

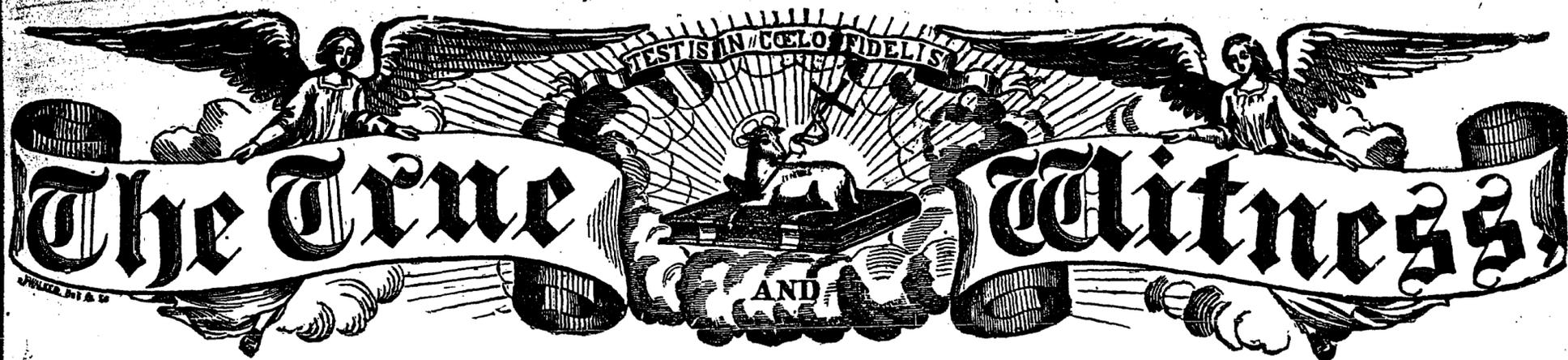
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XX. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 7, 1870. No. 21.

(From the Catholic Mirror.)

AURELIA; OR, THE JEWS OF CAPEA GATE.

Freely Translated from the French of M. A. Quinton

PART THIRD.—THE VESTAL.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

In one word Palæstrion, as we have already stated, was the hero of the saturnalia. He had been proclaimed the king of the festive board; and when from the 'trichopia' were carried to the Forum the last scenes of this festival of liberty, upon which another sun was not to shine, the unanimous voice of his comrades enthusiastically proclaimed Palæstrion worthy of the dignified office of pretor.

Palæstrion donned bravely the magisterial robe, appointed his lictors; and sitting in the pretor's chair, prepared to perform his judicial duties. But a judge without a case to try cuts a sorry figure, and poor Palæstrion saw with embarrassment the disappointed looks of the audience as the hours passed without a single pleader presenting himself into court, though the criers made themselves hoarse in inviting the people to test the prudence and justice of the learned judge.

Palæstrion's face was growing purple with shame as he listened to the increasing titter which circulated in the mirthful crowd, and the big sweat drops rolled from his brow. It was at this perplexing juncture that he caught sight of Regulus. The slave pretor recognised immediately his quondam tempter, and, in a censorious voice, ordered his arrest. He intended to carry his revengeful joke as far as the license of the saturnalia permitted, and with this view he called to his dog. The animal, who was circulating freely among the crowd, in two bounds, took his place near his master's curule chair.

'Ah, Cerberus!' said Palæstrion, patting him on the back, 'attention, old boy, we are going to have some fun.' The dog wagged his tail and showed his double row of sharp teeth, as if he understood what was coming.

Marcus Regulus saw this and his cheeks grew pale, as he asked himself what the slave's intentions might be. The most savage clamors greeted the informer who had been recognised by the crowd. Palæstrion had reconquered all his waning popularity, for curiosity was awakened and every one looked for scenes of more than usual interest. A thousand voices mingled with the growls of the dog who, his glowing eyes fixed on his master's, only awaited a signal to spring upon the trembling wretch whom the lictors had brought to the bar of the tribunal.

'Io, Io, Saturnalia! Io, Io, Palæstrion!' repeated the multitude with wild excitement. Palæstrion was enjoying his own triumph and the terror of Marcus Regulus. His silence and the ironical expression of his looks increased the intolerable anguish of his victim. At last, the slave pretor extended his hand to command attention, and the tumult ceased as if by magic.—The slaves looked on in breathless expectation.

'What is your name?' asked the magistrate, addressing Regulus. 'I am a citizen, and I protest against all acts of personal violence,' replied the informer, trying to give some assurance to his voice.

'Very well,' said the slave-pretor, 'but this is the time of the saturnalia, and you are accused....' 'What charge can be trumped against me?' asked Regulus.

'Was it not you,' replied Palæstrion, 'who, by corrupt means, tempted the fidelity of the woman Doris, a slave in the household of the divine Aurelia, and brought upon her the punishment which caused her death?.... What have you to reply?'

The informer shuddered, but remained silent. 'Was it not you again,' resumed the magistrate, 'who, concealing your name, came to a poor slave named Palæstrion to offer him his freedom, and who endeavored by your insidious questions to surprise the secrets of the divine Aurelia's household, thereby exposing said Palæstrion to perish, like Doris, under the public executioner's lash?'

'Palæstrion, Palæstrion,' exclaimed Regulus in a supplicating tone, 'I swear that my intentions towards you were sincere and it is was not my fault if they were not realized.' 'Hush, wretch!.... Here I am no longer Palæstrion, I am a judge who interrogates.... Come, are these facts true or false?.... By Saturn! take care that you do not prevaricate!'

But, instead of replying to this question, Regulus sprang back, uttering a piercing cry.—This unexpected incident was caused by the dog Cerberus. Pending the interrogatory, the dog had gradually approached the informer, and had finally inserted his sharp fangs into the latter's thigh; such, at least, appeared to be the fact, from the manner in which the animal still held on to his tunic.

'Cerberus, Cerberus!' cried Palæstrion angrily. The dog immediately let go his hold. 'Lictors, chastise this insubordinate animal who will not wait for the signal.'

The lictors, detaching a few rods from their fasces, struck the dog who howled with pain.—The crowd applauded this act of justice.

'Regulus,' resumed the slave, evidently gratified by these public marks of approbation, 'have you anything to say in justification of these charges?... Speak.... I listen.'

The wretched man could only find words of cowardly supplication. 'So,' said Palæstrion, 'you admit the truth of these allegations.... and you have nothing more to say....'

'Palæstrion, I swear it to you again.... I did not know.... I could not know that I was exposing you to any danger.'

'I am not concerned in this case, Regulus; cease, therefore, misunderstanding my words and pronouncing my name; the question at issue is the trade you follow and the misfortunes which result from your informations. Is it not enough that you have attempted to introduce treachery under the roof of my noble mistress, and that a young girl has perished, a victim to the temptations of your gold?... This is what you must justify yourself from.... Or otherwise you can not escape punishment. As for me, I despise the solicitations with which you tried to deceive me, and as a judge I must forget them. For the last time I charge you to answer without equivocation.'

Palæstrion had spoken these words with great dignity and firmness. The humble slave seemed to be gradually penetrated with the greatness of his functions, and he introduced the majesty of truth in the fiction undertaken for amusement.

Marcus Regulus completely overwhelmed, could think of nothing except how he should effect his escape; his eyes wandered about anxiously, watching a favorable opportunity.—But flight was no easy matter. Cerberus was there, an attentive sentinel, and all around, the serried ranks of the multitude presented an impassable barrier. No friendly face met the informer's eager glance; he saw, everywhere, nothing but cruel smiles which told him plainly how much the spectacle of his anguish was enjoyed by those who waited for Palæstrion's judgment.

The pretor, silent and collected, was thinking of what sentence he should pronounce. A new incident here distracted the attention of the crowd. The melodious sounds of a flute were heard in the direction of the portico of Saturn's temple, and the pontiff was seen issuing from the sacred edifice, where he had been performing he had been performing an expiatory sacrifice. He was accompanied by Misiutius playing the harmonious instrument used upon such occasions. The crowd made way, respectfully, and the pontiff and his musician soon found themselves in front of the slave-pretor's court.

A drowning man catches at straws, and Regulus no sooner recognized the priest than he sprang towards him, claiming his protection in the most piteful accents.

'Saturnalia!' cried Palæstrion, to stop the movement which the pontiff, surprised at finding Regulus in this embarrassing predicament, was about to make in his favor; 'Saturnalia! this man belongs to me until the sentence I am going to pass shall have been executed!'

'It is true,' said the priest, 'we are in the days of Saturnalia, and you are the masters!—Regulus, may the gods protect thee, I can do nothing.'

The pontiff went away, leaving to his fate Regulus who trembled with rage and gave vent to his disappointment in the most fearful imprecations. Misiutius would have followed the pontiff, but Palæstrion would not permit it.

'Flute-player,' he cried, making a gesture of command, 'your presence is required here.—Your instrument must mark time for the exercise to which I must condemn Regulus as a just punishment for his crimes. I command you to stay!'

The unfortunate Misiutius would have rather been a hundred miles from Rome than to find himself in the presence of the wretch he had so much cause to fear; but it was as impossible for Misiutius to disobey Palæstrion, as for Regulus to escape from the punishment about to be inflicted.

Misiutius stopped, and waited patiently for further orders. The look that Regulus gave him made the poor fellow shudder.

Palæstrion, seated on his curule chair proclaimed silence and announced that he would now pronounce the sentence of the culprit. The crowd listened with eager curiosity.

'It appears,' said the slave-pretor in a solemn voice, and using the consecrated formula, 'that Marcus Regulus, informer, here present, is the author, through his seductions, of the death of a young girl named Doris, a slave in the household of the divine Aurelia. Consequently, I order that he shall be tossed in a blanket, and that the flute-player shall accompany with the sounds of his instrument the execution of this sentence!'

The whole Forum shook under the thunder of applause which greeted the judgment of the wise Palæstrion. No sentence could have been imagined to crown with a more diverting practical joke the feast of the Saturnalia and to reach, at the same time, the much feared and hated man upon whom it was to be played.

