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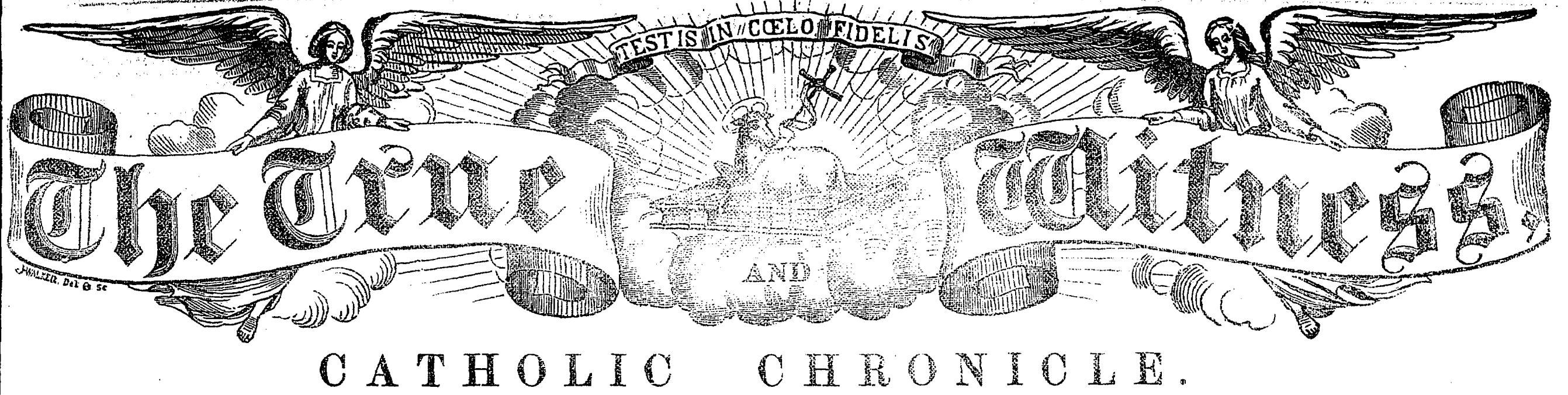
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THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK. A TALE OF CASHEL. BY MRS. J. SADDLER.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE EVENS OF A NIGHT.

The next day was Christmas Eve, and after that came Christmas Day, but the Christmas joys were clouded in many a household in and around Cashel by the awful death of the country's favorite, the gay, the generous, the all-beloved Harry Esmond. The comforts that surrounded many an otherwise cheerless hearth that Christmas- eve were the gift of him and his gentle wife, and how could the poor forget that there was sorrow at 'the big-house,' yea, the heaviest of all sorrows. They could not forget, and they did not forget, that one of the noblest gentlemen in Tipperary lay cold and dead that day, that a bright had already fallen on the young life of their most bountiful benefactor. Few houses there were in all the country side in which the Rosary was not said those nights for 'rest to the poor young master's soul,' and many a fair frolic was 'nipped in the bud' by the timely admonition of some grave senior. 'Wisha, how could you think of the like an' the young master a cowl'd corpse the day—och! more's the pity.'

And when St. Stephen's Day came, and the 'Wren-boys' perambulated the town and its vicinity bearing that diminutive specimen of the feathered tribe aloft in triumph amongst green boughs ornamented with gay streamers, the frolicking, noisy crowd hushed their ostentatious mirth whilst they passed in front of the Hall.

'Whisht, now, boys, whisht! bad cess to you, don't you know what's in there? Not a word, now, not a word for your lives!' 'Och! then, sure, it's the first time we ever passed that door without a big piece o' silver. God rest his soul that's gone.'

Such were the exclamations that stopped the bellowing mouths of the juvenile mob, but the seniors of the troop need scarcely have uttered them for the youngest there would have neither laughed nor sung whilst passing the house of Death—that one, least of all. A few perches past the Esmond gates, however, and the wild chorus rose higher than ever—

'The wren, the wren, the queen of all birds, St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze, Altho' she is little, her family's great, Rise, fair lady, and give us a trate.'

This refrain, repeated in recitative with the utmost rapidity of utterance by some scores of quavering voices, was anything but musical in its character, yet heard from afar it was not without a certain wild melody, like the murmur of waves on the sandy beach. As 'a lay of the olden time' the 'Song of the Wren'—unfortunate to some, was right welcome to others, bringing back long-vanished scenes, and the simple joys of other years when life was warm and young. The mourners heard it and it made their sadness deeper yet, by contrast with the bright untroubled past; faint and far it came to the ears of the new-made widow and Mary Hennessy, where they sat, hand locked in hand, beside the bed whereon lay the shrouded form of Harry Esmond now decked in the mournful habiliments of the grave, awaiting its burial on the morrow;—then did the two pale friends look into each other's eyes, and the weight of present woe crushed heavier on their hearts as memory brought back the merry Christmas times for one of them, at least, were to come no more. The same thoughts came back with the same familiar sound to Maurice Hennessy on his daily rounds, and to Phil Moran at his desk, and he dropped the scroll over which he had been musing—it was the official report of the Coroner's Inquest—and a shadow fell on his thoughtful brow, and the tears welled up from his inmost heart, as he murmured 'Poor, poor Harry! friend of my boyhood's years, how often have we laughed together at the merry pranks and mischievous drollery of the Wren-boys! They will miss your open hand to-day. So they ought—so they ought,' he added, starting up and pacing the room to and fro with hasty strides, 'they'll all miss him, and that not to-day or to-morrow either—and that they may, from my heart out. When any one could be found amongst them hardened enough to murder young Harry Esmond they deserve the worst that can come upon them. Such a deed is enough to draw down a curse on the whole country.'

'True for you, sir,' said his clerk, a thin-faced and rather cadaverous individual who had the ungainly peculiarity of never looking any one straight in the face; 'if it had been the old gentleman now a body wouldn't have cared, but his tenantry hadn't that good luck.'

'Good luck, you rascal!' said his master turning sharp round, 'how dare you say such a word in my presence?'

'Why, then, upon my credit, sir, I meant no

offence,' whispered the clerk, 'but if it was old Esmond that got the bullet in place of Master Harry, I'm thinking, sir, there would be more dry eyes than there is the day.'

'Silence, sir,' shouted Moran, 'don't let me hear any more of such talk, but go on with what you are doing?'

'I will, Mr. Moran; but to tell you the truth, sir, if it was the old fellow that was popped, I wouldn't make out the warrant so—so cheerfully.'

'Cheerfully! you villain, why, you look for all the world like a hangman!—or rather like one whose own neck was in danger.'

'Oh God forbid, sir, God forbid!' and the cadaverous clerk, whose name was Ned Murtha, put up his skinny hand to his neck, as if to make sure that it was not in danger. 'But then I wish Mr. Boland had got the warrant made out at home.'

'And why so, pray?'

'Well, you see, sir, it's the first warrant of the kind I ever made out, and I can't—I can't warm to the job at all, at all. 'Deed I can't, sir!'

'Nonsense, man, nonsense! don't you think the fellow that shot Harry Esmond deserves to swing for it?'

'I know, sir, I know, but then—but then I don't care to have a hand in any one's death.'

'Go on with your work, I say—no more idle prate—there is no time to be lost.'

Moran seated himself at his desk, bent again over his papers—silence reigned for a few minutes, when an exclamation from Ned made the lawyer turn quickly, just in time to see that eccentric individual throw down his pen and jump from his perch on the high office-stool.

'Confound it, Ned, what's the matter now?' cried the attorney.

'Well, it's a folly to talk, Mr. Moran!' said Ned, looking every way but at him, 'I can't nor I won't write them words, sir, in regard to Jerry Pierce!'

'You will not, eh?'

'No, sir, I wouldn't do it for all you're worth. It's against nature, so it is.'

'And why against nature?'

'Because, Mr. Moran! Jerry Pierce is a first and second cousin of my own, and—oh Lord! if it was only the old fellow he had shot—no—no—I didn't mean that, Mr. Moran, I didn't, indeed, sir! for I won't believe he shot e'r a one, at all, till I'm sure of it. But don't ask me, sir, if you please, to make out the warrant—Jerry and myself are too near akin, sir, for me to do it, let it be as it may. And besides, Jerry saved me a horsing' onst. when we were at school together, by reason of taking the fault on himself to screen me, and he as innocent as the child unborn.'

Poor Ned took out a blue handkerchief spotted with white, and giving it a very determined shake before he applied it to its legitimate purpose, blubbered out—'No, Mr. Moran! I can't do it, sir! if I lose my place for it.'

'Well, well, Ned, you shan't lose your place for it,' said Moran coughing down his emotions—lawyer as he was, there was a large infusion of the milk of human kindness in his heart—'go and tell Brannigan to come here—he'll make out the warrant, and you can copy that deed he was going to commence. Hurry, now, hurry!'

'I will, sir,' said Ned, but he only said it, for his journey to the next room occupied considerably more time than the distance seemed to warrant.

'Ned Murtha!' said Moran to himself, as the door closed behind him, 'there's more of a heart in that ungainly body of yours than I ever gave you credit for!'

The reader will see from this that a warrant had been issued immediately after the Coroner's Inquest for the arrest of Jeremiah—commonly called Jerry Pierce, late butler at Esmond Hall. The verdict on which this warrant was founded could nowise have been returned but for the evidence of Mrs. Esmond touching the mysterious words of Pierce, and his no less mysterious conduct on the fatal day of the murder—this, coupled with his sudden disappearance, furnished very strong presumptive evidence that, if not the principal in the atrocious crime, he was, at least, cognizant thereof, and, therefore, accessory. It was an awful suspicion, considering the relation which had existed between the supposed murderer and his victim—the unvarying kindness of the master and the apparent fidelity and gratitude of the man. In fact no motive could be assigned for the perpetration of so foul a murder, and hence it was that the whole country cried shame on the murderer, and one general feeling of horror and of indignation pervaded the minds of all. Rich and poor were alike in-

All our readers may not understand the nature of the service rendered on this occasion. In country schools in Ireland when a boy was convicted of any capital offence, he was hoisted on the back of another boy, and castigated to the master's 'heart's content.' This punishment was technically styled horning.

terested in this mysterious murder—the rich naturally inferring from it that no man's life was safe amid a population so prone to deeds of blood, that not even the best of landlords was safe from their capricious malice: the poor, on the other hand, lamenting the loss of their generous friend and most bountiful benefactor, the darling of every heart, and filled with shame and confusion to think that a man could be found in Tipperary to shoot him in cold blood. 'One of themselves, too'—that was the worst of it.—There had been murders committed even in that part of the country, where the murderers were regarded with compassion rather than abhorrence, because they had but executed the general thirst for vengeance on some hard-hearted, tyrannical landlord, the scourge of his miserable tenantry, and the avowed enemy of the people; in this case, however, there was no sympathy for the murderer—all the popular feeling was against him; in all that eastern district of Tipperary there was not man, woman or child who did not execrate the deed, praying with all the fervor of grateful love for the repose of Mr. Esmond's soul, and that God might comfort his desolate widow and her unconscious orphans.

Of the many humble homes to which the untimely death of young Harry Esmond brought tribulation there was none where grief weighed so heavily as in that of Bryan Cullenan. The news had come like a thunderbolt on Cauth and Bryan, and both equally felt the crushing blow, but its effect on each was diametrically opposite. Bryan hastened at once to the Hall, 'satisfied himself,' as he said, 'with a good cry over the poor young master,' and prayed long and fervently beside his cold remains, the tears streaming from his aged eyes on the Bridgetine beads he was telling for the repose of that dear soul. During the three days and nights that the vigil of death was kept in Esmond Hall, Bryan spent the greater part of his time there, now giving out the Rosary and the Litanies amongst the country people who thronged the kitchen and the servants' hall, now kneeling, absorbed in pious meditation, beside the state-bed on which the body was laid out, that mournful privilege being tacitly conceded to the old man of the Rock.

Cauth, on the contrary, never went near the house of death. A certain gloomy wildness seemed to have taken possession of her and she talked incoherently to herself with the strangest gesticulation. That was only when alone, however, for to Bryan she was unusually silent all those dreary days. Once when the old man asked was she not going up 'to see the poor young master before he was laid in the cold clay where none of them could ever see him any more,' she turned on him sharply with—

'Don't be botherin' me, Bryan Cullenan;—what for would I go up there?'

'Wisha, Cauth, what for does any one go up there?' said Bryan, much amazed; 'myself thought you had a great wish for the quality at the hill.'

'Who says I haven't?' she returned still more sharply; 'go your ways, now, Bryan, and let me alone. I hate to hear people makin' fools o' themselves, talkin' of what they know nothing about.'

Poor Bryan was fain to do her bidding, and 'went his ways' to the Rock, wondering much what manner of woman Cauth might be who professing so much love and gratitude for 'the young mistress' appeared yet so little touched by the dread sorrow that had come upon her. 'Ay, go your ways, old man,' said Cauth when she found herself alone, 'it's little you know about them you're leaving behind. 'Och, she moaned, 'if I hadn't gone next or nigh them—if I hadn't loaded them with blessings, maybe this heavy curse wouldn't have come down on them—sure I might a known how it'd be—why wouldn't I go and see him, inagh!—och, then, God help your wit, you poor foolish old man, isn't it on my two knees I'd walk from here to there, and back again, if it could do himself or herself any good—but, fareer gar! it couldn't—no, no, no! it couldn't, and it'd break my heart entirely to see my poor darlin' young gentleman lyin' there kilt and murdered forens! my eyes—it would! it would! Och, the black villain—the black villain—sure the devil himself had a hand in him, or he couldn't do the likes o' that—he couldn't spill the blood of one that never done any one any harm—one that had the blesin' of the poor, and the good wish of high and low.'

That night when

The iron tongue of midnight had told twelve, it so happened that Bryan Cullenan found himself alone for a short space with the sheeted dead. The ladies and gentlemen were taking some refreshment in the next room, and Mrs. Esmond had been prevailed upon with much ado to lay down her weary head, even though sleep, that ever forsakes the wretched, and 'flies from woe,' was little to be expected for one so utterly woe-begone.

