projects of avarice and ambition. Did England gain by substituting Cromwell for Charles I.? Was France rendered happy by bringing Louis XVI. to the block, and giving supreme power to such monsters as Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, who deluged their country with innocent blood? And, alas, at the present moment to what a sad state has the revolution reduced Sicily, Naples, Tuscany, and the greatest portion of the Papal territory. Thus the records of modern history supply innumerable examples well adapted to convince us of the wisdom of the divine maxims contained in the inspired pages, inculcating obedience and submission. We are not placed on earth to enjoy pleasures and delights, our life is only a warfare accompanied with trials and dangers; we are but strangers and pilgrims here below, and no man can reach the end of his course without bearing his share of the heats of summer and the wintry storms. If we suffer, if our rulers afflict us, we can still attain the object for which we have been created, and the very sufferings of this world when borne with patience and resignation, may be the means of obtaining an imperishable crown and happiness without end. On the other hand, resistance to authority, even when successful, may not secure happiness in this life, whilst it may imperil the salvation of those who have recourse to it, and put them in opposition to the teaching of eternal truth. 'Let every soul be subject to higher powers,' says the Apostle, 'for there is no power but from God, and those that are ordained of God; therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation;—wherefore, be subject of necessity, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake' (Rom. xiii. 1-5). We have spoken at some length of the arts and arguments which are employed for the destruction of the authority of the Pope, because the question of Rome and the Holy See is so much before the public, that it is necessary for all to be acquainted with it, and to adopt, on so important a matter, views not repugnant to the principles of eternal truth and justice, and the interests of religion. However, we discuss this question without any bias whatever for the final result. Individuals may fall away from the church and be lost; the church herself, with her supreme head and her faithful children, may suffer persecution, but in the end she will triumph and the gates of hell will not prevail against her. She is the pillar and ground of truth, and cannot be destroyed. She may say, in the words of the royal prophet, 'Often have they fought against me from my youth, but they could not prevail over me; the

wicked have wrought upon my back, they have strengthened their iniquity' (Ps. 128). 'He as grass upon the tops of houses, which withereth before it be plucked up, wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor that he gathereth sheaves his bosom' [ib]. The generation of the wicked shall pass away, and their power will soon cease; but the Church, guided by the successor of St. Peter, will continue her benevolent course until the end of time, spreading blessings on the earth, and gathering a rich harvest of souls for heaven. In conclusion, rev. brethren, permit me to exhort you to persevere to the end, assisting by your prayers and contributions the successor of St. Peter in the see of Rome. The St. Peter's Pence Association, which receives our warm approbation and encouragement, has exhibited filial affection and laudable zeal in the cause; and let us hope that all within the octave of the festival, especially those whom God has blessed with ample means, will display the same spirit, and contribute so as to merit a recompense in the heavenly Jerusalem.'

WHIT SUNDAY, 1862.—ROME, IRELAND, JAPAN.—THE CHURCH.

A good friend has been forwarded to us (Nation) the following report of a portion of an eloquent sermon, preached by one of our patriot prelates on Whit Sunday. Our readers will find great pleasure in its perusal:—

But, is there not, even as I speak, one thought which, as it fills the mind of every child of the Church, demands from me particular expression? Our hearts, now all turn to the centre of unity and to that paganet eclipsing all, which Rome even in her brightest day beheld winding in victorious pomp

"Down the sacred way And through the bowing Forum, And round the suppliant's grove, Up to the everlasting gates Of Capitolian Jove."

What triumph is celebrated? Is the Brigand of the North flung back to his ruder regions? and is his hand, which had despoiled the homes of learning and of art, and the temples of God, deprived of its unholy vigour? and does the Gilead to whom, under God, is due so great a victory, come to receive the acclamations of the people and the Pontiff's blessing? Not yet; the princes of Median, Arab, and Zeb yet oppress the children of Israel, and Socoeti is still contemptuous and unchastised. Why, then, this acclamation? The Church, as you know, triumphs in persecution; the victim of yesterday is the martyr for eternity, and she who perched the sufferer to the sacrifice must proclaim his glory. Whence the triumph which now swells from beneath and reverberates around the dome, brilliant as a heaven above.

What pomp? where, else, indeed, could you find an assembly so awe-inspiring? The Senate of Ancient Rome was not as venerable; nor did it, as I may add, even in its grandest moments, contain so many men as remarkable for the wisdom and vigour which found and preserve empire. There, for instance, is he, the Augustus of Christendom, first in time as in dignity, who, by his pious faith and calm decision, rules the winds and the sea, and stills the storm of revolution; there, too, is he, his friend, a worthy counsellor in so great a crisis, whose subtle wit and noble daring have won for him, even in this era of Casars and of Sphynxes, the crown and sceptre of diplomacy. But, much as I would wish particularly to commend those distinguished even in that assembly for superior merit, I cannot; I must speak generally, for my time to speak is short. Let it, then, suffice to know, that each member of the consecrated crowd has by times drank from the fountains of philosophy, and has had his mind trained in the schools whose dust he may have shaken off, but whose laurels he bears; nor unworthily; whence, indeed, his elevation. Otherwise he had not been chosen.

They have assembled, the Bishops of the world, to pronounce a judgment, which, henceforth, cannot even be questioned; trained as they have been, the select men of the universe, so learned and so acute, among whom, too, are so many "princes of the World," with eloquence as pure as their knowledge is deep, they have every natural advantage for the discussion of the most important subjects. How much more sensible, to speak even humbly, is it to accept the conclusions of such men, than with our imperfect lights, to attempt for ourselves a solution of the most stupendous mysteries? But, moreover, the Holy Ghost is in the midst of them, guiding and instructing them; what they say is the word of the Church, is the word of Christ, is the word of the Eternal Father. Ah! my beloved, we should be very grateful to our good God for the merciful institution of His holy Church, to which we owe security for doctrine, and good pasture, and a fountain of eternal delight.

Nor, though so gifted, naturally and supernaturally, do the Fathers of the Church quickly decide. Hear why they have assembled now. About three centuries ago, in an ancient land where the faith had flourished, persecution raged, and Catholics of every profession, and of every age, and of every sex, were "in one red burial-bent." Priests and laymen, nobles and peasants, and tender women, maids and matrons, and dear children, were hurried off to the tribunal and thence to the scaffold, and this is the victory over "the world, the flesh, and the devil," which to-day is so nobly celebrated.

Let us reflect: Three centuries ago! About that time Dermot O'Hurly, Archbishop of Cashel, was, in the good city of Dublin, bound to a stake, his legs and arms covered with pitch, salt, oil, and sulphur, over which again, that the torture might be prolonged, leather was bound, and placed in a slow fire, and when the poor limbs were almost consumed, his mangled trunk was dragged out of the fire off to a loutish cell in Dublin Castle, into which it was flung, to be borne out next morning, and in Stephen's Green to be again insulted, and, in fine, deprived of life; and throughout the torture, so long and so frightful, the holy sufferer displayed a piety as sweet as his fortitude was heroic. Is he the hero of Patrick O'Healy, Bishop of Killala, and of his faithful friend, Father Cornelius O'Rourke, which is commemorated? Kilmallock witnessed their triumph, and with grief saw their bodies, hung in chains, literally for fourteen days the target for a ferocious soldiery. Would you eye, horrified with such brutalities, rest on a more quiet scene? Peer into a little room in the Tower of London at that grand old man, Richard Greagh, Archbishop of Armagh, the victim of many woes, the slandered, the poisoned, whose sufferings, and whose death, so meekly borne and so nobly met, thrilled with horror and admiration the souls of sternest warriors; nor strangely, the battle-field afforded not contemplations so revolting. Come, then, to the battle-field. I know not how the sun rose on one particular morning, when, near Armagh, the war blast rose out, sharp and clear, and men nerved themselves for the combat. Ireland's flag was borne by M. Guine, the advocate, as one would say, of religious liberty, and, as I will add, of leave to live. It was apparently an supreme moment; on each side every effort was made, and many were killed and wounded; these latter were cared as well as could be by Edward McGauran, Archbishop of Armagh, the successor of the poisoned Greagh, in person, attends the dying Irish, and whilst he is appointing one whose blood is fast ebbing out, down on him come the mounted troops of the enemy, who mortally wound him. Quickly, then, to his side comes the O'Guire, thence with the old man's blessing, to return to the fight and to victory. Did his Grace the Primate live to hear the shout victorious, though subdued, of Rome and Gallias? Did his eye ere closing, behold the triumph of that flag whose honour was to him dear as his mother's? We are not told; we are only told that he died on the battle field, killed whilst animating a dying Irish soldier. But it will be said, if bishops put themselves in danger, they have to blame only themselves. Very well; There, in London, is a venerable bishop; the weight of seventy years is on him; he totters along a mon-

tinuous path on a sick call; his only care to reach in time the dying object of his solicitude, and to administer, as he was divinely commissioned, the consolations of religion. A shout is raised behind him—a band of soldiers is on his track—he is overtaken—Redmond O'Gallagher, bishop of Derry, bludgeoned to death, lies there a mangled corpse! I pass over innumerable cases, but I must nevertheless, though anxious to hurry on to one other, that of our Irish Nippomucene—two hundred and eighty-three years ago, to the very day—John O'Duad, of the Order of St. Francis, because he would not reveal the secrets of the confessional, had the cord of his habit placed round his head until his eyes burst from their sockets, and his soul, liberated, flew up to Heaven.—And, as the pastors were treated, so was the flock. A great Pontiff, Paul V., writing more than 250 years ago, said of these sufferings, "that they should not be allowed to remain unpublished—that the fidelity and Christian fortitude displayed should be loudly celebrated in every part of the world. Is it for this the bishops met in Rome to-day? No.

The Church in Ireland has already, by its triumphs, indicated its martyrs. The old fane, as it is true, dismantled or desecrated, but new temples have been erected, and the old worship and the old creed are, still as ever, cherished in this old land, fruitful, now as ever. She who, when Europe was yet unformed, brought forth so many churches in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, and elsewhere, is now also the Mother of Churches in America, Africa, Australia, and I may add, in England and Scotland; and to-day, beneath the "vast and wondrous dome," is represented, not only by her own loved hierarchy, but by children of her womb, bishops over distant lands who, in the New World as in the Old, sustain her character for learning and for sanctity. It is not the martyrs of Ireland who need commemoration; their praise is in the Church strengthened with their blood—that blood which has, as I may say, renewed her youth and endowed her, as I hope, with immortality.