A large circle was formed around the down-cast informer; twelve athletic slaves seized him and, despite his struggles stretched him at full length on a wide carpet, which impatient hands were already lifting; and Misiutius commenced playing a symphony amidst the plaudits of the delighted crowd and the cries, repeated by a thousand voices, of:

'Saturnalia! Io! Saturnalia! Io! Io! Palæstrion!' Regulated by the modulations of Misiutius' flute, the cadenced motion was accomplished with a perfection that gave it additional force.—The informer's body scarcely touched the carpet than it was again thrown to a prodigious height. These aerial evolutions could be witnessed from all parts of the Forum, and the savage exclamations which greeted it showed how keenly the multitude enjoyed the distress of the wretched Regulus. His most cruel enemy must have pitted him!

At last, not perhaps through merciful feelings, but because every punishment must have an end, Palæstrion ordered the tossers to stop. Marcus Regulus fell back once more on the carpet, whence he was permitted to roll on the pavement. In a moment he stood on his feet. His face was deathly pale; his eyes flashed with rage; but his voice failed him, he could not utter a word. Palæstrion ordered the crowd to give way and let Regulus go where he pleased. The wretch, still dizzy from his recent performance, and assailed by the jeers of his tormentors, availed himself of this permission and fled with the precipitancy of one who escapes from some terrible danger.

Palæstrion had come down from his curule chair.

'Regulus,' he cried, when the informer was at some distance, 'I am no longer thy judge, but I made an oath and it must be fulfilled!'

Then, calling Cerberus, he pointed out to him the retreating form of the informer. The dog sprang after him with the speed of an arrow. A few bounds sufficed him to overtake Regulus, who uttered a terrible cry and turned to throw on Palæstrion a look full of deadly hate.

'Cerberus, Cerberus, enough! come back, sir!' Palæstrion called to his dog; and his voice had a satisfied and triumphant tone. He had kept his word and consummated his vengeance. At the sound of his master's voice, the obedient dog had let go the leg into which he had inserted his sharp-pointed row of teeth, he returned quietly bringing with him a piece of Regulus' tunic as a trophy.

Palæstrion was carried in triumph to the banquet of the last night of the Saturnalia.

On the next morning he had resumed his chair in the porter's lodge for another year. So he thought at least, for the poor wretch could not foresee what was about to happen.

Regulus, notwithstanding his cruel mishap, had not renounced his design of advising the Emperor of Metellus Celer's capture. He arrived at the Palatine-House, still trembling with rage and fear, and thirsting for revenge, but prepared to dissemble in order the better to secure it. At sight of the informer's haggard looks and disordered dress, Domitian was struck with surprise.

'What is the matter with you, Regulus?' he asked, 'and what has happened?'

'Nothing worth mentioning, my lord.... As I passed through the Forum some miserable slaves insulted me.... But I would not delay the important news I bring you.... Metellus Celer will be in Rome to-morrow.... He is in sure hands.'

'Have you witnesses to secure his condemnation?' asked the Emperor with an eagerness which proved that this news did not find him indifferent.

'Yes, my lord, we have three whose confession leave no doubt as to the intimate relations existing between Metellus Celer and the Grand Vestal. Those three witnesses are: Misiutius, the flutist at the sacrifices, the same who corresponded with Lucius Antonius, and who also had charge of delivering to Cornelia the letter of Metellus Celer which you have read; Gellia, the

wife of the same Misiutius, and, finally Palæstrion, the porter-slave of your piece Aurelia.'

'Have those people said what they know?' 'No, my lord,' replied the informer, with a wicked smile. 'But Ravinius is there, and he is a great master in the art of making those speak who wish to preserve an ill timed silence.'

'Very well, Regulus. This very night I shall convene the college of Pontiffs.... and to-morrow....'

'My lord' said the informer, interrupting Domitian, 'to-night will be the last night of the Saturnalia; during which no sentence can be pronounced.... It will be perhaps better to wait until to-morrow night.... I require this delay, moreover, in order to give you more complete proofs.'

'So be it, then,' said the Emperor. 'I shall be to-morrow night in my house in Alba.... See that the evidence be laid in proper time before the pontiffs, so as to avoid all hesitancy.... Go, I rely on your zeal.'

Regulus made an obeisance to the Emperor and left the Palatine-House, with his heart filled with the first joy he had tasted on that fatal day. Instead of returning home, he now sought the shortest road to arrive at the cave dug into the most rugged side of Mount Esquiline, and which served as an habitation for the mysterious Ravinius. It was late in the night when he reached the cave. Ravinius was asleep.

'Get up! Ravinius, I must speak to you!' cried the informer, shaking him roughly.

Ravinius growled, pretty much as a bear would if disturbed in his lair, and arising from the wild beast's skin which served him the purpose of a bed, stood up in all the majesty of his colossal stature.

'It is me, it is Regulus!' the informer prudently hastened to say.

Ravinius blew upon the ashes in his hearth and lighted a pine torch which he made fast against the rocky wall of the cave.

'Here I am,' he then replied to Regulus, as he seated himself on a rough bench. 'What is it that you wish?... Speak....'

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE DEN OF WOES.

The pine torch lighted two things: the cave of Ravinius, and Ravinius himself. Both were horrible to look at.

Imagine a recess of moderate width, but the depth of which, shrouded in darkness, could not be estimated. Rough masonry work, whose stones were blackened by time or green-coated by dampness, supported the earth and prevented slides. In whichever direction the eye wandered in this fearful abode, it met not a single familiar article of household furniture, but objects of strange and terrible shapes—some suspended from the ceiling or hung on the walls, others lying on the floor or sealed into some enormous block of wood or stone.

These fearful objects which make one shudder as he looks at them, are instruments of torture. It would be difficult to enumerate them all, and we have no desire to entertain the reader with their hideous nomenclature.

Ravinius is the public executioner, the torturer, who lives alone, far from all human beings, rejected by Rome which he is not permitted to inhabit. There never was a more frightful type of ancient barbarity. Over his hairy shoulders, to which hang athletic arms, appears an enormous head crowned with red hair as coarse and shaggy as that of Calydon's boar.

No feeling of pity ever softened his savage features, lighted by round eyes that roll vacantly under bushy eyebrows. Ravinius is the embodiment of stupidity, but it is cruelty, not idiocy which has destroyed his intellect. The shrieks of suffering can alone rouse him from his apathy. When the victim begs for mercy, he replies by a frightful smile; when the bones crushed by the instrument of torture pierce through the flesh, Ravinius is in ecstasies.

The life of this wretch had passed amidst the tears and groans of victims. Almost every day he was sent for by matrons whose delicate hands would have tired chastising their slaves. He would then strike with such fury that, unless he was stopped, death inevitably followed, as it happened in the case of the unhappy Doris.

Sometimes also, but much less often, poor wretches were sent to his cave, to be tortured; he marked those days with a white pebble and dreamed of them in his sleep.

Such was the man whose services Regulus came to secure. Their interview was short and decisive.

On the evening of the following day, towards the tenth hour, the interior of Ravinius' den was illuminated by the red glare of a large fire. Two aids were already preparing the instruments of torture. Prominent amidst the iron claws, the pincers and the sharp blades heating in this fire was an iron chair which had been brought to a white heat and emitted sparks.

Without, the night was dark and the icy December wind blew furiously. The snow-flakes

fell thick and fast, and swept by the storm, penetrated into the cave and fell, hissing, on the red coals.

A chariot stopped at the entrance of the den, and a party of men, alighting from it, entered the gloomy abode of Ravinius. These men were the pontiffs, accompanied by their scribe who was to take down the depositions of the victims. They were followed by Marcus Regulus.

Soon, the distant noise of numerous steps, with which mingled occasionally the most heart-rending shrieks, was heard. The victims were approaching. Three litters, borne by vigorous slaves, now halted at the mouth of the cave and were immediately surrounded by Ravinius and his aids. They drag out their prey and the slaves withdraw.

Ravinius returns near the fire, carrying in his arms a young woman, whose cries of terror he smothered with his large hand. He drops her on the damp soil of the cave. It is Gellia, the graceful, lively little woman. She has fainted.

Misiutius came in next, struggling manfully against one of the torturer's aids. At the sight of his wife, lying senseless on the soil, the poor flutist uttered a shriek of rage and made a desperate effort to free himself. But a fearful blow struck behind his head stretched him, lifeless, near Gellia. The aids, picking him up, carried him to the rack placed in readiness in an angle of the cave, and tied him securely by the bands and feet upon the fearful instrument.

Finally, Palæstrion made his appearance, led by one of the aids.

The poor fellow seemed struck with stupor.—He walked submissively, but staggering like a drunken man, not understanding why he was brought there, and scarcely able to see what was going on around him.

But his wondering eyes at last rested upon Regulus, whom he recognized by the lurid glare of the fire. At this sight, his chest heaved convulsively, his teeth chattered, but fear paralyzed his tongue. He knew now where he was and who had brought him there. Another glance had shown him Ravinius, the public executioner, the fearful spectre that haunted the dreams of slaves.

A few hours before, Palæstrion was sitting in his lodge, thinking of the glorious Saturnalia which could return only in another year; and thinking also, perhaps, with grim joy of the vengeance wreaked upon Marcus Regulus. Suddenly, armed men entered his lodge, struck off the fetters, mark of his bondage, and proceeded to bind his wrists. He invoked the name of his noble mistress whose house was thus forcibly entered, but the men replied that they acted by order of the Emperor, and the poor slave dare not resist the supreme authority.

It was also in the name of the Emperor that Misiutius and Gellia were ordered to enter the separate litters in which they had been brought. Gellia felt a fearful presentiment that Misiutius was lost and she would die with him. This is why she gave vent to her groans and shrieks, during the journey. Misiutius, remembering the declaration signed by Regulus to the effect that he had voluntarily revealed the conspiracy of Lucius Antonius, felt more hopeful. It was only when they alighted at the entrance of the torturer's cave, that new misgivings rushed to his mind, and the rough manner in which he saw his wife seized by Ravinius, roused his ire.

But the three victims were now in the power of their persecutors. Ravinius, taking a huge pair of tongs, pulled the iron chair from the fire, and made a step towards Palæstrion. The poor slave threw himself at the feet of Marcus Regulus, crying in heart-rending accents:

'Mercy! O mercy, my lord!'

The informer smiled, and replied coldly: 'Palæstrion, yesterday at the Forum, did you listen to me, when I, also, craved mercy at your hands?... Moreover, I am not the master here; you are in the hands of the pontiffs who, themselves, only obey the will of the Emperor.'