All at once Bryan's solemn meditations were

rudely interrupted by the sight of a tall figure, standing by the bed, wrapped in a great coat, the cape of which was thrown over the head after the manner of a hood. Bryan's heart sank within him, and his tongue clave to his palate, so that he could not speak, even if he would.—With his eyes starting from their sockets he watched the motionless form, as it stood with head bent forward, and hands—they were large, bony hands, too—clasped tightly together, back side up, as they hung at arm's length in front. The attitude was one of mournful contemplation, but no sound was heard, not even a sigh from the unseen lips. But as Bryan gazed with his heart in his eyes, he saw some sudden emotion shake the huge frame of his mysterious fellow-watcher—one long low moan was heard, like the wail of a tortured spirit, and the figure turning towards Bryan, raised a finger in admonition and passed slowly from the room. Oh! the horror of that moment! the icy shiver that ran from the old man's heart through every vein of his body, as, glancing up into the face which he supposed was that of a supernatural being, he recognised the murderer—Jerry Pierce!

Bryan used to say in after days that he often wondered how he got over the fright of that moment. He whose days and nights, too, were not seldom passed amongst the dead—he that could sleep contentedly amongst the graves on the desolate Rock of Cashel, no whit alarmed by the possibility of some of their occupants

'Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,'

he was paralyzed with terror by the sight of that mortal man. His first impulse was to cry out and give the alarm now that he found his tongue unloosed from the spell of that dread presence; but Bryan was a cautious man, an exceedingly cautious man, and he made it a rule in every emergency to 'think twice and speak once,' so he thought twice then, and concluded—just as 'the quality' came in again from the other room firstly, that there was no great chance of catching Pierce by that time, and secondly, that it might be the death of the young mistress if she came to hear that the murderer of her husband had been there in the silent midnight to look upon the lifeless remains of his victim. So Bryan crept from the room unnoticed by any one, and was making his way to the kitchen when in the hall he found a crowd assembled round one of the maid-servants who seemed obstinately bent on fainting away directly, from which overt acts of her fellow-servants, aided by a number of the wake-people from below, were violently endeavoring to dissuade her.

'Och, let me alone!' hysterically cried or rather sobbed the entirely overcome damsel, as she wriggled and twisted in the arms of the sympathizing assistants; 'sure I'll never be the better of it!—never—never—och! I'll faint!—I'll faint!'

'Wisha, don't now!—don't, agree!—you'll be over it soon, please God!—it's only a weakness over it.'

'What did you see, a colleen?'

'Och, och! what did I see?—why, I seen—I seen—Jerry Pierce!—Och, I'm goin'—I'm goin'—'

Exclamations of horror were heard on every side—'Jerry Pierce! the Lord in heaven save us!—ah, then, where did you see him, acushla?'

'I met him—on the stairs abroad—comin' down—an' the cape of his big-coat up over his head—oh, oh!—and his eyes lookin' at me like—like live coals.'

'Oyeh! it's his fetch you seen!'—ran round the circle in a loud whisper—'it's well if she does get over it, the erathur!'

'There! there! she's gone!'

'If she is, she can use her feet well—and her tongue too,' said Bryan to himself as he passed on towards the kitchen, cruelly indifferent to the precarious condition of the fainting fair one, but much occupied with the thoughts of the apparition which had frightened himself no less than her. Notwithstanding Bryan's silence, the news soon spread all over the house, and every soul in it, with the single exception of its widowed mistress and Uncle Harry—of whom all stood in too much awe to tell him anything—had heard the awful tale of Jerry Pierce's fetch being seen walking about the house. Then did Mary Hennessy and Bella Le Poer remind each other of the shadowy form they had seen only ten or twelve days before, and coupling that with this, they shudderingly concluded—as did most of those at the wake—that this appearance was possibly in advance of the wretched man's impending doom.

There was another that saw Jerry Pierce that night—a comely, dark-haired damsel, by name Celia Mulquin, who kept house for her uncle, a road-contractor, named Larry Dwyer, within a stone's throw of the Esmond gate. The uncle and his two strapping sons were long since a-bed and sleeping soundly, as evinced by the somewhat unaccustomed chorus executed en trio by that number of nasal on the loft which covered 'the room'—another over the kitchen being Celia's

sleeping apartment, both reached by a ladder;—the middle space, or that end of the kitchen where was the fireplace, shaded from the door by the jamb-wall, had no covering over it but the thatch and wattles of the roof.

Celia was sitting in a very desponding attitude before the yet unranked fire, looking with fixed unconscious eyes down into the red greshagh, the ashes of the burned sods which had all day long made 'the back' for the light 'slane turf' that formed the fire. It was hard to say what Celia was thinking of just then, but it must have been something very painful to her heart, judging by the paleness of her round fair cheek, and the sad expression of her soft blue eyes. By and by the vacant look vanished, and a world of sorrow was suddenly in motion all over the girl's smooth features. Tears began at length to mist on her eyelids, and, raising the two corners of her checked apron, she hid them to her eyes, her chest heaving violently under the colored kerchief so modestly folded over it. Suddenly she started—turned her head in the attitude of listening—then stood up and crossed herself, her eyes fixed with a frightened look on the little window that pierced the front wall of the house a few feet from the ground.

'Christ save us!' muttered the girl, 'who can it be at this dead hour o' the night!—why, sure—sure it can't be him!'

The pilot deepened on her face, but she stepped on tiptoe to the window; nothing was there to be seen but the pitchy darkness of the night; a tap was now heard at the door, and thither went Celia with the same stealthy pace. Putting her ear close to the door she listened for a repetition of the sound—it came not again in the same form, but a voice spoke through the keyhole:—

'Celia darlin', won't you let me in? If you're by yourself do, for God's sake! I want to speak to you.'

Celia knew the voice, and it brought the rich color back to her cheek, though the flush passed away as quickly as it came; for a moment she stood irresolute, but her soft woman's heart prevailed, and she opened the door with as little noise as possible—Jerry Pierce stood without, but the next moment he stood within, close by the jamb-wall. 'The girl retreated as far as the front wall would let her, but that was only a few feet.

'Celia,' said the man in a thick, hoarse whisper, 'are you afraid of me too?'

'I'm not afraid of you,' she answered in the same low tone; 'I know you'll not harm me—but—but—oh! what—what brings you here, you poor misfortunate man?'

'Because, I'm hunted like a wild baste already, an' they'll be apt to hunt me down soon, an' then I could never say to you what I must say dead or alive. Are they all gone to bed?'

'Hours and hours ago—don't you hear them snoring?'

'May I sit down, then, for a little start by the fire?' whispered the deep voice; 'I'm shiverin' with the cold, Celia; an' it'll be long, long before I see your face again—maybe never!'

The girl could not resist this sorrowful appeal, so placing the light in a position which threw the broad fire-place and the greater part of the kitchen in shade, she proceeded to hang a thick cloth before the window, so that none could look in from without, and then placed a low seat for Jerry in the corner just by the jamb. Taking her own station on the opposite side of the fire, she sat with her eyes cast down, her cheek and lip pale as ashes, and her clasped hands resting on her knees. For a few moments both were silent, Pierce cowering over the fire while his large limbs trembled partly with cold, partly with misery and agitation.

'Maybe your hunger?' questioned the girl in a choking voice, without raising her eyes, and without naming his name.

A sort of low convulsive laugh gurgled in the man's throat, as, starting at her voice, he replied—

'No, I didn't come here to ask charity—I had my supper—thank—to them that gave it to me.'

'Well, what—what—did you want with me?' still without looking up.

'Want with you?' repeated the man in a half angry tone, but the next moment he added somewhat more mildly, 'Oyeh, Celia, it's althered times with us when you'd ax me such a question. But och! och! sure the fault isn't yours—mavrone, mavrone, it is not.'

'I ask you again what did you come here for?'

'I'll tell you that—do you believe me guilty of what's laid to my charge?'

'How can I disbelieve it?' asked Celia sadly. 'An' och, och! but it's the hard thing to think that—that—'

'That what?'

'That you'd be guilty of the likes of that?'

'But you think I am?'

'Wisha, God help me, what can I think?—And the tears began to fall unheeded from Celia's eyes.

In a moment Pierce was beside her, and would have taken her hand, but that she stoutly resisted, drawing her seat away from him with a look that was partly fear, partly anger.

She was sorry for the word almost before it had passed her lips, but she made no effort to recall it. Its effect on Pierce was like that of a stunning blow; he was struck dumb, and for a moment could only look at the terrified girl with eyes of blank bewilderment.

When he raised his head again, there was a ghostly smile on his face, and he looked more like a corpse than a living being; his hands were clasped tight across his breast, as though to restrain its wild throbbings—it was some moments before he could speak, gasping for breath the while.

Well! now, that's what brought me here the night.

Why, you know the promise of marriage that's betwixt us—well, I came to give mine back—it'll soon be all over with me, and I don't want to have you afraid of me coming back on account of the promise—when—when—I'm gone.

Celia Martin leaned forward and looked into his eyes with a wild, searching gaze—as she looked, her features gradually relaxed—her lips parted with something like a smile if a smile could come at such a moment.

Jerry Pierce sprang to his feet with an energy that frightened poor Celia. A gleam of wild passionate joy flashed across his features like red lightning over the black thunder-cloud.

I have my answer, an' I'll go! he said in the subdued tones that caution required; I have my answer, an' I'll go! Now I can face death, an' shame an' all that's before me; for I know there's one true heart—that love's me still—black and odious as I am! God be with you, achorra macree!

Whisht! whisht! said the girl earnestly, how dare you name that holy name?

I can dare more than that! he was the answer. He stopped towards her, and, before she could prevent him, kissed her pale lips once, twice, thrice. Don't be angry, Celia, that's the first kiss, an', maybe, the last, but it isn't the kiss of a murderer—you'll think of them words, darlin', an' they'll comfort your poor heart when I'm maybe swinging on the gibbet!

He was gone before Celia could make herself conscious of what he had said.

This superstition is common in all parts of Ireland. If one of two betrothed lovers die, it is considered as certain as anything, not of faith, can be, that he or she will haunt the living party to the promise, until it be cancelled between them.

HENRI MARTIN ON IRELAND.

Les Antiquités Irlandaises. Notes de Voyage. Par Henri Martin. Paris.

M. Henri Martin, of Paris, a distinguished author and scholar, visited Ireland last year, and has just published his reminiscences and observations—general, learned, and interesting essay, devoted principally to the subject of Irish antiquities.

M. Martin's object, however, was not specially to study the social condition of our country; that had already been ably elucidated by several distinguished French writers. It was the fame of the wonderful antiquarian remains to be found in Ireland that attracted him to our shores.

One day M. Martin was able to fulfil his wish. He embarked for Ireland; and the two great Celtic scholars of the age—O'Donovan and O'Curry, the men he had so longed to meet—were then no more.

Few countries present so agreeable and imposing an aspect as Ireland to the traveller who first enters it by the magnificent Bay of Dublin, with the grand promontory of Howth to the right, and to the left, the pretty, bright town of Kingstown, crowded with an amphitheatre of mountains—Kilney, Bray, and Wicklow—

It would be impossible, says M. Martin, to exaggerate the value of the ancient Irish manuscripts, the ancient monuments still standing, and the immense and varied illustrations of the primitive life and habits of the ancient races to be found in the unequalled Celtic Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and, happily, its contents can now be freely and fully examined by the learned of all countries, without even crossing the sea to Ireland, owing to the labours of Mr. Wilde, of Dublin, who has produced a catalogue of the Museum, a perfect model of its kind, a true practical treatise on Irish archaeology, replete with information, and illustrated by hundreds of plates, executed with the most rigorous precision.

Mr. Martin's acute and discriminating remarks on the objects in the Museum show that he studied profoundly and scientifically the rare antiquities he had travelled to see, and he affirms that as regards quantity and diversity the Irish collection excels in importance all other Celtic collections of antiquities in Europe, except in one point, numismatics, that Greek and Latin art was unknown to ancient Ireland.

of the common Celtic type, by the two nations is most remarkable after so many ages of divergence.

M. Martin came to seek Irish science, but he found also Irish hospitality. He was "received like a brother," and every facility afforded him to study in detail the precious objects he had so long desired to investigate. With feelings of sadness he seems to have contemplated "the ancient parliament house of Ireland, which once echoed with the eloquence of Grattan, now transformed to a bank, guarded by the statue of William III., Ireland's last conqueror," Trinity College, "the largest college in Europe," which excited his highest admiration, "with its vast 17th century piles of building, its park, and courts, and library—the most beautiful library perhaps existing, if we judge architecture by its fitness for a special purpose."

From a careful study of all that is as yet accessible to the student of ancient Irish history, M. Martin has come to the conclusion that the succession of races affirmed by the early annalists, in their avowal of half truth, half fiction, is clearly established, and he believes that Ireland is the only existing representative of that primitive Aryan race which, first entering Europe from Upper Asia, and driven on and on by the impulsion of successive tribes, traversed the whole of Great Britain, till it found a last and final resting-place in Ireland, which in the mythic and bardic appellations of "Eire," still retains, alone of all the nations of Europe, the primitive name of the race "which science has proved to lie at the basis of all European history."

The scene changes as he passes westward. He had seen Ireland in eternal beauty at Killarney—he now beheld her utter desolation as he traversed the plains of Galway.—No words can describe the sombre aspect of these dreary plains, dotted and unroofed, deserted cabins. Death and desolation seemed over all things from nature up to man.

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M. Martin analyses the authorities with much learning from which he has drawn these results, and considers them proved incontrovertibly. He then passes on to an investigation of Christian Ireland, and starts the question—Why, if Ireland received Christianity from St. Patrick, the envoy of a Latin Pope, was the primitive Irish Church, both in spirit and exterior form, essentially Greek? He says:—There are many yet unsolved problems in Celtic antiquity.