The scene of the persecution to-day commemorated is, indeed, an island, rich, too, and fair—not, however, in the Atlantic but in the far Pacific; fruitful, it bears harvests full and varied, satisfying, from its own bosom, the wants of its children. There the labourer may live, and in peace and plenty rear a family which, in good time, can be provided for, because there his best industry and his sweet industry and its sweet reward, woo and warm each nature of the soul. But it is shut out from modern civilization science is there cultivated; railroads and steamboats are known; the telegraph bears its message, and photography is practised. What, if not this, is modern civilization? Schools, too, are in every village, and women are educated and honored. There is still, of course, a want; but it is not that civilization which means commerce—commerce with us—a commerce which may impoverish, but which certainly shall degrade it—introducing vicious habits, now happily unknown, and involving, too, in wars which may lead to its enslavement; the want is Christianity, once supplied and hungered after, on which the souls of many thrave to a heroism above all praise. The Martyrs of Japan! Who has not heard of them? To-day their glory is commemorated.

I shall not, of course, trouble you with the history, short though it be, and very eventful, and presenting to us parallels and contrasts most striking and most interesting, of that Church which, as it sprang into life, became vast and strong, and which, in a few years, after evincing a most extraordinary piety and devotion, was crushed up by the persecutor. I may, however, without too long troubling you, say that its first children were, with utmost pomp, baptized by John D'Albuquerque, Archbishop of Goa, in the magnificent cathedral, erected by Portuguese piety, strangely enough on the model of St. Peter's, in that city, which had so long, from her calm retreat by the flowing Mandava, looked as a queen over the Arabian Sea; and which now though desolate, bears of Christianity monuments more numerous and grander than all British India. Alas, too, even for Goa! They have for her my brethren. She, however, at the time at which I speak was a proud city by the sea, and ships from every nation filled her harbours, and her merchants were princes; but she was Catholic in heart as great in fame; and when, on Whit-Sunday, 1581, Auger and his two companions were to be baptized, all her children in their utmost grandeur, turned out, and thronged in and around; their magnificent cathedral at whose principal porch—surrounded by many frets and the grandees of an eastern court, and the clergy (regular and secular) of his vast diocese—stood John D'Albuquerque by his side were St. Francis Xavier and Conno de Torres; before him, neophytes. The organ peals forth in thundering sweetness, as if the choir of heaven would chant the service;—odours (the richest and most agreeable) from golden thuribles speak of the orient land; a thousand candles and an eastern sun light up the scene; the vases are made; the waters of baptism are poured out, and the three neophytes become the first Christians of Japan. In memory join the two Whit-Sundays—1548 and 1862.

Short-lived, as I said, was the Church of Japan; but its days, if numbered, not by hours, but by works, were many: in three and thirty years it could count 150,000 children. It would seem that the loss of the Church in Europe was to be compensated by the gain in Asia; they were the days of Elizabeth; some thought that Japan would take the place of Ireland.

The Church of Japan increases still more rapidly in numbers and in influence; in a few years it was even doubled; and among its more fervent members are generals and statesmen of even the highest name; then was planned the embassy, whose glories are, under such different auspices, renewed to-day. To Rome came ambassadors from Japan, to be at the feet of the Holy Father the homage of his young children, loved by him as Benjamin was by Jacob, loved by all their brethren as Benjamin was by Joseph. We cannot, at all, in this very last age, realize the sensation created by their presence in those cities which they visited, and those which they did not visit! suffice to say that their visit was everywhere understood to mean the triumph of the Church; we cannot accompany them round the principal Catholic cities of Europe. Quickly, indeed, passes memorable time; the Ambassadors return to their much-loved land. Nobunanga has been assassinated; Tai-on Sanna rules; all is changed. What had been attempted in Ireland succeeded in Japan: the clergy were exterminated, and the lamp of faith, untrimmed and without oil, died out. The first victims, or rather heroes, whose names are now enrolled in the martyrology, were 26 in all—three Jesuits, six Franciscans, twelve laymen, three little messengers and two peasants, added almost at the last moment, for giving to the sufferers a little refreshment. The cup of cold water in Christ's name won the martyrs' crowns. I have already so long detained you, that I must though unwillingly, pass over many interesting and most edifying incidents, happily, however, to be reproduced in many publications which, as they shall be within your reach, I beg leave respectfully to commend to your perusal. If, however, you will consult the great authority I refer you to the tenth book of Charlevoix's History of Japan, from which I take the following story, as being the essence of many. John De Gotto, a scholastic of the Society of Jesus, meets and embraces, beside the cross on which he is to be stretched and executed, his venerable father, "Courage, my son," cried the old man, "your mother and I would rather see you on that cross than on a throne. If it please God, we would wish to follow you."

The twenty-six are fixed on their crosses; from his unique and sublime pulpit, Father Paul Miki, Superior of the Jesuits, preaches with vigour undiminished and deepened pathos. His last sermon concluded with a prayer, in which all his companions join. It is now the last moment, and Father Peter Baptist, Superior of the Franciscans, entones the Benedictus; his companions and all the Christians around unite their voices with his; the executioners, they cast their

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The project of mediation, or of interference between the belligerents in the United States, with a view of putting a stop to the bloody and apparently interminable contest there raging, seems to be seriously entertained by the French Government; which is urged thereunto, partly by the severe commercial distress which the affairs of America have produced in France, and partly by the consciousness that, sooner or later, its interference with Mexico will involve it in a serious dispute with the Federal or Northern section of the Republic. On the one hand, France cannot now well recall her troops from Mexico, as her honor is deeply committed to bringing her quarrel with that Power to a successful issue by force of arms. On the other hand, the Government at Washington, no matter how much weakened by secession, cannot be expected to look with indifference on such a violation of what is known as the "Monroe doctrine," as a French-armed invasion of Mexico implies. Louis Napoleon may well, therefore, anticipate a war with the Federal Government, and would no doubt be glad to induce Great Britain to make common cause with him, and to adopt a common policy with reference to the affairs of the American Continent. In spite however of the tone of some of the English journals, which argue that the time and occasion for joint mediation have arrived, the policy of the British Government still seems to be that of non-interference and of perfect neutrality as between the contending parties. There is, no doubt, great and daily increasing distress in the manufacturing districts owing to the failure of the American cotton supplies, and in some quarters an intense desire to procure cotton at almost any price prevails. But it is felt that any advice, however sound, any mediation however friendly, which the British Government might offer to the people of America would, in the present excited and morbid condition of the latter, be unanimously and indignantly rejected, if not treated as a *casus belli*. For these reasons we think that it is probable that, though strong efforts will be made by Louis Napoleon to induce the British Ministry to listen favorably to a scheme for a joint mediation, the latter will still adhere to its ancient policy, and leave the people on this Continent to cut their own throats, until, through sheer lassitude and disgust at useless bloodshed, they abandon the unprofitable occupation.

European journals represent the French Emperor as much exercised in mind with the recent manifestation at Rome, and the glorious display of strong Papal attachment made by the Bishops and clergy of France. He dreads their influence, but he feels that he cannot yet afford to come to an open rupture with them; and for these reasons it is said that he is hurrying on the elections, so as, if possible, to have them concluded before the minds of the people can be affected by the touching reports and reminiscences which their pastors will no doubt bring back with them from the Holy City. Could he have done so with safety to himself, Louis Napoleon would no doubt have prohibited the French clergy from taking any part in the late grand display of Catholic loyalty; unable to do this however, he is anxious to neutralise, as much as possible, their influence over the people, or at all events to prevent that influence from bringing forth its natural fruits.

In our next we hope to be able to lay before our readers ample details of the great historic events of which Rome has been again the theatre. All we know of these yet is, that everything passed off in the most perfect order, and that every desire or anticipation of the Catholic heart has been realised. The importance, indeed, of the meeting of the Prelates of Christendom at the present crisis can hardly be overestimated; and though the Protestant press may affect to speak lightly of it, yet it cannot altogether conceal the terrors with which that august assembly has inspired it. The Papacy, it is seen, is not dead, but living and vigorous as ever. Still Peter confirms his brethren, still at his lightest word the Catholic world is stirred, and acknowledges the voice of its Chief. On the day of Pentecost A.D. 1862, as on the day of Pentecost A.D. 33, the multitude are amazed and confounded at the spectacle presented to them—

From Europe and from Asia, from Africa, from America, and the remote regions of the West, the pastors of the Church have flocked to Rome; and clustered around the See of Peter, with one voice, with one heart, and as one man have proclaimed the essential unity and Catholicity of that Church which Christ Himself founded upon the rock, and against which all the powers of hell and darkness shall not prevail—so that all men, even from the uttermost parts of the earth, might hear them preach the wonderful works of God. Not more conclusive as to a Divine protection was the miracle presented to the eyes and ears of the indwellers at Jerusalem on that ever-memorable day when in cloven tongues, as of fire, the Holy Ghost first descended upon the Apostles, than is that miracle which we ourselves have witnessed in the unanimity of the Catholic world in the nineteenth century, as proclaimed by its divinely appointed pastors gathered together from every quarter of the globe, citizens of every country, subjects of the most different forms of government, and yet all speaking but one tongue, one common language, because speaking only as the Spirit gave them utterance.—Acts 11, 4.

On this great event the *Times* comments as follows, as on the greatest event of which Christendom has been spectator since the great apostasy of the sixteenth century:—

"It is a fact which cannot be suppressed that Pope Pius IX., in his day of tribulation, menaced with overthrow and half broken-hearted, can still summon to his side more Cardinals, Prelates, and Dignitaries of every grade, and from all parts of the world, than met at the great Council convoked by Paul III., for the momentous task of revising, fixing, and declaring the doctrines of the Church; for the removal of the abuses which had crept into its Government, the reform of the conduct of its functionaries, and, if possible, the restoration of peace and unity. In the town of Trent, which owes all its celebrity to that meeting there wastered to subscribe to the last authoritative synopsis of the principles and doctrines of the Roman Catholic Religion, 235 Legates, Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Dignitaries; whereas, 287 Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops have hastened to Rome at the first call of Pius IX."

