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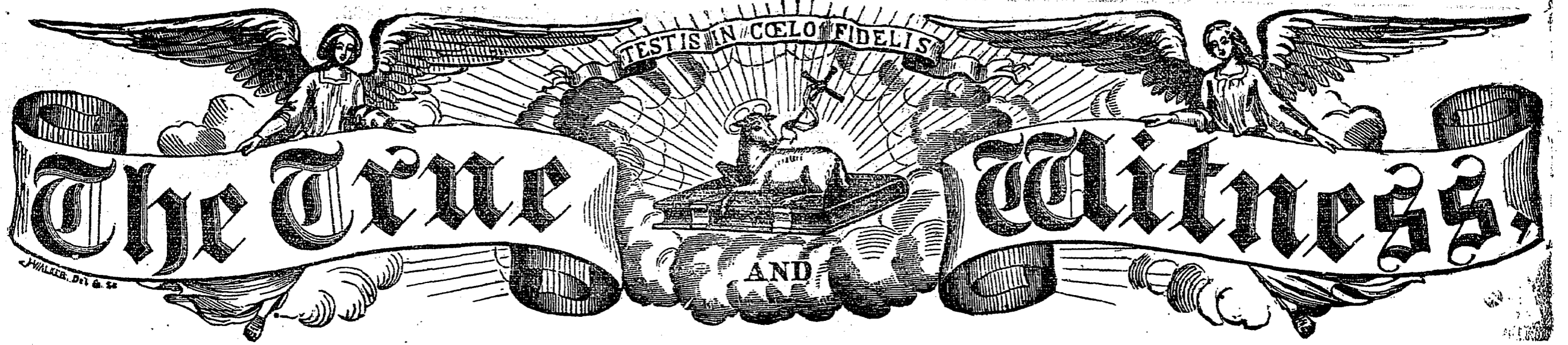
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1865.

No. 41.

THE TWO MARYS; OR, THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

'I think it better, madam, that the truth should be concealed from Maria,' said Von Sulper, rising as the door closed on the retreating form of her husband, 'at least whilst the wound, caused by this public exposure, is so great.—Leave your case in my hands, and if I see that any good may accrue, by avowing your relationship, to Maria, believe me, I will not fail to do so.'

'Will you, will you?' she exclaimed, sinking on her knees, as she spoke. 'Then, with my last breath, will I, who have not prayed for many years, petition Heaven for you. Let me but know that she, even unconscious that she is my child, prays for, and forgives me, for oh, I have been very guilty, hard, and severe, to all who have served me. And God, to punish me, has, at last, sent my own child on whom to exercise my tyranny.'

'Be calm, Catherine,' said Von Sulper, raising her from her knees; 'be calm, and I will not forget your request. And I would counsel you to thank Heaven, unceasingly, that the veil has been thus drawn from before your eyes; and time yet allowed you for mercy and forgiveness. I could not have returned to Germany, and have left you in ignorance of the truth.'

'That one word, "Catherine," had touched a chord in the heart of that hard woman; it told her that that severe countenance, that pitiless voice, masked a vein of gentle feeling; that Von Sulper, whilst he hated the sin, would spare the penitent sinner.

'Heaven bless you; Heaven bless you, Von Sulper,' she repeated, pressing the hand which now was placed within her own; 'and, as you hope for mercy, be merciful to me, manifold as have been my offences.'

Von Sulper replied not, but hurried from the room, daring not to look on that crouching form which sunk again beside the couch, and, with face buried in the cushions, sobbed so bitterly.

But the closing of the hall door, and each retreating footstep that had preceded it, sounded like a death knell, to the wretched woman, who, rising from her knees, now listened, lest any person should be at hand, her greatest fear being, lest she should encounter her children; and then, when all around was still, she hurried up the wide staircase, crossed the gallery, and was about to enter her own room, when she beheld her husband. She sprang towards him, and, falling on her knees, regardless of the chance she incurred of being observed, she exclaimed,—
'Oh! George! say that you forgive me.'

'I do forgive you, Catherine,' he said; and tears rushed to the eyes of the strong man, as he raised his wretched wife from her suppliant posture. 'I do forgive you, but I cannot banish from my mind's eye the form of the unhappy girl, whom we have so foully injured. Henceforth, Catherine, banish deceit from your character; see you not that you have sinned without a cause, for to know Maria was your child, was to ensure a happy home, as far as I could have given her one. But control these feelings,' he added, 'equally hurtful to yourself and to me, whom they quit unman. I cannot suffer the girls to see you in this state, and am about now to send them from home for the next three days;—on their return, you will have left London for Fairview, and, I trust, will have become calm and tranquil, when next we meet. Now, to your own room, my dear wife,' he added, 'for I hear some one coming, and would not have you seen with those swollen eyes.'

Not sorry, indeed, was Mr. Montague, to have a plausible pretext for hurrying from her presence, and with a mind somewhat less distressed, the unhappy woman entered her room, and abandoned herself to her own melancholy musings.

But she must have been more than flesh and blood, had she not felt cut to the quick, at her past misconduct. The knowledge that her husband knew, and was shocked to the heart's core, at the way she had behaved; the remembrance of the manner in which she had treated the unhappy girl, who, dwelling beneath her roof, as the governess of her other children, was yet her own daughter; the scene at the Old Bailey; the agonized, and pale face of Maria, standing in a felon's dock, was ever present to her sight, and ere many hours were over, she felt the effects of her mental anxiety in a violent attack of illness, preceded by heavy swoons, recovery from one being but the prelude to relapsing into another. At length she suffered herself to be prevailed upon to call in medical advice; the result of which was, that she was ordered perfect quiet and confinement to her room for the next few days; and when the doctor met Mr. Montague, he bluntly expressed his opinion that some great mental anxiety was pressing on the mind of his wife.

To avoid any disclosure of the painful secret, Mr. Montague simply stated the affair of the robbery; the doctor immediately attributing the sudden and alarming illness of his patient to the anguish of an upright and feeling mind on perceiving that it had wrongfully accused another, and to the excitement consequent on attendance in a criminal court.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE SUMMONS TO HARLEY STREET—THE CONFESSION.

It was a happy party which Herr Von Sulper beheld assemble on that evening following the day of the trial in the mansion of Mr. Mainwaring; and perhaps, Von Sulper was the only person whose joy was tinged with sadness; he could not forget the cruelty of Mrs. Montague's desertion of her daughter, and when he looked at Maria, though a fervent thanksgiving escaped his lips, for her all but miraculous escape, he could not but think with horror of the unhappy woman, who had so deeply wronged her.

As to Maria, herself, it was with difficulty she could meet her friend, at dinner, to such a pitch of mental excitement had her mind been wrought up; first, by intense fear, lest sentence should be passed against her; secondly, by an overwhelming joy, at the sudden appearance of her father and Von Sulper; and then, by her acquittal and deliverance from the shameful position into which the wickedness of others had cast her.

The affectionate daughters of the good Squire with Mary, never left her, and we may safely say, when she looked around on the faces of her kind friends, the dear old Flohrberg amongst them, that an excess of happiness followed the excess of misery into which she had been plunged.

The servants having withdrawn, conversation became more free, and Von Sulper found it hard to parry the remarks of the Squire, on the sudden illness of 'that wicked woman,' as he termed Mrs. Montague; he, however, succeeded, and then addressing Flohrberg, said:—

'You have not, I am sure, Mein Herr, betrayed my secret, but have left me, as I requested, the pleasure of divulging it myself.' Then, turning to Maria, he said,

'You see, my dear child, I claim a greater interest in you than you can possibly imagine.—As the young protegee of General O'Donnell, well, I felt interested in you, and would have hastened to London, to reclaim you from your perilous position; but, as your uncle, Maria, as the brother of the Frau Flohrberg, I claim a livelier interest still.'

'My uncle?' ejaculated Maria, in astonishment, better conceived than described; but she saw the good Flohrberg smile; and yet but scarcely realising the truth of what she heard, received, on her forehead, the affectionate salute of her new relative.

Enquiries poured thick and fast upon Von Sulper, not only from the ladies of the company, but even from the generally silent and taciturn barrister, who had so ably carried on Fraulein's case; and as our readers know already, all that Von Sulper has to say, we shall leave him to tell his own story in his own fashion.

It was very late ere the happy party broke up, and would have been much later, but that Maria now showed symptoms of positive illness, so that she was enjoined late hours the following day, by all kind friends, Von Sulper and Flohrberg, telling her that they should not see her probably before the following evening.

Maria no longer had visions in disturbed dreams of courts of justice, prisons, and all the unutterable horrors which of late had been crowding so thickly upon her; her repose was calm and tranquil, and when she awoke, the morning being advanced, it was to the unspeakable happiness and consciousness of perfect security and to the joyful remembrance that Herr Von Sulper was allied to her by the ties of kindred and also, that he had whispered in her ear, the previous night, a bit of intelligence, making known to her, that she would never have to seek a strange home again, for that the good Von Sulper intended to devote part of his large fortune, for the benefit of his sister's family.

Though much recruited by her night's rest, Maria had faithfully intended to carry out the injunctions of Mrs. Mainwaring, and devote this following day exclusively to rest both of mind and body. Such, however, was not to be the case.

A delicate and tempting breakfast was brought by a maid into Fraulein's chamber, on the tray; beside it, lay a letter, in the well-known handwriting of Mrs. Montague.

A deadly faintness crept over Maria's already weakened frame; all the horrors of the past rushed again before her mind, and her hand shook violently, as she opened the carefully sealed, and dainty note, written on the perfumed paper the lady generally used. It was couched in the following words:

'Will the Fraulein Flohrberg grant a few moments' conversation to Mrs. Montague? In

doing so she may rest assured, that she will meet one who is deeply penitent and grieved for the injury she has inflicted, and who can know no rest till she has received the forgiveness of the injured Maria Flohrberg.'