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He comments, with surprise, on the immense number of stone and bronze Celts, the elegantly-shaped Celtic swords, the huge bronze trumpets—some six feet long—the rich beauty of the crosses and episcopal remains of later times, and finds throughout a peculiar ornamentation, distinctive of Celtic Ireland, and entirely different from that of other Celtic nations, or of the Germanic, thus confirming by his extensive observation the assertion of Kemble, and our own native antiquarians, as to the existence of a true opus Hibernicum, clearly traceable from the earliest Pagan period, and carried on through many centuries of Christian art. The splendid specimens of manufactured gold in the Academy's collection, naturally excited his warmest admiration.

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IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, laid the foundation for a convent for the Sisters of Charity, in Tramore, on Tuesday.

After three weeks' illness, this pious and exemplary minister of the Gospel resigned his pure soul into the hands of his Creator on Monday evening last, surrounded by the consolations of the religion of which he was so distinguished an ornament and defender. That meekness and patience which characterised his amiable and blameless life were manifested during the painful disease which terminated his career of active benevolence and Christian charity.

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AWFUL DISTRESS IN GALWAY.

The following letter has been received by an English gentleman in the country, who has sent it to us. It was not written for publication:—

Honored Sir—May I beg leave most respectfully to approach you thus, and to solicit at your hands, or at the hands of some dear friend of charity (through you), any little aid or assistance to help me to save the lives of my perishing and starving poor?

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Lancashire of Irish butter during the year, which closed on the 30th March, by which it appears that the arrivals were as follows:—

Table with 3 columns: Year ending March 28, 1861; 1862; 1863. Rows for Firkins and Cwt.

During that period the area under grass had largely increased. It is apparent that since 1861 the arrivals of Irish butter in London have diminished by 133,807, worth at least £500,000. This fact is very suggestive to those who would encourage a further depopulation of Ireland, and a further increase of the grazing land of this country.

EMIGRATION.—It is really fearful to contemplate the vast numbers that have already emigrated, and are now preparing to emigrate, from the counties of Connaught and Leitrim this spring, principally for the United States of America. Many also have gone, and are preparing to go, out of Queen's and Antrim. The great majority of the emigrants are composed of young men and women. On Monday morning no less than thirteen families from the parish of Anagalliff and Urney (in which the town of Carrick is situated) took their departure from the Carrick terminus—Ulster Observer.

The drain still continues, and the great number of those leaving their native land are young and vigorous men. From Newport (Tip.), on Monday fifteen young men took their departure; and since several have gone from the County Clare. In fact, the drain is excessive, and some remedial measure is demanded to stop it.—Limerick Reporter.

Emigration continues to increase as the season advances. A few are bound for Australia, but the great majority are sending their way to the "sea of war"—America. The Liverpool steamer, Zephyr, left the river to day, having, as usual, a large quantity of cattle on board, and also one hundred and twenty of the "bone and sinew" of the land, composed principally of small farmers and stalwart agricultural laborers. There were several well-dressed and beautiful daughters of Erin among those self-expatriated people. One respectable family left their own city on Tuesday last for the more distant land of Australia.—Waterford Mail.

It seems strange, but it is the fact, that notwithstanding the state of things in America, the tide of emigration has again set in from parts of the South of Ireland. It is stated in the Cork Examiner that the number of persons who have left Kerry for the United States during the last fortnight exceeded all that had emigrated during the two previous years. Almost every morning crowds of persons principally of the farming class, are seen taking their departure from the railway-station, Killarney, en route to Queenstown for America. We are told that the unsettled state of affairs in that country does not deter them. They rush out from the country as they would from a contagion, fearing that by remaining in it they may be reduced to pauperism, and then become permanent inmates of the workhouse. It appears that large sums of money have been sent over from America lately by the relatives of persons in that part of the country, and in many cases tickets have been enclosed in the letters for the passage across the Atlantic.—Times Cor.

The exodus has commenced in earnest in the west of Ireland. From an early hour on Friday morning a large number of men, women, and children arrived in this town, from the neighbouring counties of Leitrim, Roscommon, and Mayo, en route for America. The men were generally fine muscular fellows in the prime of life, the majority of whom seemed to have belonged to the small farming classes.—The Emigrant.

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CHANGES IN HEADFORD.—Some time ago we were able to announce that Mr. St. George of Headford, was about parting with his agent. We believed our announcement has proved to be correct. In the subsequent communication the new agent is mentioned; and it will also be perceived with pleasure that the best relations are established between the parish priest and the proprietor of the town of Headford. This is as it ought to be. Mr. St. George is a young man just entering upon his career, and he could not do a more generous act than give ground for a church in which the great majority of his tenants will be the worshippers. The St. George family have been remarkable for their liberality and generous conduct towards their tenants. The present proprietor, Mr. Richard M. St. George, is worthy of the name and his proud inheritance; and we believe nothing except the evil counsel of the enemies of the people and the district would make him for a moment forfeit the confidence and esteem of the people. We are delighted to see those friendly feelings springing up between himself and the Rev. Father Conway, the worthy parish priest of Headford, who, laboring indefatigably to improve the people of his parish morally and materially. The subjoined is the communication alluded to:—“We need not say that we feel very great pleasure in communicating to the public in general the grateful tidings that Richard M. St. George, Esq., of Headford, has given Father Peter Conway, P.P., Headford, a site for a church, schools, and a priest's house, rent free for ever, and some acres of land surrounding them, at a fair rent. This act of liberal kindness is the more to be appreciated as it was done in the most gracious and handsome manner. For some time it was suspected that something was being done for the people of Headford, as there appeared to be motion in an electric telegraph between Headford Castle and St. Mary's. The secret was still so well kept until yesterday morning, but no one could learn what was going on, but at half-past eight o'clock, a.m., Father Conway was seen to drive to the Castle, and in a moment the report spread through the town that he was at breakfast there, and at ten o'clock Mr. St. George came through the gateway which leads to the tower. He was followed by Father Conway and Mr. Lewis, the new agent, and they walked through the town and went to the different places which were most likely suited for the building of a church and school. When they stood on the market place, Mr. St. George was heard to say, ‘Father Conway, select any acre of land on my estate for the building of a church, school, and a priest's house, and you shall have it with pleasure, rent free for ever.’ Father Conway thanked him, but replied that the most polite manner, ‘beggars cannot be choosers,’ and said ‘he would leave all to Mr. St. George himself, and that he was sure he would do the right thing, and that would be a gracious act.’—and on the spot Mr. St. George replied in the most bland terms:—‘Father Conway, you are no beggar, indeed. If I thought you looked upon yourself in this instance as such, it would make me miserable,’ and then said, ‘No, come and select the spot and command it.’ The people were rushing from every house and cabin, and old and young, all blessing Mr. St. George, and thanked God that they lived to see the day when the seat of the Headford estate was executing what his ancestors purposed doing, but never did, owing to prejudices and bad advice. At eleven o'clock Father Conway entered a field, Mr. St. George first jumping over the wall, and as soon as he entered a field, Mr. St. George said to him—‘Do you think this would suit?’ Father Conway said it would. ‘Well, then,’ said Mr. St. George, ‘have it,’ and, suiting the action to the word, he stooped down, took up some clay, and gave him the possession of the entire field, and desired his agent to have the leases prepared in a few days. Then they returned to the Castle, accompanied by the people, and immediately after the children of St. Mary's school, Headford, in number 200, proceeded to the castle and begged leave to thank Mr. and Mrs. St. George for the noble and magnificent act they were after doing. Mrs. St. George herself came to the steps leading to the door and thanked the children. At that moment the sight was such as would gladden not only men but angels. At two o'clock the same day Father Conway had a large wooden cross erected on the ground, and in the evening there was a nice tent made, and this day, Palm Sunday, 1863, the congregation proceeded from the market shed to the site of the new church, and joined the priest in offering up the holy sacrifice.—Galway Freeman.

One of the Phoenix prisoners has published the following letter to Sir Robert Peel:—
Skibbereen, March 12, 1863.
Sir,—In December, 1858, I, among others in this county, was imprisoned on a charge of treason-felony. Lord Derby and his party had then the direction of Government. Bail was refused for us, and we were kept in goal until the following assizes, when we had hopes of trial. We were disappointed even in this, for the Government, seeing it could not sustain the charge, postponed our trial until the next assizes. In the commencement of April, 1859, we were offered our liberty if we only pleaded guilty, or if we consented to leave the country. Knowing the falsity of what was sworn against us by Sullivan Gonia, we refused to do either.
The Government of which you are a member came into office a few months afterwards, and the propositions were renewed to us, but rejected. The assizes came on in July. We were determined to do anything rather than plead guilty to what was sworn against us. On the first day of the assizes we would listen to no terms but trial. We went to court the second day, with the same intentions. Mr. McCarthy Downing and Mr. Nelligan urgently recommended us to plead guilty—that it was only a matter of form to get the Crown prosecutors out of a fix—that there would be nothing evermore about the matter, and that there were no funds to employ counsel for the defence. We consented, on condition that Dan O'Sullivan, Agrem, would be immediately released.
If you will refer to the Judge's and the Attorney-General's remarks on that occasion, you will see it stated that we were not to be called up for judgment unless found guilty of those practices with which we were then charged. Is it not then monstrous to assert that we could be called up for the commission of any other offence? A meeting of sympathy for the struggle of the suffering Poles was organized here in Skibbereen last week. In this we have differed with the party of Her Majesty's dominions where such sympathy is manifested only in the manner of expressing it. Some of the Phoenix prisoners were naturally supporters of the demonstration. The police, or other authorities, made some official noise about it, and on the appointed day about 200 armed police, headed by four magistrates, suppressed the procession. I was one of the party myself to tell the magistrates that we had no intention to violate any law, nor were we doing it; but we would, however, disperse if they insisted upon it. We acted as they desired.
This evening Mr. O'Connell, R.M., called upon me and Mr. Moyrath, and informed us we were to be called up for sentence if there be a reputation of this so-called offence of manifesting sympathy with the Poles. Doubting the Government, in this season of festivity and rejoicing, gave him instructions to this effect, we have asked him to read or show us this agreeable information, but he has refused to do so, telling us to write to the Castle, and that we may get a copy of them.
I now respectfully do so, as I told Mr. O'Connell that I would tomorrow again assist in the same demonstration of sympathy for the Poles if it could be of any service to them, just to prove whether or not such a threat could be carried out. I am anxious to know if he has any authority for issuing it. I told him that the present Attorney-General (one of our counsel returned to) could not be so ignorant of the terms of our treaty with the Government, or so anxious to break that treaty, as to be a willing party to the stipendiary message.
I will not, without protest, under a form of Consti-

tutional Government, submit to be threatened in a despot manner with transportation for expressing an opinion on Polish or Irish politics; and you have acquired a character for being outspoken, mainly, and English in the discharge of your duty as Chief Secretary for Ireland, I respectfully request a suitable reply to what concerns me and Mr. Moyrath in this letter.
I remain, Sir, respectfully yours,
Jas. O'Donovan, Rossa.
In the Recorder's Court 8th April, Joseph Moy, Michael Byrne, James Colgan, Daniel Hand, James Magee, John Dalton, James Woods, J. Kennedy, R. Herbert, Joseph Molloy, and Michael Lynch, were indicted for riot, assault, and wilful devastation on the occasion of the celebration of the Prince of Wales' marriage on the 10th of March.
Mr. Barry, Q.C., opened the case on behalf of the prosecution in an able and eloquent speech, in the course of which he stigmatized the conduct of the rioters in the celebration of the Royal marriage as disgraceful and disloyal.
The charges having been fully proved by the police, and by gentlemen whose windows had been broken, Mr. Curran was about to address the jury for the defence, when
The Recorder suggested that, as the prisoners had been in custody for a month, he thought that if they submitted to the indictment they should not be dealt with so severely as if a conviction were obtained. He was the more induced to make this suggestion as the evidence had disproved the idea of any disloyalty being at the bottom of the riot, and also had shown that the conduct pursued on the occasion emanated from no spirit of disloyalty, but from the wanton and mischievous spirit of boys.
Mr. Curran said he was quite willing to acquiesce in his Lordship's suggestion.
Mr. Barry observed that the case was entirely in the hands of the Court, and that, while he would not object to whatever His Lordship was pleased to do, he was not to be taken as a consenting party.
It was then arranged that the prisoners should remain in confinement until the 16th inst, when they are to be brought up for judgment.—Dublin Times Cor.

New Ross QUARTER SESSIONS.—At ten o'clock on Friday morning his worship entered court, and after disposing of one or two cases.
The Clerk of the Peace called over the names of the Grand Jury, when the proper number answered—Mr. Alexander, foreman.
His Worship, in addressing the Grand Jury, said that it was his most pleasing duty to state that it would not be necessary to swear them, as he found that the calendar of criminal offences was blank. This pleasing fact he need not tell them gave him the utmost satisfaction, as he was certain it did to them. It was, therefore, quite unnecessary for him to occupy their time, especially at this particular season of the year, when he was sure all of them were so busily employed. He should, however, take this opportunity to congratulate them and the county at large on the improved state of all the crops, excepting that of barley. He hoped that a merciful Providence would further extend his kindness to them, and that they would reap an abundant harvest for their labour and expenditure. It now became his pleasing duty to claim from the sub-sheriff, a pair of white gloves.
Mr. Wilkinson, Sub-sheriff, then rose, and said that as this was the first instance within his memory in which the judge of assize, or the chairman of quarter sessions in this county has had to deal with an empty dock, or blank calendar, it becomes my pleasing duty, as the humble representative of Major Ha'vey, the High-sheriff, and following in course a time honoured custom to present your worship with these simple, but expressive symbols of the purity and innocence indicated by the absence of crime. I do this with much pleasure and beg to express a hope that your worship may long continue to preside there to administer the laws as you invariably do with justice, judgment, and truth.
Mr. Wilkinson here presented his worship with a pair of pure white kid gloves, beautifully fringed with gold.
His worship in returning thanks to Mr. Wilkinson complimented him on the manner in which he invariably discharged his duties, and also observed that as the gloves were an emblem of innocence, he trusted that they would all always discharge their duties with justice and impartiality. At least he hoped to do so, whilst he held the position he then did.—Wexford Independent.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—A few days ago while a man was digging in a garden at Portadown, he came to a small coffin, which naturally surprised him, and, thinking there was foul play somewhere, he sent for his employer, who was no less surprised. After consulting a few moments it was resolved to send for the police, who were soon after on the spot, sure of being in company with a murdered infant. The officers of the law immediately ordered the coffin to be opened, and to their great disappointment the occupant was—a dog. On enquiry it was found that a son of Mr. Matthews, who had lived there formerly, had a pet lap dog which he was so fond of that when it died he buried it in the garden.—Armagh Guardian.
MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—A melancholy death took place on Tuesday last at Pallaskey. Miss Clara Quail, housekeeper to Mrs. Caulfield, widow of General Caulfield, of Copewood, went with another young woman on a tour of pleasure to Askeaton on Sunday last. When returning, the driver of the car struck the horse, which starting suddenly, the driver was knocked off, and in coming down caught hold of Miss Quail and brought her to the ground. The poor girl came on her head, and was apparently only a little stunned by the fall. She remained at the house of her companion that night in the village of Pallaskey, and got no medical assistance till too late. She died on Tuesday. She was brought over from England by Mrs. Caulfield, who is about to become a resident in Copewood. Mrs. Caulfield is a most benevolent and excellent lady. An inquest was held on Wednesday, and a verdict in accordance with the facts was returned.—Limerick Reporter.