The falling out of rogues cannot but be of good augury to honest men; and hence we hail with joy the late stormy proceedings in the Italian Parliament at Turin on the 4th, 5th, and 6th ult., of which an account from the pen of M. Gallenga, the *Times*' correspondent, will be found on our sixth page. He tells us that the breach between the Garibaldians and the Ministerialists is now complete; and that "democracy must be put down," even if Garibaldi—whom Italian Liberals call their Christ—be put down along with it.

But though Garibaldi may ultimately be put down, it is equally certain that the quarrel has hitherto been most damaging to Ratazzi and his colleagues. There can be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent person—so the *Times*' correspondent admits—that Ratazzi has been playing all along a most dishonest game; that it has been his object to use Garibaldi as a tool against Austria, even as the mendacious and unprincipled Cavour used the same red-shirted filibuster as a tool against the King of Naples. He—Ratazzi—recalled Garibaldi from Caprera; he authorised the latter to form rifle clubs, and secretly encouraged him to an attack upon Austrian territory, with promises of assistance in men and money. The plot having failed, Ratazzi now turns against Garibaldi, disavows the intended buccannering expedition, and takes proceedings against those engaged in it. This was the game played by Cavour; but in the case of Cavour, and as against the Kingdom of Naples, it was successful, and so its immorality was overlooked and condoned. Less astute than Cavour, Ratazzi has failed, and has been detected; and so even the *Times*' correspondent undertakes to deliver him a homily upon public morality, of which the burden is that "Success can, if not justify, at least to some extent excuse a plain deviation from all laws of morality;" but that failure, and detection in rascality, admit of no justification, of no excuse. Such are Liberal ethics, such the principles of public morality, which the Protestant admirers of Italian Revolution not only tolerate, but endorse with their approval.

Our readers will find also in the same correspondence of the London *Times* another "sorrowful episode"—the Liberal movement. A Colonel Cattabene, one of Garibaldi's staff, warmest friends, and bravest officers, one of the best and most illustrious champions of Italian freedom, has just been arrested for a burglary upon the Bank of Parodi at Genoa, from whence he, with his brave companions in arms, stole a sum of eight hundred thousand francs. Such are the regenerators of Italy, and the men whom Protestant Liberals delight to honor. In the olden time it was customary to consign such heroes to the galleys, and to encircle their limbs with fetters; now-a-days, thanks to an advanced and enlightened Liberalism, we assign them a niche in the Pantheon, and crown their brows with wreaths of laurels. It is a sad reflection for the people of our degenerate Canada—but we cannot but think how many patriots, heroes and worthies of the true Garibaldian stamp, are now ignobly pinning away their lives in penal servitude, pent up in the Provincial Penitentiary—noble hearted convicts, who but for adverse circumstances, and the tyrannical interference of the police—the rod of empire might have swayed, and controlled the

destinies of the fairest portion of the European Continent. Might we not, profitably to ourselves, and to the cause of Italian Unity, release some of these gentry from their long confinement, and send them to fight the battle of Freedom and of Protestantism against legitimacy and the Pope, upon the plains of Italy? We throw this out merely as a hint to the Protestant Reformers of the Upper Province; and surely they will not grudge a few Canadian felons to the cause which amongst its noblest champions can boast of a blackleg and swindler like Edwin James—the honored of the Yankee Bar—and a bold burglar like Colonel Cattabene, the bosom friend of Garibaldi.

There has been hard fighting before and around Richmond, but, as yet, it is impossible to arrive at the truth as to the results. From the silly telegrams which day after day appear and reappear in the Press, it may be gathered that the Federals have met with serious losses, and have been driven from their position with much slaughter. They of course claim a victory, and predict the speedy fall of Richmond; but if the truth could be got at, we think that it would appear that the advantage during the last fight has been on the side of the Southerners. This view of the case is strongly confirmed by the fact that the Northern authorities are doing their best to suppress the truth, and to prevent the circulation of any authentic information on the subject.

Our latest European dates are to the 22nd ult. The affairs of America were still being warmly discussed in the British Parliament. The correspondence with reference to the *Emily St. Pierre*, claimed by the Federal authorities, is closed, the British Government having come to the conclusion that there was no power in England to compel the surrender of the vessel. Great activity prevails in France for sending out reinforcements to Mexico, which, it is said, are to consist of 12,000 men. There is nothing new from Italy. Garibaldi was at Turin, and having been called upon by the "party of action" to declare whether he was with them, or with the Government, he had answered by tendering his resignation of the presidency of their society. Bread stuffs are by the last advices rising in price in the British markets.

PROTESTANT HOME MISSIONS.—We have lately laid before our readers a few remarks upon Protestant Foreign Missions, their agents, methods, and results. By a natural transition we propose to-day to offer a few remarks upon their Home Missions; and first of all upon the French Canadian Missionary Society, and its teachings, as set forth in the *Montreal Witness*.

Of these teachings one of the chief objects seems to be to inculcate disrespect for the Virgin Mother, of whom it was said by the Spirit, that all generations should call her blessed. As the woman in whom was fulfilled the promise given to our first parents that the head of the serpent should be crushed, there are, and ever will be, enmities between that woman, and the seed of the serpent. The devil and his children naturally hate the Blessed Virgin; and that they should ever make it their aim to do dishonor to the sweet name of Mary, is as appropriate as is the homage which the children of the Holy One render to her who in her chaste and virginal womb bore their Lord and their Redeemer.—Just as Catholics glory in, and never weary of singing, the praises of the perpetual virginity of the Mother of God, and of their Mother, so heretics, and all the seed of the devil, inspired by that "enmity" which is spoken of Gen. iii. 15—cease not in their malignant but impotent efforts, to drag her down from her place of eminence, to disparage her peculiar endowments—her immaculate conception and her constant virginity—and to hold her up to the world as, it not a very wicked, at all events as a very ordinary and common place kind of mortal, about whom Papists are grievously in error in making so much fuss. This therefore is the great point which the agents of the French Canadian Missionary Society seek to impress indelibly upon the minds of their youthful charges at the Female Swaddling establishment in connection with the Grande Ligne Mission.

The *Witness* of Saturday last contains a report of the annual examination of the inmates of this establishment, on Thursday the 26th instant, in presence of a large and select body of the friends of the Mission. The exercises and examination were conducted by a Rev. M. Lafleur, Principal of the Institute; and, those we are told, elicited some "points of much interest upon the life of Our Lord," of which the purport may be judged from the following extracts:—

Q. "Had Christ any brothers and sisters in the natural sense?"

A. "Yes.—Thy brothers and sisters stand without seeking thee."

Q. "But were those not his disciples whom he calls his brothers and sisters?"

A. "No; for it is written 'Neither did his brethren believe on him.'"

Q. "But were they not his cousins, for the same word means both cousins and brothers?"

A. "It is written 'Thy mother and thy brothers and sisters seek thee; and a mother is not usually accompanied by a family of nephews and nieces.'—*Mont. Witness*."

Such is the argument, at length, of the French Canadian Missionary Society and its Doctors, against the belief in the perpetual virginity of the

Mother of God; and since they attach so much importance to it, we wonder that they do not give the references to those passages of the New Testament which they quote—as, for instance, the passage "Thy mother and thy brethren and sisters seek thee." We read indeed in the Gospel according to St. Matthew xii. 47, that, when addressing the people, Our Lord was interrupted by some one in the crowd who cried out "Thy mother and thy brethren stand without desiring to speak with thee;" and in the very next chapter of the same evangelist, and at the fifty-fifth verse, we learn the names of those brethren of Our Lord—"James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Judas"—who, as we learn from the other Evangelists, were the children of Mary of Cleophas, the sister of the mother of Jesus, and therefore the cousins german—kinsfolk or brethren, as the Jews called them—according to the flesh, of Our Lord. There is no mystery about the matter. If the "brethren" of Jesus are in one passage alluded to, in another we are told who those brethren were, and learn their precise degree of relationship to Him. Thus St. John tells us that "there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister Mary the wife of Cleophas"—xix. 25. From St. Mark. xv. 40, we learn that this Mary spoken of as standing looking on with Mary Magdalen at the crucifixion of the Redeemer, was the "mother of James the less and of Joseph, and of Salome; who again, as we learn from St. Math. xiii. 55, were the persons spoken of as the "brethren" of Jesus. Not a link in the chain is missing; and it is as clear as any table of genealogy can make it, that the persons spoken of by the Jews as the "brethren" of Jesus, were the sons of Mary of Cleophas—the sister of the mother of Jesus, and were therefore the first cousins of the latter.

There is also another consideration which we respectfully suggest to the Principal of the Feller Institute, which seems irreconcilable with the hypothesis that Mary the Mother of Jesus was also the mother of other and grown up children. It is briefly this:—

Our Lord looking down, beheld His mother standing by the cross on which He was making atonement for the sins of the world; and as His legacy, He gave her in charge and to the care of the beloved Apostle St. John, who from that hour took her to his own, and was unto her as a son. Now this action of Our Lord, this precious legacy to St. John, and its acceptance by the latter, are reconcilable with the hypothesis, and only with the hypothesis, that the Mother of Jesus was left by His departure from earth a childless widow; for if she had had children, the duty of taking care of her, and of taking her to their own, would have devolved, not upon Saint John, but upon those children; and if they had failed in this filial duty, and allowed another and a stranger to perform it for them, they would have been a set of heartless undutiful wretches, of whom it would be impossible to speak in too severe terms. We conclude therefore from these facts—that Our Lord when dying committed His widowed Mother to the care of St. John, giving him to her as her son, and that the latter thenceforward took this mother so solemnly given to him to his own—that Mary the Mother of Jesus, had no "natural" children to whom in her widowhood and solitude she might naturally and of right look for support and shelter; whilst at the same time, we know from the gospel narrative, that "James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Judas" whom the Jews styled the "brethren" of Jesus were His first cousins, being the children of Mary of Cleophas—His Mother's sister, as St. John tells us.

In additional illustration of the value of evangelical Protestant teaching, and of the singular effects which in time it must produce, we may be permitted to refer to another column of the same issue of the *Montreal Witness* as that in which the above examination of the juvenile female Swaddlers at the Feller's Institute is reported; wherein we find set forth a perfectly novel view as to the authorship of the Bible, and the different books of which it is composed. We are gravely informed that the book was written, not by Moses, or Josue, or Daniel, or others to whom the various parts have been assigned—but by Jesus Himself:—

"Jesus has written us this Bible to tell us His will, to tell us how we can be saved."