I can never meet this woman, was her first thought. But her surprise was great, on perusing this letter. She had never expected such an act, deeply as she had been injured at the hands of Mrs. Montague, and many were the tears she shed over it, for her affectionate heart could not long bear malice to a living thing. If the first thought was 'I cannot see her,' the next was, 'I will go and be reconciled.' She partook hastily of her breakfast; she could think but of one thing, and that was, to meet her, who had been her deadly foe, with the kiss of peace.

She dressed herself hurriedly, but, before leaving the house, carried her letter to Mrs. Mainwaring and Margaret.

The two ladies perused it; then Mrs. Mainwaring looked at Maria's pale face, gravely shook her head, and said,—

'I question, were the gentlemen here, Maria, whether they would give you permission to approach that woman's house, so enraged are they all at the narrow escape you have met with, setting quite aside the public exposure and stain cast upon your name and character; were it not well to defer your journey, love, till my husband returns home, which will be shortly; or, till your father and uncle call, in the evening?—Meanwhile you can write, and assure her of your forgiveness.'

'I think I would like to go now, if you, dear Mrs. Mainwaring, have no decided objection,' replied Maria. 'Divines would not scold me, would they, for strictly carrying out the Gospel precept? Let me meet her half way. I know it has cost her much to make this advance.'

'Go, love,' said Mrs. Mainwaring; 'and you will take God's blessing with you; but I am not quite sure, though I know you are right, whether our irascible gentlemen will hold me excused, for giving my consent, especially Herbert.'

'Well, Maria,' said Margaret, 'I would never again see that wicked woman, who has worked you such deadly wrong, whatever was the consequence. Forgive, indeed; I wouldn't forgive her in a hurry.'

'Ah Margaret, Margaret, there is a great deal of hay and stubble in that otherwise fine character of yours.'

'Ah, hush, dearest,' said Maria, placing her finger on her lips; 'there is this Gospel precept, you know, and it must be obeyed, though flesh and blood may rebel; so, adieu. In an hour I will be back again, and the gentlemen need not know I have seen Mrs. Montague, unless we like to tell them ourselves.'

A few moments more, and Maria was on her way to Harley Street; and a very little later Mr. Mainwaring returned home.

'Has Maria left her room? I wish to see her,' was the first question he asked his wife.

'She has had a letter from Mrs. Montague, begging her to come to Harley Street, at once,' rejoined the wife.

'She has not gone?' he replied. 'At least, I trust not. What will Herr Von Sulper think of this?'

There was such an expression of alarm on the usually good humored countenance of the Squire, that his wife gazed in blank astonishment. It was turned into horror, when Squire Mainwaring, approaching her, said, 'Wouder not at the pain I feel that Maria has gone to Harley Street; her bitterest foe has proved to be her own mother!'

With a trembling heart Maria knocked at the door of the house from which she had been so ignominiously expelled, and was met in the hall by Mrs. Somers; a smile of recognition, and a warm pressure of the hand, was all that passed between them, save that when her hand was on the chamber door, she whispered the words, 'she is very ill; you are so very good to come here.'

Everything seemed desolate and cheerless.—No one was moving about, and Maria felt convinced that her former pupils, and their father, were absent from home. It was painful enough to Maria to come at all to this house, every step she took being marked by some painful recollection. The moment, however, had arrived when again she must face the woman, who had well nigh been her destruction, and she approached the bed, the heavy draperies of which were closely drawn, with a trembling step.

Little prepared, however, was Fraulein for the startling change which had taken place. Mrs. Montague's eyes were closed in sleep, but the dark lines beneath them, the haggard expression of the face, the convulsive twitching of the muscles around the mouth, all told a tale of terrible mental agony.

'Hark! she murmurs in her sleep; and Mrs. Somers's benevolent countenance becomes dis-

tressed, as disjointed words ever and anon fall upon their ears, such as people utter in their delirium, and which are but too often not merely the expressions of a disordered fancy, but manifestations of the hopes and fears of their more rational moments. 'Nay, it is not true,' she says, 'I cannot, will not believe it. Do not bid me see that man; he will destroy me with the tale he has to tell.' But she turns in her uneasy slumbers; the eyes, so preternaturally glassy, open, and are fixed on the pale face beside her, already bending over with a kindly soothing expression; and Mrs. Somers, as if agreeably to instructions already received, leaves the room, and Maria is now alone with the woman, who, but one short day since, looked so pitilessly upon her, as she stood in that shameful dock.

She covered her face with her thin white hands, and Maria could see the big tears stealing through the long fingers, while convulsive sobs shook the bed whereon she lay.

This was a show of feeling for which Maria was ill prepared; it distressed her, and she exclaimed,

'Mrs. Montague, I am here, as you did request me; but do not, I beg of you, give way like this. Ah, see, liebe Frau, Maria Flohrberg forgets the past, as she does hope God will forgive her.'

The thin hands were removed from the face as Fraulein thus spoke. The invalid strove to raise herself in the bed, and Maria passed her arm round the waist, and adjusted the pillows, thinking that all she desired was to rest more easily; but, as she supported the sufferer's form and whilst the head reclined upon her shoulder, the face of poor Fraulein was drawn down to hers, and a passionate kiss imprinted on her cheek.

Fraulein returned the embrace, and returned it with her whole heart, but she little dreamed the lips of a mother had pressed her own.

Then the hand was placed upon the heart, and she signed to Fraulein to bring her a restorative she had at hand; then motioned her to be seated, and said, or rather whispered, for the words came very slowly and feebly too.

'Dear Maria, I was reared, like you, a Catholic, but, since I left the hills and dales of my mountain home, in Ireland, I have never submitted to that part of our church's rule which enjoins confession. You, Maria Flohrberg, must listen, first to the history of my life, I owe you reparation; then I will carry my burthen to the feet of the minister of Christ, for my reconciliation must be entire.'

Maria would have interrupted her, for she felt some strange awe about to come forth, though dreamed not it concerned herself, and she replied.

'Dear Mrs. Montague, do not distress yourself thus; to your husband or your children, but not, oh, not to me reveal the past.'

'Yes, to you, and you alone,' was the reply. 'Now, listen carefully to all that I shall tell you. Thirty years since, when twenty summers had scarce passed over my head, I left my home, in Ireland, as companion to an English lady; my head was turned with foolish vanity; my beauty had been praised when in my Irish home, and I panted with desire to raise myself above my humble lot, as the daughter of a small Irish farmer, and be known and admired in the great world. Without a tear I bade farewell to the pastor who had instructed me; to the widowed mother, who had loved me, and borne with my many failings; and to the little sister, Ailey, whom I might never more behold. The lady with whom I travelled, made the tour of Europe, and finally settled for many months in a village in Bavaria. There I met with the brother of the Herr Von Alstein, or, Von Sulper, as he calls himself.'

Here Maria started; had then Mrs. Montague known her uncle, when in Germany.

'We married, and resided for some time in a little cottage, from which the Alps might be dimly seen in the distance.'

Here a shudder crept over Maria's frame.—What was the meaning of the vision that seemed to pass before her eyes? in which there was a dim recollection of grey mountains, clad with snow, rising one above the other; of another face than that of Ida Flohrberg; yet, along with the fancy, if such it was, ever came the idea, that the features of Mrs. Montague had been seen before; and she then remembered the painful, unpleasant impression she received on the night of her first meeting.

'My union was an unhappy one; my husband was violent in temper, and but little inclined to bear with the failings of the woman who had become his wife. I repented of the choice I had made; and even the birth of a child failed to knit closer the bond that subsisted between us. In an evil hour I exasperated him, as only our sex can exasperate, if they choose to yield to their own misgoverned tempers. He struck me, and the blow fell, also, on the innocent babe at

my breast. I laid my child in the cradle, and vowed, that ere eight-and-forty hours had passed I would separate from him for ever. Ere the sun had set Fritz was taken alarmingly ill; his life was despaired of; he received the last rites of the church; called me to his side, and begged me to forgive him. I feigned a reconciliation, for in the interim since our quarrel, I had stolen away to the lady whose companion I had been. She was, that night, to return to England. Now, listen, Maria Flohrberg, I was to go with her; to break forever, before death should break them, the bonds that bound me to Von Alstein. He was better, but still in danger; yet, when night had cast its shadows over the purple mountains, I stole from his sick room, raised my little girl from the cradle, kissed it again and again, then replaced my wailing child, and stole like a thief from my husband's home; and ere the noon-day sun glistened the mountain tops, I was far from my family, never, never to return. Arrived in England, I passed the next year in uncertainty, as to the fate of my husband and child. Then I heard that I was a widow, and that my child had been adopted by my husband's family. I steeled my heart against parental feeling; never betrayed the place of my abode; and, accepting the hand of my present husband, raised myself, at once, to opulence and wealth.

'Now, listen, Fraulein,' continued Mrs. Montague, and her voice trembled as she spoke.—Fritz, my husband, and this Heinrich Von Alstein were twin brothers, and strikingly alike; judge of my horror, when his still well remembered features met me yesterday. I thought I had been misinformed, and that Fritz yet lived, to confront me in a court of justice, and then before my husband; then I was borne insensible from the court. But Fritz, indeed, is dead; Von Sulper, as he now is called, came to tell me this. But, oh, horror of horrors! Fraulein Maria, listen, the wailing babe, whom I deserted lives, lives!—Oh, just Heavens, what a retribution! She lives in the person of her whom I have persecuted, of her whom I drove forth to infamy; in the person of yourself, my daughter!'

A mist passed before the eyes of Maria, a tremor seized her whole frame, scarce less inanimate than the insensible form she now stretched forth her arms to support; she reached a stimulant from the table which she forced beneath the closed lips of her unhappy mother.

'Oh, fearful revelation! This my mother! Not the gentle Frau Flohrberg! Ah dear Frau Flohrberg, ah, dear Frau; how deep a debt of love and gratitude do I then owe to you. This my mother! Her whom I have leared to see, when the governess of my own sisters.—This my mother! Who has persecuted me for theft. But yet, nature will speak out. She is my mother, and my heart yearns for her embrace.'