And he made a sign to Ravinius. The torturer clasped the slave in his powerful arms, and lifting him, as he would have done a child, seated him on the red hot chair, where an iron band held him fast.

The shriek that escaped Palæstrion's lips would have moved the most obdurate heart; Ravinius replied to it by a savage laugh.... Palæstrion howled, screamed and foamed at the mouth; Ravinius revived the fire, lightened the screws and continued to laugh.

But God has not placed the misfortune in pain; there comes a time when in the midst of tortures the power to feel seems exhausted.

Soon, under the rapid action of the fire, Palæstrion only groaned feebly, and Ravinius no longer laughed. Nothing was heard now but the crepitation of the flesh as it burned, and the crackling of the bones as they were burned by





The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 7, 1870.

TO OUR DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

We take this opportunity of informing all Subscribers in arrears to this Office, that, wearied out with reiterated and fruitless appeals to their sense of justice and common honesty, we have commenced handing over their accounts to a lawyer for collection; and shall for the future continue so to deal with all those who will not, except on compulsion, pay their just debts.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Telegrams under date 1st inst., announced the formation of a new Ministry for France, but later reports would indicate that the arrangements are not complete, and that the era of responsible government has not been inaugurated.

The Fathers of the Council of the Vatican continue their labors, but of the results, we as yet know nothing. Whether the question of the so-called "personal" infallibility of the Pope will be so much as mooted is still uncertain; but Catholics who believe in the assistance of the Holy Ghost, will wait patiently, content to accept with child like faith whatever the Church may declare to be the truth.

There have been no disturbances in Ireland, though we regret to say that agrarian outrages of great atrocity are still rife. It may be hoped that the measures which Mr. Gladstone will soon lay before the country may have a beneficial effect.

From the Red River we learn that Mr. McDougall, we know not what his official title is, or whether he be really a Lieut.-Governor or no, is falling back, and that for the moment the policy of the insurgents is triumphant. It is a bad business, and has been sadly mismanaged.

THE COUNCIL.

To the exclusion of other matter, of very secondary importance, we give such accounts of the opening of the great Council of the Vatican, as we can glean from our Catholic exchanges. Again, however, we must warn our readers not to believe one word they may read upon the subject in any of the Protestant journals, whose editors and correspondents have no means of knowing anything that takes place amongst the members of the Holy Synod.

THE OPENING OF THE OECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

Rome, December 10.—The Eve of the Immaculate Conception is the date from which anything like a detailed description of the opening of the Council, must begin, and it is difficult to give any just idea of the proceedings to readers at a distance and unacquainted with the localities and usages of the Vatican, unless they have previously studied the detailed order of the ceremonial and the description of the Aula Conciliaris which I forwarded to you last week.

On the morning of the 7th of December every altar in Rome was crowded with communicants for the intentions of the Pope, thousands of persons choosing that day to fulfil their jubilee. From day-break the masses went on without interruption till nearly one, alike in the parochial and conventual churches, an immense number being celebrated by the foreign clergy and Bishops living within reach.

Towards two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, the Piazza of the SS. XII Apostoli was thronged with sergents, and the troops took their position round the square. The balconies of the Orscolini, Ruffo and Torlonia palaces, the French Embassy, and the

Paisio Savorelli were draped with scarlet, and arrayed in the most gorgeous and costly manner, and arrayed in the most gorgeous and costly manner, and arrayed in the most gorgeous and costly manner.

The Pope entered from the sacristy door and passed into the sacristy, which was one blaze of light and there, surrounded by the Sacred College and the Prelates of his Household, assisted at the chanting of the Libanias and then, in a clear and distinct voice intoned the 'Te Deum' in which the choir and the whole assembly joined with a fervour which left no doubt of their love for the Immaculate Mother of God, or of their joy in the definition of her most glorious privilege.

The canon of S. Angelo ushered in the morning of the Immaculate Conception, and the great Pontifical banners were run up on the bastions of the fort. The whole garrison of Rome was under arms, and had the weather been fine, the city would have offered a spectacle of outward rejoicing and gaiety, light and movement and colour, rarely equalled even in her long register of pageantry and festival celebrations.

At seven the bridge of S. Angelo was blocked up with privileged carriages and foot passengers, among whom were to be distinguished more than one poor Missionary Bishop not able to find a carriage, and making his way to the scene of action under the shelter of an immense umbrella. The magnificent ornaments of the Cardinals and ambassadors were shorn of half their splendour by the oil-ink coverings necessitated by the weather, and a more dreary scene could scarcely be witnessed than the exterior aspect of S. Peter's in the grey of a December morning with the adjuncts of heavy rain and a full orcooon.

A battalion of Zouaves was on guard in the nave forming the avenue along which the procession was to pass, the Comte de Nervaux being the commanding officer, with a company of the Swiss riflemen under Captain de Courten, and of the Swiss Guard under Captains Schmidt and Pfyster, and two companies of the Palatine Guard, surrounded the Congregation of S. Peter, on the high altar on which the Adorable Sacrament was exposed amid heavy wax torches and massive silver candelabra.

The statue of S. Peter was robed and crowned as on great feasts, and the Loggie of S. Veronica, S. Longinus, S. Andrew, and S. Helena were draped and illuminated, and on the former the major relics were exposed in the latter part of the day.

The crowd soon became dense, nearly 100,000 persons it is calculated having been present during the procession, which appeared to be the great point of interest, and a fearful crush took place near the Navicella in consequence of the Palatine Guard arriving too late, and having to dislodge an immense body of spectators who had taken up their places exactly in the line of the intended procession.

The great gates were thrown back, and through them came the sweet and powerful chant of the 'Veni Creator,' sung by the cantors of the Sixtine Chapel, who heralded the entry of the procession. Next came the Papi Ossessor, carrying the Processional Cross, presented a few days since to the Pope by Lord Bute, and first made use of on the occasion of the Council.

The prelates of the Papal household followed, among whom were Mgrs Howard, Stonor, Basilio, Daniel, Waelmont, and Patterson. As the long line defiled up S. Peter's the interest of the crowd of spectators increased. On every side were heard questions as to who were the different bishops, and the greatest curiosity was evinced as to which were Mgr Donalson and Mgr Maret especially this principally from the Italian part of the audience, whose readings in the *Civita* and *Unita Cattolica* have led them to take a lively interest in the pending questions.

The royal personages present at the opening were H.R.M. the Empress of Austria, H.M. the King of Naples, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Tuscany, the Duke and Duchess of Parma, the Counts and Countesses of Trani, Trapani, Girgenti, Caserta, Bari, H.M. the Queen of Wurtemberg, and H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Vera Constantinowna. Among the thousands of distinguished visitors, those best known to your English readers are the Marquis of Bute, the Earl and Countess of Denbigh, the Countess of Jersey, Lord De Tabley, Messrs. Howard of Corby, Bodersham of Rotherwas, Stourton, Wegg-Prosser, &c. &c.

The coincidence of the words over the Pope's throne in the 'Aula' was universally remarked yesterday. 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not.' The words were there in 1867, and this coincidence is quite accidental.

Mary Mother of God, We age-in see you before Us in greater numbers than heretofore, present in this stronghold of the Catholic Religion; and we are gladdened by the sight of you who are called to bear a part of our collocation.

You are here, Venerable Brethren, gathered together in the name of Christ (Matt. xviii. 20) that with Us you may give testimony to the Word of God and the Testimony of Jesus Christ [Apost. 1. 2]; and that with Us you may teach all men the way of God in truth (Matt. xxiii. 16); and that under the guidance of the Holy Spirit you may judge [Act. x. 5. 19] with Us of the oppositions of knowledge falsely so called [1 Tim. vi. 20].

For at this time more than ever, now that the earth had mourned and faded away, infected by the inhabitants thereof [Isai. xlvii. 4. 5] zeal for the glory of God and the safety of the Lord's flock, requires of us to surround Sion, and to encompass her, and to tell her towers, and to set Our hearts in her strength [Psalm xlvii. 13. 14].

For you see, Venerable Brethren, with what fury the old enemy of mankind has attacked and still continues to attack the House of the Lord which holiness becometh.

To him is due that disastrous conspiracy of the impious so widely spread, which strong in union, powerful in resources, fenced round with ordinances, and making liberty a cloak for malice [1 Pet. ii. 16], causes not to wage a cruel war, disgraced by every atrocity, against the Holy Church of Christ. You know well the nature of this war, its fierceness, its weapons, its successes; and its purposes. You have ever present before you, how those sound doctrines on which rests human society, in its various ranks, are disordered and obscured; how deplorably all the rules of right are turned to wrong; how manifold are the forms employed of falsehood and corruption, while the saving bonds of justice, honor, and authority are loosened; the vilest passions are inflamed, and the Christian faith is uprooted from the souls of men; so that if any schemes and endeavors of the wicked could avail for the destruction of the Church of God, we might at this very time fear her approaching downfall.

But nothing is more powerful than the Church—she is the words of S. Chrysostom—the Church is stronger than heaven itself. Heaven and earth shall pass away; but My words shall not pass away. What words are these? 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'—Rom. ix. 1.

And although the City of the Lord of Hosts, the City of our God rests on a foundation that shall never be overthrown; yet when we see, and in our inmost heart grieve over so vast an accumulation of ills, and the ruin of so many souls, to avert which we would willingly lay down Our life; as we exercise on earth the office of the Eternal Pastor, and therefore must needs be more inflamed than others with zeal for the House of God: We deemed ourselves bound to adopt that course which offered most hope of healing the many wounds of the Church.

And often turning in Our mind that word of the Prophet Isaiah, 'Take counsel, gather a council'; and considering that this remedy had often been successfully employed by Our predecessors in the utmost extremity of the Christian Church; after long continued prayers; after hearing the counsel of our Venerable Brethren the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, and after learning the desires of many holy Bishops: We have thought right to summon you, Venerable Brethren, who are the salt of the earth, the guardians and pastors of the flock of the Lord, to assemble at this Sea of Peter; and on this day through the gracious providence of God, Who has removed all that might hinder Our great undertaking, we celebrate with the ancient solemn rites, the opening of our holy Congregation.