We much marvel what the *Westminster Review*, what the authors of "*Essays and Reviews*," what in short the more intelligent and critical of the Protestant world would say, were this novel hypothesis as to the authorship of the Bible to meet their eyes. And yet so intense is the ignorance of the evangelical section of that world, that we believe the strange assertion of the *Montreal Witness* will therein meet with very general acceptance; and that it would not be started if it were added that, not only did Jesus write the Bible with his own hand, but that he wrote it in choice English, such as we have it, in the By Act of Parliament authorised version of the present day. Indeed, from the ludicrous manner which the sacred authors are quoted, or rather insinuated, in evangelical pulpits, the prevalent idea seems to be that the language employed by Our Lord upon earth, and by His

Apostles was modern Anglo-Saxon; and that His very words have actually been handed down to us in the existing biographical notices of His career upon earth, as given in the Gospels.

Seeing how novel, if not valuable, is the instruction in religious matters imparted by the Doctors of the French Canadian Missionary Society to their pupils, we cannot but express our admiration of the sentiments uttered by one of the learned and intelligent assistants at the examination of Feller Swaddling Institution—a Mr. Dougall—in the following terms:—

"Mr. Dougall warmly commended the scholars on their progress in the branches in which they had been examined, and pointed out how much superior were their opportunities to those of the great mass of their French Canadian countrywomen—a consideration which should make them resolve not only to improve present privileges to the uttermost but to turn them to account afterwards. Seeing a wreath of oak and maple leaves, he bid them cherish increasing affection for the country symbolised by the oak and the maple, (Britain and Canada), saying he was not sure but the union of the two would bring out the highest style of humanity yet known."—*Witness*.

Certainly no two things can be more different than the education given to French Canadian girls in our Catholic Convents, and that doled out to the inmates of the Feller Institute. The former would stare indeed if told that the Bible was written by Jesus Christ; and would find it hard to make out how the doctrine of the Incarnation—the cardinal doctrine of Christianity—is likely to be confirmed, or established by the process of disparaging or undervaluing her who was one of the chief actors therein, and for whose consent—"fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum"—be it done unto me according to thy word—Omnipotence itself was content to wait. That the dignity of the Son, His Office and Person, can be exalted by depreciating the dignity, the office and the person of the Mother, is rather a novel idea, to which the Catholic mind finds it very difficult to reconcile itself; and indeed such is the effect of early training, that we may be sure that when Protestant teaching shall have taught it to look upon Mary merely as an ordinary woman, it will, with strict logical consistency, look upon the son of Mary as a very ordinary man. As it is the object, however, of our Convents, to rear up their pupils Christians, and as the great object of the French Canadian Missionary Society is to turn out "non-Catholics" or Protestants, it follows that the methods respectively employed must be as contradictory as are their respective objects. We may be permitted to doubt however if religion gains much by the destruction of the belief in the virginity of the Spouse of the Holy Ghost, and the Mother of Jesus Christ.

The *Courier du Canada* publishes a letter from Mgr. de Tloa under date Rome 6th ult. His Lordship was in excellent health, and intended to return to Canada immediately after the conclusion of the great ceremonies, so that he may be shortly expected at Quebec.

ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—At 4 P.M. on Tuesday last, Lord Monck made his first visit to this city. He was received on the wharf by a Guard of Honour from the Prince of Wales Rifle Regiment, under the command of Major Devlin, and a company of the Victoria Rifles under the command of Major Howard. The customary congratulatory addresses were presented by His Honor the Mayor, and responded to by His Excellency, after which the latter proceeded to the St. Lawrence Hall. In the evening he visited the Natural History Society, and the Crystal Palace, where there was a very fine turn out of the Montreal Field Battery under Major Stevenson, and an agreeable concert.

On Wednesday His Excellency visited several of our most important institutions, Catholic and Protestant, and at 2 P.M. held a Levée which was numerously attended.

To the liberal *Katholic* advocates of our Common School System and our virtuously indignant Chief Superintendent, it may not be un-instructive to note the widely different estimations in which the self same acts are held by Protestant historians, when enacted towards Protestants and towards Catholics. Good simple hearted people would think, that the ordinary laws of mortality—of right and wrong—meum and tuum—should hold good towards Catholics as towards Protestants; and that what was robbery when taken from Protestants, should at least in the commonest justice be held as robbery too, if taken from a Catholic. And yet nothing is farther from being the case. So inconquerable appears to be the prejudice engendered in the minds of even the most learned and apparently liberal minded Protestants [such men for instance as Macaulay] that they do not appear to be able to bring themselves to believe that the Catholic is in reality a fellow-man. They regard him rather as one outside the pale of manhood—as a kind of Western Peri doomed to exclusion from the enjoyment of Paradise of equal right and full liberty, and as one towards whom the ordinary laws of morality and probity are not binding. The barrier between the freeborn black and the white American in the Northern States is not greater, than that which in the mind of the English Pro-

testament is supposed to intervene between himself and his Catholic fellow-countryman. That this should be, is certainly to be lamented, and in a nation otherwise so liberal and fair dealing is astonishing.

Leaving however the English public to its prejudices, it behoves Canadian Catholic parents to act more rationally. To send even a Protestant child to be educated under a system which teaches so loose a code of morality, is folly—but for a Catholic parent to allow his child's mind to be poisoned by such unbalanced logic against his Church and creed is nothing short of mental and spiritual murder.

The School Question, as far as Catholics are concerned, resolves itself into this—Do they wish their children to be taught to look with Dr. Ryerson and his crew at Catholic questions through Methodist spectacles, and those none of the clearest withal?

SACERDOS.

The Sherbrooke Leader has some very sensible remarks upon "free grants" of Crown Lands to emigrant:—

But if free grants are to be given to emigrants as a rule that would involve an entire revolution in the management of the Crown Domain, and materially affect the revenue of the Province.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Brockville, 23 June, 1862.

SIR—Some days ago, I arrived in the good old town of Brockville, for the purpose of paying a long promised visit to a friend; and, while partaking of his hospitality, to enjoy myself generally.

really a very fine one, and has some good buildings in it, equal to many in Montreal or Toronto in size. There are some large and substantial buildings on Court House Avenue.

The Catholics of this place have every right to feel proud of their stately, spacious and magnificent looking church; its equal is not in this section of the Province.

The interval between the announcement and the 17th, about a fortnight, was made good use of in procuring the necessary supplies for the refreshment tables from the different contributors throughout the neighborhood.

The steamer arrived at the ground from Ogdensburg and Prescott about half-past ten o'clock, with the excursionists from these places.

On the morning of the 17th June—a lovely one—your correspondent betook himself to the steambot wharf, whence the committee was to proceed, at seven o'clock, to the pic-nic ground, distant from Brockville about three miles, to make preparations for the reception of the excursionists, who were expected to arrive at eleven, and, in due course, found himself on his way to the place of interest.

The steamer arrived at the ground from Ogdensburg and Prescott about half-past ten o'clock, with the excursionists from these places.

After landing them, she returned to Brockville, to bring up the pleasure seekers from that locality; and at eleven o'clock there were five hundred persons safely deposited on the Pic-Nic ground, and enjoying themselves with all the gaiety and mirthfulness imaginable.

were given by the members of the Committee, for the generous strangers who had so kindly patronised them; after which, the Committee found themselves in sole possession of the field.

I cannot say what amount has been realized, but should think it not less than \$400, judging from the numbers that were on the ground.

A MEMENTO.

A few withered flowers and old grey shells Are the relics I have from my home;

The scent of the flowers still clings to them. All withered and dried as they are;

Yet long years have passed since I took them both From the hands and home that I cherish.

My childhood's home was, oh passing fair, 'Twas an Isle in the bright, sunny South.

And deep in my heart there is treasured still— The green groves of the orange and lime.

The flowers that grew in my own old home, The rare vines clustering thick at the door,

So I keep my flowers all withered still, And the shells that are whitened with foam;

And the past in my old island home.

Montreal, June 5th, 1862.

ACCIDENT.—On Friday morning, 27th ult., as a little boy belonging to J. O'Sullivan, Esq., was carrying some vinegar in a stone bottle, he fell, broke the bottle, and a large piece of it went through his side, between the ribs, inflicting a terrible wound.

DEATH OF A PRIEST.—The death of Abbe La Blonde, which occurred recently at Rome, was announced from the Cathedral pulpit of Baltimore on Sunday last.

CANADIAN PASSES ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.—The Montreal Herald says:—"If the national system cannot be maintained, let us adopt the honest course of doing away entirely with State aid to schools, and not upon the statute book laws which will virtually give these bodies, whose members are best able to help themselves, the power to put their hands into the pockets of neighbors, who are weaker because they belong to less numerous classes.

The advocates of Unsectarian Education have cause to be alarmed. Our noble Common School system was never in more danger than now.

The Toronto Leader says:—"If any denomination that desires to be permitted to withdraw from the Common Schools, and claim a share of the public money to sustain denominational schools, our national system of education will receive its death-blow.

The Common School system of Upper Canada is at last in real danger of being utterly destroyed. The demand this time does not come from the Roman Catholic body, but from the Church of England—and just because it comes from a Protestant denomination, large and influential, it is fraught with imminent danger to the national system of Education.

The Representation Question.—If, says the Globe, Mr. Stott desires to ascertain on what basis Mr. McDougall and the other Ministers were elected,

he will find it in the following resolution, passed at a meeting in the township of West Zorra:

It was moved by John Fraser, Esq., seconded by Alex. McDonald, Esq., councillor for the 4th Ward of West Zorra, and

Resolved.—That having heard the explanations of the Hon Wm Macdougall, this meeting, while consistently strenuous in favour of the principle of Representation by Population, and satisfied that that principle will form the ground of all constitutional change introduced by the Reform Party, accepts the new administration as an earnest of a satisfactory political future; therefore, in view of this, we pledge our renewed confidence to our late representative the Hon. Wm. McDougall.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—The recent showers have only in a small degree dispelled the apprehensions our agriculturist must have had, as to the effect of the continued drought upon the growing crops.

THE CROPS.—On Tuesday evening, 24th inst., this section of the Province was blessed with a general shower—an abundance of rain it was not. Such as it was, however, it was gratefully accepted.