Capacious as the Cathedral of the Archbishop of Tuam is, it is still too small for the multitudes that flock to it on Sundays and holidays, while the Protestant Church at its one Sunday service is never crowded. In these circumstances a large Protestant Church can only make the paucity of Protestants seem to understand and his, and accordingly they leave Lord Plunket and his Cathedral alone, while they busy themselves with the erection and endowment of churches in other parts of the Province of Connaught, as we perceive by a report of the proceedings at a recent meeting in Dublin, at which Prime Minister and Mr. Whiteside took a prominent part. According to their programme twenty new churches are to be immediately endowed, as the means of making proselytes among the Catholic population of Connaught. It is certainly a deceiver plan for the perversion of the bequeathed Papiate than the old one of bribing starving creatures into apostasy by largesses of bacon and cabbage and greasy soup on Fridays. But as superstitious has failed to propagate Protestantism, the cry now is for more churches. ‘Let us,’ they say, ‘plant churches in abundance among the people, and the Reformation will spread apace.’ And in support of this theory they adduce the evidence of Warden Daly of Galway—a very amiable and worthy man in his way, who writes to them that when he visited Conemaar in 1812, he ascertained from the people of that area almost unfringed wilderness, that they had been Protestants, but that finding no Protestant places of worship in the district, and no Protestant Clergymen to minister to them, they were forced to become Catholics to avoid relapsing into paganism. This is certainly ‘a strange story,’ and we apprehend that the octogenarian Warden's re-

miniscences of half-a-century ago will excite wonder even among the fellow-labourers of Mr. Dallas in the field of proselytism in Conemaar. The names of the peasantry are certainly not redolent of the ‘Reformation,’ and it is notorious that the Martins and D'Arcys—the late principal proprietors—are modern pagans. The late John D'Arcy of Offiden was a Catholic for half his life. He became a Protestant in order to indulge the miserable fancy of performing the functions of High Sheriff of Galway, which a Catholic was then disqualified by the penal laws from discharging, and he died, as we can state upon the best authority, screaming in vain for a Priest. When he apostatised he was the owner of one of the largest properties in Connaught. Before he died his estates passed away from him and his family for ever—and his town and his castle of Offiden are now the property of Catholics. But of its failure no one who has calmly studied the history of the ‘Reformation’ in Ireland can have the slightest doubt. A great increase in the number of churches may, and doubtless will, be paraded at Exeter Hall as proof demonstrative of the spread of Protestantism and the decay of the Catholic religion in Ireland,—at which there will be ‘tremendous cheering,’ followed by large subscriptions to push on the good work. But the imposture will cease and the delusion will pass away in due time, and thirty years hence the same truth will be again promulgated which thirty years ago Lord John Russell proclaimed in Parliament, that the progress of Protestantism in Ireland was in the inverse ratio to the augmentation of the revenues of the Established Church, and that time and protective laws and vast endowments only made the numerical inferiority of the Protestant more decided and conspicuous. The ruthless persecutions of Elizabeth and the butcheries of Cromwell succeeded in producing a close approximation in their day, to equality of numbers between the Irish Protestants and Catholics, and in some of the counties in Ulster the former were at one time the majority; but in 1833, though the endowment of the Law Church amounted to £800,000 a-year (as admitted by the Government) and the penal laws had hardly ceased to be felt—the Catholics were to the Anglicans as six to one. Famise, pestilence, and bad government have since then enormously thinned the population of Ireland; but the proportion of Catholics to Anglicans has been very little disturbed, and there is this great consolation to the Catholic mind, that every Catholic whom emigration removes from Ireland is an active missionary of the Faith in foreign lands.—Weekly Register.

The April meetings of members of Protestant societies in the Rotunda and elsewhere, divide the religious interests of the Anglican population with the cattle-show in Kildare-street. So far, both are reported, even by their patrons, to be failures. There are Parsons here from every quarter of the island, with a spare gathering of Prelates, under Prime Minister, and of evangelical and bucolic Peers, headed by Lord Claremont. The Rotunda will be held for another week by this flying brigade of Ministers, the pious matrons and maids of the city, the Curates, and the senior members of the rural Parsonages, who now make their sole annual visit to town, feeling more than a mere spiritual interest in those Christian reunions.—Dublin Cor. of Weekly Register.
MURDER OF MR. FITZGERALD.—A man named John Carey, from Eiton, had been arrested and placed in Bruff Jail, having, it is stated, some evidence to give against Matthew Dillane. It is further stated that he attended the last assizes, and, when questioned, varied from what he before said. If such be true—and we are not in a position to vouch for its accuracy—is it strange that the authorities should have arrested him for the purpose of giving information against the unfortunate man not yet tried. We would respectfully ask of the authorities whether they have ascertained who was the party that concealed the pistols in the thatch of Lee's house, as report has it that they were not hid there by Beckman, who stated so before his execution, and that he placed them in the cream tub; but this is given as a fact.—Limerick Reporter.

THREATENING LETTER.—Investigation of Newcastle West.—A private investigation was held yesterday at Newcastle West, into a charge brought against Moses McCarthy, and his son, Thomas McCarthy, farmers and tenants to Robert Ferguson, Esq., Barrister at Law, threatening William Lynch, his under agent, with death worse than Braddell or Fitzgerald. The investigation continued for some time, and all the magistrates of the district were in attendance. Messrs. Leamy and Keyes were concerned for the defence. There are many in the country who entertain very doubtful notions about some, at least, of those threatening letters, the recurrence of which is rather extraordinary, particularly in the face of so many terrible examples made by judges of the land of persons trained before them.—Limerick Reporter.

F. McNAMARA CALVERT, Esq., M.P.—We regret to learn that unfavourable accounts of the condition of this gentleman have been received in Limerick.—It is unpleasant to make a statement conveying painful intelligence to a large body of supporters and friends, but our duty to truth compels us to say the intelligence communicated to us is to the effect, that the malady under which the respected gentleman labors, is deemed and declared to be incurable. It is a cancerous affection of the throat, and however powerful the patient's constitution may have been, and however advanced medical science undoubtedly is, in the present day, the disheartening conviction is that neither can resist the progress of the painful affliction. Whilst there is life there is hope, and the hope may be indulged; but the suffering gentleman has, we understand, made his preparations for any event, and embraced the Catholic faith preparatory to the great change, which with a calm spirit of resignation he anticipates.

GREAT BRITAIN.
PROTESTANT STIPULATION.—Commenting on the plunder of the Catholic Church by the English Reformers, the London Times thus gives vent to its grief:—“It is curious to consider how the property of the Church has vanished. Originally there was enough and to spare, not only for the primitive population of these islands, but for all their posterity that might yet be born. A little plunder went on at all times, but the first great loss was from appropriations. If all that the land pays in tithe ostensibly for the Church's service were actually applied to the service of the Church, there would be no work for an Ecclesiastical Commission. But the great tithe of a parish are carried off in countless instances by lay proprietors, and the residue left for the vicar is a mere nothing. The lands of the monasteries were seized by the King and wasted. A portion went to the endowment of the new nobility, another portion to new bishoprics, and some share to colleges and schools. But for the most part the spoil melted away, or stuck to the fingers which handled it.”

And thus has the ‘glorious Reformation’ worked itself out. Educated men will no longer bind themselves to teach a multitude of dogmas many handed in number, and never to abandon any of them as long as they live, unless they are able to see that those dogmas have been revealed by God. The Protestant Archbishop Whatley, preaching many years ago before the University of Oxford, declared that the difference between the claims of the Catholic Church and the Church of England was this, that the first claimed to be infallible, the latter declared that though she is liable to error, she had never erred. The first is nothing startling to any man who believes that God has made a revelation: If He has, who can wonder that He still maintains it? And all Catholics know that He does. In this there is much to excite thankfulness, nothing to excite surprise. But the other

claim is, on the very face of things, absurd. In a world so full of conflicting opinions, no man who can count chances will really believe that the men who drew up the Thirty-nine Articles, though just as liable to error as their neighbors, chanced to stumble upon the exact truth on every possible point. The result is that Englishmen are beginning to see that they must either abandon all doctrines as such, and content themselves with opinions, or else they must no longer be contented with a fallible Church. Under these circumstances, some will come to one conclusion and some to the other; but men who can render a reason will either give up doctrine altogether or receive it from the successor of Simon Peter, the Vicar of Christ. Meanwhile, it is plain enough that the Established authorities make matters worse by tenaciously refusing to allow any man who has once been ordained to obtain his bread in any way except as a clergyman. No doubt the present state of things affords a delicious revenge to many a Churchman. Clerical converts to the Catholic Church are exactly those whom he most hates. He has the pleasure of knowing that by keeping the law as it is, he not only keeps some hundreds of them in compulsory idleness, but he has the keener pleasure of knowing that many of their wives and children are literally wanting the bread which they do and will willingly earn if they were allowed. To a man naturally vindictive and keenly engaged against converts, few subjects of reflection could be more delightful. Unluckily, everything has its drawback, and this state of things is as well known to the young Graduates of Oxford and Cambridge as it is to the Bishops. And they are closely concerned. A young man who is asked to become a Parson, now knows that hundreds of the men who became parsons twenty years back, have come to the deliberate conclusion that they cannot continue to act as parsons, and that the Bishops have influence enough to maintain the laws which forbid them to get their bread in any other way. It cannot hardly be expected that he will commit himself unless he is absolutely certain that the time will never come when he too will have scruples. Can any man of three-and-twenty be quite sure of it? Might not the authorities act prudently in giving up part of their revenge against those who have left them, if they are able by that sacrifice to remove one difficulty from the way of those whom the Establishment must attack if it is to stand much longer?—Weekly Register.

ATTEMPTED POLISH MEETING IN HYDE PARK ON SUNDAY 5TH APRIL.—In consequence of the announcement made in some daily and weekly papers that a monster meeting of sympathy with Poland would take place in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon, between two or three o'clock, about 2,000 persons had assembled on the open space of ground in the park adjacent to the Marble Arch and the scene of the late Garibaldian riots. Shortly before two o'clock a large body of police, under the command of Mr. Superintendent Hannant were marched into the park, and being told off in pairs proceeded to patrol the ground. At three o'clock a considerable number of foreigners—Poles, Frenchmen, and Italians—accompanied by several well-known leaders of the working classes, arrived, and taking up their position nearly in front of the Marble Arch were at once surrounded by a large crowd. They were about appointing a chairman when Mr. Superintendent Hannant, attended by several police constables, came up, and in a courteous but firm manner informed those who appeared to take an active part in the proceedings that no meeting would be allowed to take place, and that he should be compelled to order any person into custody who attempted to take the chair, or to address the people. The police were reconstructed with, and their attention was called to the respectable character of the assemblage, the entire absence of the ‘rough’ element preponderating at the late Garibaldian meetings, the almost certain unanimity which would characterize the proceedings, and therefore the little probability of any disturbance arising. The police, however, were inexorable, stating their instructions to prevent any meeting whatever being held were imperative. After about half an hour's parley with the police, the promoters of the meeting, finding any attempt to hold it would be prevented, gave up the point, and retired from the park evidently much disappointed, being followed to the gate by a body of police. The crowd up to four o'clock kept continually increasing, and the manifestations of disapproval at finding the meeting had been frustrated were very great. At five o'clock, the people seeing all prospect of any meeting taking place at an end, gradually dispersed themselves over the park. A large body of police had been kept in reserve at the adjacent police stations, but their services fortunately were not required, there not being the slightest attempt at disturbance, although what was called the arbitrary conduct of the police authorities was freely canvassed, and not in the most complimentary terms. It is due to the police on the ground to say that they performed their disagreeable duty with good-temper and forbearance. During the afternoon there could not have been less than 20,000 persons on the ground.

THE COLONNO CONSPIRACY.—The whole spectacle afforded by this boisterous disturbance in the ordinary luxurious equality of a sect destitute alike of dogma and jurisdiction, is amusing to us who are within the Church. We suppose there is not a Catholic, however humble to whom the subject offers the very smallest difficulty. We are not such geese as to suppose that the Bible is a self-explaining infallible guide of revealed truth. It is not in the nature of human language, nor in that of the human mind, that it should be so. No doubt, God, by a perpetual acting miracle, could have made it so. But this has not. If He had, its meaning would always clearly appear the exact same to every mind. Whereas more facts than we enumerate have issued from various understandings of its meaning. The Bible is solely and essentially an auxiliary revelation, which we only know to contain truth at all, or to be divinely inspired at all, from the Catholic Church. From the Catholic Church, and from Her alone, it derives whatever authority it possesses to us. And clear as its meaning may be to all who read or study it under the explanation of the Church, without that and independent of it, it is little better than unintelligible rhapsody. The Established sect seems to be merrily with its just pretensions for having torn those sacred oracles from their proper position in the Divine revelation; and, by a profession of extra veneration for them, to apologise as it were for its criminal separation from the Universal Church. The result has been that multitudes—all the more earnest religionists—have flocked along the path it marked out; and the Bible has been degraded to the pernicious and anti-Christian use of legitimising sects and divisions. The right of private judgment in matters of Faith, and individual independence.—Weekly Register.