So various and so abundant is the feeling of love, Venerable Brethren, which We experience at this time, that We are unable to retain it in Our breast. For seeing you, We imagine that we behold the whole Catholic family, Our own most dear children, gathered around Us. We think of the many pledges of love, of the many outbursts of fervent hearts by which, at your suggestion, under your guidance, and by your example Our children have shown and continue to show, such admirable respect and affection for Us and for this Apostolic See; and full of this thought We cannot in this most honorable assembly, wherein you are gathered together, refrain from a solemn and public profession of Our great gratitude to them all; and We most earnestly beseech God that the trial of their faith much more precious than gold may be found unto praise and glory and honour at the appearing of Jesus Christ, (1. Peter, ix. 7).

And on this day through the gracious providence of God, Who has removed all that might hinder Our great undertaking, we celebrate with the ancient solemn rites, the opening of our holy Congregation. So various and so abundant is the feeling of love, Venerable Brethren, which We experience at this time, that We are unable to retain it in Our breast.

and holy hope, Thou Queen and bulwark of the Church, do Thou take Our consultations and Our toils under the secure protection of Thy motherly care; and by Thy prayers to God gain for Us the grace to be ever One in spirit and One in heart.

The following extracts are from the pen of the Times' correspondent, who of course writes like a heathen, with no more understanding of what was going on before his eyes, if so much—as might have had one of the cattle in the lowly stable of Bethlehem, wherein, nigh two thousand years ago, unto us was born a Child, on whose shoulders is the government, whose name is called the Prince of Peace. Still the utterances even of such a one as the heathen Times' correspondent are worth listening to:—

It was 10 before the Pope and Council arrived. As the Pope descended from his airy throne at the atrium and also doffed his tiara in the presence of the East, the Bishops also took off their mitres, and the procession did not show over the shakoos and bayonets of the soldiers keeping the line. Gradually they took their places in the Council-hall, and through the vast portal—for all the world like the fronts of a sea one seen in old books, I saw the first Council of the Vatican. They were all in white, at least all that I could make out, and as they had tall white mitres when I first saw them the effect was too 'papery,' too much like a thing done in cardboard. These mitres, however, were sometimes off, as the service required, and then the effect was better. The seats seemed nearly all occupied; indeed, there are more than 700 members of the Council here. Dap-dloop came yesterday, and I hear has a tail of 30 Bishops; but the Bishop of Poitiers also has a tail, and that a good one. Austria, Naples, Tuscany, Wurtemberg, and Parma were in the Royal tribune. As for the regulars and seculars that were to line the passage for the procession, as this was done by the soldiers, the clergy fraternized with the laity, and I have to day been in close communion and contact with every rank, every order, every quality of the Roman Catholic Church. Of the service in the Hall and the proceedings of the Council, all that we could perceive was the chanting and singing, which was above all criticism. It was most harmonious, most majestic, most sweet, most beautiful, most persuasive—all but convincing. It was seldom, indeed, and only in the most familiar parts of the service, that the multitude joined; for a good deal of the music was of that sort which rather defies popular admixture. I have not done justice to the crowd. Of course London, with its three millions, can get up a larger multitude of men on a good many occasions; but it could not be anything like so strange, so motley, so picturesque, and so surprising. Imagine all the figures in all the pictures of churches, countries, cities, villages, by all the Italian and all the Dutch artists, walking out of their frames, just as they are, and you have the crowd in which I have been wandering to-day, like a mole in a sunbeam. I have lived to day in company with Raphael, Titian, Paul Veronese, and also Teniers; for I have never seen more beautiful dresses, never more quaint, never more savage—and uncouth. Seven hundred bishops, more or less representing all Christendom, were seen gathered round one altar, and one throne, partaking of the same Divine mystery, and rendering homage, by turns to the same spiritual authority and power. As they put on their mitres, or took them off, and as they came to the steps of the altar, or the foot of the common Spiritual Father, it was impossible not to feel the unity and the power of the Church which they represented. The sight was impressive to those prepared to be impressed, though it must have disappointed those who came to see a show, and would hardly have satisfied the crowds who flocked into Rome to see the triumph of their Sovereign. What reached the ear could not but be imperfect. There were long and tedious intervals of silence. The sermon was injudiciously long, they say; and, of course, sound, and nothing else, to the outer world. The Pope delivered his allocution with much emphasis and gesture, but was interrupted by a cough, and probably did not say all he had on paper. He said nothing political, so I am told, though I don't see how he could avoid it. As to the singing, it was necessarily under difficulties. There could be no rehearsal or concord. The verses of the *Veni Creator* were sung at long intervals, but very impressive. The choir was there in one place, and the responses, with the chief volume of sound, in another. Where I stood I could not make out whence either came. The Pope was to chant the Litany, and the people about me said he was chanting it; but the voice rang so loud, so clear, and so musical that I could not believe it to come from so old a man. The truth is he chanted three petitions made for the occasion, not the rest; but I suppose he put the spirit into the rest, for nothing could be more animated. The *Te Deum*, chanted by the choir and the Bishops alternately, the congregation joining, was magnificent. But I have the good fortune or the ill fortune, not to have a very fine sense of musical harmony.

The Times makes a sad outcry about the arrogance and blasphemy of the words in the Allocution that, "the Church is stronger than heaven itself." The words are those, of St. John Chrysostom whom the Pope quoted, and are to be found in the IV. *Homily*—"Ecclesia curamou mallon erizotai." The Church and her indefectibility are stubborn facts, which of course the Times would be glad if possible, to ignore.

"It is a remarkable fact"—quoth the Gazette commenting on the composition of the Council of the Vatican—"it speaks well for what poor Mr. McGee once happily called 'the all conquering English tongue,' that when the last Oecumenical Council was held that language was almost unknown in Europe, but it is now represented at the present Council by upwards of three hundred Bishops."—Gazette, 29th ult.

It is not to the triumphs of the English language, but to those of "the all conquering Catholic Church," that this remarkable phenomenon is due. It is the victory, not of grammar but of religion; it is the proof not merely of the extension of an idiom, but of the faith. It is Christ who has conquered, and again her enemies may well exclaim "Vicit Galilæa."

And not less remarkable than the number of Bishops speaking the English language present at the Council, is the presence of Fathers from other lands, whose very existence was almost unknown to the contemporaries of the last or Tridentine Council. From Canada, and Cochinchina, from the frozen regions of North America,

and from the burning deserts of Africa, from France, and Chinese Tartary, have the Fathers of the Council come together at the voice of Peter. Bishops from the banks of the Tagus, and the slopes of the vine-clad hills of Italy, sit side by side with the representatives of the Church from Burmah and from Pennsylvania; from Ireland and from Japan, from Egypt and from Hudson's Bay. Such a mingling together of nationalities has never been heard of; and the wild dreams of Anacharsis Clootz who at the great diabolic council, or Oecumenical Council of democracy in 1790, appeared as the representative of the *genre humain*, at the head of a motley crew dressed up in theatrical costumes to represent the different nations of the world—have been fully realised by the gathering together on the banks of the Tiber, from the uttermost parts of the earth, of the pastors of that One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church in which all who recite the Nicene Creed profess to believe; of that Church which is in deed, as well as in name Catholic, and therefore not national, or limited by either geographical or political boundaries: which knows no difference betwixt Greek and Barbarian; and within whose ample fold there is room and equal welcome for Arab and for Celt, for Mongol and for Teuton, for the children of Ham, and for those of Japhet, and of Shem. It is as if again the whole earth were of one language, and of one speech; and to the Church brings the glory of having reversed the curse of Babel, or confusion, that the sins of our forefathers provoked.

RITUALISM.—On Wednesday evening, Dr. Rodgers delivered a second lecture in the Academic Hall beneath the Church of the Gesu. In spite of the weather, and the horrid state of the streets, the attendance was good. The lecturer explained that, as his first lecture was on the Philosophy of Ritualism, so his second should be on Ritualism itself; and his object would be to justify his veracity from certain offensive imputations cast upon it, by critics in Montreal. He had to prove that the Ritualists of England, that is to say the Ritualists properly so-called, did hold all the characteristic doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, with the exception of that of the Papal Supremacy. For this purpose Dr. Rodgers quoted from the derogatory works of the English Ritualists—works extensively circulated, commonly used, and so popular that some of them have already reached their twelfth edition—passages in which were explicitly set forth the doctrines of the Invocation of Saints, of Purgatory and prayers for the departed, and of the Real Presence. The lecturer argued that the latter doctrine implied necessarily one of two things; either Transubstantiation, or Consubstantiation. The latter, Anglicans rejected; and therefore, if they admitted a real objective presence in the Eucharist, they did in fact admit precisely what the Roman Catholic Church meant to express by the word Transubstantiation.

Dr. Rodgers also pointed out how indignantly the Ritualists repudiated the name of Protestant as applied to their party. They claimed to be Catholic, and abjured the name Protestant. Here the lecturer again quoted the words used by some Anglican clergymen with reference to Cranmer, Latimer, and other worthies of the Reformation, whom they denounced as servile hypocrites and as ruffians. The Montreal Witness with its usual regard for truth, attributes these strong words to Dr. Rodgers himself, and carefully abstains from mentioning what the lecturer was most careful to impress upon his audience, that the strong words in question, were not his, but the words of Anglican divines. The lecturer was so clear and explicit on this point that it is impossible that the Witness could have been mistaken: besides, the passages by him read with reference to the moral character of Cranmer, Latimer & Co., have often been published in the English and Protestant journals, as a proof of the intensely Romanising proclivities of the Ritualists.

Dr. Rodgers will lecture again on the 25th of January in the St. Patrick's Hall of this City, after his return from Quebec, whither he is about to proceed, and where we bespeak for him a hearty welcome.

The Irish Land Question is entering upon a new phase. Hitherto it has been the question of tenant *versus* landlord; now however it is becoming complicated with the question of agricultural laborer *versus* tenant farmer.

The latter demands protection against his landlord; that he be protected against exorbitant raising of rents, and capricious evictions. The agricultural laborer calls aloud for protection against the tenant farmer's illiberality; he demands as his "right," that a decent cottage with an acre or so of land be legally secured to him.