And so it was, that when those eyes re-opened once so cold to Maria, they met her own gazing on her with a look all of love and tenderness, and the head reclined on that gentle bosom, and the words, 'my child, my child; yet again, yet again, fall on her ear, as she embraces, once more, once more, that daughter found too late.

It was not then an idle fancy, that vision that had passed before her eyes; no, infant as she was, Maria had retained a vague, indistinct recollection of the cottage home, with the Alpine mountains looming in the distance, and of the features of her mother.

But ever, ever, even in the midst of loving converse, comes back the memory, not only of the deadly wrong and of past little unkindly acts, and officious supervision, on her part, which cut her to the heart, for she remembered how gently the stranger, as she deemed her, had borne with want of courtesy; nay, with sometimes studied affront, but the soft eyes look lovingly down, and wipe away the tears; and then Maria leads her to talk not of the sad and unrecalled past, but of the present, of the future, of her next meeting with Alice, and Millicent, though small affection can the gentle Fraulein ever owe the latter; and Mr. Montague, too, she artlessly enquires, 'does he know who I am?'

'Yes, and he could not meet you, my child, for his great sorrow at your sufferings; but happy days we shall pass at Fairview, yet, shall we not, Maria?'

And Maria answers with another embrace.—And after a good two hours, spent beside her sick couch, bated at her necessary return to Cavendish Square, adding, that she would call again in the evening, and would spend the whole of the morrow with her.

She then called Mrs. Somers, who, with much surprise, stood by and failed not to notice the warmth of the parting between the two ladies; her curiosity was excited, but she was a well-bred person, who knew better than to make any remark unless her mistress were the first to speak.

Before Maria had returned from her long visit the whole family had assembled, and, aware the secret could not be kept any longer, Herr Von Sulper, on finding the cause of Maria's absence, related to the great wonderment of the whole family, the connection that subsisted between Maria and Mrs. Montague, and the previous history of the latter, from the time of her leaving her Irish home, till her arrival in Germany, mentioning all those circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted.

'And will you tell me, Herr Von Sulper,' said Mary, 'will you tell me if Mrs. Montague's maiden name was Catherine Maguire? The name of Von Alstein, I am sure, I have heard my mother mention, as that of a married sister, whose previous history singularly coincides with that of Mrs. Montague; but many years have elapsed, and the distance at which the sisters were apart, as also the misfortunes of my mother, I doubt not would account for their never hearing from each other, especially as Mrs. Montague would appear to have never any home affections. But, if this be the case, then she must be the sister I have heard my mother mention as possessing no longer the title to her whereabouts; then she must be my aunt, and dear Maria, consequently, my cousin.'

'Her name certainly was Maguire, Mary,' said Von Sulper, 'and I wish I could congratulate you on having found a relation who could lay greater claim to your affection than this lady may hope to do.'

At this moment Maria entered the room; one glance at her agitated countenance, told her friends that she knew all. She spoke not, but advancing to Herr Flohrberg, threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed, bursting into tears, 'Ach, Mein Gott, and you are not my father then?'

'Nein, meine liebe, but I have always loved you as if you were my own child,' said poor old Flohrberg, kissing her forehead, and then wiping away the tears which filled her eyes, 'and do you not see, my Maria, that we brought you up as our own child, to save you the pain of knowing that which has been told you to-day?'

'I do, I do, God reward and bless you for it,' said Maria, 'but I do say, my uncle, I wish I could call you father still.'

'And I have a claim on you, Maria,' said Mary, stepping forwards, 'Herr Von Sulper told me all that you have doubtless heard of Mrs. Montague's early history, and the same she bore before her marriage, and have discovered beyond a doubt, that your newly found mother is the same Catherine Maguire who left her home, in Ireland, when my mother Ailey was but a child; and this truth admitted, then what are we but cousins?'

'Really, Maria, you are, after all, a very fortunate personage,' said Squire Mainwaring, 'here, in one week, you meet with a rich uncle, a mother, and a cousin. What will turn up next?'

'Some disaster, Mein Herr. I feel sad,' said Maria, 'do not scold me, Mary,' she added, as the latter twined her arms around her waist, with gentle rebuke for what she termed her want of faith, 'do not scold me, meine liebe, my heart is very heavy,' and as she spoke, large tears coursed down her face. 'I have found a mother, but remember how; if you could see her, you would all so pity her. She is not like the proud lady I knew at Fairview. See, she gave me this,' said Maria, drawing from her bosom a small miniature of her mother, set with diamonds, 'and I do think,' she added, looking tenderly at it, 'I do think I sha'n't see her own face much longer.'

An hysterical fit of weeping seized poor Maria as she finished speaking, and her friends saw that she was completely unnerved by the exciting scenes through which she had passed, but to their infinite surprise, they found she was resolved to visit her mother again that evening, nor could anything they could say shake her determination.

'May I go with you, then Maria?' said Mary, stepping forwards. 'If you will let me come, I think your friends will feel easier, for any one may see that you are far too ill to go alone; and apart from this consideration, I would wish, myself, to see her once more before I leave England, and that no longer as a mere acquaintance, but as a relation.'

Maria at once acceded to Mary's proposition, and the cousins, when the evening had fairly set in, went to pay their visit. The attachment these two young women had always felt for each other, was now strengthened by the similarity of their position with regard to their parents, though Mary certainly felt that there was a stigma on her name which Maria had escaped; and thus it was, that though her hand had been asked in marriage, by an Irish gentleman both of family and position, she had given a decided negative, resolved never to ally herself in marriage, knowing how marked with guilt had been the lives of those who gave her birth; thus it was that gentle, sensitive, nature sought the retirement of the cloister, in preference to the busy scenes of the world.

On arriving at the house in Harley Street, they were agreeably surprised by hearing that Mrs. Montague was very much better. She slept, and our two Marys approached the bed with noiseless footsteps, fearful of disturbing her; then drew aside, Maria even refraining from pressing her lips on her mother's cheek, lest she should awaken her.

Mrs. Somers followed them from the room, and told her that she had telegraphed, during the afternoon, for Mr. Montague, to return on the morrow, in consequence of his wife's illness, but that she seemed now so much better she regretted having done so. 'But,' she added, 'I cannot imagine what can have come over my mistress, you see, Fraulein, I have never known her to cross the threshold of either church or chapel, since I knew her, and have seen her in far worse illness than this, yet never, for sure, did I know her struck with such a fit of pety. Here is Mr. Montague away from home, and what does my mistress do, but send off, this afternoon, for a Catholic priest. Can you tell me, Fraulein, was she ever of that religion?'

'Yes,' said Maria, 'she was an Irish Catho-

lic; so you see, there is no cause for wonder that she should, when ill, seek a return to her faith, and sure am I, Somers, from all I have heard of Mr. Montague, that he is far too good and liberal a member of the Church of England, to seek to control his wife on such a point. I am glad to hear that she has sought comfort in religion.'

'Which for certain, she much needs, Miss,' replied the housekeeper, 'for you see, Miss,' she added, seeing that Maria had walked towards the window, in fact to conceal her emotion, 'you see she has told me all; how that poor ill-used young lady is her own child, and how she has felt as if her senses would desert her ever since that German gentleman told her who Fraulein was. She took on dreadfully, Miss, after her poor daughter left her; did nothing but cry and reproach herself for what she called her base, unfeeling conduct; and then nothing would soothe her till I did as she bid me, and fetched her a clergyman of her own persuasion. 'Now see, my good Somers,' she said, 'I will tell you how you may comfort me. These many years I have lived as if there was no God, and no hereafter, but this terrible disclosure, of yesterday, has brought before me, in a striking manner, the heinousness of the life I have led; the hard-hearted selfishness of my conduct; go, then, and bring to me some minister of my own forgotten faith, who may speak words of comfort and advice.'

'I had not the heart to refuse her, Miss, so I fetched to her, as she wished, a Catholic priest, and a long while was he with her, Miss, and he told me he should come again very early the next morning to administer the sacrament; and, for sure his visit has done her good, for she went and took on no more, but seemed perfectly calm and happy; called me to her side and told me all, and then said, 'If I live, Somers, it will be the study of my life, to show my good husband that I am, in all things, an altered woman, and also to let my poor Maria see that I think I can never enough make up for the great and grievous wrongs I have done her.'

'Live, madam, I said, 'and why shouldn't you live, pray? You surely are not going to die just at the time when you have found your daughter, and are resolved to make her happy? Die, indeed, I should hope not.'

'May be not, Somers,' she said, 'but I have undergone a severe shock; the more severe, because caused by my own misconduct. You know how long I have suffered from disease of the heart; I feel an attack upon me now, and also an impression that I have not long to live.'—However, Miss, added the worthy woman, 'her mind was evidently easier after the visit of the clergyman, and she then fell into the quiet sleep you found her in when you came here.'

Maria had overheard the latter part of the conversation, and could not be prevailed upon to leave without again visiting Mrs. Montague's room, but finding her still asleep, she crept softly but of the chamber and hastened home with Mary, returning a silent thanksgiving that her poor mother had had the grace to look into herself, and had made her peace with God; and that she had remained with her the whole night, have watched beside her, and congratulated her on her return to God, but that she knew that Somers, terrified at her mistress's sudden illness, had telegraphed for Mr. Montague to return home, and she experienced a sort of aversion to meeting either him or her sisters till he had been previously informed by her mother that she had already visited her.

Maria, however, was astir early in the morning, and as soon as she had breakfasted, repaired along with Mary to Harley Street. They were met by Mrs. Somers, who told them that Mrs. Montague had passed a perfectly quiet night;—that as early as eight in the morning, the priest, who had visited her on the previous night, had brought her the Holy Eucharist; and that she had expressed a wish to rise early that day, feeling quite well enough to get up. Mrs. Somers also added, 'I expect Mr. Montague, every hour, and I find my mistress is looking out very eagerly for his coming.'