It is stated that Mr. Kinglake will clear nearly £10,000 by his ‘History of the Crimean War,’ and that Bishop Colenso gets £8,000 for his work on the Pentateuch.
We earnestly desire to remain at peace with the United States—how earnestly, we have shown only too well; by our constant advocacy of a strictly neutral attitude, by the calmness with which we have met every species of slander and vituperation, by the patience with which we have endured the want of cotton, from which a month of war would have effectually delivered us, and by our refusal of recognition, intervention, or mediation. But if war must come—and nothing is so likely to produce it as such attempts to give countenance to the assertions of the American papers that there is really a sympathy in England for the barbarous policy of a sham emancipation under a servile war—we shall, we trust, be found ready to meet it, not undervaluing its perils or its losses, but certainly not the least afraid of finding traitors at home who pray for the success of the enemy and the ruin of their own country. The almost invisible minority who hold this language

have no feeling in common with the English nation. We desire to enjoy our liberties, and for that purpose to live under the rule of law. We do not wish to see a return to ex-officio prosecutions for violations of a statute which it is open to any one who pleases to enforce, and while we abhor the slavish timidity which would call upon Government to abridge liberty at home in order to conciliate animosity abroad, we are firmly convinced that as no law has been strong enough to put down smuggling when a large profit is left on the transaction, so the Northern States must provide themselves with some better defence than our Foreign Enlistment Act and their own inefficient navy if they wish to arrest the depredations and confound the enterprise of the Confederate States.—Times.

SEIZURE OF A CONFEDERATE GUN-BOAT AT LIVERPOOL.—The town was rather startled this morning by an announcement that an American war-vessel had been seized in the Liverpool docks. It seems that on Sunday Mr. Morgan, one of the surveyors of Her Majesty's Customs, took possession of a small gun-boat, the Alexander, in the Toxteth Dock, and launched very recently from the ship-building premises of Messrs Miller and Co. Mr. Morgan acted on instructions received by Mr. Price Edwards, the collector of Customs, from the Government, who had reason to believe that the Alexander was being fitted for the service of the Confederates. The matter will be fully investigated by the law and other officers of the Crown, before any proceedings are taken beyond the mere detention of the vessel.—Liverpool Post.

THE SEIZURE OF THE MAGICIENNE.—Mr. Samuel Baker, of Liverpool, the owner of the Magicienne, has received the following despatch from the Foreign Office:—
“Gentlemen—I am directed by Earl Russell to acquaint you, in reply to your letter of the 23rd ult., that Her Majesty's Minister at Washington will be instructed to apply to the Government of the United States for full compensation to the parties interested in the Magicienne.—I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
E. HAMMOND.

Messrs. Baker.—This vessel was seized on her voyage to Macanoras by a Federal cruiser, and was sent to Key West, where she was released.

THE SANDYBOND MURDER.—The Glasgow Herald says, ‘We have good grounds for stating that, previous to her removal from the North Prison, Mrs. McLachlan told more persons than one that she was present when old Mr. Fleming struck the first blow, instead of being out for whiskey, as she said she was in her ‘sensation’ statement.’ But this is a small matter in comparison with another report which is circulating through the city, and which we are disposed to receive as the plain and terrible truth. We have heard that Mrs. McLachlan made a confession of her guilt, in which she entirely exonerated Mr. Fleming; that her ‘statement’ was an afterthought, and a pure fiction from beginning to end. According to this confession Mrs. McLachlan did the bloody deed alone, partly in the bedroom and partly in the kitchen, in some respects in the same manner in which she said it was done by another. She it was who trailed the bleeding body over the flag stones and into the room, where she locked it up and took away the key to prevent premature discovery. It was she alone who washed the kitchen floor, and when the old man came down stairs before she got away, she concealed herself in the lobby press, that afterwards bore the marks of her victim's blood. When the old man went up stairs again she gathered together her plunder hurriedly, and made her escape by the back door; and this hurry partly accounts for some of the silver plate being left under the table in the bedroom. We have heard this confession, or alleged confession, repeated at far greater length than it is here set down; and assuming it to be true, surely it is monstrous that the innocent should suffer social excommunication and continue for the sins of the guilty.

In the House of Commons, Lord B. Cecil asked if it was true that spies had been sent to Liverpool to watch the dockyards and the Confederate agents.

Mr. Gladstone said he believed that the increase of trade with France had more than balanced the loss of trade occasioned by the American war.

Mr. Cobden gave notice of a motion in reference to the seizure of the Alexander.

HOSIETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.—A Hundred Cures in one.—Not the least striking merit of Hosietter's Celebrated Bitters is the wide scope of their operation as a preventive and remedial preparation. As a protective medicine they ward off all the diseases—and their name is Legion—that originate in unwholesome air, impure water, exhausting heat, or other local and climatic causes. This alone would be sufficient to secure for any corrective and alterative medicine a world-wide and undying celebrity. But Hosietter's Great Specific has a hundred other claims to the confidence and high consideration of the public. In dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, bilious remittent fever, cholera morbus, cramps, colic, constipation, general debility, premature decay, female irregularities, sexual disability, constitutional weakness, sea sickness, diarrhoea, dysentery, flatulence, vertigo, fainting fits, hysterics, and all complaints proceeding from imperfect digestion, and a disordered condition of the liver and bowels, Hosietter's Stomach Bitters are the most powerful, speedy, harmless and agreeable of all remedies advertised by the press, or administered in family practice.

Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray, and Picault & Son.

NEARLY EATEN UP ALIVE.—Who has not heard of the case of Martha Whitney of Buffalo New York? She was attacked by Scrophula of the most rapid, deadly and hostilious type.—Vast ulcers, that deepened daily, consumed the flesh of her lower limbs. The very bones rotted. Two months she lay on her bed, waiting to be a skeleton. Physicians were summoned from far and near. All gave her up. She prayed for death. At this juncture Bristol's Sarsaparilla was recommended. It saved her, as it had saved thousands before her. The plague was stopped. The sores healed and cicatrized. Her appetite and strength returned. In short, her health and cheerfulness were thoroughly restored, and she has ever since enjoyed those supreme earthly blessings, soundness of body and content of mind. For every form of scrophula, cancer, tumor, abscess, and rheumatism Bristol's Sarsaparilla is recommended, with the assent of the faculty as the most prompt and certain of all known remedies.

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

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

No. 223, Notre Dame Street, by J. GILLIES.

G. E. CLARK, Editor.

TERMS:

To all country subscribers, or subscribers receiving their papers through the post, or calling for them at the office, if paid in advance, Two Dollars; if not so paid, then Two Dollars and a-half.

To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a-half, if paid in advance, but if not paid in advance, then Three Dollars.

Single copies, price 3d, can be had at this Office; Pickup's News Depot, St. Francis Xavier Street; at T. Riddell's, (late from Mr. E. Pickup,) No. 22, Great St. James Street, opposite Messrs. Dawson & Son; and at W. Dalton's, corner of St. Lawrence and Craig Sts.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1863.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A very sugry feeling is rapidly manifesting itself in England on account of the aggressions and monstrous pretensions of the Federal authorities; and unless these aggressions are discontinued, and these pretensions abandoned, it is greatly to be feared that war before long will be the result. In substance the claim of the Federal Government seems to amount to this: That its cruisers have the right to seize and make prize of all neutral vessels which it may suspect, even, of carrying cargoes that may ultimately come into the possession of the Confederates.

There is but one simple rule with respect to the rights of neutrals, which consistently with a due regard to its honor and its interests, the British Government can recognise; and that is, that a neutral ship, engaged in a bona fide voyage from one neutral port to another neutral port, has the right to carry any cargo her owners please to put on board of her, without molestation from either of the belligerents.

But whilst Federal cruisers have been seizing British ships bound to Mexican ports, it seems that Mr. Adams, the Minister of the Yankee Government in London, takes it upon himself to grant licenses to other vessels bound to the same ports, to carry arms and munitions of war for the use of the Mexicans in their war with France.

In the same way they have two rules, two sets of weights, and measures with respect to the building of ships by neutrals for the use of belligerents: one of which they insist upon applying to their neighbors, the other to themselves, with one of which they buy, selling with the other.

What we claim in this case, therefore, is by no means follows we can be asked to concede when we are neutral and Great Britain belligerent. In other words; we have a right to require that Great Britain shall prevent the building of rebel ships in her dockyards, and we are not bound by that precedent, if we choose hereafter to build ships for a nation friendly to us, and at war with Great Britain.

When such claims are coolly put forward by the Yankee press, and effect is given to them by the action of the Yankee cruisers, it would seem as if war were inevitable. Either these claims must be abandoned, or hostilities must ensue, for it is impossible that any nation, however weak, should submit to them without a struggle.

The intelligence from Europe is very meagre. We gather however from the last mails that the Poles still hold out; and it is added that, if Russia do not accede to the terms proposed in the joint note of the three Powers in behalf of Poland, Napoleon is prepared to draw the sword. In England the chief topic of conversation is the American war, and the complication in which that war may involve Great Britain.

is not sufficient legal evidence against her, to authorise her detention; we learn also that effectual measures are to be adopted to put an end to recruiting in Ireland for the rank of the Federal army. The reports of the state of the growing crops in Ireland are very satisfactory.

The army of the Potomac, under General Hooker, having crossed the Rappahannock river in two divisions, one above and the other below Fredericksburg, a series of severe battles commenced on Saturday last. The Confederates, whose communications with Richmond were threatened by General Hooker's movements, concentrated on their left: at a place called Chancellorsville, and there the main struggle took place.

The telegrams we receive are however all made up to suit the Northern palate. Slight advantages are magnified into decisive victories, and severe repulses are glossed over. It leaks out, in spite of their precautions, that on Saturday the Yankees were well thrashed by the brave Confederates under General Lee, with the loss of 14 guns, and that one division of the invading army was driven off the field in confusion.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.—The great party battle of the session commenced on Friday evening, when Mr. J. A. McDonald brought forward his motion of "Want of Confidence" in the present Ministry. Since then, the time of the Legislative Assembly has been occupied with the debate upon this motion, which still continues, and may be protracted to the very end of the week.

City subscribers changing their residence are requested to leave instructions for the delivery of their papers, at this office.

LIGHT READING.—We know no literature so light, so utterly destitute of stamina or nutritious matter, as that which evangelical papers are continually publishing in their columns, with reference to their "Foreign and Domestic Missions." Ice cream to a starving man would be a substantial dish in comparison with the frothy unsatisfying stuff which our contemporaries aforesaid are in the habit of dishing up for their respective readers.

We have got a lot of this "Religious Intelligence" before us, and we look upon it, we confess, with some such kind of melancholy curiosity as that with which a medical student may be supposed to regard a well developed tumor, or any other abnormal and revolting form of human disease. As he takes a pleasure in the dissecting room, and rejoices in the bottled specimens of morbid preparations which surround him, so can we take a certain strange delight in the moral and mental deformities with which the columns of journals such as the Montreal Witness and the Toronto Christian Guardian present us.

evangelical press. What do the young men of the Protestant world for the most part go to Meeting for? Is it not to fall in with the girls, to see them home or "hum" after evening exercises, and then to poke fun at the preacher? They know what a humbug the whole evangelical concern is, and that it is only valuable or worth patronising as the provoker of mirth.

For after all this is the burden of the songs of our Zion—"give, give, give;" and it is partly perhaps the difficulty that the Missionaries encounter when endeavoring to explain what has become of the large sums of money placed at their disposal, that renders their Reports so vague and unsatisfactory, not to say bewildering.

MISSIONS IN INDIA.—The general aspect of the Missionary work in India awakens at the present time, large expectations in the minds of those who are best qualified to form an opinion upon the subject. A missionary writes from Calcutta—"I cannot but express the conviction, which I share, I believe, with almost all missionaries, that vast changes are gradually but surely working themselves out in this land.

What there is in the actual aspect of Protestant Missionary work in India to awaken feelings either of gratitude, or of cheerful anticipation, we as Christians are at a loss to perceive.—There are but "few conversions;" we are told;—and there is a vast amount of scepticism, "settled in nothing but unsettledness."

Another promising "Mission Field" at the present moment is the Italian Peninsula. There the philosophical and religious principles of '89 are making considerable progress amongst the demoralised populations of the large towns; and a few lewd priests, of the Achilli, the Gavazzi, and the Chiniquy stripe, occasionally gladden the hearts of the faithful by their open profligacy, by their contempt for the sanctity of an oath, and the precepts of the Sixth Commandment.

The Home Mission "Reports" are those however in which the greatest amount of namby-pamby is to be found, and upon the composition of these the Missionaries expend their highest powers of twaddle. Here are some specimens selected at random from the Methodist organ from which we have above quoted:—"I have preached the Gospel!"—writes one Methodist

Missionary—"to many Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, and believe good was done. All these shanties were visited by Priests this winter, but their adherents have said they would rather bear us, because they could understand what said."

Mark, how by way of giving a seasoning to the above, an emphasis in the form of Italics is laid on the word "Priests," as if these were a kind of monsters—and their visits to their own flocks a sin. It is a consolation however that the superior natural endowments and intellectual acquirements of the Methodist Missionaries always suffice to silence and put to flight the emissaries of the Man of Sin.

"We have had considerable spiritual prosperity during the year. Our missionary meetings have been spirited and good. Our tea-meetings on the various missions have been very successful."