The fact is that the State or Government is no longer looked upon as merely a machine, or a contrivance for the protection of life and property against violence and fraud; but as a Providence that is to give everybody, everything. The fault of the British Government is, that it does not do this, that it does not profess to do

this; that being what it is, a Constitutional, not a paternal government, it cannot do this. The boast, the glory of the British Constitution according to its eulogists is in short this—That it is not a paternal, that is to say a despotic, but a free or constitutional government.

And it is towards despotism or arbitrary power that the liberal world is now tending. No doubt if we could get for our despotic rulers, infallible men, men who would exercise their power with wisdom, and in charity towards the ruled, despotism would be the best of governments.

The trial of poor Mr. Mackonochie, the much tried Anglican minister, accused of ritualistic practices, and of setting at naught the decisions of the Privy Council with regard to the mode of celebrating divine worship, has terminated in a verdict, favorable on two counts, unfavorable on the third and last, to the defendant, who is condemned to pay the costs of the suit.

The three charges urged against this recalcitrant ritualist were these—That in spite of the injunctions to the contrary of the Privy Council, he kept lighted candles on his communion table during the service: that at the consecration he elevated the host: and that he knelt down before it.

To these charges it was replied that, though it was true that the candles were lit, they were extinguished when the communion service commenced: that though the defendant elevated the consecrated host, he did not elevate it "above his head," which was what the Privy Council by a previous decision, and verdict rendered, had prohibited: and thirdly that though he bent one of his legs at the consecration, he did not bend it sufficiently to allow the knee to touch the ground, in which, so he contended, the act of kneeling essentially consisted.

Evidently Ritualism in England is entering upon the comic phase: but even if evidence were wanted of the absurdity of the actual position of the Ritualists, it would be found in the unworthy shifts, and word splitting to which honorable, and earnest men like the Rev. Mr. Mackonochie are reduced, in their efforts to reconcile their supposed duties as priests, with their certain duties towards the State, their creator, their supreme lord, and master.

A NEAT REJOINDER.—At Marseilles on the 8th December some Catholics thought fit to illuminate their houses in honor of the Festival: whereupon the Free thinkers of the same city deemed it incumbent upon them, as champions of free opinion to smash the windows of those who differed from them.

"In the name of liberty a lot of enraged Marseillais have broken the windows of other Marseillais who illuminated on account of the Immaculate Conception.

"These window breaking Marseillais seem to me to be a little illogical.

"What You are free thinkers and you will not allow a gentleman to be free to think that it is right to light some candles in his window on the 8th December as well as on the 2nd of the month, or on any other day.

Revolutionists and Liberals everywhere inaugurate freedom of religion by persecuting and banishing its professors. Religious liberty for instance, in Spain, was inaugurated by the expulsion of the Jesuits, by turning the religious out of their houses, and confiscating their property.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL LIBRARIES. (To the Editor of the True Witness.) Sir,—There are no Separate School Libraries in the Province of Ontario. The 20,564 Catholic children attending the Separate Schools

have no books to read. The 50,000 Catholic children attending the Common Schools are practically on the same footing. The Common School libraries not being such as to recommend themselves to Catholics much less the Sunday School libraries. There are 2202 Sunday School libraries containing 326,937 volumes purchased at one hundred per cent. The total number of Public Libraries is 3,656 with 728,227 vols. value \$127,474.

The public money goes at the rate of 100 per cent on sums raised by local authority for the purchase of those libraries. About one-sixth of the population is Catholic. The Annual Report shows one in six of the school children Catholics. It does not show, and indeed it would be hard to find out what proportion of the money invested in Sunday School and Public Libraries is drawn from the Catholic minority.

No one finds fault with the expenditure on Common School libraries; on the contrary every man who takes an interest in the progress and advancement of the country and the development and cultivation of the intelligence of its youth, must admit the usefulness, the necessity even, of a well chosen supply of good reading accessible to all. But this supply does not exist for Catholics. The books in the Common School libraries are chosen with a view to suit the tastes and wishes and sentiments of the majority. They are not palatable to Roman Catholics and will not be read by them.

The enquiry I wish now to make is why do not the Trustees of Roman Catholic Schools purchase libraries to suit the tastes and wants of their children. They have the same rights and privileges as the Common School Trustees have, and further, they have the same duties. "It shall be the duty of the Board of Roman Catholic Separate School Trustees of every city, town and village respectively . . . to do whatever they may judge expedient . . . for establishing and maintaining School libraries."

There is constantly on hand at the Department a supply of suitable books for sale at half-price, so they have no excuse.

As to the 50,000 R. C. children in the Common Schools, they also can be supplied in the same way as they are, in some places, already supplied with prize books. In certain School Sections the Common School Trustees is sending to the Department for prizes ask for books suitable for each class and receive them in separate parcels. Could the same thing not be done in the matter of libraries?

HONOR CUI HONOR. Lindsay, Dec. 26.

NEW BOOKS FROM PATRICK DONAHOE, BOSTON.—We have on our table the following works lately brought out by this enterprising publisher:—

THE WEARERS OF THE GREEN—A Song Book—containing some beautiful old ballads, and some other more modern and strongly political songs.

APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN YOUNG WOMEN.—A well written exhortation against extravagance, and indecency in female dress. This is an excellent little book, translated from the French of Made. Marie de Gentelles by Miss Sue Blakely. We hope it may be read, and that its admonitions may be carried into practice.

SALLY CAVANAGH—or, The Untenanted Graves—A Tale of Tipperary, by Charles J. Kickham.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE—December, 1869.—We have received from Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal, the December issue of this monthly whose contents are as under:—1. John, part 2; 2. Mystery of Passion Plays; 3. F. W. Faber's Life and Letters; 4. The Faroese Saga; 5. Cornelius O'Dowd; 6. Egypt and the Story of the Suez Canal; 7. Earle's Dene, part 2; 8. The Government and the Country.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.—The Bazaar in aid of the funds of the Lindsay Catholic School will be held on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of FEBRUARY next; and all persons who may have received tickets are requested to return duplicates on or before Tuesday the 25th of the present month—JANUARY.

Mr. Spelman, President St. Patrick's Benevolent Society:

Dear Sir,—Your polite favor asking a lecture on some Irish subject which would give no offence to any nationality, is received. I propose ultimately to deliver three lectures in Montreal, on the "Scamrock," the "Rose," and the "Thistle," and will deliver for you, the first, January 25th, under the general title: "Catholic Ireland—Giving Civilization to the World." Yours, &c., J. W. ROBERT.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Oshawa, O Walsh, \$4; Ottawa, A Trembley, \$5; Frampton, M FitzGerald, \$1; Kingston, J Kelly, \$4; Straits of Canoe, N S., M Dowling \$2; Gote St Paul, P Dunn, \$6; Keenanville, Rev R A O'Connor, \$2; Apto, T Moran, \$1; Edmondville, J Daly, \$2; Clayton, E Letang, \$2; Woodstock, N B., M McGuirk, \$2; Toronto, J McEneaney, \$2; Carronbrook, J Kidd, \$6; Stoco, Rev T Davis, P.P., \$2.

Birth. In this city, on the 27th ult., Mrs. John Beatty, of a daughter. Died. In this city on the morning of the 2nd instant, Charles Bernard, aged nineteen years and twenty-two days, eldest son of Mr. B. Devlin.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, Dec. 31, 1869. Flour—Pollards, \$2 75 to \$2 90; Middlings, \$3 20 to \$3 25; Fine \$3 40 to \$3 50; Super. No. 2 \$3 70 to \$3 75; Superfine \$4 12 to \$4 20; Fancy \$4 30 to \$4 35; Extra, \$4 60 to \$4 65; Superior Extra \$0 to 00 00; Bag Flour, \$2 10 to \$2 17 per 100 lbs. Wheat per bbl. of 200 lbs.—\$4 15 to 4 20.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES. Dec. 31, 1869. Flour, country, per quintal . . . 11 9 to 12 0 Oatmeal, do . . . 10 0 to 12 0 Indian Meal, do . . . 8 9 to 10 0 Rye-Flour, do . . . 00 0 to 00 0

DAIRY PRODUCE. Butter, fresh, per lb . . . 1 6 to 1 8 Do, salt do (inferior) . . . 0 11 to 1 0 FOWLS AND GAME. Turkeys (old), per couple . . . 10 0 to 12 0 Do (young), do . . . 0 0 to 0 0

LECTURE, AT THE TANSEY HOUSE, CRAIG ST., ON FRIDAY EVENING, 7TH JANUARY, 8 P.M., BY M. DOHERTY, Graduate of Maynooth College, Ireland, SUBJECT:—"DANIEL O'CONNELL." Tickets, 25 cents—To be had at the Hall.

INFORMATION WANTED. OF John Graham, or of any of his sons, Peter, Michael or Patrick, who emigrated from County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1861, and when last heard of as being at Montreal. Any information will be thankfully received at this office, by the daughter of the said John Graham—Dolly Graham, now Mrs. John Ferguson, Galveston, Texas, U. S.

TEACHERS WANTED. WANTED for the Roman Catholic Separate School at Lindsay, a Head Master One holding a First Class Normal School certificate preferred. Applications with Testimonials, addressed to the undersigned, will be received until first of January next.

COLLEGE OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART. The Rev. Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, have the pleasure of being able to inform the parents of their pupils, and friends of Education in general, that the commencement of the different Classes, in the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Cote des Neiges, will take place on Thursday next, 25th November, Festiva of St. Catherine, and anniversary of the opening of the first school in Montreal by the venerable Sister Bourgois.

GRAND ANNUAL CLEARING SALE OF FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, AT THE INTERNATIONAL. GOODS ALL MARKED DOWN! PRICES LOWER THAN EVER! And yet we will give a discount of Ten per Cent. on all purchases, except Kid Gloves, from this date, until the 1st of January, 1870.

A BAZAAR AND GRAND DRAWING OF PRIZES! ON THE PRINCIPLE OF THE ART UNION IN THE MUSIC HALL, TORONTO, ON Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 6th, 9th and 10th February, 1870.

To raise funds for the building of the new Church of St. Patrick, Toronto, of which REV. J. M. LAURENT is Pastor. The old Church was some years since totally destroyed by fire, since which time the services have been conducted in a school room which is now found quite inadequate to the accommodation of the congregation.