Wishful, as we have already said, not to meet him till he had previously seen her mother, Maria, in company with Mary, immediately went to her room. Through the partially open curtains she beheld her mother, apparently in a peaceful sleep, and with a smile she put her finger to her lips, as if enjoining silence to her cousin. She then walked round to the other side of the bed, and leaned over to kiss her mother's forehead.—'But why that cry of horror from poor Maria?—whose lips had already so gently touched that marble brow: so gently, lest she should awaken her. But, alas! hers is the sleep, from which, in this world, there shall be no awakening. With a terrified gaze she regarded that rigid countenance; the already glazed and fixed eyes, the parted lips, told the fearful truth. And for a few moments Maria gazed in speechless horror on those poor remains, her tears falling heavily on the still warm hand which she held within her own. Still clasped in the other hand, lay a prayer book, open at a page in which was a 'preparation for death,' and this page, like the previous one, containing the psalm 'Have mercy on me, O God,' was evidently blistered with tears, but shed a few moments since. Mary had rushed from the room to summon Mrs. Somers hither, for the first glance at Mrs. Montague, had revealed the truth, and she was returning, along with the housekeeper, to the chamber of death, when a double knock at the hall door was heard, and immediately afterwards the voice of Mr. Montague, in the hall beneath.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Freeman's Journal states that during a Mission which has been held by a number of Redemptorist Fathers, at the Catholic Cathedral of Dublin during Lent, nearly £800 in small sums, as restitution money, was received by the Fathers, and forwarded to the persons who had been robbed.

LOVE'S DRAG.—The Station, as it is usually called, of the celebrated Sanctuary of Lough Derg, to which the Holy Apostolic See has annexed the fullest Plenary Indulgence, will open this year, with the sanction of the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Lord Bishop of Clogher, on the first day of June, and close on the 15th of August.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. P. CLIFFORD, P. P.—A number of gentlemen, of all creeds and politics, assembled a few days since at the Western Arms Hotel, Monaghan, for the purpose of presenting the Rev. P. Clifford, late administrator of the monastic parish of Monaghan, with an address of congratulation on his promotion to the parish of Rookorey. The address was accompanied with a splendid service of silver plate, consisting of a salver, teapot, coffee-pot, cream ewer, sugar bowl, hot milk jug and kettle. On the salver tray the following inscription was engraved.—'This salver, with a service of silver plate, was presented to the Rev. P. Clifford, P.P., by his friends of all religious denominations, on the occasion of his promotion from the Roman Catholic curacy of the parish of Monaghan, October, 1864.' The Chair was taken by R. G. Warren, Esq., Ulster Bank. The address which was beautifully illuminated by Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, 39 Great Brunswick-street, having been read, was presented with the service of plate to Rev. Mr. Clifford, who replied in suitable terms. The deputation were the guests of the reverend gentleman, who hospitably entertained them, and the company separated after having spent a most agreeable evening.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.—We are very much pleased to learn from a respected correspondent, that the building of schools for the Christian Brothers in Callan, the birth-place of the founder of the order, is to be commenced immediately. Every good Irishman, at least every Irish Catholic, rejoices at the evidence every day coming before us of the increasing numbers and the extended usefulness of the Brothers, and of the esteem in which they are held, not only at home, but wherever an Irish community springs up abroad. It must be a source of the purest pleasure to the good Priest and the excellent Catholic people of Callan that they are to have at length amongst them one of those amiable schools originated by a native of Callan, and which the people of so many localities in Ireland are so anxious to possess. Those who took part in procuring a Christian Brothers' school for Callan have reason to be gratified at the success which has attended their pious exertions. The Priest and people of Callan are united, and a blessing will attend the work now so happily progressing.—Waterford Citizen.

LIBERAL KATHOLICS.—It is certain that, for some reason or other, the word Whig has fallen into great disrepute among the Catholics of the United Kingdom, and particularly in that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland. If a commission of inquiry issued, and the Roman Catholic politicians of Ireland were examined before it, we all know what would happen in the great majority of cases.

To the question, Who art thou? the very first witness under examination might very probably reply, I am an Irishman and a Catholic. But if the Commissioner should then ask, What then, art thou a Whig? the answer would be, I am not. Art thou a Conservative? the answer would be, No. If then the Commissioner should press the point, and say, Who art thou, that we may give an answer to thee that art thou: what sayest thou of thyself? it is fifty to one that the answer would be: I am a member of the great Liberal party. For the sake of verbal accuracy it is therefore necessary always to bear in mind that an indignant repudiation of Whiggery among Catholics in Ireland is as a fact constantly combined with an open and self-satisfied profession of Liberalism. So far from having any wish to deny or to disguise the fact, we have frequently directed attention to it. Indeed, for the sake of verbal accuracy, and to humour the fancy of those who make the distinction, we almost always use both words together, and constantly speak of 'Whigs and Liberals' or of 'Whiggery and Liberalism,' when for substantial accuracy either of the two would be sufficient.

'The Liberal party'—wrote Frederick Lucas, 'in using this word Liberal we declare at the outset that we mean it as a term of reproach. As an historical expression, Liberalism conveys more accurately than any other a concentration of the foulest and most rabid illiberality, and endless thirst for spiritual intolerance and despotism. Such has been the Liberalism of other countries, and of these as well as of our times. It means an indifference to God's law where it may chance to interfere with politics. Of this Liberalism there is a taint in Ireland, more deeply seated in some places, more superficially in others. We are sorry to say that of Irish Catholic Liberalism a great part has this evil taint, this evil purpose, so deeply rooted as to be unknown, even to itself. The atmosphere which has been breathed by the Liberals of the more educated classes in Ireland is not poisonous merely, but a poison. It has tainted the purest natures. It has sapped Faith when it would otherwise have been impregnable. It has corrupted the strongest natural propensities towards religion, and with a pernicious harvest it has overborne the growth of that better seed which has not always been wanting.'

'They say that education is wanting in Ireland. True, most true, and for those who least suspect the want. The middle classes of Ireland need it.'—Tablet.

THE DRAMA AND THE ARMS ACT.—The members of the Young Men's Society in Moate are in the habit of giving theatrical representations twice a year. On the 21st of January last they entertained their fellow-townsmen in the Court-house with the performances, highly creditable and effective no doubt, Douglas and the Haunted Inn. The play of Douglas was better known to our grandfathers, or at all events to our fathers, than it is to us; but we know enough of it to remember that swords are included in the properties, and that Norval, if we are not mistaken, when indicating the lie of his father's residence upon the Grampians, has always been observed to mark with his sword the quarter of the scenes where the paternal hills are traceable. After the performers had done their worst upon each other with those implements of destruction, under the apparently not very jealous observation of the authorities, who had left the Court-house for the purpose, the audience dispersed, and the actors were left in possession not only of the stage, but of the house. The best portion of their armament had been carried away by the spirited townsman named Daly, who had equipped the combatants from his own armory, but for the evening only, and the unbuckled swords, including 'a broken foil about fourteen inches long,' of those of the actors who had a property in these instruments, were strewn upon the boards, when a sub-inspector of police, accompanied by a sergeant, appeared upon the scene, in the name of the law and representative of its offended majesty. We doubt not he surprised Douglas and Norval, although there is no record of the fact, in some such violation of the unities as indulgence in a short pipe of Tullamore tobacco; but, be that as it may, he swooped upon the owner of the fourteen-inch broken foil, and arrested him for the possession of arms without license in a proclaimed district. It is in incidents like these chiefly, and the Rathmore evictions, that we recognise the spirit of the system under which we live, in a way far more distinctive of our native country, and influential in her destinies, than the three wet seasons or Celtic improvidence. Vainly throughout Europe, if Ireland be excepted, will you look for a country subject to disarmings laws, administered as here, and similarly related to the spirit of its other laws and institutions. We ought to apologise, perhaps, for having left out Poland, and we hasten to supply the omission. The disarming laws are said to be social in their character, for the repression of agrarian crime, and so forth, and colourably so they are, but the spirit of the law is seen in its administration as the cases of Belfast and Moate can testify. Under the empire of the same laws, the Belfast Orangemen accumulate an armament, without even the show of opposition, the seizure of which, as stated to the public upon authority, could not be effected in one day by ten thousand men. In Moate, a broken foil of fourteen inches, the armament of amateur theatricals, cannot evade the vigilance of the police. We may be told what we may, but the disarming laws of Ireland are as strictly political and partisan in their spirit as they are in their administration. The seizure of the broken foil will be said, perhaps, to be the private folly of the sub-inspector of police, but even the mistakes of the police, when the mistake is an excess of zeal, are significant of the spirit of the law and of its administrators; for the police know how to make their characters, and how to pay their court to their superiors. The proceedings of the sub-inspector in Moate were technically irregular, but through no fault of his. If a formality neglected in the proclamation of the Crime and Outrage Act, to which the county of Westmeath is at present subject, had been complied with, or if legal proof of such proclamation had been available, the broken foil of the Moate Douglas would have been a perfectly lawful object of seizure by the police force, and its possession would have exposed the owner to the penalties attendant upon the carriage of arms in a proclaimed district. The only key to the activity of the law in Meath and to its collapse in Belfast is, that both are parts of the system which knows whom to attack and whom to respect. The Disarming Acts, it must be in the knowledge of the Government, have never hindered arms from being forthcoming when required for agrarian violence. They are not suffered by the local authorities to operate in Ulster for the prevention of Orange crime; but they are preserved, we suppose, as a sort of tonic for the whole Irish system, to diffuse a wholesome bitterness throughout every region of the body politic, and, like the patent medicines, to serve all contrary purposes together, being at once soothing, stimulant, good for inward and outward application, narcotic, irritant, refrigerant, cordial and everything, in fact, that can be expected of a remedy which is to supersede all others. We cannot say we are displeased when little incidents like that at Moate present themselves to illustrate the working and the spirit of the law. On the contrary, we think them worth noting for the benefit of political science, and by no means the least important appearance in the physiology of the Irish Administration.—Dublin Evening Post.