Are "tea-meetings" Scriptural? are they then the divinely appointed means for "spreading the Gospel? Do they confer grace, and are they supposed to supersede or take the place of the Eucharistic banquet? Reader, have you ever seen an evangelical "tea-meeting" with its mountains of buttered toast? for buttered toast is deemed a powerful instrument of conversion.

Here is another specimen, taken from the Montreal Witness of Saturday last, which in its turn quotes an evangelical journal of New York. The writer is a Rev. Theodore L. Cugley, and he is describing an inquiry meeting at which he had presided:—"It was held in a large private house which had been thronged that night with a prayer meeting of unusual fervor and earnestness.

The rest is blasphemous, and we need not repeat it; or tell how one young woman burst into tears, and could not be put together again for ever so long—how another went home in "strong despair;" and a bombazine gown—how a young lawyer "who had been running away from the meetings for a fortnight to escape the Spirit," was "cut down" and fell into violent convulsions "crying for mercy."

Seldom do these reports deal in facts and figures; but as an exception we find one missionary reporting the conversion of 15 head of children, who "have professed to find peace in believing;" and of whom "some have been made subjects of converting grace."

But as a general rule, and when the conversion of a Papist, or a controversial triumph over a "Romish priest" is announced, we are never allowed to be witnesses of the process, or to obtain a glimpse of the arguments by which the emissary of the Man of Sin was confounded. This reticence is to say the least, prudent on the part of our evangelical friends; but it is one of the causes of the general insipidity of their narratives.

ORANGEISM IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.—We learn from the Vindicator that the Legislature of P. E. Island has passed a Bill to incorporate the Orange Society and that the Lieut.-Governor has given his assent thereto.

EMIGRATION.—We have received the Second Report of the Committee on Immigration and Colonization, printed by order of the Legislative Assembly, and signed by the Chairman, Mr. Archibald McKellan. The Committee contents itself for the present with recapitulating some foregoing recommendations, and making the following suggestions:—

(1). That an Emigrant Map of Canada, showing the settled, partially settled, and wholly unsettled portions of the country, ought to be at once prepared under the supervision of the proper Department, and every means taken to ensure its being generally circulated throughout the British Islands, Germany, and the Northern countries of Europe.

(II).—That Township or District Maps be distributed gratuitously, or at a nominal price, to immigrants or native settlers, thus teaching them, through the eye, the situation and boundaries of their future property; and for this purpose that copies of such Maps should be placed on board the Canadian Line of steamers, and other emigrant passenger vessels; also in the possession of the local Clergy, Crown Land Agents, Colonization Road Agents, and Emigration Agents.

(III).—That an Agent be appointed for New York and Portland, during the emigration season.

(IV).—That an Agent be appointed to reside in England, with large powers, and corresponding rank, who might in other respects also be found useful as a Representative of the Province.

The recommendations of the Committee seem good in their way; but it must be remembered that little can be done by mere legislation to attract emigrants from Europe to Canada, and to retain them here after they have arrived. These things are determined not by legislation, not by Reports of Special Committees, not even by the representations of Emigration Agents, but simply by the natural and material advantages of the Province. "Good wine" says the old adage "needs no bush." A country which holds out many and great material advantages to the immigrant; which is blessed with a mild climate and fertile soil; where labor is constantly in demand, and the rates of wages are high and steady, will never experience any difficulty in obtaining hundreds and thousands to till its waste lands, to break up its virgin soil, and to develop its resources.

When the stream of emigration slackens, or when it is diverted to other shores than ours—we may be certain of two things. First, that the pressure upon the means of subsistence in the mother country, has relaxed; and secondly, that we no longer hold out such material advantages to the settler as do those other countries towards which the stream of emigration directs itself.

It is the pressure upon the means of subsistence at home which compels men to emigrate; their destination, or future site is determined for them—(1) by the respective natural and material advantages of the several countries open to colonisation—and (2) by the cost of voyage. Not one in a thousand or a million bothers his head about the action of the Government, or is influenced by the Reports of Blue Books. If, for instance, a larger number of the emigrants from the British Islands prefer the United States to Canada as their future home, it is because the climate of the latter is colder, its winters shorter and less severe, and the price of labor—before the war at least—higher and steadier.

however good, can do much to induce people to settle in a country wanting or inferior to the former, in these natural advantages.

Where the Government can exercise the most beneficial supervision over emigration, is on board of the emigrant ship, and by taking care that the passengers in the latter are neither over-crowded nor under-fed.

LOSS OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.—We have the details of the loss of this steamer, which bring to light a sad case of bungling and negligence on the part of her officers.

FIRST OFFICER'S STATEMENT.—The Anglo-Saxon experienced strong westerly gales until Saturday 25th, 8 p.m., when she fell in with ice and a thick fog.

From this it will be seen that according to their respective populations, Scotland is, of the three countries by far the largest consumer of ardent spirits.

HARPER'S MONTHLY.—May 1863.—This magazine always contains a number of interesting stories, and the present number is rich in this respect, and the illustrations are good.

BLACKWOOD.—April 1863.—This is a very excellent number, less political than usual; and abounding in interesting matter.

Though we insert the subjoined comments from our esteemed friend on the Separate School Bill lately passed, we do not pretend to pass any judgment upon that measure.

Sta.—The enemies of Catholic education in Upper Canada arrogantly ask—Why should Catholics demand Separate Schools where education is so liberally and amply diffused, for the benefit of all denominations?

At all events, being in Lat. 46.57 N. on Sunday at noon, the Anglo-Saxon shaped a course so, as by the calculations of her officers, to keep 17 miles South of Cape Race, when at 11 a.m. on Monday morning she struck on rocks 4 miles to the North of that Cape.

out to be 40 miles from Cape Race, and to the South-east of it, at 8 a.m. on Monday forenoon; and in three hours they bumped their ship on shore on rocks about four miles to the North of it.

After the accident occurred, the captain seems to have done everything that man could do, to save his passengers, and he perished manfully at his post.

STATISTICS OF DRUNKENNESS.—In the statistics of Trade and Navigation for the British Islands, during the year terminating 31st December, 1862, we find some very important facts as to the consumption of ardent spirits, in Great Britain and Ireland respectively—for the years 1860, 1861, and 1862; and which show that the English and Scotch are far greater consumers of intoxicating liquors of all kinds than are the people of Ireland.

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system of education, in which the rudiments of their holy religion shall be carefully inculcated, and the maxims thereof impressed upon the minds of youth by word and example, without either neglect or indolence; and that the course of studies commenced in these elementary schools should be such as would render them nurseries or preparatory schools to the Catholic institutions of that nature already established in the Province.

Without adequate teachers, any system of education let it be ever so good in itself, is not better than a watch without a main spring.

As touching the second question, we beg leave to state that the provisions of Mr. Scott's Bill are not sufficient to carry out the said system of teaching; and on a future occasion we shall point out the changes that are absolutely required to be effected in the practical part of the Bill, in order that it might in the mean time meet the ends for which it has been so urgently demanded.

It is clear that what Catholics have yet obtained has been purely granted out of fear, and not from any good will that has been evinced towards them, or that has been yet manifested, in order to render the kind of measures enacted in any manner adequate to the purposes for which they have been previously granted.

Let the teacher's conduct be ever so scandalous or hurtful to his pupils, the Catholic parents cannot on any account impeach him.

I have the honor to be, Sir, yours, STANISLAS RUS.

April 28, 1863

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Schoolroom, Eganville, April 27, 1863.

DEAR SIR—On reading the first "Resolution" of the Torontonian anti-Separate School Meeting, I was highly gratified that it had been the fanatic Gowan—and no other good Protestant—who addressed in favor of Common Schools.

REAL COURAGE.—A woman in Georgia recently shot a negro slave dead, for attempting to rob her. Danger should always be boldly and quickly confronted.

Your obedient servant, MICHAEL O'BRYEN.

CELEBRATION OF THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE QUEBEC SEMINARY.—On Thursday, the 30th ult., being the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Quebec Seminary, was celebrated in an imposing manner by the Professors and students of that establishment.

Mr. FOTHERGILL.—This gentleman's lecture on the "Oxford Movement" was decidedly and deservedly successful. His simple statement of facts fully appreciated by the numerous and highly respectable auditory.

The following telegram was communicated to us (Montreal Gazette) on Saturday evening:—

To Messrs. Edmondson, Allan & Co. Cabot, Ltd.—Miss Arkwith, Miss Malby, Capt. Stoddard, Lieut. Clark, Alice Wilson, Messrs. Fishers, Pemberton, Scott, Mills, Houghton, Rogers, Christian, Child, James, Child, two unknown.

We heard on Saturday afternoon that Mr. Young and family had arrived at Halifax. There are those in this city to whom the above list is very sad news.

Steamships Lost

The Anglo-Saxon had three hundred and sixty passengers, and a crew of eighty-four. Seventy-three persons escaped from the wreck to the shore by ropes and spars, and twenty-four in No. 2 life boat; ninety were picked up in two boats by the Dauntless; seven embarked on a raft, but did not reach the shore.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. Dominique Ducharme, the favorite young artist of Montreal, is to give a concert, on the 11th instant, at Nordhemers' Hall, for his own benefit.

THE GAME LAWS.—The Herald calls attention to the fact that robins are offered for sale in the market, and that on Sundays, wanton boys and young men are popping away at every kind of bird that flies at this season, in the immediate vicinity of the city, and even in gardens of gentlemen bringing down birds at a time when it is destruction to an entire brood to kill them.

DEAD.—In this city, on the 6th inst., at the residence of her son-in-law, P. Ryan, Esq., Mrs. C. Bromell, aged 59 years.—May she rest in peace.

Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend the funeral, from No. 41, St. Mary street, at 7 o'clock, on the 8th inst., to the Parish Church, and from thence to the Catholic Cemetery, without further notice, as no cards will be issued.

In this city, on the 1st inst., Margaret Burns Owler, second daughter of Wm. Owler, Printer, aged 8 years and 9 months.

On the 8th ult., at Gore Crescent, Pendleton, near Manchester, England, after a few days illness, Sarah Perry, third daughter of the late Allen Perry, of Poteau du Lac, aged 37 years, wife of Ashley Hibbard, Esq., late of this city.

THE CROPS.—The accounts of the wheat crop in these countries are highly favorable. It has almost entirely escaped injury from frost, and everywhere it looks well and promising.

On Friday morning an inquest was held on the body of a man named George Fonger, who was found dead in his home, about six miles from Hamilton, on the road leading to Wellington Square.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, May 5, 1863.

Flour—Pollards, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Middlings, \$3 to \$3.50; Fine, \$3.80 to \$4; Super., No. 2 \$4.10 to \$4.25; Superior, \$4.35 to \$4.40; Fancy, \$4.55 to \$4.65; Extra, \$4.85 to \$4.95; Superior Extra, \$5.15 to \$5.50; Bag Flour, \$2.40 to \$2.50.

Wheat—U Canada Spring, 92c to 96c; G.C. White Winter, nominal, \$1.03 to \$1.05; extra-rot.

Butter per lb, medium, 11c to 12c; fine, 12c to 13c; choice, 14c to 15c.

DAY SCHOOL, Corner of McCord and William Streets.

MISS LALOR WOULD take this opportunity of respectfully informing her friends and the public generally that she will continue her School at the above mentioned place.

RICHIELEU COMPANY'S DAILY Royal Mail Line of Steamers RUNNING BETWEEN MONTREAL & QUEBEC AND THE Regular Line of Steamers BETWEEN Montreal and the Ports of Three Rivers, Sorel, Berthier, Chambly, Terrebonne, L'Assomption and other Intermediate Ports.



FROM MONDAY, the FOURTH instant, and until further notice, the RICHIELEU COMPANY'S STEAMERS will LEAVE their respective Wharves as follows:

STEAMER EUROPA, Capt. P. E. CURTIS, Will leave the Quebec Steamboat Basin for Quebec every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 5 o'clock P.M., stopping, going and returning, at the Ports of Sorel, Three Rivers and Batiscan.

STEAMER COLUMBIA, Capt. J. E. LABELLE, Will leave for Quebec every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 5 o'clock P.M., stopping, going and returning, at the Ports of Sorel, Three Rivers and Batiscan.

STEAMER NAPOLEON, Capt. J. D. DUBAL, Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Three Rivers every Tuesday and Friday at 3 o'clock P.M., stopping, going and returning, at Sorel, Maskinonge, Riviere du Loup (en haut), Yamachiche and Port St. Francois, and leaving Three Rivers for Montreal every Sunday and Wednesday at 3 o'clock P.M.

STEAMER VICTORIA, Capt. Ous. DAVENAY, Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Sorel every Tuesday and Friday at 3 o'clock P.M., stopping, going and returning, at St. Sulpice, Lavaltrie, L'Assomption and Berthier; returning, leaves Sorel every Monday and Thursday at 5 o'clock.

STEAMER CHAMBLY, Capt. F. LAMONTEUX, Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Chambly every Tuesday and Friday at 3 o'clock P.M., stopping, going and returning, at Verchere, Contrecoeur, Sorel, St. Ours, St. Denis, St. Antoine, St. Charles, St. Marc, Belœil, St. Hilaire, and St. Mathias; returning, leaves Chambly every Sunday at 5 o'clock and Wednesday at 12 A.M.

STEAMER TERREBONNE, Capt. L. H. ROY, Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for L'Assomption every Monday, Tuesday, and Friday, at 3 o'clock P.M., and Saturday at 4 o'clock P.M., stopping, going and returning, at Boucherville, Verchere, St. Paul l'Ermite, and leaving L'Assomption every Monday and Thursday at 7 o'clock A.M.; Tuesday at 5 o'clock A.M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock A.M.

STEAMER LETOILE, Capt. P. B. MALHOT, Will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Terrebonne on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays, at 3 P.M.; Saturday at 4 o'clock P.M.; stopping, going and returning, at Bout-de-l'Isle, Riviere des Prairies et Lechenais, leaving Terrebonne every Monday and Thursday at 7 o'clock A.M.; on Tuesdays at 5 o'clock A.M., and Saturday at 6 o'clock A.M.