THE PRIZES: 1st Prize—A fine Cameo, presented by His Holiness, Pope Pius IX. 2nd Prize A collection of Roman Views, presented by the right Rev. Dr. Loeb, Bishop of Toronto. 3rd Prize A handsome lock, encased in marble surmounted by a bust of the Prince Imperial—the special gift of their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French.

Together with a large assortment of other valuable Prizes, which will be added to from time to time up to the date of the drawing. The Prizes will be on exhibition at the Bazaar on the Tuesday and Wednesday. On the Thursday evening at eight o'clock, a Grand Concert, under the direction of Father Laurent, be given, at which the drawing of the Prizes will take place.

HONORARY COMMITTEE. S. B. Hartman, Esq., Mayor of Toronto. John Crawford, Esq., M.P. for South Leeds. John Wallis, M.P.P. for West Toronto. W. J. Macdonell, Esq., French Consul, Toronto. Frank Smith Esq., Toronto. Michael Lawlor Esq., M.D. Toronto.

TEACHERS WANTED. TWO TEACHERS WANTED in the Parish of St. Sophia, County Terrebonne, one capable of teaching French and English, and one the English language only. Female Teachers preferred.

NEW BOOKS. THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF F. W. FABER, D.D., author of "All for Jesus;" "Growth in Holiness;" "B. Sacrament," etc. etc. By Rev. J. E. Bowden.

ORDER AND CHAOS: A LECTURE. Delivered at Loyola College, Baltimore in July, 1869. By T. W. M. Marshall, Esq., Author of Christian Missions, etc. 80 pages, 20 cents. The readers of Butler's Analogy are familiar with the argument of that celebrated treatise, and know how to demonstrate that there can be no contradiction between the works of nature and grace, because they have the same immutable Author. In

the Lecture before us it is contended, that since Protestantism is the most complete negation known among men of all the prime attributes of God, and notably of Divine Order and Unity, it cannot proceed from God, because God cannot contradict himself. The contrast between the Church and the Sects, of which the former alone reflects the Divine presence and attributes, is traced in detail, and abundant reasons are furnished for applying to the first the title of 'Temple of Order,' and to the last of 'Temple of Chaos.'

One Hundred Short Sermons, being a plain and familiar Exposition of the Apostles Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation, the Commandments of God, the Precepts of the Church, the Seven Sacraments, and the Seven Deadly Sins. By H. J. Thomas, Canon of the Cathedral of Liege, Belgium. Translated from the French, by the Rev. G. A. Hamilton. With an introduction, by M. J. Spalding, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore. . . . 80, cloth, bevelled, 2 00

Extract from Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding's Introduction—"The Hundred Short Sermons of Canon Thomas, now presented for the first time to the American public, may be said to constitute an epitome of Moral Theology, and of Dogmatic Theology also, so far as this is connected with Moral. The most striking characteristics of these discourses are brevity, clearness, solidity, simplicity, unction, method, and thoroughness."

The Short Sermons will be found valuable, not merely to the priest who wishes to instruct others, but also to the people who are to be instructed, in the ways of salvation. They will form an excellent and most useful book for the family. Those who may not be able to assist at the Holy Sacrifice on every Sunday and Holiday of the year, may usefully read one or two of these Sermons, either privately for their own profit, or in the family for the instruction of all under their charge.

BOOKS OF DOCTRINE AND CONTROVERSY. The Catholic Christian Instructed By Bishop Chaligner. 100 copies, only \$8 50; single copies, 15 cts. The Catholic Christian Instructed. (Large type.) 100 copies, \$13; single copies 20 cents. Bossuet's Exposition of the Doctrines of the Catholic Church on Matters of Controversy. With Notes. Large Edition, 100 copies, \$13; single copies, 10 cts.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, In the CIRCUIT COURT for District of Montreal, } the District of Montreal. The thirteenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty nine.

Present: The Honorable Justice Berthelot. Dame Henriette Moreau, wife separated as to property from Hardin Lionais, Esquire, the latter for the purpose of authorizing his said wife to the effect of these presents, both of the city and District of Montreal, Plaintiffs.

vs. Francois Daze, laborer, and Dame Eleonore Ducease his wife the latter widow by her first marriage of the late Antoine Lescaubeau, in their quality of Joliet-Tutors to the children issue of the marriage of the said Eleonore Ducease with the said late Antoine Lescaubeau; the said Eleonore Ducease as well in her own name as having been commune en biens with her said late husband Francois Daze, as also for the purpose of authorizing his said wife to effect of these presents Defendants.

IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of Messrs. Moreau, Oulmet & Lacoste of Counsel for the Plaintiffs, in as much as it appears by the return of Isidore Veronneau one of the Bailiffs of the Superior Court for Lower Ontario, acting in the District of Montreal on the writ of Summons in this cause issued, written, that the Defendants have left their domicile in the Province of Quebec, in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of Montreal, that the said Defendants by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the french language, in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called "La Minerve" and twice in the English language, in the newspaper of the said City, called The True Witness, be notified to appear before this Court, and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiffs within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendants to appear and answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiffs will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment as in a cause by default.

HUBERT, PAPINEAU & HONEY, C.C.G. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, In the CIRCUIT COURT for District of Montreal, } the District of Montreal. The thirteenth day of December one thousand eight hundred and sixty nine.

No 1503. The Honorable Louis Lacoste Senator, of the parish of Bourcerville, in the District of Montreal, acting in his quality of Tutor duly named to Olivier Theophile Bruneau, Frederic Henri Bruneau, Marie Josephine Bruneau, minor children of Olivier Theophile Bruneau, in his lifetime of the parish of St. Bruno, in the District of Montreal, Physician, Caroline Nilens-Bruneau, Adelaide Esther Bruneau, minor children emancipated, of the said late Olivier Theophile Bruneau, residing in the said parish of St. Bruno, and the said Honorable Louis Lacoste, acting to these presents in his quality of Curator named to the said two minors emancipated to assist them in as much as it is necessary, and Sophie Dorothe Bruneau, spinster, majeure usant de ses droits, of the said parish of St. Bruno, Plaintiffs.

vs. Hypolite Quintin dit Dubois, heretofore of Ste Julie, in the District of Montreal, and now of St. Marie de Monroir, in the District of St. Hyacinthe, yeoman, Defendant.

IT IS ORDERED, on the Petition of Messrs. Moreau, Oulmet & Lacoste, of Counsel for the Plaintiffs, in as much as it appears by the return of Joseph Guerin, one of the Bailiffs of the Superior Court for Lower Ontario, acting in the District of Montreal on the writ of summons in this cause issued, written, that the Defendant has left his domicile in the Province of Quebec in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of St. Hyacinthe, that the said Defendant by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the french language, in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called "La Minerve" and twice in the english language, in the newspaper of the said City, called The True Witness, be notified to appear before this Court, and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiffs within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendant to appear and answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiffs will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment as in a cause by default.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Dec. 30.—The new Ministry is still a matter of general speculation and newspaper comment. Prince de la Tour auvergne, ex-Minister of foreign affairs, and M. Gressier, ex-Minister of public works have been appointed Senators.

The Livre jaune and the Livre bleu, lately published in Paris, afford samples of the wisdom and dignity of modern Governments, some of which are especially characteristic of the nineteenth century. The French despatches are so carefully transcribed that it is difficult to gather from them anything more definite than the uneasy reserve which they recommended to the other Catholic powers. The Austrian are more amusing. Our representative at Rome, they say, will be instructed to keep himself informed of the proceedings of the Council, and of the resolutions adopted, with the aid of the Bishops who may be disposed to lend him their assistance. As these Bishops are all pledged to secrecy, it is easy to see that this ingenious project issues from the Protestant Chancellor of the Empire, who probably imagines that Catholic prelates are open to the same influences as the chiefs of his own sect. The Monde of the 12th observes that the French Government cannot abandon the attitude of a pedagogue, which it always assumes in religious questions. It gives lessons to the Holy Father to the Bishops, to the Council, to the Church. If sufficient pressure were laid upon it, it would give lessons to the Holy Spirit. We do not imagine that its counsels will fetter the liberty of the Fathers of the Council, but if the French Government has a superfluous stock of wisdom, instead of offering it to the Church, it would do well to employ it in finding a way out of its own embarrassments.

At a notable example of the inconsistency of Gallicans, Monsieur Gerin publishes in the Univers of the 14th inst. a letter addressed by Louis XIV., on the 21st of March, 1662, to the Bishop of Paris, on the canonization of St. Francis of Sales. The King tells the prelate that the Pope, in announcing the decree, has been evidently moved by Him who confers upon his Holiness the gift of infallibility in all those things which require to be done in the Church for her own welfare and the greater glory of the Name of God. The good sense of Louis, which was almost equal to his arrogance, had taught him to despise the servile courtiers who wished him to be Pope as well as King, although the Parliament of Paris had asked him one day, by the mouth of one of its chief members, 'Whether he wished the Pope to have the power to take the crown off his head whenever he pleased?' Louis understood better than some modern princes that the Pontifical throne is the only sure support of social order in general, and of temporal monarchies in particular.

Dec. 11.—M. Rochefort pursues his guerrilla warfare against the Emperor without much success, and will have very soon exhausted his ammunition if he fires it away in so useless a manner at the beginning of almost every sitting of the House. Some days ago M. Raspail had laid on the table of the House a kind of Bedlam Bill, elaborated by M. Rochefort and by himself, to organize on a new plan altogether the political, financial, and military constitution of the country. Some clauses of this childish measure could not fail to excite laughter, which M. Rochefort warmly resented, and he was still more offended by an allusion of M. De Forcade la Roquette to the silliness of the Bill. Well, the author of the Lanterne seemed to be rather too touchy and unkind of his own doings when he complained so bitterly of being laughed at; but he stood on better ground when he added that the Emperor himself had set the bad example of laughing at a Deputy, when, at the opening of the Session, he had received the name of Rochefort with a laugh, taken up, of course, and exaggerated by a flattering audience. 'If I am ridiculous,' said M. Rochefort, 'I shall never equal in that way the gentleman who walked on the sands of Boulogne with an eagle on his shoulder and a bit of fat in his hat.'