Your columns recently contained shocking disclosures of the sanitary condition of St. Petersburg as accounting for the pestilence which so often prevails in that city, and which has excited considerable alarm. I venture to say that it scarcely surpasses the state of things which has just been brought to light in the city of Cork by a report of the Sanitary Committee, which was read at a meeting of the Corporation on Wednesday. It is a wonder that a city the population of which lives in such a state is not constantly plague-stricken. The following is extracted from the report:—'The overcrowding of the wretched tenements in which they live, each house containing seven families, ranges in the aggregate, in some instances from 30 to 60 human beings, male and female, in each house, for which large rents are exacted by the landlords, who will not spend one penny in the cleansing or improvement of their houses, unless coerced by force of the law to do so. Your committee have learnt that a practice prevails among poor families occupying rooms in these houses, to underlet portions of their rooms to night lodgers, an evil which it appears to your committee might be met by the enforcement of the Lodginghouse Act. The want of drainage from the houses to the main sewers creates a polluted atmosphere and engenders disease. The utter absence of any accommodation in these tenements for the deposit and removal of the ordure of animal life induces the objectionable practice mentioned by the Rev. Mr. Maguire, and tends to lower and degrade the habits of the people. Your committee feel deeply impressed with the deplorable state of the poor in this respect, and they are unanimously of opinion that public water-closets and urinals should be extensively erected to meet this grievous want, which is a reproach to that city, and the fertile source of epidemic disease. Most of the dwellings of the poor in the centre of the city are without back yards, and many of the yards attached to dwellings are shut off from the inmates by the landlords, to save themselves the cost and trouble of keeping them repaired and clean. The occupiers of the houses are, therefore, obliged to throw the night-soil, ashes, and other refuse matter on the surface of the street or lane, which they frequently do, from the upper windows of the houses, thereby breaking up the pavements and causing lodgments of fetid filth, not only in the large holes thus made, but also in the joints between the stones, as by the constant throwing of water on them the gravel is forced out of the joints to such a depth that the scavenger's brush cannot reach the filth, which therefore remains in the apertures contaminating the air of the badly ventilated lanes and houses. Add to this the overcrowded state of most of the dwellings, in several of which there are six or eight, and, in some instances, ten families living, with six or eight, and frequently more, human beings in one apartment, which they use for washing and drying clothes, kitchen, living room, and sleeping room; and when we consider the almost total want of cleanliness and ventilation in those dwellings, particularly in the narrow lanes and alleys, you will not be surprised at the unhealthy condition of the occupants. There is not one in 50 of the dwellings of the poor provided with water-closet accommodation, even of the worst description. Most of them in the outlying districts—for instance, Bandon-road, Gill Abbey-street, Blarney-lane, Fair-lane, York-street, and several others similarly circumstanced—have a very rudely constructed drain running under the hall to the open channel in the street, so close to the flooring that in most houses the covering flags of the sewer form the flooring of the hall, and in nearly all cases the joints of the flags are more or less open, thereby constantly emitting and distributing through the house a most offensive and sickening effluvia, particularly at night, when the doors and windows are shut and the inmates are asleep in their beds. Not only in the yards abutting the wretched dwellings these foul manure depots were formed and continued; but owing to the exertions of our late Mayor, Mr. Maguire, this great evil has been considerably diminished, and the good results initiated by him are steadily persevered in. Independently of the numerical diminution in those manure deposits, they are materially decreased in quantity; from being large heaps, in some instances six feet in height, the reeking and festering collection of weeks, they are now reduced, in the majority of instances, through the vigilance of Mr. Walker and his subordinates, to the collection of a few days, and their removal is strictly enforced.'

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—Dublin, April 22.—I am enabled to send you to-day the programme to be observed at the opening of the Dublin International Exhibition, 1865, on Tuesday, the 9th of May:—

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by their Excellencies the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Wodehouse, and attended by their respective suites, will arrive at the Exhibition building at 2 o'clock, and will be received by the reception committee and conducted to the dais, the orchestra performing the National Anthem. When his Royal Highness and their Excellencies have taken their seats, an address from the Exhibition Committee will be presented to his Royal Highness, and the Prince having replied, the orchestra will perform 'With one consent let all the earth.' The Chairman of the Executive Committee will then read to his Royal Highness a report of the proceedings of the committee, and his Royal Highness having replied, the Chairman will present to his Royal Highness a catalogue of the articles exhibited, and the Secretary of the Exhibition Committee will present to his Royal Highness the key of the building. The orchestra will then perform Handel's 'Coronation Anthem.' After which the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of Dublin, in his robes of office, accompanied by the members of the Corporation in their civic dresses, will present an address from the Corporation of the City

of Dublin; to which his Royal Highness will reply. The choir will then sing Haydn's 'The heavens are telling.' This having been concluded, a procession will be formed, and will conduct his Royal Highness through the building.' It is expected that the Duke of Cambridge will be present at the opening, and in that case, of course, his place will be next to the Prince of Wales. At the meeting of the Dublin Corporation yesterday a letter was read from Mr. O. E. Bagot, secretary to the Executive Committee of the Dublin International Exhibition, to the Lord Mayor, informing his Lordship that it was arranged that an address from the Corporation to the Prince of Wales should be presented to his Royal Highness in the Exhibition building on the opening day, and that places would be reserved for his Lordship and such members of the Corporation as desired to be present at the inauguration of the Exhibition. An address to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of the visit of his Royal Highness to open the Exhibition, which was unanimously adopted by the committee of the whole house, was brought up for confirmation by the Council. Its adoption was moved by Mr. Warren, seconded by Dr. Ryan, and unanimously adopted. The Lord Mayor expressed a wish in his official capacity that the public buildings of Dublin should be illuminated on the night of the Prince's arrival. Mr. Henry Russell has published in a very neat and convenient form the whole of the vocal music to be used at the inauguration ceremony. The chorus and band will include nearly 1,000 performers, and the conductor will be Mr. Joseph Robinson. The musical portion of the programme is expected to be the most complete and splendid musical performance ever heard in Dublin.—Times's Cor.

The advent of the opening of the National Exhibition is already manifest in the active stir and bustle of preparation for the event. Hotels, lodging-houses, and most places of business seem in good cheer at the prospect of turning the occasion to their own profit. The presence of the Prince of Wales will, it is said, be honoured by general illuminations and various other tokens of hearty welcome.

EMIGRATION.—Nearly all the provincial papers received yesterday represent the emigration season as having set in with unusual vigor and briskness. The same description applies equally to portions of Ulster, as well as to nearly all the other provinces. Queenstown and Londonderry are the favorite points of departure, and America of course continues to be the land of adoption.

Last evening, says a recent number of the Cork Herald, there was one ship in the Queenstown harbor (the Alicia Anne), and even she would not be there but that she is detained by an Admiralty Court order. The port was never so destitute of trade within the recollection of the oldest shipbrokers in Queenstown, and this dearth of business has now existed for several months in a greater or less degree.

A late Munster News, speaking of emigration, says:—'Five hundred emigrants ran the risk of being drowned in one of the Liverpool liners, which left Queenstown on Thursday, April 14th, got into a fog, and drove on a rock off the Old Head of Kinsale. Fortunately, the sea was calm, or the whole five hundred might have perished.'

EMIGRATION.—Navan, Saturday.—Upwards of 30 young men and women left here to-day by rail for Dublin and Drogheda, en route to America and Queensland, the greater portion for the former colony. The exodus from this county is on the increase, as this is the third or fourth batch of emigrants who have left this locality during the past month.

The close of the American War will, it is apprehended eventuate in an emigration so vast as to exceed anything that has yet occurred in the alarming depopulation of Ireland. I fully share this apprehension, but I also expect that, through various influences, the tenant farmers of this country are likely to taste, almost for the first time, better treatment at the hands of their landlords, and the people generally kinder consideration from the British Government. Union now, and good leadership, if we had it, would extort several important concessions to Ireland. The relations of America and England, the alarming aspect of the Fenian element abroad, and the discontent at home, are such that no statesman can blindly ignore the dangers that impend, or fail to offer concessions with a view to attach loyal men to the stability of Constitutional Government.—Cor. Weekly Register.

MR. GLADSTONE AND FATHER MATHEW.—A people's edition of Mr. Maguire's 'Life of Father Mathew' is announced. Messrs Longman mention in their 'Quarterly List' that the following letter has been received by Mr. Maguire from the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—'I have enjoyed an unmixed pleasure in perusing your biography of Father Mathew. I am ashamed to think that, before you thus instructed me, I had, in common perhaps with many others, but a vague idea of his great excellence; and I did not know the great height of virtue and of holiness to which he had attained. The 'pledge' must, I think, be judged not so much upon its abstract measures as with reference to the frightful evil it was designed to meet; and thus Father Mathew himself is to be regarded, as with reference to the chief cause of his public celebrity, rather in the spirit than in the letter of the acts. But, so regarded, and so understood, what a glorious career it was of apostolic labour and self-sacrifice! And, even apart from the whole subject of temperance, what a character have you shown us, in that boundless love which caused him to show forth in deed and truth the 'beauty of holiness,' and to present to his fellow-creatures so much of the image of our blessed Saviour. I can truly congratulate you on having known and loved him; on having been able to write of him in a spirit of such intelligent sympathy; lastly, let me presume to say, on having composed your noble book, from one end of it to the other, as a true continuation of his living work, and in the very temper as towards God and men which he would have himself desired.'