For further information, apply at the Richelieu Company's Office, No. 29 Commissioners Street. J. B. LAMERE, General Manager.

Richelieu Company's Office, Montreal, May 7, 1863. Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal. Jan. 17, 1863.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Numbers are leaving Paris for Poland almost daily to take part in the insurrection, which appears to be gaining strength.

Prince Napoleon says the *Dziennik Poznanski*, has been challenged by count Sigismund Wielopolski for having insulted his father in the notorious speech delivered in the French Senate.

The French journals announce that Mgr. Dupanloup, the celebrated Bishop of Orleans, has lately sent to Rome the sum of 40,000 francs for the St. Peter's Pence.

The *Courier de Lyons* states that in one of the private lunatic asylums in the neighborhood of that city there are not less than forty persons confined labouring under mental aberration caused by 'spiritualism.'

BELGIUM.

PROTESTANT PROGRESS.—While in France those who live in the reputation of Christianity complain of being persecuted if they are not assured of Christian burial after their death, a school of infidels in Belgium has formed itself into a society, the members of which pledge themselves to refuse all Christian rites, to die without the Sacraments, and to be buried without Christian ceremonies.

ITALY.

National revolution in Italy has as yet brought about no social change. Piedmont has swallowed Italy without being in the least degree Italianized.

Socially speaking, Piedmont has undergone no alteration whatever. The Subalpine nobles, even the best educated, preserve in their unshaken fidelity to their harsh and uncouth dialect.

On the whole, it must not be denied, Piedmont is small and cannot make room for Italy. The Piedmontese are the hardest, the bravest, the most worthy race in the peninsula, but they have either not the will or not the power to meet their brethren half-way.

The old state of things continues as a whole, only very superficially modified. Any man awakening at the present day, after a 13 yr. sleep, would hardly on a first survey be aware of any substantial change.

is incessant; it is natural; it is just.—Times Correspondent.

The *Correspondance de Rome* says:—The rage of those in power in Italy against the Bishops in such, that the prosecutor at the Court of Appeal of Modena has resorted to the Supreme Court of Cassation to obtain a reversal of the judgment given to the effect that there was no cause to prosecute Mgr. Pietro Rota, Bishop of Guastalla.

The Bull is the ancient dispensation from abstinence, granted formerly by the Popes to the faithful in Spain, for contributing in proportion to their rank in life to the expenses of the crusade against the Moors.

The police officials have made a fruitless domiciliary search at Naples in the apartments of Mgr. Tagliatola, Archbishop of Manfredonia.

The *Press* of the 2nd inst. gives us the melancholy information that Signor Farini's health does not improve, and that the last consultation of the physicians leaves no hope of his restoration.

The *Armonia* says:—We read in the *Bacon* Novella of the 18th March, some particulars about the apostate Gavazzi. He is now lying in the Via della Vigna in Florence, where he has taken up his abode to form a church which is not to be Catholic nor affiliated to any existing sect.

Rome.—The *Armonia* of Easter Sunday begins with the following words:—'To-day, Easter Sunday, we arrive in Rome more than a hundred thousand francs which an illustrious personage will generously deposit at the feet of our Holy Father Pius IX., as the fruits of the St. Peter's Pence gathered by the *Armonia* during the first months of 1863.'

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This demagogue in those days made an hypocritical show of religion and Catholicity, and would have the Alleluia sounded for the Romans.

On coming to Easter Sunday, the triumvirate commanded the Canons of St. Peter's to prepare the same pomp of worship as that with which the Vicar of Christ is wont to celebrate; and because these latter, as was their duty, refused to serve, ministers of God as they were, in the capacity of the utensils of traitors—a Priest, Chaplain of the troops, was found (whom some suppose to have been interdicted), and they made him, as it is the custom to say, pontifical at one of the four altars of St. Peter's, at which only the Pontiff and the Dean of the Sacred College, delegated by Pontifical Bull, are allowed to celebrate.

Coppi in his 'Annals of Italy' vol. xi, p. 237, Florence, 1862, has preserved to us the name of the wretched Priest who sung in Rome, on that day, the Alleluia of Mazzini. He was called Luigi Spola, a Piedmontese.

The Canons of St. Peter's who had refused to sing the Mazzini Alleluia, and to take part in the sacrilegious profanations of the Priest Spola, were condemned by a decree of the Triumvirate to a fine of one hundred and twenty dollars (\$26) each, for offending seriously, not only the dignity of religion, but also the Majesty of the Republic (i.e. Mazzini); as the decree stated with pompous absurdity.

A letter from Rome addressed to the *Journal de Bruxelles* on the 1st inst., says 'that the circular of the Piedmontese committee, which is dated from Rome although it comes from Turin, is now counterbalanced by another circular from the National Garibaldi Committee, which also dates from Rome although it is very likely in Capriera.'

A letter from Genoa informs the *Monte* of the following facts:—The arrest of Cavaliere Fausti in Rome has spread alarm among the conspirators throughout the Peninsula. Fausti was, it appears, the safest link of communication between Turin and the 'National Roman Committee.'

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fastidious goes on augmenting daily. At Montegiuglio on the 18th Giuseppe Motta for harboring brigands. At North Carmone two fusillades on the 17th. At Frosolone, in Molise, Genaro Tedeschi for Reaction. At Campo Marino two fusillades on the 18th by the National Guard. At San Marco, on one of the 17th. At Lanciano Vincenzo Andreoli, on the 16th. Dominic Brond and Francesco Cagnano at Foggia on the 21st. Viva Piumaita. The most salient piece of injustice, however, that it has been my fortune to record for some time is the recent decision of the Court of Cassation at Naples in the appeal from the Court of Assizes in Isernia.

St. Petersburg, April 7.—The following are the principal passages of the address to the Emperor, voted unanimously at the meeting of the nobility of the Government of St. Petersburg.

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egotistical and base tactics of the revolutionary vagabonds whose skulking intermeddling is immediately fatal to any cause which does not instantly possess the profanation of its touch, there was just the various scattered efforts by which only could any struggle have been kept up against the Russian power, as should have enabled the insurrection to maintain its ground, and have afforded the basis of intervention to England and France.

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GERMANY.

The German correspondent of the *Armonia* says:—The state of the mission of the North of Germany becomes more flourishing.

POLAND.

The Polish insurrection is not yet crushed. The latest telegrams even announce some small successes.

DENMARK.

Copenhagen, April 7.—The *Dagbladet* of to-day, in its review of the week, publishes another article hostile to the candidature of Prince William, which concludes thus:—We must not forget that Europe and Greece do not render any service to Denmark in choosing a Danish Prince for the vacant throne.

GREECE.

It is stated on reliable authority, that the conditions imposed by Prince Christian for the acceptance by Prince William of the Crown of Greece are—1st, The formal abdication of King Otto. 2d, That a suitable allowance should be made to the Prince. The King of Denmark will only give his consent to the arrangement, upon condition that England should guarantee the present order of succession to the Danish princess.

UNITED STATES.

The hot weather is having a fatal influence on the health of Federal troops on the southern coast from the Potomac to the Mississippi; sickness is increasing rapidly, and deaths becoming daily more numerous.

We have an example of the waste of war in the 7th and 8th New York regiments which returned to New York on Tuesday last after two years service. They left for the seat of war in May, 1861, with 2050 men; they returned with 1060, and of these less than 500 were originally in the regiments, the remainder being recruits received since.

A Western paper strikes the names of two subscribers of its list, because they were recently hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

An Irishman, who two years ago was an employe in a lard and tallow factory, went into a Philadelphia jewelry store, the other day, and purchased a set of diamonds 'wid the rale sparkle, giving his check therefor for \$7,800. Patrick had followed the army, gathering the soap grease, and discounting officers' bills; and the jeweller learned, on presenting his check at the bank, that his name was good for four times the amount.

The Commanding General, Provost Marshal and other Federal officers at St. Louis are doing a large and profitable trade in the irrefragable negro. Every day the straggling contrabands are gathered into the calabos, or negro prison, whence they are shipped off for various points in Dixie, where they are sold or exchanged for cotton; the transactions being on such terms as to be mutually satisfactory.

A correspondent of the *New York World* writes that on the bank of the love opposite Yicksburg he walked for two miles on the new made graves of Federal soldiers, over two thousand of whom, dead of disease, were buried there during the short period of high water, when no other dry ground could be found even for a grave.

A meeting of colored people was held in New York on Monday last in support of the Federal Government and in favor of enlisting in its defence.—It was addressed by Frederick Douglass and other speakers of the colored and inferior white race; the result was one dark gentleman gave his name as a volunteer.

We must no longer boast in this country of an immunity from arrest and all the petty and humiliating tyrannies known to the unfortunate people of Venice, Hungary and Poland. They have been faithfully reproduced on this soil by our Butlers, Schencks and Milroy's. Photographs have been seized, private citizens compelled to buy new dogs and repair old ones, the colors on women's dresses have been objected to, while arrests have been made on the most frivolous charges, and from the basest of motives. The latest instance of administrative folly is the arrest of certain people in the West because, and only because, they were guilty of wearing a breastpin made of copper representing a head of liberty. But does it not make one rub his eyes and ask himself 'Is this really free America?' when he reads an instance like the following, which we clip from an Illinois paper:—

A prominent citizen of Cairo was advised this morning, confidentially, by a friend, to immediately divest himself of a pair of brown jean pantaloons which he had on, for fear he might offend some one who knew that the same material was worn in the Southern Confederacy. The gentleman replied that he had worn such goods since he was a boy in New Jersey, and he did not think he would cease to do so now.—*New York World*.

Mansfield's Dispensatory says that most of the Sarsaparilla of the shops is inert and worthless. Dr. Ayer in his writings on this drug states that not only is it inert as found in the shops but so also are most of the preparations from it or bearing its name. He shows, however, that this fact arises from the use of worthless varieties, unskillful preparations, by incompetent men; that the true Medicinal Sarsaparilla (Sarsa Smitax off.) of the tropics, when freshly gathered in the bud, is one of the most effectual alteratives we possess. Combined with other substances of great alterative power, like Iodine, Stillingia, Dock, &c., it makes Ayer's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, which we have reason to believe is one of the most effectual remedies for humors, skin diseases and for purifying the blood which has ever yet been found by anybody.—*Bangor (Me.) Mercury*.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH ACADEMY OF MADAMEISELLE LACOMBE AND MISS CLARKE WILL BE REMOVED, on the FIRST of MAY, from No. 8, VITRE STREET, to No. 12 SANGUINET STREET, near Craig-Street. April 8, 1863.

COLLEGE OF ST. LAURENT, NEAR MONTREAL.

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

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

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

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

NOTICE TO PARTIES ABOUT TO FURNISH.

THE SUBSCRIBER, thankful for the very liberal patronage afforded to him during the last twelve years in business, wishes to inform them that notwithstanding his determination to give up the retail Furniture business this Spring, for want of being able to procure premises large enough to carry on the Wholesale and Retail Business; but having surmounted that difficulty by the purchase of that large lot of ground at the entrance of St. Joseph Street, second street from McGill Street, on which he is about to erect extensive premises, in every way adapted to his largely increasing trade, and attached to which he will have large Workshops, where he will be enabled to attend to the largest orders with which he may be favored. The new Store will be similar in construction and style to the one he has occupied for the past eight years, but double the size, being 60 ft. front, by 97 feet deep, and is to be finished by the 1st of September. He has now released his old stand for another season, where will be found one of the Largest and best assorted Stocks of FURNITURE ever on view in Montreal, and which will be all finished and completed by the 1st of April, part of which has been purchased for gold in Boston and New York at the great gold discount, which will enable him to sell such Goods at less than Boston and New York prices.

ALSO, A large assortment of BLACK WALNUT FURNITURE, manufactured expressly to his order in Upper Canada; and from the large quantity ordered and by taking advantage of Cash Trade at this dull season of the year, can be sold below anything yet offered. He intends to mark his Goods this year at a much less percentage of profit and by so doing to double his already very large sales. In order to make room for the new Stock, the balance of his old Stock will be cleared out at cost up to the 10th of April; and to avoid selling at auction, he will offer the above inducements to parties in want of Goods in his line. A great quantity of goods, commonly called old shopkeepers', but nothing the worse, will be sold regardless of prices. All warranted to be as represented, and delivered free of charge. Please call at 244 Notre Dame Street, and avail yourselves of the present opportunity to get decided bargains; OWEN McGARVEY, (Wholesale & Retail Furniture Warehouse,) No. 244 Notre Dame Street. April 10, 1863.

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT,

RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and parties about to Build that he will open his Office in May at No. 43 St. Bonaventure Street, where he will continue to prepare Designs for every description of Building at moderate charges. Measurements and Valuations promptly attended to. Montreal, 30th April. 2t

WALLPAPER! WALL PAPER! 50,000 ROLLS, at 5 cents, 7 cents, 10 cents, 12 cents, and up to 50 cents per Roll.

WINDOW SHADES IN GREAT VARIETY. ROBERT MILLER, (Late R & J Miller) 60 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal. April 29. 1m.

NOTICE. A YOUNG person, capable of teaching ENGLISH in all its branches, desires a Situation in some private Family. Apply at this Office. April 30.