PARIS, Dec. 30.—At ten o'clock this evening the trial of Traupmann for the murder of the Hinck family terminated in conviction and sentence of death. When the verdict was announced the prisoner rose and smilingly thanked the Court.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Dec. 15.—Last night's Politica asserts that the Spanish Minister Montemar had informed the Government that King Victor Emmanuel had declared decidedly to him that he could not think of permitting the Duke of Genoa to accept the Spanish Crown. It is reported that this negative is due to the Emperor Napoleon's objection to see the Italian dynasty aggrandized and the Mediterranean converted into an Italian lake. It is also said that approaches had been made without success to Prince Luis Victor, brother of the Emperor of Austria and of Maximilian.

PROGRESS IN SPAIN.—There can be no doubt that, thanks to our glorious revolution, we must already be the envy of surrounding nations. Under the auspices of our financial minister, Figuerola, we have progressed so far in national wealth that the public debt of the country has been increased, within a twelvemonth, by £80,000,000.

THE REFRACTORY BISHOPS.—Zorrilla is in a pickle what to do with these prelates. It appears that the Council of State, whose opinion was asked on the written answers which fifteen or twenty of our Bishops gave to Zorrilla's Eranian decree of last summer, has unanimously declared that the minister committed a blunder in issuing such a decree; but that having once issued it, nothing should now be done beyond privately requesting their lordships to be more temperate in their language another time. This is the substance of the Council's declaration, though not yet officially published; and it appears that

the Government are in a fix what determination to take.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—FLORENCE, Dec. 13.—Fresh difficulties have arisen to-day in the constitution of Signor Sella's Cabinet, and Signor Lanza is again designated as Prime Minister, with the portfolio of the Interior. The Arno has greatly subsided, and no further danger is apprehended in Pisa. It is supposed that 40 persons perished during the inundation of Saturday; fifteen bodies have been recovered.

LATER.—In to-day's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies Signor Miceli protested against the arbitrary and illegal dissolution of the Council, convened by Signor Ricciardi at Naples on the 10th inst. He stated that one individual alone had cried, 'Evviva la Francia Repubblicana!' and this sentiment was not applauded. Signor Rudini simply replied that the Assembly was legally dissolved. Signor Miceli declared himself not satisfied, and said he would recur to the subject at a more opportune moment.

It appears that the Anti Council of Naples, so pompously announced by the Liberal Press of Europe, and which was destined to raucous the Council of the Vatican, has not survived its opening session. The language employed on this occasion was so atrocious, that even the Italian police, though habitually tolerant of blasphemy and sedition, dispersed the members, some of whom will perhaps find a more sympathizing audience in the Parliament of Florence.—The Vatican.

ROME.—A Pontifical decree was promulgated on the 11th, regulating the election of a new Pope in case of the decease of the present Pontiff during the session of the Council. In that event, the election would devolve exclusively upon the Cardinals. The Council would be suspended ipso facto, and its sittings immediately interrupted, nor could they be resumed except by the authority of the new Pope. Any infringement of this decree to incur the penalty of excommunication.

The French Ambassador at Rome, charged by his Government to present to the Holy Father the religious counsels which it is so well qualified to offer, naively reports to the Minister of Foreign Affairs that, in his interview with the Pope, the latter 'did not utter a word from which it was possible to gather what was his personal opinion.' The Pope is a grave personage, but he has an Italian's keen appreciation of a joke, and most sometimes find it very difficult not to laugh, especially when people who have shown that they cannot govern their own country undertake to teach him how to govern the Church.—The Vatican.

We are assured that the Pope has expressed his desire that the Bishop of Orleans should be elected a member of some of the more important commissions. Pius IX., says the authority whom we quote, does not wish that the Liberal and Gallican school should be able to complain that they found themselves restricted in the discussion and defence of their opinions. Such is always the difference between Liberty and Liberalism.—26.

A curious meeting took place on Saturday the 4th, in the 'Confession' of St. Peter. M. Louis Veuillot, who had just arrived, was praying before the shrine, when the rustle of a Bishop's farfala, as the Prelate knelt down beside him, made him look up. It was Monsignor Dupanloup, paying his first visit ad limina Apostolorum.

RUSSIA.

THE COUNCIL, Dec. 10.—Russia is perhaps the country where more than anywhere else the Council is the all engrossing subject. The Government is uneasy about it, all people talk about it, the newspapers prejudice the acts of the Council; as to Catholics, they unite in fervent prayers, hoping that by means of it their grievances will be removed. It is marvellous to see how, notwithstanding all the persecutions and overwhelming amount of suffering that has been endured, the Catholic religion makes real progress. Those who remain faithful are ready to make any sacrifice, and though without any Propaganda, they continue to gain ground. The exiled Bishops convert their guards, who witness their resignation. A priest is often brought into the inn under the disguise of a doctor, in order to receive the abjuration of unknown travellers. In the hospitals, the dying often place on their beds the ticket with the word 'Pole,' that by so doing they may escape the visit of the 'Pope,' and receive that of the Catholic chaplain. All this is kept profoundly secret, but the Angels of God charged with writing in the book of life are witnesses, and when the day of liberty dawns upon Russia, the number of Catholics will cause much surprise. It is only the terrible laws with which I have made you well acquainted that prevent them showing themselves.

Dec. 12.—The most influential Russian journals express the opinion that the Turko-Egyptian question is for Egypt the vital question of the future. They consider that, though the difficulty may be temporarily settled, it must unavoidably be revived later on and form a branch of the Eastern question. Russia and France must and will be on the side of Egypt, this being one of the many motives of the rapprochement between those two Powers; while England and Austria doubtless will take the part of Turkey. Prussia, it is added, is not directly interested in the question.

From Charlottetown (P.E.I.) Examiner.

We are indebted to the Very Rev. Dr. McDonald, V.G., for the following interesting excerpts of letters received from the Right Revd. Bishop McIntyre. His Lordship travelled in company with the Right Reverend Bishop McKinnon. They crossed to Europe early in the season, in order to have leisure to visit Jerusalem and the Holy Land, before the time fixed for opening the OEcumenical Council. To that journey the following extracts refer. His Lordship sailed from Venice for Alexandria on the second October. The Empress of the French had arrived in the morning, and Venice

was holding high holiday. His Lordship says:—The excitement produced by the presence of Royalty on that day, was similar to what was witnessed in Charlottetown when Prince Arthur arrived. Sunlight seemed settling on everything, and peace and happiness reigned supreme on that day all around Venice. On going on board our good ship 'H. Principe Carignano,' we found a goodly number of passengers. The bulk of these was made up of musicians and operatic performers on their way to Suez for the grand opening of the canal. They are engaged, I understand for six months at Cairo, and the Viceroy has laid aside a sum of £12,000 sterling for their payment. A few minutes after two o'clock p.m., we weighed anchor, and leaving the interesting and picturesque city of Venice behind, steamed slowly away to the Adriatic through a tortuous channel some twenty miles long. Dredging machines were at work on all sides as we dropped down to the mouth of the harbor. The harbor itself was constructed in the palmy days of the old Republic. It is of solid stone, and runs out in two piers about four miles into the Adriatic. On each pier there is a lighthouse, and the distance between them is three miles. The setting sun saw us fairly out on the beautiful blue waters of the Mediterranean. Large steamers, merchantmen, and every variety of craft, were steering their way for the harbor's mouth, with every hue and tint of the gorgeous sunset upon their sails and rigging. The musicians on board were no niggards with their art, but treated us to it plentifully, and so we rushed along through the waters—lakerke in their stillness—to the sound of sweet music. On Monday, 4th, we ran into Brindisi, a small town on the Calabrian coast, to wait for the English Mail to Bombay. This place, as you know, was destroyed by an earthquake in 1793, and it does not yet appear to have recovered from the shock for it is squalid and dirty in the extreme. The houses are built in every conceivable shape, and all look exceedingly eccentric. Virgil's house was pointed out to us. It has a large vault underneath, and as in duty bound, having been the residence of a poet, bears away from his neighbors easily, the palm for eccentricity of look and bearing. In the vicinity of the town tillage is not neglected—as the far-spreading vineyards on all sides abundantly testify. For a whole day we waited here. In the evening our musicians struck up, which had the effect of collecting on the quay a very motley crowd of the inhabitants. Many of them had in addition to a dirty, a very sinister appearance.

On Tuesday morning we were again underway, sailing swiftly through calm waters. We had, however, to learn that the Mediterranean even could, at times, cast aside its placidity. The lesson endured for twelve hours, during which time our good ship was tossed about greatly. This was the only piece of discomfort we had during the whole voyage. The captain, and all his officers, were most kind, and attentive to our comforts. On Friday, 8th, we sailed into the famous Egyptian harbor of Alexandria. It was crowded with shipping. Fifty large steamers, about three hundred square-rigged ships of heavy tonnage, and a countless variety of smaller craft, lay around as we entered. Scarcely had we dropped anchor, when we were surrounded by boats, equipped by Turks, Arabs, Nubians, Jews, Bedouins and Christians. Their clamor for traffic far outstripped the most clamorous cabmen of New York or Boston. Many of these men seemed intelligent and clever enough. But all of them were, to our idea, lamentably deficient in raiment. A coarse shirt or sack seemed, with these people, to fulfil all the duties allotted by Europeans to a variety of garments. In a marvellous brief space, our decks were swarming with those clamorous postulants for occupation. Elbowing and pushing our way as best we could we succeeded in clearing away from the ship, and landing in safety in the ancient and renowned city of Alexandria. A five franc piece freed us from the importunities of the Custom House officers, and allowed us to proceed directly to our hotel. We found that the steamer for Jaffa had left on the preceding day, and that no other would run before the 17th.

After breakfast we drove through the city. Its ancient foundation—332 years before Christ—the scenes connected with Christian history there enacted, the learned and holy men that lived and bore sway there, the fame of its schools, and eminent doctors, all contribute to make Alexandria a place of no mean mark in the eyes of the tourist. Of existing things which strike the eye, Pompey's Pillar is, perhaps, the most conspicuous. It is a monolith of rose granite, about 80 feet high, and stands upon a lofty hill adjoining the burying ground of the Arabs. A statue is said to have occupied its summit at one time. At the present day its appearance is very rough. Around it swarms a host of miserable looking creatures, on the constant outlook for strangers, to whom they insist upon selling carved stones and chips from the pillar. Cleopatra's needle is another noteworthy object. It is a lofty shaft of grey granite, covered on its four sides with hieroglyphics, to the very top. Where it came from antiquarians dispute. It is supposed to have been set up to ornament the avenue leading to Cleopatra's palace and baths. We saw the ruins of these once sumptuous structures, washed by the sea. We walked through the Catholic burying ground, and the pleasure gardens, where, four times a week, the Viceroy provides music for the people of Alexandria. We met there Prince Amadeus, son of Victor Emmanuel. The quarters of Alexandria inhabited by Jews, Turks, Arabs, Syrians and Europeans we duly visited. The Europeans and Syrians are in general wealthy. But the shops of the Turks and the Arabs seem to vie with their dresses, for a superiority in filth. Except among Europeans and Turks, the same primitive disregard of clothing prevails with all.