Mr. John Rea, solicitor, member of the Belfast Town Council, and relator in the celebrated Chancery suit, has been found guilty of uttering a libel against Mr. Lytle, Mayor of Belfast, and was brought up for judgment in the Court of Queen's Bench yesterday. He put in an affidavit stating grounds for mitigation of punishment, in which he called Mr. Lytle a perjurer; he argued that he ought to have a new trial, that the Attorney-General should prosecute his antagonist, and that he should himself be discharged, and digressed into a variety of topics, which the Court declared to be irrelevant. At length the Court brought the unprofitable discussion to an end, and stated that sentence would be given on Saturday. It is said that Mr. Rea intends to bring the matter before the House of Lords.

The usual Easter Protestant meetings have set in, the session having been opened with that in support of the West Connaught Missions. I grieve to see the name and speech of Benjamin Lee Guinness in the proceedings, seconding the first resolution proposed by his son-in-law, Hon. and Rev. Mr. Plunket, and in warm terms applauding that detestable and odious swindle the Connaught Missions. It so happens that I visited the Castlekirke Reaping Station when in the height of its prosperity. Rev. Mr. O'Callaghan, an expelled student of Maynooth, being in charge, and Rev. Major Dallas, being the Director-General of the Proselytising Brigade in Connaught, and a grosser swindle, a more demoralising agency did not defile the soil of Ireland than that which has elicited the warmest applause of the reputed Liberal B. L. Guinness. I promise you that this act of Mr. Guinness will rouse, as it should, Catholic indignation to muster popular strength, if not to defeat him, at least to reprobate with their hostile votes at the forthcoming election the conduct of a man who would approve a traffic infinitely more odious than that once carried on in the slave marts of Carolina.—Dublin Cor. of Weekly Register.

ST. MARY'S TRAINING SCHOOLS, DUBLIN.—The Grand Bazaar.—The deep and wide-spread distress, which is driving our poor people from the land to which they had hitherto clung with such fond tenacity, is well calculated to depress the most buoyant minds, and has cast a gloom over the naturally cheerful character of Irishmen.

Our advertising columns contain a list of the prizes, which are certainly very numerous and of the most attractive and valuable description, so that performing a most meritorious act by the buyer of a ticket has a chance of winning, for instance, a phaeton and a pair of ponies or a piano for sixpence, and the holder of the free ticket presented with each book of 20, several of which he may pass among his friends, may become the possessor of a complete library of about 200 vols. in a handsome book-case, or one of the other prizes of the separate drawing.

The execution of Michael Lynch for the murder of his father took place yesterday morning at Cork, in front of the county jail. As nearly ten years had elapsed since the last execution in that city, and in that case the victim was not a Cork man, an immense crowd, estimated at 10,000 people, was attracted to the scene, partly, no doubt, from curiosity to witness the novel spectacle, and partly from the domestic tragedy attending the crime, which was a domestic tragedy of the sensational class—the deliberate murder of a father on a lonely highway at midnight, by a young man of 28, who wished to avenge his mother's wrongs.

The convict Lynch, executed on Thursday, betrayed a hardened state of feeling—almost fensidish. The Cork Constitution says:—'To supplication he was deaf. What his clergy could do they did; but with what little effect may be judged from his answer to one who urged his attention to them;—'No! I sent my father to Hell, and I will go there myself.' This is terrible, but we are told that it is true.'

About nine o'clock on the night of the 15th (April) over 400 Orangemen, with fires and drums, came from the county of Down, and marched through the town of Lisburne. No disturbance took place, but on leaving they fired several shots. They were closely watched by the police, but as to whether they can identify any of the party in the procession or not I could not ascertain.—Freeman Correspondent.

TENANT RIGHT.—There will be a great county meeting in Navan, on Wednesday next, under the presidency of the high sheriff, to adopt a petition to parliament in favour of tenant right. Honour to the men of Meath; their voice is always heard in favour of justice.

The Louth election eventuated, as I predicted, in the return of Tristram Kennedy, and the defeat of Orangeism. There can be no doubt that this event will exercise a large influence on other constituencies. The approaching Meath meeting is only the precursor of a general uprising of the long-silent populace throughout the country. Some influential individuals having, as I before intimated to you, suggested some modifications in the terms and details of the National Association, the committee of that body have, most wisely expressed their readiness to receive those parties at their meeting of the committee on the 28th inst., with a view to mutual explanation, and the cordial union of all Liberals upon the broad basis of the three charter points of the Association. As the best spirit pervades both sides, union and strength are sure to follow from the interview. The Association is preparing simultaneous petitions on the education question, so as to be in time to support The O'Donoghue's motion for a Charter for the Catholic University, which motion he has further postponed, owing to the opening of the Dublin Exhibition on the 9th prox., the day fixed for him to move it. All the friends to the University are deeply gratified at the decision arrived at by the English Hierarchy adverse to the foundation of a Catholic college in connection with Oxford or Cambridge.—Ibid.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ARMY CHAPLAINS.—A return has been prepared in pursuance of an order of the House of Commons, made on the motion of Mr. Whalley, showing the appropriation as between Protestants and Roman Catholics of the vote for army chaplains in the Estimates of the present Session. The vote for the payment of commissioned chaplains to the force is £21,417, £17,380, will go to 68 Protestant chaplains, and £4,037 to 18 Roman Catholics. There is a further vote of £19,143 for allowances to the officiating clergymen to the troops, and of this sum £11,619 will go to Protestant clergymen, and £7,524 to Roman Catholics—namely, in Great Britain, £5,192 to Protestants, and £3,372 to Roman Catholics; in Ireland, £2,018 to Protestants, and £2,043 to Roman Catholics; and in the colonies, £4,409 to Protestants, and £2,109 to Roman Catholics. There is also a vote of £1,401 for chaplains of military prisons; Protestant clergymen receive £1,216, and Roman Catholics £185. The result of the whole is £30,215 to Protestant clergymen; £11,746 to Roman Catholics.—Times.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.—Various rumours and surmises, all of them equally unfounded are naturally floated in Protestant as well as in Catholic circles, as to the appointment of a successor to our great Cardinal, deceased. It is almost unnecessary to state that no layman is or can be in possession of any certain information on a point of so much interest to us all. Nor, supposing anyone to be acquainted with the name of the Archbishop of Westminster elect, or with the names nominated by the Chapter of Westminster and sent to Rome for the approval of the Holy See, could he make such information prematurely public without a gross breach of duty, and a flagrant impropriety. It is however no premature revelation to state that the name of Monsignor Manning is on the lips of many, and to their opinion we ourselves incline. Our reasons we cannot explain. Time will show, nor will our suspense be of long duration. The Church of Westminster is not (happily) situated in the domains of a Victor Emmanuel or any such Catholic potentate, who can protect the widowhood of a diocese and of a province. We await the provision of the supreme authority in as calm and dutiful confidence that the best selection will be made, as that such provision will have due course and take effect without any extraneous or unwarrantable interference.—Weekly Register.

THE LAST NO-POPEY BUBBLE.—A new bubble has just flashed before the eyes of Mr. Newdegate—'A bubble bright as ever hove, Blew from fancy or from soap.'

It is a very topping bubble, a big bubble, a promising bubble every way. If it had only been blown to its full magnitude it would have been quite a godsend to a certain class of Christians. But unluckily the bubble broke before Mr. Newdegate or the Protestant Alliance could turn it to account, and there is too much reason to fear that nothing can ever be made of it. This will be a source of great regret to many. The truth as far as the papers give it, may be thus summed up:—Early on the morning of Sunday week, a girl in Covent dress and carrying a bundle, presents herself at a railway station, and inquired where she can get breakfast. Being referred to a neighboring inn, she rouses the landlord and represents herself as a runaway Nun, escaped from a dreadful nunnery, and resolved at all hazards never to peril her liberty again, or to brave the dangers, moral and physical, of the New Hall Convent. Kindly taken in by the host and placed under the care of the hostess, she begs to change her Covent dress for a plain one, and by her remarks and appearance leaves the impression that she is in a condition not generally considered respectable in an unmarried woman. But one inference could be drawn from that circumstance. She had been in the Convent since the 11th of June last, and having never left it, or been in the society of any of its inmates, nothing could be clearer than her conviction was due to the acts and immoralities of her spiritual advisers, one or more of them. She described the proceedings in the Convent as being everything that they should not be, and related how she had contrived to escape from a window during the night.

Now this, it must be confessed, is a very exciting story, and if we were a Protestant association or a member for North Warwickshire, we should wish nothing better in the way of testimony to the need of a Government inquiry into the management of nunneries, and a periodical inspection of them. Does not the case prove unmistakably how cruelly girls are kept in those dark institutions against their will? How dangerously their virtue is tampered with? And what wickedness is perpetrated under the pretence of sanctity and retirement from the vanities of the world? Is it possible to conceive a more telling case. Here is a living witness. Who will dispute the facts? Had the discovery not been made a month ago, the girl might have been produced on the floor of the House of Commons, to lend force and conviction to the vehemence of Mr. Whalley, and to back up the demands of Mr. Newdegate.

Unfortunately for these zealous gentlemen the story turns out to be not true. The girl's evidence is not worth a rush beside the counter-statement of Priores of New Hall. From that lady's published letter it appears that this young woman was not a Nun at all, but a cook; that she was not detained against her will, but was on the point of being sent away for unsatisfactory conduct; that the appearance of pregnancy was caused by the number of stolen articles disposed about her body; that she had been suspected of theft, and that acts of theft had been brought home to her; and that, in short, her story is a tissue of lies, and unworthy of credence. Whether this straightforward statement, made before a county magistrate, and backed by a neighboring physician, will satisfy the ultra Protestants is doubtful, but we think that it will commend itself to every reasonable man who is not bitten with a rabid desire to make out a case against Roman Catholics and their institutions. We have nothing to say in defence of conventual societies. They are utterly foreign to the tone of the English mind, but they are acceptable to a certain class of people, and we do not see why such persons are to be disturbed in the exercise of the religious liberty which enables them to adopt a system of religious improvement. If we allow people to be Roman Catholics at all, it appears that we must allow them to have all the institutions of their religion. Undoubtedly gross cases of abuse have been brought to light in some convents here and abroad, but no system is without abuses, and those charged upon monasticism are probably not greater than those which have sometimes disgraced institutions founded on the purest type of Protestantism. As a general rule, attacks upon these sorts of institutions come from persons of damaged character, and it is wise not to take evil reports without proof positive. Let us by all means guard against every abuse, and uphold the highest possible standard, but let not sensible people elevate every discarded servant to the rank and mischief of Maria Monk.—Morning Post.