THE WEATHER.—Since our last we have been favored with the much needed rain, the effect of which is visible in our gardens and fields.

THE WEATHER AND CROPS.—The frequent showers that have been favored without late, have caused very much the backward appearance of the corn and other crops. It is generally the opinion that the straw will doubtless be short, but there may yet be an average yield of cereals.

Twenty-one Sergeants, belonging to the battalions of Guards on home station, who were sent out by the military authorities to assist in the organization of the Canada militia, left the city on Wednesday night by the steamer for Quebec, en route for England, as there did not appear any probability of their services being required.

The Ottawa papers say that within the past few days a rather smart customer has flooded that city with counterfeit bills on the Bank of Montreal in ones and fives.

COUNTERFEIT ON THE BANK OF TORONTO.—We were shown yesterday a counterfeit \$4 bill on the Bank of Toronto. It is well executed so far as the engraving is concerned, but it has little of the appearance of the genuine bill.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Tuesday morning, a woman named Martin, living with her two children, at St. Felix, a little beyond Radnor Forge, observed that the fire which had been for some days burning in the woods, was approaching the house, and taking one of her children in her arms and the other by the hand, she started for help; but becoming blinded by the smoke, she lost her way, and herself and children became a prey to the flames.

At length, it may be safely said that the "Common School" system is in a perilous position. A highly influential and wealthy body has declared against it. A Synod of the Diocese of Toronto, under the presidency of its venerable Prelate, "John Toronto" assembled in the city of Toronto, on Tuesday, the 17th inst.

THE 4TH OF JULY.—We have it from good authority, that the recruiting officers of the United States army stationed in Ogdensburg, anticipate obtaining a considerable number of recruits from Canada on the occasion of the celebration of the 4th of July inst.

A MAN, named James O'Brien, has been arrested in Quebec for having in his possession counterfeit coins, and the implements for making it.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—It cannot be denied that things do look a little squally over the waters. At all events, we hope sincerely that our country will remain neutral in the matter.

We understand that several large mercantile houses here contemplate closing the dry goods branch of their business on account of the want of a sufficient system of examination at the Custom House, through which enormous frauds are successfully practised on the revenue, and the honest importer is rendered incapable of competing with the dishonest.—Commercial Advertiser.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Montreal, July 1st, 1862. Flour.—Pollards, \$3 to \$3.40; Middlings, \$3.50 to \$3.75; Fine \$3.90 to \$4.15; Super, No. 2, \$4.20 to \$4.35; Super, \$4.45 to \$4.65; from American Wheat \$4.55 to \$4.65; Fancy, \$4.70 to \$4.80; Extra, \$4.90 to \$5.20; Superior Extra, \$5.75. Bag Flour, per 112 lbs., \$2.50 to \$2.60.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Sherbrooke, J Curran, \$2.25; Plantagenet, Rev Mr. Bertrand, \$4; Fitzroy, M Herrick, \$5; Atherly, D McLaugh, \$16; Westport, P McDonald, \$2.50; Elora, T Farrell, \$2; Morrisburgh, A McDonell, \$5; Pointe Claire, J Broderick, \$3.75; Leclerc, J O'Neill, \$3; P McCall, \$1; Dalhousie Mills, J O'Kavanagh, \$2; Baticum Bridge, Rev Mr. Frochto, \$8.25; Victoria, H Vogt, \$5; St. Francis du Lac, Rev J Paradis \$12.50; Tracadie, Rev J Quinn, \$2; Rev J Gauthier \$8; Springfield, B McGee, \$5; Sandwich, C Cole, \$2; South Plantagenet, J Paxton, \$4; St. Anglique, G J Moran, \$2; St. Raphael, L McLaughlin, \$3; A A Kennedy, \$2; Three Rivers, A Polette, \$15; N Lancaster, A McDonald, \$2; St. Zouge, Rev J T Lesieur, \$2; Port Erie, Rev A G Young, \$2; Seneca, J Goslin, \$7.50; Carleton Place, P E I, Hon D Brennan, \$3.25; St. Thomas, P Leneigan, \$2.50; Dundee, D McRae, \$2; Carletonburgh, D McDonell, \$2; Berthier, J Morin, \$2; Hampton Falls, N Galvin, \$2; Huntley, D Hagan, \$1.50; Mackinaw, Rev Mr Bois, \$2.50; Dewittville, P Moran, \$3.50; Luskay, P O'Connor, \$2; DeLoraine, D Smith, \$5; Norwood, J McCarty, \$2; Buckingham, P Osgrove, \$7; Kingston, A Grant, \$1; North Simcoe, \$3; Waterville, J McGovern, \$2; LaFayette, Rev L Gillet, \$2; Thonon, W Melroy, \$1; Indernau, T J Bishop, \$7; Young, J Kelly, \$5; St. John's, T Maguire, \$2; St. Ursula, Rev Mr Lungey, \$2; Blessington, Rev G Brophy, \$2; Allumette Island, N Kennedy, \$2; Beauharnois, Rev D Chartrand, \$7; Toronto, Rev Mr Lacroix, \$2; Pointe Precisant, Rev R J Carroll, \$15; Toledo, P McNamee, \$2; Osnagh, Ireland, J Doherty, \$1; Howick, J D'Amico, \$12; St. Valier, Rev L A Proulx, \$2.50; Antigonish, N.S., Rev J Cameron, \$4.

Per E M McCormack—Stony Lake, W Young, \$3; Ashburnham, S Clancy, \$1; Keen, J Sullivan, 50c; Dorso, P Heikman, 50c.

Per A Duncanson, Richmond—P Reilly, \$2. Per P L Egan, Bayfield—Self, \$2; H Cogger, \$1. Per J J Murphy, Ottawa City—N M Gave, \$2.50. B Dunne, \$2.50; Richmond, T Dooley, \$4.

Per M Moran, Atherly—J Heat, \$1. Per Rev M McCarty, Wilmetstown—D J McDonnell, \$5; St Raphael, J M Har, \$5. Per Rev J J Chisholm, Alexandria, D Kennedy \$2; A O'Sullivan, \$2; Leclercq, Major A McDonnell, \$7.25.

Per A M Phaul, Wellington—P Lamb, \$2. Per M Heophy, Kemptville—M Gulleton, \$3; J Fitzsimons, \$2.

Per T Griffith, Sherbrooke—H Malvern, \$1. Per D Lamyler, Windsor—B Marantette, \$2. Per Mr Snow, Buckingham—R D Acker, \$7.50c; M Gleason, \$5; J Morrison, \$4; H Gorham \$6.25c; Rev Mr Brady, \$5.85c; L'Orignal, Miss Grant, \$2.50; Vanckle Hill, W M Roe, \$7.50; Vandriest, J Lynskey, \$2.50.

Per W M Manany, Brandon—J O Connell, \$2. Per D McDonell, E Hawkesbury—M McCormack, \$2.50c; T Maloney, \$2.50c; St. Andre d'Arville, Rev C Guillaume, \$2.50. Per Rev M Paradis, W Frampton—J Codd, \$2.50. Per P Purcell, Kingston—O M'Annis, \$2; J Connolly, \$2; Wolfe Island, M Baker, \$2; A Lennie, \$1.25. Per P Maguire, Cobourg—P M'Kenney, \$2.25c; B M'Hugh, \$2. Per A Brunet, Quebec—Rev M Derocher, \$2. Per Rev Mr Lynch, Allumette Island—Self, \$2.50; Six Mile Creek, Ireland, Rev Mr Clune, \$5. Per C F Fraser, Brockville—P Murray, \$2; Miss E Harlsad, \$1; Greenbush, J Burke, \$1.25.



THE Regular MONTHLY MEETING of the St. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, will be held in the Society's New Hall, BONAVENTURE BUILDING, on MONDAY EVENING next, 7th July.

The Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock (By Order.) P. OMBARA, Sec. Sec.

WANTED. A FAMILY GOVERNESS, by a gentleman in Upper Canada, to superintend the Education of seven children. She will be treated in all respects as a member of the family. The highest testimonials can be given, and will be required. An elderly lady preferred. For particulars, apply at this Office. July 3.

JOHN PATTERSON, PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT, AND GROCERY BROKER; OFFICE,—13 HOSPITAL STREET; STORES—COMMISSIONER STREET, MONTREAL. July 3. NOTICE. Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal. Jan. 17, 1862.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.—There is, indeed, no political question of the day, not even that of Mexico, which occasions more anxiety to the Emperor. Others may think lightly of the matter; but, religious feelings or prejudices apart, His Majesty is fully aware of the difficulties with which it is surrounded. He does not disguise his feelings at the fact—that Pope Pius IX., on his day of tribulation, menaced with overthrow, aged, and half broken-hearted, can still summon to his side more cardinals, prelates, and dignitaries of every grade, and from all parts of the world, than met at the great council convoked by Paul III. for the momentous task of revising the decrees of the Council of Trent, and declaring the doctrine of the Church; for the removal of the abuses that had crept into its government, the reform of the conduct of its functionaries, and, if possible, the restoration of peace and unity. In the town of Trent, which owes all its celebrity to that meeting, there assembled to subscribe to the last authoritative synopsis of the principles and doctrines of the Catholic religion, 255 legates, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and other dignitaries; whereas 287 cardinals, archbishops, and bishops have hastened to Rome at the first call of Pius IX., and the men chosen to be the mouthpiece of the episcopacy of the Catholic world is the very prelate who most fiercely combated himself in the conflict on the temporal Papacy.—Among the French prelates the most moderate, most forbearing, and the most disposed to submit to what he cannot help, is by general admission Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Paris. On the eve of starting for Rome his Eminence obtained an audience of the Emperor, to take leave, and to tell him his impressions before setting out, lest it should be said that they were those which he brought from the Vatican. He informed His Majesty, in respectful but decided terms, that if any event forced His Holiness to quit Rome, he (Cardinal Morlot) should at once resign his post as Grand Almoner, and, together with his colleagues, retire from the Senate, of which they are members.

It is not, then, to be wondered at that there is every wish to hold the elections before the zeal of the prelates, heated as it must be by what is passing at Rome, shall have been communicated to the population of the rural districts, and of some of the large towns. The Chamber will be dissolved without waiting for another Session, and the elections for the new Parliament will take place while the people are in a calmer mood.