Having a few days at our disposal, we projected a trip to the ancient city of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies, &c. Cairo is only 180 miles distant from Alexandria, with which it is connected by a railway. The route runs through a country rich and varied in its fertility beyond most lands. Wheat, barley, corn, pepper, indigo

fix, hemp, cotton, rice, sugar, oranges, figs, lemons, dates, are all produced in vast abundance. In a land so favoured by Providence, the only object that seems to mar the enjoyment of the Tourist, is man. The half-clad beings that crowded the railway stations as we passed seemed to betoken the severest pinchings of want and misery, a conclusion which a glance at the huts and holes in the ground, where they housed would strongly bear out. They are 90 per cent worse than our Indians, and Joe Snake would most certainly be treated among them with the consideration due to a Pacha. Whirling along at the rate of 30 miles per hour, 6 hours brought us to Cairo. As the places of interest in and around Cairo are numerous, I shall briefly mention the more remarkable, visited by us:

1. The house occupied by the Blessed Virgin, Saint Joseph, and their Divine Charge during their sojourn in Egypt, when they fled from Herod's persecution. Of this structure, about 12 feet are under ground—the drifting dust of the city having raised the streets about one foot in a century. St. Helena built a chancel over it. The Schematic Convent, in whose hands it now is, permitted us to visit it.

3. Rhoda, where Moses is said to have been picked up from the Nile by Pharaoh's daughter. The remnants of a Palace, said to be Pharaoh's, wherein Moses received his Education, were pointed out to us.

3. Joseph's Granary, where a seven years' supply of corn was kept up by the Provident Statesman for future contingencies. It was entirely an underground construction—276 feet deep—approached by stairs. It is a most extraordinary work—difficult of mastery to Modern Visitors. Its site is one of the highest eminences, commanding a view of all the surrounding country. At the present time, one of the most splendid Mosques in the world rises along side of it.

4. Joseph's Well, from which an abundant supply of water still issues.

5. A Venerable Old Tree of the Sycamore genus, under which the Holy Family is said to have sought shelter during their flight to Egypt from the scorching rays of the sun. A few francs brought into my possession some of its branches, which I intend to get wrought into Chaplets for my friends in Prince Edward Island.

6. The Pyramids.—What traveller in Egypt dares to miss a visit to the Pyramids? We did not, but beyond saying that we complied with this usage of Tourists, I leave all else to the learned and ingenious writings of Pilgrims who have preceded us.

7. An Egyptian Museum, which we visited had in our eyes a most insignificant sameness.

8. The Nile.—Yesterday the great River was in full majesty—spreading far beyond its ordinary channel. The country for miles was covered. Crops of corn, tobacco, &c., were all swamped to the intense grief of the luckless owners. So high did the waters rise that the ordinary carriage roads were covered, and we had to perform our journey to the Pyramids partly by the help of donkeys. We crossed the Nile twice in a very neat skiff.

Here the Viceroy is everything. As a statesman, he no doubt possesses parts. He is master of the English, French, Italian, Turkish and Spanish languages. He copies Napoleon in his desire to improve his capital. He constructs railways, bridges and carriage roads in all directions. His manner of administering justice is somewhat rude and despotic. He hanged, a few days ago, thirty of his Pachs without either judge or jury. Popular opinion seems to say that the fellows well deserved their fate. Everywhere he is establishing schools for the education of his people. To the Christian Brothers, he has given in cash 1500 francs, besides land and all the materials to build a school. To the schools of the Brothers he sent his own boys for three or four years. Over his public works he has always Scottish, English or French Engineers. He has the reputation of great wealth. He would need to be rich indeed, for he spends without stint.

Passing through the narrow streets of Cairo this (9th October) afternoon, we witnessed the somewhat ominous encounter of a funeral and a marriage party. The funeral was that of a rich lady. Behind the bier rode on donkeys the slaves of the deceased, keeping up a curious melancholy wail. The marriage procession seemed to me very ridiculous. The young bride's person being completely enveloped in a huge sack, she is paraded through the streets to the sound of music, accompanied by a rascally multitude.

In Carro, where I write this, the heat is intense. The dust flies about like a snow drift, and the flies of Egypt are both numerous and venomous. From this you may gather what manner of life we lead, and will not be surprised to learn that we have made up our minds to return to Alexandria, and remain there till the 17th the day of sailing for Jaffa.

The notes of His Lordship's journey from Alexandria to Jerusalem, and of his visits to the Holy Places, will appear in our next issue.

Intelligence has again been received to the effect that it is the intention of Great Britain to send one of her ablest diplomatists to the United States, either to take the place of her present minister, Mr. Thorntor, or to co-operate with him in the negotiation of a treaty for the settlement of the Alabama claims in view of the probable transfer to this city of the future official action between the Governments.

The Government officers have denied that the recent removal of arms at Manchester was designed as a precaution against a Fenian outbreak.

Ayer's American Almanac, for the new year has arrived for delivery gratis by all Druggists to all who call for it. This little annual has the largest circulation of any book in the world, made by the fact that it furnishes the best medical advice which is available to the people—enables them to determine what their complaints are and how to cure them. It contains the startling announcement of the 'configuration of a world,' or the combustion of one of the stars in the firmament with all its attendant planets.

AN EXCHANGE OF DISEASES.—In relieving one disease Mercury begets another. If it suppresses acute liver disease, or syphilitic ulceration, or virulent eruptions, it substitutes therefor some chronic malady more

difficult to cure. Contrast its effects with those of Bristol's Sarsaparilla. This pure vegetable disinfectant contains no element that is not restorative, cleansing, and antiseptic. It does not excite poison by poison. Its operation is kindly, gentle, and in harmony with the efforts made by nature to rid herself of the virus of disease. To this fact must be attributed the sound and vigorous condition in which it leaves the system after eradicating its ailments.

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

BILLS IN THE BLOOD.—When the bile that should pass off through the bowels inundates the veins, the fact is apparent in the yellowness of the skin. Jaundice, eczema if the liver is not promptly controlled; and as Bristol's Sugar-coated Pills contain the two most potent antibilious agents known in the tropical kingdom, reasons suggests them as the true remedy. What reason suggests experience confirms. They have been administered in jaundice, congestion of the liver, and all derangements of the biliary secretions with much greater success than has ever attended the exhibition of mercury, and are free from all the deleterious properties of that mineral. Being enclosed in air tight vials, neither time nor climate affects them.

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In all ages incense has been considered symbolic of devotion. Hence perfumes are an appropriate offering to beauty from its enamored worshippers, and of all modern odoriferants there is none so pure, so delicate, so beautiful, so refreshing, identical with the breath of living aromatic flowers as Murray & Lanman's Florida Water. It has been a standard perfume of the Western Hemisphere for nearly a third of a century, literally displacing every European extract and essence for the toilet the sick room, and the bath, until at last it has no competitor or rival on the American continent or the West Indies. Its success has led to swarms of counterfeits. Therefore insist on having the Florida Water prepared by Lanman & Kemp, and accept no other.

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

Beware of Counterfeits; always ask for the legitimate MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER prepared only by LANMAN & KEMP, New York. All others are worthless.

A STARTLING TRUTH!—Thousands die annually from neglected coughs and colds which soon ripen into consumption, or other equally fatal diseases of the lungs; when by the timely use of a single bottle of 'Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry' their lives could have been preserved to a green old age.

CIRCULAR.

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, or the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part FLOUR, OATS, CORNMEAL, CORNMEAL BUTTER, CHEESE, POKE, HAMS, LARD, PRESERVED BEEF, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c. &c. He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada. Consignments respectfully solicited. Prompt returns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Gillespie, Moffatt & Co, and Messrs. Tiffin Brothers.

D. SHANNON, COMMISSION MERCHANT, And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions, 443 Commissioners Street opposite St. Ann's Market. June 14th, 1868.

JUST PUBLISHED

BENZIGER BROTHERS, Cincinnati and New York: BIBLE HISTORY, Containing the most remarkable events of the OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT. Prepared for the use of the CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES. BY REV. RICHARD GILMOUR. Approved by the Most Rev. J. B. Porcell, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. 8. 346 Pages. Beautifully illustrated with 140 cuts and a map of the Holy Land, printed from electrotype, on excellent paper, substantially bound. PRICE—Free by Mail—70c. APPROBATION.

The 'Illustrated History of the Bible, Old and New Testaments, compiled by a priest of the diocese of Basel, translated into French by Rev. Dr. Bourquard, of Paris approved by many Bishops in Europe, and reproduced in many languages, is preserved, with our approbation to the reverend clergy, school teachers, parents and youths of this diocese, by all of whom we desire it to be extensively used and circulated. Never was the thorough and intelligent teaching of the Catechism more needed than at the present day, and the Catechism of Christian Doctrine can neither be well taught, nor properly understood without the Catechism of the Bible. This translation has been well made by Rev. Richard Gilmour, of the Archdiocese. J. B. FURELL, Archbishop of Cincinnati. Cincinnati, August 5, 1869.

Messrs. BENZIGER BROTHERS.—I find your Bible History exceedingly well adapted to the object for which it is designed, a school book. The style is so purely English, that it has not even the semblance of a translation. It is evident that the translator aimed to use Saxon words, where it was possible. While his language is elegant, it is at the same time fitted to the comprehension of children. The moral reflections, the allusions to the mysteries of the New Testament, combined with the well executed illustrations of the work, render the book a valuable acquisition, both for teachers and for school-children. We will adopt it in our school. Rev. W. E. HILL, S. J., President of St. Xavier College. Cincinnati, Aug. 10, 1869.