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

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is compounded from the most effectual antidotes that medical science has discovered for this afflicting distemper, and for the cure of the disorders it entails. That it is far superior to any other remedy yet devised, is known by all who have given it a trial. That it does combine virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of complaints, is indisputably proven by the great multitude of publicly known and remarkable cures it has made of the following diseases: King's Evil or Glandular Swellings, Tumors, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Syphilis and Syphilitic Infections, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weaknesses, and, indeed, the whole series of complaints that arise from impurity of the blood. Minute reports of individual cases may be found in AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC, which is furnished to the druggists for gratuitous distribution, wherein may be learned the directions for its use, and some of the remarkable cures which it has made when all other remedies had failed to afford relief. These cases are purposely taken from all sections of the country, in order that every reader may have access to some one who can speak to him of its benefits from personal experience. Scrofula depresses the vital energies, and thus leaves its victims far more subject to disease and its fatal results than are healthy constitutions. Hence it tends to shorten, and does greatly shorten, the average duration of human life. The vast importance of these considerations has led us to spend years in perfecting a remedy which is adequate to its cure. This we now offer to the public under the name of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, although it is composed of ingredients, some of which exceed the best of Sarsaparilla in alternative power. By its aid you may protect yourself from the suffering and danger of these disorders. Purge out the foul corruptions that rot and fester in the blood; purge out the causes of disease, and vigorous health will follow. By its peculiar virtues this remedy stimulates the vital functions, and thus expels the distempers which lurk within the system or burst out on any part of it. We know the public have been deceived by many compounds of Sarsaparilla, that promised much and did nothing; but they will neither be deceived nor disappointed in this. Its virtues have been proven by abundant trial, and there remains no question of its surpassing excellence for the cure of the afflicting diseases it is intended to reach. Although under the same name, it is a very different medicine from any other which has been before the people, and is far more effectual than any other which has ever been available to them.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, The World's Great Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease. This has been so long used and so universally known, that we need no more than assure the public that its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do all it has ever done. Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists everywhere. Lyman, Clark & Co. Montreal.

SADLER & CO'S NEW BOOKS.

JUST READY, THE METHOD OF MEDITATION. By the Very Rev. John Rootham, General of the Society of Jesus. 18mo, cloth, 38 cents. SONGS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, with Aids to Memory, set to Music. Words by Rev. Dr. Cummings. Music by Signor Sprezza and Mr. John M. Loretz, jun. 18mo, half-bound, 38 cents; cloth, 50 cents. We have made arrangements with the author to publish this book in future. This Edition is very much enlarged from the first, and being now complete, will supply a want long felt in our Catholic Schools. This is the only Catholic work of the kind published in the United States.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED LARGE PRINT PRAYER BOOK. DAILY PRAYERS: A MANUAL OF CATHOLIC DEVOTION, Compiled from the most approved sources, and adapted to all states and conditions in life, ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED. Publisher's Advertisement: For years and years we have been asked for a large print Prayer Book, and for one reason or another we delayed getting up one until the present time. We desired to make it, when made, the most complete and the most elegant Prayer Book published either in Europe or America, and we think we have succeeded. The Features which distinguish it from all other Prayer Books are as follows: 1. It contains the principal public and private Devotions used by Catholics, in very large type. 2. The Short Prayers at Mass are illustrated with thirty-seven new plates, designed and engraved expressly for this book. 3. It contains the Epistles, Gospels, and Canticles for all the Sundays and Festivals of the Year, together with the Offices of Holy Week in three sizes larger type than any can be found in any other Prayer Book. 4. The Book is illustrated throughout with initial letters and cuts. It is printed on fine paper, from electrotypes cast, making it altogether the handsomest Prayer Book published.

Remo. of nearly 200 pages. 50 75. Embossed, gilt edges, 1 00. " " " " 1 50. Morocco extra, Goume edges, 1 75. " " " " 2 00. " " " " 2 50. Morocco extra, 2 50. " " " " 3 00. " " " " 3 00. " " " " 3 50. " " " " 5 00.

THE MASS BOOK: Containing the Office for Holy Mass, with the Epistles and Gospels for all the Sundays and Holidays, the Offices for Holy Week, Vespers and Benediction. Publisher's Notice. In presenting the Mass Book to the Catholic public, it is well to enumerate some of its advantages: 1. It contains the proper Masses for all the Sundays and Festivals of the Year, answering all the purposes of a Missal. 2. It contains the principal Offices for Holy Week, which will save the purchase of a special book for that service. 3. It contains the Vespers for Sundays and Holy days, which is not to be found in any Missal published. 4. The type is three sizes larger than any Missal published, and the price is less than one-half. 5. It is purposely printed on this paper, so that it can be conveniently carried in the pocket.

18mo., cloth, \$0 38. " roan, plain, 0 50. " embossed, gilt, 0 63. " " " " 0 75. " imitation, full gilt, 0 75. " " " " 0 88. FINE EDITION OF THE MASS BOOK, Printed on super extra paper, with fine steel engravings. Embossed, gilt edges, \$1 00. " full gilt, 1 25. Morocco extra, Goume edges, 1 50. " gilt edges, 2 00. " " " " 2 50. " " " " 2 50. " " " " 3 00. *The Cheap Edition of this is the best edition of the "Epistles and Gospels" for Schools published.

MRS. SADLER'S NEW STORY, OLD AND NEW; TASTE VERSUS FASHION. BY MRS. J. SADLER, Author of "The Confederate Chieftains," "New Lights," "Bessy Conway," "Minor Preston," "Willy Burke," &c. &c. 16mo, 480 pages, cloth, \$1; cloth, gilt, \$1 50; with a Portrait of the Author. A NEW VOLUME OF SERMONS FOR 1862. BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. 12mo, cloth, \$1. SERMONS by the PAULIST FATHERS, for 1861, cloth, 75c. The TALISMAN: An Original Drama for Young Ladies. By Mrs J. Sadler. 19 cents. Now Ready, A POPULAR LIFE OF ST. PATRICK. By an Irish Priest. 16mo cloth 75c., cloth gilt, \$1. This, it is believed, will supply a great want—a correct and readable Life of St. Patrick. It is written by a Priest who has devoted much time to the study of Irish History and Antiquities, and, judging from his Life of our National Saint, he has turned his studies to some account.

About 1st April, A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND, from the Earliest Period to the Emancipation of the Catholics. By Hon. T. D. McGee. 12mo, 2 vols., cloth, \$2; half calf or morocco, \$3. TRUE SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE. By Saint Francis of Sales, with an Introduction by Cardinal Wiseman. 12mo, cloth, \$1. NEW INDIAN SKETCHES. By Father De Smet. 18mo., cloth, 50 cents.

In May, FATHER SHEEHY: A Tale of Tipperary Ninety Years Ago. By Mrs. J. Sadler. 18mo., cloth, 38 cents; cloth, gilt, 50 cents; paper, 21 cents. D. & J. SADLER & CO., 31 Barclay Street, N. Y., and Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets, Montreal. Montreal, Jan. 22, 1863.

WANTED, A MALE COOK. He must produce testimonials as to character. Apply at this office. Montreal, April 23.

MACKAY'S MONTREAL DIRECTORY. THE Subscriber, having effected an arrangement with MRS. MACKAY, will undertake the printing and publishing of her Directory. No effort will be spared to make it as correct and as useful as possible. Agents will begin to take the Names, &c., of the Citizens on the 4th of May, and the Directory will be issued early in June. JOHN LOVELL. Montreal, 16th April, 1863. 3t

HAMS. EXTRA SUGAR-CURED CANVASSED CINCINNATI HAMS, FOR SALE BY GILMOUR & CO., 43 St. Peter Street. Montreal, 18 March, 1863. 3m.

EXTRA HEAVY MESS AND RUMP PORK. FOR SALE BY GILMOUR & CO., 43 St. Peter Street. Montreal, 18 March, 1863. 3m.

SEWING MACHINES. GREAT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF FIRST CLASS SEWING MACHINES.

C. W. WILLIAMS & CO. Unequaled Double Thread Family Sewing Machines. Prices Ranging Upward from Twenty-Five Dollars.

BETTER MACHINES for Dress making and family use have never been made. They are simple, durable, reliable and warranted, and kept in repair one year without charge. First-class city references given if required. Office and Salesroom No. 29 Great St. James Street. A. FULLER, General Agent for Canada. Montreal, April 1, 1863. 3m.

The Montreal Gazette BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, 36 Great St. James Street, SUPPLIES EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING.

WITH NEATNESS, ECONOMY AND DISPATCH. BEING FURNISHED WITH POWER PRINTING MACHINES, besides GALLEYS AND HAND PRESSES, we are enabled to execute large quantities of work, with great facility.

BOOK PRINTING! Having the different sizes of the new SCOTCH type and other styles of TYPE, prepared expressly for the various kinds of Book Printing, in ITALIAN, ENGLISH, FRENCH, SPANISH, &c., &c., we will execute with neatness and dispatch, at moderate charges.

FANCY PRINTING! Particular attention is paid to COLOURED and ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. The highest style of work, which it was at one time necessary to order from England or the United States, can be furnished at this Establishment, as good, and much cheaper than the imported article.

CARDS of all sizes and styles, can be supplied at all prices, from \$1 per thousand to \$1 for each copy. Particular attention given to BRIDAL CARDS.

BILL-HEADS! The newest style of Bill-Heads supplied at a very low figure. Country Merchants supplied with SHOW-BILLS of the most STRIKING STYLES.

BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS OF EVERY SIZE AND VARIETY. Jobs ordered by Mail promptly executed and dispatched by Parcel Post. A share of public patronage respectfully solicited. M. LONGMOORE & CO. MONTREAL GAZETTE BUILDINGS, 36 Great St. James Street.

M. BERGIN, TAILOR, No. 79, McGill Street, (opposite Dr. Bowman's).

STEAM HEATING FOR PRIVATE RESIDENCES. THOMAS M'KENNA, PLUMBER, GAS & STEAM FITTER. Is now prepared to execute Orders for his New and Economical System of Steam Heating for Private and Public Buildings.

He would specially invite Gentlemen, thinking of Heating their Houses by Steam, to call and see his system in working order, at his Premises, Nos. 36 and 38 St. Henry Street. "GOLDS," or any other system fitted up, if required. PLUMBING and GASFITTING done by good workmen. THOMAS M'KENNA, 36 and 38 Henry Street. May 1.

AMALGAM BELLS. AT prices within the reach of every Church, School-House, Factory, Cemetery, or Farm in the land. Their use all over the United States for the past 2 years has proven them to combine more valuable qualities than any other, among which tone, strength, durability, vibrations and sonorous qualities are unexcelled by any other manufacturer. Sizes 50 to 5000 lbs., costing less than half other metal, or 12 1/2 cents per pound, at which price we warrant them 12 months. Send for Circular. PRATT, ROBINSON & Co., Late M. G. CHADWICK & Co., No. 109 William Street, New York.

ACADEMY OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS. St. Laurent, near Montreal. The Course of Study comprises Religious Instruction, Reading, Writing, Grammar and Composition, Arithmetic, History, ancient and modern, Geography, Book-keeping, the Elements of Astronomy, the Use of the Globes, Mapping, Domestic Economy, Music, vocal and instrumental, Painting and Drawing, &c., &c. Besides the above, young ladies will be taught plain and fancy needlework, embroidery, all kinds of crocheted work, netting, artificial flowers, &c., &c. The French and English languages are taught with equal care. COSTUME. For Summer—Dark blue dress, with cape of the same material; a straw hat, trimmed with white ribbon; a white dress, with large collar. For Winter—A black or dark blue mantle; a black bonnet, trimmed the same as in summer.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS. 1st. The scholastic year is ten months and a half. 2nd. The terms for Board are, per month, \$5.50. The House furnishes a bedstead, and also takes charge of the shoes, provided there be at least two pairs for each pupil. 3rd. The price of the washing, when taken charge of by the House, is 80 cents per month. 4th. By paying \$1.50 per month, the House will furnish the complete bed and bedding, and also take charge of the washing. 5th. The terms for half-board are \$2 per month. Half boarders sleep in the House, and are furnished with a bedstead and pallias. 6th. Every month that is commenced must be paid entire without any deduction. 7th. Doctors' Fees and Medicines are of course extra charges. 8th. Lessons in any of the Fine Arts are also extra charges. Instrumental Music, \$1.50 per month; 60 of Piano, \$1.50 per annum. Drawing lessons, 60 cents per month. Flowers, per lesson, 20 cents. 9th. Parents who wish to have clothes provided for their children will deposit in the hands of the Lady Superior a sum proportionate to what clothing is required. 10th. The parents shall receive every quarter, with the bill of expenses, a bulletin of the health, conduct, assiduity, and improvement of their children. 11th. Every quarter must be paid in advance. 12th. Parents can see their children on Sundays and Thursdays, except during the offices of the Church. 13th. Each pupil will require to bring, besides their wardrobe, a stand, basin and ewer, a tumbler, a knife, fork and spoon, table napkins. By paying 50 cents per annum, the House will furnish a stand. Aug. 25.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY. MR. JOSEPH MOFFAT WILL OPEN AN ACADEMY for BOYS on the 20th of JANUARY, at 296 ST. JOSEPH STREET. He will give LESSONS in the different branches which his pupils may desire to be instructed in: Grammar, History, Geography, Writing, Arithmetic, Drawing, and Book-keeping. He will at the same time Open a NIGHT SCHOOL for MEN, and give LESSONS on the PIANO, after his classes. Extra payment will be required for Music, Drawing and Book-keeping. All at a moderate charge. Montreal, Jan. 15, 1863. 2m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY CHANGE OF TRAINS. ON and AFTER MONDAY, the 27th instant TRAINS will run as follows: FROM BONAVENTURE STREET STATION, EASTERN TRAINS.

Mail Train for Quebec, at 7.30 A.M. Mail Train for Portland and Boston, (stopping over Night at Island Pond) at 3.00 P.M. Mixed Train for Island Pond and all Intermediate Stations, at 6.10 P.M. WESTERN TRAINS. Day Express for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, London, Detroit and the West, at 7.30 A.M. Mixed Train for Kingston and all Intermediate Stations, at 9.45 A.M. Mixed Train for Brockville and Way Stations, at 5.45 P.M. TRAINS will ARRIVE at BONAVENTURE STREET STATION as follows: From Brockville and Way Stations, at 9.15 A.M. From Portland, Island Pond and Way Stations, at 11.15 A.M. From Island Pond do do, at 3.30 P.M. From Kingston do do, at 8.10 P.M. From Quebec and Richmond, do do, at 11.15 P.M. From Toronto, the West, and Ottawa City, at 10.35 P.M. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, April 23, 1863.