THE ORIGIN OF SOAP.—The application of soap as a detergent is not of high antiquity. Like other useful things, electric communication, for instance, it seems to have been known as a fact for a considerable time before it was turned to its most serviceable account. Soap at first was merely a cosmetic for smoothing the hair and brightening the complexion. When once its valuable detergent powers were discovered—doubtless by accident—its employment spread rapidly. Numerous soap manufacturers sprang up in Italy, notably in the little seaport town of Saronna, near Genoa, whence the French name of soap 'savon.' The manufacture spread in Spain and France. Marseilles became famous for its marble soaps. Our word 'soap' may come from the Latin 'sapo,' which is mentioned by Pliny as an invention of the Gauls. As woollen garments preceded linen, so the fuller's art [for cleansing, scouring, and pressing cloths and stuffs] is older than the washerwoman's, being due, it appears, to one Nicias, the son of Hermias. His grand discovery would be the employment of an earth, since named after the persons who use it. The Roman fullers, who washed dirty togas, were persons of no little importance. Their trade, and the manner of carrying it on, were regulated by laws, such as the Lex Metella de Fullonibus. At one time fuller's earth [found of a very superior quality in Staffordshire, Bedfordshire, and other English counties] was considered so indispensable for the dressing of cloth that, to prevent foreigners from rivaling English fabrics, it was made a contraband commodity, and its exportation made equally criminal with the heinous and wicked export of wool. How completely public opinion has changed. No weathercock could make a more perfect gyration from north to south, from east to west. What is it criminal to export now! Convicts and contraband of war, perhaps; but certainly not harmless earth and wool.—Dickens's All The Year Round.

Scotland consumes annually nearly 1,000,000 gallons of whiskey more than Ireland.

It has long since been discovered that the Puritans made a great mistake in cutting their hair short, eschewing gay apparel, talking through the nose, and so swearing mince-pies. They ought to have put on a holiday look, and announced their millennium with plenty of good cheer. It is impossible to say what men will not pledge themselves to as they sit under banners and evergreens eat plum-cake, and drink tea and coffee. The inspiration derived from these stimulants, though not formidable to the Queen's peace or to the morals of society, is singularly seductive and entralling. It enables men to engage themselves cheerfully in projects that appal the most arbitrary rulers and the most enterprising statesmen. Last Wednesday a thousand gentlemen sat down to a magnificent and well-furnished banquet at Manchester for the purpose of thereby influencing the coming election with a view to the total suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquors. They most honestly believe that they will be able to extinguish utterly the sale, and therefore the home manufacture and the importation, of wine, spirits, and malt liquor. They should be able to persuade a large number of people to put themselves under this rule is likely enough, and we must add, very desirable, for of those that have the means more or by excess than for injudicious abstinence. But the method in which the result is to be obtained is not persuasion or a moral appeal. A new principle and a new power are to be introduced in our law and social system utterly repugnant to our customs and even our constitution. These amiable innovators propose to give every man's own neighbors, whoever they may be, absolute authority to decide whether he shall have a public house within his reach, or shall shall otherwise be allowed to obtain a glass of the forbidden drink. If a man cannot afford to keep a barrel of beer on the tap or a cellar of wine, he depends on the publichouse; and this is the case of many people far above the laboring class. It is the case of all small people. The public house saves the cost and risk, and temptation of a constant stock above their daily wants. But these quiet holiday folks at Manchester propose to give the majority of a parish the power to shut up the publichouse, and compel the thirsty soul or the hard worker to lay in a cellar of his own, or, if he cannot, to confine himself to tea, coffee, ginger-beer, lemonade, or barley-water. But this, it is avowed, is only a step to a more perfect state of things. It is the total suppression of the liquor traffic that is aimed at; in fact, the Maledonian prohibition of wine or other spirituous drink. We can go a great way with these good people, but not to the length of prohibition, not the substitution of an illicit traffic and illicit houses for open dealing and the 'publichouses'; not to the erection of the most odious and intolerable tribunal ever devised, that of a man's own neighbors to control his diet and his social habits.—London Times.

THE ROAD MURDER.—A Strange Story.—The proverb 'Murder will out' has often been discredited in our time by the lasting mystery which has enveloped great crimes but an event has now occurred which will recall it to every mind. The 'Road Murder,' that dark deed which filled the country with amazement and painful curiosity five years ago, and the incidents of which were studied as a dreadfully fascinating problem in every household, seems now likely to receive a full explanation. Yesterday Miss Constance Kent, one of the unfortunate family, and a young lady only 21 years of age, surrendered at Bow-street and made a voluntary confession of the crime. She entered into no details, and as the magistrate had no jurisdiction except to send the case to be investigated in Wiltshire, he made no inquiries save as to the genuineness and the freedom of the confession. All, therefore, we know is that Constance Kent, who was the first object of suspicion on the discovery of the crime, now declares that she, and she alone, was guilty, and that the murder of the child Francis Saville Kent, which brought suspicion on more than one head and wrought such misery to an entire household, was her own unaided work.

Although the circumstances were so long discussed and were examined with such minuteness at the time, yet as five years have elapsed a short summary of the facts may be acceptable. At Road-house, in Wiltshire, lived Mr. Kent, an inspector of factories. He had been twice married. His family by the first wife consisted of three daughters and a son, the two elder daughters being grown-up young women, and the third—Constance—a girl of 16; the son William was about 15. By the second wife he had three children; a daughter five years old; a son, Francis Saville Kent, nearly four years old, and another daughter still younger. On the night of the 29th of June, 1860, the inmates of the house were Mr. and Mrs. Kent, the seven children we have mentioned, and three servants, a cook, a housemaid, and Elizabeth Gough, the nurse. During that night the child Francis was taken out of his cot, strangled, stabbed, his throat was cut, and his body, wrapped in a blanket which had been drawn out from over him, was thrown down a privy belonging to the house. From that time until yesterday it has been a profound mystery who committed the deed. All the skill, perseverance, and acuteness which justice could employ for the detection of the crime were baffled completely. So wholly did every clue which might lead to the truth fail, that the public was reduced to deal in vague suspicions which it now seems were most unjust and cruel. But when the details of the matter are considered, we cannot wonder either that the popular excitement in the neighbourhood should have reached almost to frenzy, or that both the unhappy father and the nurse should have been the objects of undeserved indignation. It was impossible to believe but that the murder was committed by some one in the house. Evidence was, indeed, given respecting the opening of a drawing-room window, but what possible inducement could there be for a stranger to penetrate into a dwelling-house merely for the sake of destroying an unoffending infant? Of these twelve persons, then, who were in the house, which was the murderer? The disposition of the bedrooms was as follows: on the first floor slept Mr. and Mrs. Kent, with the eldest of the infant children; in an adjoining room, the nurse, Elizabeth Gough, with Francis and the other child, Francis being in a little cot by herself; on the second floor, the two grown-up daughters slept together, Constance in a room by herself, William in a room by himself, and the cook and housemaid together in another room. The nurse, then, was in the closest relation with the murdered child during the night; but it was possible that any other member of the family might have entered the room and made away with him while she slept. Early in the morning the nurse, according to her own statement, missed the child, but thought that his mother might have come in and taken him away to her own room, especially as he had been unwell and had taken some medicine the night before. About half-past seven o'clock she knocked at her mistress's door and inquired about the child, and when it appeared that he was not there the alarm was given and search was made. As the child was not to be found in the house or the shrubbery, Mr. Kent drove over to Trowbridge to give notice to the police, ordering the servants to continue their search. While he was gone some people from the village came in to help in the search, and the end of it was that the child's body, with its nightgown on and wrapped in a blanket, was found in the soil of the privy. There were, according to the subsequent evidence, marks of strangulation, there was a stab in the side, a wound in the breast, and the throat was cut from ear to ear.—Times.

LONDON, April 26.—The news of the assassination of President Lincoln has been received with universal sympathy and regret, and been followed by severe fluctuations in all descriptions of securities, owing to the distrust as to the unfitness of his successor, Vice-President Johnson.—Times.

The shipment of the Atlantic cable is conducted with the greatest despatch.

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.—In 1861, the latest year for which the returns are complete, 75-4 men in England among every 100 who were married in the year, 89-39 in Scotland, signed their names in full upon the marriage register, the rest having to make their marks. The proportion who signed their names in full among every 100 women married in the year was 65-3 in England and 78-7 in Scotland. Year after year the returns show that in Scotland the number of women who can write is greater than even the number of men who can write in England. A larger proportion both of men and of women in the mainland rural districts of Scotland were able to sign their names in 1861 than the proportion in the towns; in some of the towns there is a large number of Irish immigrants. But notwithstanding the foregoing figures, the Scottish registers distinguish 9-28 per cent. of the births in the year as illegitimate, and the English registers only 6-3 per cent.

THE READERS OF THE DAILY PRESS CLASSIFIED BY THE 'OMER'.—The Times—Peers, Members of Parliament (except Messrs. Cobden and Bright) Lawyers, Clergymen, Professional men and Mechanics, Mining Agents, Stockbrokers, Literary men and Artists.

Morning Post—Government Clerks, Sporting Noblemen, Military men, Mrs. Camp, Ladies who give and go to fashionable parties, and persons who do not desire to add to their stock of ideas.

Morning Herald—All those who prefer to pay 3d. for what they may read in the Standard for 1d.