All these things seriously occupy the attention of the Emperor, and the saying which is attributed to him, on no man's authority, may be authentic, that the question of the Papacy, instead of being a cause of quarrel with the French clergy, is become one with the whole Catholic world.

CAVOUR AND THE CHURCH.—The Italian resident in Paris, says the *Opinion Nationale*, "resolved, with the acquiescence of their Minister, M. Nigra, to celebrate a funeral service in honour of Count Cavour, who died on the 6th June, 1861. In a few hours, more than the necessary funds were collected, and M. Ferrari, charged with the organization of the ceremony, went to the office of the archbishop to solicit the necessary authorisation, being provided with all the documents needful to show that the Italian Government approved of what was about to be done. The day next morning he was informed that the Cardinal of Lyons General, who had assembled to deliberate on the application, had rejected it unanimously. When the excommunicated Minister died, it was resolutely asserted by the organs of the Italian Carbonari, that the report of Cavour's reconciliation to the church was a clerical forgery, and that though the "superstition of his hearer" had brought a priest to his chamber, the dying man was never unconscious, and could not therefore confess or be shriven. How inconsistent, then, of the same mind party to propose an office for his soul, and complain that the French clergy did not offer Cavour's departed soul those religious services which his organs boasted that he despised when living. The French clergy are not like the wincing and pliant Piedmontese abbe, who, in defiance of the canon law, offered to shrive the excommunicated Minister without even asking the permission of the Holy Father, though it was a reserved case; they know their duty better.

The *Patrie*, in a long and fulsome article, informs the public that the remains of King Joseph, whom the caprice of Napoleon I first placed on the throne of Naples, and subsequently on that of Spain, are to be removed from the Church of Santa Croce at Florence to the Lavinia. The *Opinion Nationale* quotes an extract from a speech recently delivered at Vienna by the Bishop of Bamberg, which [says the *Opinion*] "yields nothing in violence, in brutal insult, and bad taste to any of the writings published in France and Italy by the clerical party." The Bishop expressed himself as follows:—

"The noble martyr, Pius IX., stands crucified between the two thieves who have despoiled him, who have torn up treaties to carry out their robbery, and who are now gambling away his last garment at dice. And this is the moment which is deemed favorable for Catholic Austria to tender to the Pontiff the cup of bitterness—the gall wrapped up in a fragment of the Concordat which it is sought to tear up."

The *Opinion Nationale*, as the subsidized organ of Pion-Plan, is of course rude and insolent in speaking of the Bishop of Bamberg and all other faithful dignitaries of the Church whom its patry master hates, and would extirpate, if the coward's power were equal to his evil intentions.

The Paris correspondent of the *Standard* has some observations upon the present august gathering of the dignitaries of the Catholic Church from all parts of the world. It will be comprehended from the sentiments thus expressed by one of a different creed how great the Papacy is, even in the time of its sorest tribulation:—

"If the temporal power of the Papacy be crumbling, its sunset has more than the brilliancy of its noon. It is impossible to deny the grandeur of the clerical manifestation of which Rome is just now the scene; and equally impossible to deny the effect it must produce upon the ardent and superstitious minds of the Italians. From every part of the world priests and prelates are flocking round the Throne of St. Peter, and their acclamations, fanatical though they be, victoriously reply to the taunts and denunciations of fanatics in the French Senate. The proportion of French priests in the gathering is enormous, and when it is borne in mind that every one of those priests has a pulpit, whence they may address congregations less enlightened but quite as enthusiastic as themselves, one can understand the reason why the Emperor is so slow in coming to a decision on the Roman question. The *Presse* to-night has an article from the pen of M. Peyrat, arguing that the existence of the temporal power will not be prolonged one hour by the clerical demonstration. M. Peyrat might be right if the Emperor was prepared to go to the lengths proposed by the revo-

lutionary party, and organize a reign of terror over the Church. But that is not the case. On the other hand, it may be said that the power and influence of the clergy is exaggerated, but the Emperor well knows what powerful aid he received at his hands after the coup d'etat, and he may reasonably be excused for avoiding, if he can possibly do so, to turn such a powerful engine against himself.

An EUROPEAN CONGRESS.—The independence of Tuesday evening revives the rumour of an approaching congress. It says:—

"The idea of assembling a congress of the great Powers of Europe to settle all the political questions which remain in suspense has been frequently put forward for some years, and at various times it has seemed very near realization in the councils of the Governments which alone have the privilege of sitting in such a congress. But it has always miscarried through insurmountable obstacles, belonging both to the mutual relations of certain Cabinets and the state of the questions awaiting solution. The idea is revived to-day with such persistence that we ought to mention it among the divers reports and numberless political combinations which we register every day as visions of public thought, or as manifestations of the incessant agitation which is going on public opinion and among the Cabinets. The allusion which an Austrian Minister has recently made, in a full council of the empire, to negotiations carried on with a view to the settlement of the Italian question, have peculiarly contributed to restore this idea, and to give it the very great consistency which it has gained during the last few days."

The *Moniteur de France* says:—

"In execution of the Imperial decision of the 28th ult., the corps of occupation of Rome, being reduced to one division, will be composed as follows:—General Division, General Drouot; 3rd Battalion of Chasseurs, Commandant Bonnier; 7th Regiment of the Line, Colonel de Brouse; 2nd Brigade, General Michel; 20th Regiment of the Line, Colonel Tabor; 3rd Brigade, General Koller; 5th Regiment of the Line, Colonel Berger; 6th Regiment of the Line, Colonel Goussier; 7th Regiment of the Line, Colonel Dargout. Two batteries of Artillery, one company of Engineers, and two squadrons of Hussars form part of the 1st Brigade. The 20th Battalion of Chasseurs, Commandant Lepage des Lanchamps; 5th Regiment of the Line, Colonel Guinet; 6th Regiment of the Line, Colonel Legendre; and the 16th Company of the 2nd Regiment of Engineers, are about to return to France."

The French army of occupation after the reduction, will amount to 15,000 men, but will not in reality be more than 12,000 or 13,000.

The Minister of Marine, it appears, has asked for a credit of some millions of francs for the Mexican expedition, and probably the War Minister will request similar assistance. The reinforcements for General de Lorencez will go out in October.

The *Presse* of Lyons gives the following admirable description of the state of the working classes in that city:—

"Prolonged distress still weighs on our manufacturing and agricultural districts. At the commencement of the fine weather industry and confidence appeared to revive. Unfortunately it was a mere flash of light, the sun shone but for a moment, and the country, it is true, was enveloped in a greater proportion than during the winter, but the workmen's wages are reduced. The weavers, moreover, and the daily labourers in other professions, have suffered a reduction of their daily wages. In fine, all kinds of dealing are difficult as well as limited in their amount."

Paris, June 12.—The *Presse* of this evening says:—

"The journey of Count Persigny to London is exclusively a political one. On this subject the *Revue Public* adds:—Count Persigny will submit to the English Cabinet the private views of the Emperor, in order to come to an arrangement for the mediation of England and France in America."

Relative to the Roman question, the same paper says:—

"It is said that the Papal Government has officially informed the French Government that it will listen to no proposition modifying the conditions of the Temporal Power."

The following is the full text of the paragraphs in *La Patrie* concerning the proposed mediation of France and England in America:—

"It is asserted that negotiations will shortly be opened at London, to come to an understanding which will allow propositions of mediation in the affairs of America to be formulated."

If the negotiations in question succeed the mediation of France and of England will be offered simultaneously, it is said, and in identical terms, to the belligerent parties."

The Paris correspondent of the *New York Tribune* writes as follows relative to General Butler's woman order:—

"I sincerely believe that Gen. Butler's expulsion from New Orleans after a fair fight would have done us less harm politically in Europe, as it certainly would have been a less disgrace to our Government, than the brutal—stupidly impolitic as brutal—proclamation there of the 11th May. No one event, from the first retreat from Manassas to Bank's retreat—not last winter's decay lack of events—has done so much as the last unmanly lines of that shameful document to set public sentiment against the North and our Government. You can best measure its injurious influence, not on the naturally antipathetic "governing classes" but on all men, by recalling your own feelings as they were excited a few years ago by the brutalities of Austrian Generals to Hungarian and Venetian women. And as then we rightly imputed the blame of Haynau's and Urban's dastardly acts to Austria, so the proclamation attributed to Butler is regarded here as an act of our Government. The censure by telegraph of General Fremont's proclamation, the immediate repudiation of Gen. Hunter's proclamation (while as yet it was only attributed to him by unofficial reports) are proofs that Mr. Lincoln fully recognizes and jealousy exercises his duty as responsible editor of the proclamations of his subordinates. We still cling to the hope that this absurd manifesto of Gen. Butler, like the absurd protest of Captain Chouet, will prove to be an invention of the enemy; and that hope fading, to this order, that President Lincoln will yet find time to publicly repudiate it—if not for shame's sake, for patent policy's sake."

The *Gazette de Melfi* says that when Mgr. Criscia (an Irishman), the Bishop of Marsilles, was leaving for Rome a grand concourse of citizens accompanied him to the steamer. A deputation of the clergy, followed by another of the laity, headed by the Duke de Sabran and his son, waited on his Lordship to convey to him the address of his people, and to request him to lay at the feet of his Holiness the devotion and homage of the faithful Marsillesais. When the moorings of the steamer were cast off his Lordship and the accompanying clergy intoned the *Ave Maria Stella* amid the enthusiastic cries by the citizens of "Long live Pius IX.," "Long live our Bishop."

ITALY.

ROMA FALLING OUT.—The *Times* correspondent writes as follows:—

TURIN, JUNE 4.—A very great, though not violent revolution is on the eve of accomplishment in Italy, and yesterday's sitting marked the first stage of its progress. Democracy must be put down in this country, even if the instrument of its demolition be that very Prime Minister who attained power by cajoling and tampering with it—even if the great noble figure of Garibaldi, be involved in its ruin. Parties have come to close quarters; one of them must go from the field scattered and broken.

There is scarcely any clear-sighted and free-spoken person who entertains any doubt that Rattazzi used Garibaldi as a lever to help him into power, and that, in order to secure his support and that of the Party of Action, he was lavish of promises which however vague, pointed to an outbreak with Austria

as a probable and, by no means remote contingency, for which the opening of this present spring was assigned as the probable epoch. It is difficult, at the present day, to guess to what extent Rattazzi, who came into power by the favour of the French Emperor, was encouraged in his endeavours to turn the tide of Italian national aspirations from Rome, where they unconsciously France, to Venice, where they only interfered with Austria. That there has been great activity in that quarter among Venetian, Italian, and Hungarian patriots for the last three months there can be no doubt, and I have often given you clear hints of their movements. But at last the time came in which Rattazzi felt himself surely seated in his Ministerial chair, when it was evident Napoleon had no wish for an outbreak of hostilities of which no man could foresee the end; then the resolution came to break with Garibaldi and the Party of Action. Leave might well be given to the hero of Caprera to break his own neck and those of his followers, if they would venture upon any desperate course in a quiet way. But there was more noise about their doings than real earnest work. Austria made loud complaints; France could no longer pretend to wink at what was going on, or allow Rattazzi to do so. Then came the mission of Saffont, on the 10th of April; the arrest of Nullo and his companions, on the 15th of the same month; the disavowal of all complicity with Garibaldi during yesterday's sitting. After that the breach between Rattazzi and the Garibaldians and Mazzinians is as wide as the world, and it is incurable. Rattazzi must become a Conservative, and act in that sense with all the zeal and earnestness of a reclaimed, repentant sinner. Will his tardy abjuration satisfy the Right, or Moderate party, and incite them to rally round the convert, and help him in his work of extermination? There is, in many men's opinion, little doubt but they will. There are many men who dislike and distrust Rattazzi among the 80 who declared against him on the first debates in March, subsequent to his accession—many who like and trust him but little among those 210 who are as that juncture supported him; but, since Cavour's death, Italian statesmen must rely on a kind of grudging, negative support—they must be satisfied to be tolerated, accepted as a *piscicola*. The Italians are both to upset a Government under any circumstances. They are always afraid they must be left without a Government of any kind. Cavour's death was looked upon as the world's end by many of them. They always seem to expect the earth will yaw and crumble under their feet. "We shall unsettle Rattazzi, and what then? When have we got ready to put in his place? And then Rattazzi is evidently the man after the King's own heart. Who would like to see Parliament in collision with the Sovereign? And so on to the end of time."

Rattazzi's double-dealing is by some censured on the strength of Cavour's own conduct in analogous circumstances, though the circumstances are by no means identical, as Rattazzi himself pointed out the difference between the condition of Piedmont, who had little to lose for herself and much to gain for Italy, and that of 22,000,000 Italians who are sure to win if they will only take their time, and may lose much by everything by rash premature enterprises. By others Rattazzi's duplicity is accounted for by reference to his usual conduct in a Parliament when he had no support, and when he was compelled to gain his friends one by one by humoring all parties and tampering with them. But Rattazzi's conduct may be explained, the only, if truth be, he is sincerely desirous to do so.

A GENTLEMAN GARIBALDIAN.—There is one more somewhat singular episode in this Garibaldian affair, which I must put down in writing, and then I shall have done. The telegraph informed you of a famous robbery perpetrated in full daylight at the Bank of Padua, at Treviso, from which a sum of 600,000 francs was carried away by night of arms. One of the persons arrested, as supposed to be implicated in that daring deed, is Colonel Cattabene, one of the bravest officers in Garibaldi's staff. Cattabene, a native of Pessaro, belonging to a decent family, is covered with honourable wounds received in battle at Melazzo and Caiazzo. There is no man more impetuously and heroically daring in the field. But he is said to be always hard up for money, being desperately addicted to gambling, a habit he had in common with Nullo and other Garibaldians. That his reduced fortunes may have driven him to so criminal an attempt is what many are still loth to believe, and there are also some who surmise that if he really had a hand in that affair, his object was not to fill his own pocket, but to procure means for the intended Garibaldian enterprise, and, in one word, to do that good may come of it. He must now abide his trial, and the proceedings are carried on with the utmost secrecy. It is greatly to be hoped that he may clear himself of so foul an imputation. Meanwhile, a rumour that either he or his fellow-prisoners were treated with harshness has been officially contradicted upon his own (Cattabene's) good evidence. The day in which so brave a patriot might be declared innocent would be a happy one for Italy.

In the meanwhile, as I said, yesterday's debate turned out greatly in favour of the Ministers.—Supposing even that the very worst could be proved against Rattazzi, he would be guilty of no worse policy than that followed by Count Cavour towards the same Garibaldi at the time of the Sicilian expedition of 1860, which consisted in hiding the hand which gave the help all the time it affected to withhold it. Truly the circumstances are by no means the same, for in the case of 1860 success could, if not justify, at least to some extent excuse a plain deviation from all laws of morality.

The Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Turin the Archbishop of Saluzzo, and the Bishops of Acqui, Isera, Mondovì, Cuneo, and Susa, have sent an address to the Pope protesting against the tyrannical prohibition of the Sardinian Government, which prevents their attendance at the great Festival in Rome.

The Bishops of Umbria, the Cardinal Archbishop of Perugia, and the Bishops of Terni, Folligno, Rieti, Norcia, Clitta della Pierre, Todi, Gubbio, and Narni, have done the same.

Moreover, the Cardinal Archbishop of Capua has published in the *Travolta* a similar protest, in his own name and in that of the Bishops of Naples. He also accompanies his letter by a copy of a resolution adopted by sixty-one of his colleagues, and conveying to the Sovereign Pontiff the expression of their grief and of their filial devotion.

To this resolution are appended the signatures of the Cardinal Archbishop of Capua, of 13 Archbishops, and 43 Bishops. Only one signature is missing, that of the miserable Capua, Bishop of Ariano. By this resolution the Neapolitan Archbishops and Bishops give full power to their colleagues, the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, the Archbishops of Sorrento and Reggio, and the Bishops of Sorra and Aquila who being in exile from their country, are at liberty to obey the Sovereign Pontiff's invitation. The document empowers them to take part in the name of their colleagues in all the acts of the Canonisation, and to adhere to all the resolutions of the Catholic Bishops.

Of the 41 Cardinals and 243 Archbishops and Bishops present at the Festival, the Church of France counted six Cardinals, nine Archbishops, and 43 Bishops.—*Tablet*.

ROME.—I cannot allow the post to go without telling you something regarding Rome and the Roman affairs. You know, of course, from other sources, of the increasing number of Ecclesiastics—it is said that there are upwards of three thousand French Priests here, by way of retinue to the several Bishops who have come from "La belle France," to do honor to the occasion; but details of this kind will be forthcoming in a few days, and I will not trouble you now with my speculations as to their numbers.

On Tuesday last the Bishop of Orleans delivered a magnificent sermon in the Church of St. Andrea della Valle in presence of a crowd quite inconveniently great, considering the heat of the weather. It was a

charity sermon for the Christians in the East, and his eloquence provoked applause from the audience on more than one occasion. The Bishop was surprised, and said to his hearers that he was not used to such demonstrations in Catholic churches in France; that if they meant their applause for him, he begged them not to repeat it, but, if they meant it for the Pope, in whose cause he was speaking, they might be excusable. This mild reproof repressed all further demonstrations. The result of his appeal has been a collection of nearly 10,000 francs, and the sum is being daily augmented.

On Thursday afternoon there was a very interesting scene in the Coliseum. The Bishop of Tulle preached a sermon to an audience of perhaps twenty thousand people, whose numbers would, in all probability, have been greatly increased but for the rain which fell at intervals during the day, and the general threatening appearance of the weather.

The scene was picturesque in the extreme. Half the arena was filled, and all around the ruins I saw groups of all colours, French, Zouaves, Romans (male and female), dotted about the broken arches, and bringing again into life the crumbling old ruin of "the Gladiators' bloody Circus."

It was a scene for an artist, and none but a good artist could faithfully render it—the haunt of jack-daws and thieves, thus suddenly transformed. Of course the sermon was upon the difference between Pagan Rome and Christian Rome, between the horrible Circus of old, and the Christianised Circus of today, with its crosses around it; and the preacher said that, old Rome with its Paganism having perished and crumbled away, as the very walls of the circus had done, there was the Cross of Christ in the centre, emblem of the new Rome, which is indestructible, and indomitable. He was cheered, and the congregation, before retiring, cheered loudly for the Pope-King.

Saint Peter's is awfully changed, eased in canvas and pasteboard, but perhaps it will look well to-morrow when it is illuminated. I cannot see why so much trouble should have been taken, and so much money spent, in covering up the beautiful marble of the church, and dwarfing its proportions.

The difficulty strangers find in getting places to view the ceremonies is felt also by those who have lived long in Rome. Owing to the great influx of foreign Ecclesiastics it is next to an impossibility to obtain a ticket for men or women, and great numbers of those who have looked forward longingly to this great ceremony, will leave Rome utterly disappointed, without having seen anything but the large concourse of people, and the Pope, borne over the heads of the crowd, in his Chair of State. Many Bishops, who wanted tickets for their friends, could only obtain two or three—five or six seems to have been the maximum allotted to each of the Religious Orders.

The garrison of Rome to be diminished, but still we shall have about 12,000 men, and there is no reason upon earth for supposing that the Roman question is going to be changed. Two days suffice to bring any number of men from Toulon or Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, and the change is simply the giving to the army of occupation a pre-arranged soldier in place of one who never saw warfare, both being friendly to the Pope, the new comer being likely to prove more useful, in case of certain things turning up, than his predecessor would have been.

The Pope's revenue came in well. During the last month of May 417,000 scudi were paid into the Treasury.—*Weekly Standard*.

The Queen of Spain has lately made a magnificent donation to the Pope; and the aggregate of the sums brought from all quarters by the Bishops and Clergy, will certainly make the receipts for the month of June greater than in any former month. Besides the above-mentioned sum received in due course at the Treasury, there have been large sums also sent to the Holy Father, both in money and valuable jewellery, the latter of which he will most likely give to the great lottery which is to come off in December next, the contributions to which are every day becoming more precious.—*Cor of the London Tablet*.

A letter in the *Morning Herald* from Rome says:—

"The demonstration yesterday at Chiesa Nuova, where the Pope attended in state, was one of the largest seen for years, and the enthusiasm in his favor is decidedly increasing rather than diminishing. Crowds followed his carriage back to the Vatican, and the cheering was deafening both there and all along the Ponte St. Angelo and the streets leading to it, as it was in the piazza of the church, where a dense crowd awaited his exit. The Pope looked well, considering the fatigue he has undergone since the bishops began to assemble, constant public 'funzioni' and consistories, audiences and receptions without end, it is marvellous what he contrives to get thro'. The feeling of security has been much increased by the fact that the embassy of France has been placed at the disposition of the French Cardinals, and they have taken up their residence there, which is looked on as a good sign of the *entente* between the Gallican Church and the Tuilleries on the Roman question. The truth is, there is little of the anxiety here that is attributed to the Sacred College by the press; their confidence in thirty-five past generations is reflected in an unshakable faith in the future destinies of Rome, and the attitude of both the Pope, the episcopate, the cardinals, and Catholicity assembled here is one of reliance, not of fear, and no one knows better than the Emperor of the French what an immense weight is given by this very faith to the Papal cause. It is not a political speculation, but a conviction, that whatever happens, things must revert to the wisdom of past ages, and that no effective substitute has been yet found for the temporal power. Thus the very certainty that no consent can ever be wrung from Pius IX., and that were he willing to renounce it for his own life-time his successors would inherit the same rights, is a great check on any step of subversion being taken; and if I were to give my opinion from what I see here, it would be decidedly favorable to the continuance of French occupation during the life of Louis Napoleon. No mere accession of territory would give him so great a moral position as he now occupies as protector of the Holy See, and it is for the interest of Rome emphatically that this should continue. She lapses into provincialism the moment the Popes leave her, for, except as the capital of Catholic Christendom, she has never been, and never can be, a seat of government. The capital of Italy she can never be. Her climate, her size, her position, all are against such a possibility. Florence or Naples or both are more fitted for such a purpose, and the last people who wish for Rome as a capital are the government of Turin."

The electric telegraph has already told us all that the Feast of the Canonisation took place on Whit Sunday, June 8, in perfect order. The ceremony lasted six hours. Forty-four Cardinals and 243 Bishops were present, together with the Diplomatic Body. The Vatican Basilica was magnificently decorated and lighted by ten thousand tapers.

We know, too, that on Whit Monday, June 10th, the Pope held a Consistory and delivered an Allocution. His Holiness deplored the errors propagated by the revolutionary spirit, against the authority of the Catholic Church, and against all laws human and Divine. He deplored the oppression of the Church in Italy, where the Bishops had been forbidden to visit Rome. He deplored the war declared against the Temporal Power of the Popes, and invited the Bishops to redouble their zeal in order to combat these errors, and to arrest their spread. After the Allocution Cardinal Mattei read the address of the Bishops to the Pope. The address deplored the oppression of the Church in Italy, and declared the Temporal Power necessary to the independence of the Pope.

The address approved of everything done by the Pope to defend the rights of the Holy See, condemned the errors which he condemned, and exhorted Pius IX. to firmness and to resistance.

The document bears the signature of 21 Cardinal Bishops, and of 244 Bishops, or of 265 Bishops, twenty-one of whom are Cardinals. It was an address

from the Bishops, and was signed by Bishops only, and by such Cardinals only as had Episcopal sees, and jurisdiction over Dioceses of their own.

The text of this address was definitely settled on Friday, the 6th instant, and on that day the Bishops repaired to His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman's, the Archbishop of Westminster, to hear it read and affix their signatures.—*Tablet*.

Some of the letters received from Rome state that the Bishops who have reached that city have handed over to the Pope a sum of 500,000 Roman crowns (rather more than 2,500,000fr.), collected as Peter's pence.—*Star*.

NAPLES, June 4.—It is a significant fact that out of 23,000 men, of whom the National Guard of Naples is composed, only 2500 came forward to be reviewed on the national first day of the *Statuto* (Constitution) on the 1st inst. Innumerable arrests have taken place of late, from the exaggerated fears of the Piedmontese Government. Four persons were shot at Mola di Gaeta on the 29th ult., on suspicion of being in correspondence with the "Brigands." The *Popolo d'Italia* states that among them was a Davarian Count on whom 2,000 golden pieces were found, were found, which were distributed as booty among the troops. Among the many establishments of public utility which the Piedmontese Government has destroyed in Naples, must now be reckoned its celebrated musical Conservatorio, the first school of music in Europe. The Minister of Instruction, Signor Manteuffel, has given orders that tend to destroy and suppress it. Reactionary bands range in the neighborhood of Naples, on Vesuvius, and near Castellammare; in the Apulia, the Basilicata, the Abruzzi, the Calabria, and the province of Salerno. A Priest has been shot by the Piedmontese on the 29th ult., at San Germano, without trial, because he was said to be in correspondence with the *Brigands*, and on his way to Rome. At Rieti, in Apulia, twenty all the canons of the Cathedral have been arrested. One of them was chained to a degraded soldier, and led on foot to the prisons of Barletta. The Archbishop of Otranto is being prosecuted for having suspended several bad priests. The celebrated ancient and beautiful sanctuary of St. George, at Salerno has been changed into barracks, and the Benedictine nuns who dwell there are compelled to live in the midst of the Galatino's soldiers.—*Cor of Weekly Register*.

TRIBUTE BRUNING IN THE EAST.—The last arrival from Europe brings an important rumor that the Russian Government has addressed a circular to all its agents in the East, recommending them to make preparations for their departure, a rupture of diplomatic relations between St. Petersburg and Constantinople being imminent. It is further reported that Napoleon intends to support the Emperor of Russia in his designs upon Turkey.

PORTUGAL.

The Sisters of Charity leave Lisbon on board the French war steamer Orinoque, which has been sent to receive them. This departure of the unoffending Sisters puts a termination, so far as they are concerned, to a long vexed question; but it is more than probable that the Government have only strengthened the hands of the Opposition by allowing them to go. Poor Portugal! at last it has been deemed necessary to make political capital out of the doings of the teachers of childhood and the nurses of the sick.—*Cor of Weekly Register*.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.—At the beginning of April, says the *Monitor*, the Marquis de Montier and Prince Lobanoff waited together on All Pacha at Constantinople, and delivered to him an official note by which their respective sovereigns, the Emperor Napoleon and the Emperor Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander II., solicited permission to reconstruct the cupola of the Holy Sepulchre at their joint expense. Some days after, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Porte replied to the effect that the Sultan accorded them very willingly the authorization solicited, and declared himself ready to join, as territorial sovereign, and in the name of his Christian subjects of all sects, in the pious work which so justly excited the solicitude of their Imperial Majesties.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE VOYAGE OF THE GREAT EASTERN.—This vessel has just finished another successful voyage from New York to Liverpool, at which port she arrived on Wednesday morning, after a detention of nine hours outside the bar for want of water. She left New York on the morning of the 1st June, and so great was the desire of shippers to send their produce by this vessel, that upwards of 21,000 worth of freight was left behind. The big ship brings 500 passengers, 50,000 dols. in specie, and upwards of 6,000 tons of cargo, consisting principally of wheat, corn, and provisions. While lying at New York, the Great Eastern was opened for a few days for exhibition, and upwards of 3,000 people daily visited the vessel. On the voyage to Liverpool the ship encountered very severe head-winds, yet so steady was her motion that the doctor had a clean bill of health all the way, and the passengers instead of being inconvenienced by *mal de mer*, spent a very jolly time of it in concerts, balls, hurdle races on decks, &c. The night previous to the vessel entering the Mersey, a grand ball was given in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Walter Paton, the captain's wife.—*Express*.

THE REFORMATION.—Passing over the entire period from Elizabeth to Victoria, let us inquire what blessings have flowed from this moral revolution called the Reformation. Its highest boast was that it disenthralled the human mind from the servile and superstitious slavery of a tyrannical Priesthood; that it inculcated a purer and more primitive Christianity, through the free and unrestricted private interpretation of an open Bible; and, finally, that the spirit of inquiry which it would create must elevate the mental stature of the whole Nation, and, including moral as well as material things, promote the social advancement of the general population. If we compare those countries which have remained faithful to the ancient Faith—France, Austria, Spain, Belgium, Bavaria, Italy—with England, Scotland, Prussia, Holland, Sweden and Denmark, do we find that in arts, in arms, in all those elements which constitute civilization, the countries of the Reformers' Faith bear away the palm? Unquestionably not. With all her boasted wealth—and, in the aggregate, it is enormous—England, at the present moment, stands at the head of Europe on the roll of pauperism and of crime. Infants are murdered by tens of thousands; wives are poisoned by the legion, and, from the court to the cottage, marriage has largely ceased to be regarded in any better light than as an inconvenient and odious institution, indefensible upon religious grounds, and mainly useful in determining the legal succession to property. The English Press has reported more atrocious crimes—suicides, murders, infanticides, and other grave criminal offences—arising from unsound domestic relations, committed within the past month, than could be collected from the whole of the annals of kindred crime for the last ten years in Ireland. England has lost almost all trace

of Christianity in her Church, in her Ministry, in the general mass of her people, and the social condition of the country is only a reflection of the practical infidelity into which the populace has lapsed.

UNITED STATES. YANKEE LIBERTY.—Major General N. P. Banks has ordered that the Marine in Frederick be taken possession of for a military hospital.

RECALIBRATED CLENORER.—The Washington Republican says: "In all the outrages of Leeburg the Protestant clergymen of that vicinity, with one exception, fully sympathized."

St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia, is now crowded with soldiers, and is under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy.

The men in the Federal army number, according to the latest official advices, 15 cavalry regiments, containing 71,536 men; 17 artillery regiments, 19,177 men; 604 infantry regiments, 508,745 men.

The conscription in the South has taken almost the whole population from farms, and the Southern papers seem now to be fully awaking to the fact that positive famine, absolute starvation, is to be added to all the other horrors of war in their section.

A GOLDEN FERRIS.—A few days since there was a funeral in New Orleans, and the coffin was deposited with great pomp in the tomb.

LOCKJAW CURED.—In New York a young lady ran a rusty nail into her foot recently. The injury produced a lockjaw of such a malignant character that her physicians pronounced her recovery hopeless.

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INFORMATION WANTED, OF MICHAEL HENNESSY. When last heard from, in 1858, he was in Ogle County, Illinois. Any information concerning him will be most thankfully received by his wife, MARY HENNESSY, St. Roches, Quebec.

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