Morning Advertiser—Mr. Whalley, M.P., Publicans, Potboys, persons who look for Mrs's nests (and find them) Mr. Spurgeon and the Emperor of the French.

Standard—Professional men who think 3d too much for the Times, Merchants, Tradesmen, City Clerks, and the respectable Middle Class.

Star—Messrs. Cobden and Bright, and persons who think the Northern States of America are fighting for blacks, and others of similar calibre.

Daily Telegraph—Tailors, Quack Doctors, Swindlers, Money Lenders, Fast Men, Members of the demi-monde, Adventurers, Pot-House Orators, &c.

THE LIMIT OF INVINCIBLE IGNORANCE.—No one can be saved in the next life, who has not been justified in this—who is not, at the moment of his death, clothed in habitual grace: but all clothed in habitual grace appertain to the soul of the Church, even though external to her body. Then, further, no adult can be saved without the exercise of Divine faith. But Divine faith cannot be exercised, except on objects Divinely revealed; no adult, therefore, can be saved except by means of firmly believing certain verities taught by the Church. Up to this point, then, all theologians are in absolute accordance: no one can be saved who, at the moment of death, is external to the soul of the Church, and no adult can be saved except through firm belief in some portions at least of her doctrine. But there are two controverted questions, which bear most importantly on the hopes of a non-Catholic. Some writers have maintained that belief in the Church's infallibility is a strictly necessary condition of true faith; and if this were once admitted, it would follow, of course, that no single non-Catholic adult could be saved, however invincible his ignorance might be. For ourselves, on the contrary, we entirely concur with Mr. Manning's statement that 'the infallible authority of the Church does not enter of necessity into the act of faith'; though it is the 'Divine provision for the perfection and perpetuity of faith, and the ordinary means whereby men are enlightened in the revelation of God.' But here a second question comes in. It is absolutely indubitable that certain doctrines must be explicitly believed, in order to salvation; in such sense that no individual can possibly be saved without such belief. Many theologians have included the Trinity and Incarnation in this list, so that on their view no single Sabellian, Arian, Nestorian, Eutychian, can be saved, however free he may be from formal sin in embracing one of those heresies. But here again our own humble opinion is altogether on the more lenient side. It cannot, indeed, possibly be denied that belief in One God, and in a future state of reward or punishment is necessary (Heb. xi. 6), but that an adult's disbelief in these doctrines cannot be imputable. And our own opinion is in accordance with the theologians [such as Lugio] who teach that those adults who, with full divine faith, believe these two great doctrines, and who are invincibly ignorant of the rest, may obtain salvation, if they make faithful use of the means at their disposal; especially of frequent and fervent prayer.—We hold, indeed, most firmly, that by so acting they will be brought, flying as it were on eagle's wings, ever nearer to the fulness of light and truth. But their first act of sovereign love or perfect contrition has invested them with habitual grace; that grace is never lost unless they commit mortal sin; and they will not commit mortal sin, if they are constant in prayer, and if they make such earnest effort, in co-operation with grace, as is abundantly within their power. Lastly, as to invincible ignorance.—Ignorance of Catholicism may be 'proximately' or 'remotely' vincible. Our own impression is [but we speak with very great diffidence] that in England such ignorance is not very often proximately vincible; or, in other words, that the cases are comparatively rare in which a Protestant has the power of knowing for certain at once, here and now, his duty of submitting to the Church. But we also believe that in a great majority of cases the Protestant's ignorance is remotely, even when not proximately, vincible. We believe that in a great majority of instances, if he chose to act with reasonable faithfulness on those truths which he now possesses, he would in due time, and that time, indeed, probably a short one, arrive at the knowledge of Catholicism. Suarez, following St. Augustine, observes, with profound truth, that the two chief causes of heresy are worldliness and pride; and it is our own grievous fear—so deplorably are Protestants in general trained—that great multitudes of our fellow-countrymen are kept back from Gospel light, through being so miserably immersed in these two interior sins. Now as to those whose ignorance is thus remotely vincible—how far they are implicated in the precise sin of disobeying God's precept of submission to the Church, we have no room here to inquire: for ourselves, we undoubtedly think that they are. But this at all events is certain—and it is all which practically concerns our purpose—that if they die in such a state they have no hope of salvation. In the first place, we should contend energetically [had we room for entering on the inquiry] that such pride and worldliness are mortal sins of the greatest gravity; and secondly, at all events these men have no such belief even in the doctrines which they hold, as can, with any colour of reason or plausibility, be called Divine faith: the sum of our statements, however, has been, that on the whole our own humble opinion on the salubility of non-Catholicism is among the most hopeful of those which Catholic theology permits.—Dublin Review.

DAY FOR MARRIAGE.—There is a remarkable peculiarity in the Scottish people, says the Registrar-General—their fondness for marrying on the last day of the year. There are more marriages in Scotland on that day than in any week of the year, excepting, of course, the week in which that day occurs. The detailed returns for 1861 have just been issued, and the number of marriages in the eight principal towns would average some 25 a day—that is to say, a work day, for marrying is one of the things not to be done in Scotland on Sunday—but the Registrar-General states that, in fact, there are between 400 and 600 marriages in those towns on the 31st December. By another curious usage, a large proportion of these marriages are not registered until January, making that appear a favourite month for marriage which it is not.

The Queen has written a private letter to Mrs. Lincoln, expressing her deepest sympathy for her irreparable loss.

DEATH OF A REPUTED EARL, 'BOOTE' IN AN AUSTRALIAN HOTEL.—Some little time since we gave the particulars of a supposed discovery in this district of the heir of an earldom in the person of a man who had been working as a kind of 'generally useful' at the hotel at Cookendina, and it was stated that, pending preliminaries which were to instal him as Earl of Stafford with £13,000 a year, a remittance had been sent him through Mr. Forbes, the crown prosecutor, of £100 for present purposes. This sum unfortunately, was dissipated by the reputed earl in a few days, and one result was that it brought on a return of an old complaint in the form of heart disease. This seems to have increased in its symptoms and the man, who was named Wilfred Stafford Cholmondeley Perrott, was brought into Albury for medical treatment. It proved to be too late, for after a few hours, and while sitting quietly in a chair he suddenly died. He appears not to have had a shilling left, but on him and scattered about were a number of papers, some of which may be useful in tracing the correctness of the earliship. Singularly enough one of the papers were in his handwriting, and was a prepared announcement of his own death, it running, 'Died this day, of disease of the heart, W. Perrott.' There was nothing to indicate when it was written, but it goes to prove that the deceased was aware of the affliction which was to take him from this world.

AN IRISHMAN AND HIS WIVES.—On Saturday at the Police court an Irish laboring man named Patrick Sampey, was brought in custody before Mr. Raffles, on the charge of bigamy; but it appeared from the prisoner's own statement that he had committed the still more aggravated offence of polygamy. Two of the wives were in court. James Molloy, a man living at Walsall, in Staffordshire, deposed that the prisoner, on the 28th of March 1859, was married to his sister Anna, at St. Matthew's Parish Church, Walsall. He represented himself as a widower. Prisoner left his sister and went away, a fortnight after he had been married. Catherine Kavey deposed that she was married to the prisoner on the 8th of April, 1861, at St. Nicholas's Roman Catholic Chapel, in this town. He represented himself as a single man. She had four children by him, and he was a very good husband. Police officer #22 stated that the prisoner was given into his custody on the 9th instant, charged by his wife with having married another woman. The prisoner said he had four wives, but he had been only married to two legally. The prisoner said he wished to make a statement about the matter. He said he had been married when he was fourteen years of age, and he was thirty-three. He was married to Mary O'lon, who went off to Congleton and 'who lived on the side of the top of the hill.' He was married by Father MacDonogh at Teolore, county Roscommon, Ireland. Mr. Rallo—Do you mean to say any priest would marry you at that age? Prisoner—I don't know, sir; but they told me so. Mr. Raffles—Do you mean to say that the sister of that man is your wife? Prisoner—I dare say she is. I could not live with her. There was nothing bad enough she could not bear upon my head. I left her in a state in which I was unfit to work, and I went into the workhouse. When I came out I thought it would be better to have a wife, thinking she would never come after me. It was a lion's den for me to be with her. It is not money nor fortune I got by any of them.—Mr. Raffles ordered that the prisoner should be remanded for seven days, but said he would admit him to bail in two sureties of £25 each. His worship instructed Mr. Kehoe to write in the meantime to the priest in Ireland, making inquiry as to the truth of prisoner's statement with respect to having been married by a priest under the circumstances stated.—Liverpool Advertiser.

EFFECT OF THE AMERICAN NEWS IN LIVERPOOL.—Notwithstanding the strong sympathy which has always existed in Liverpool for the South, the news of the surrender of Lee was received with general satisfaction, the Confederate cause having for some time past been considered hopeless. A considerable impetus has been given to business. Cotton, sugar, pig iron, &c., have benefited, and there is an increased feeling of confidence in commercial circles.

HOX. MRS. YELVERTON.—It is with deep regret we state that this ill-fated lady is in a highly dangerous state of health. It was hoped several days ago that she had seen the worst, and beyond all doubt she was giving evidence of an improvement; on Thursday last, however, the fever returned, and since then she has been very much worse. Last night the gravest apprehensions were felt by those in attendance upon her.—Caledonian Mercury.

THE PRITCHARD CASE.—A few days we were enabled to state that the report of the medical men on the chemical analysis on the remains of Mrs. Taylor, conducted here, would be received in Glasgow at the end of the week, and would be of a tenour to show that the deceased lady did not die a natural death. The report was sent to Glasgow on Thursday, and we understand that it ascribes the death of Mrs. Taylor, in common with that of Mrs. Pritchard, to the effects of antimony.—Scotsman.

UNITED STATES.

THE FUTURE RELATIONS OF SLAVES AND THEIR OWNERS.—The New York Times says that General Haristuff, at Petersburg, has begun to experience the danger that the released negro slaves misapprehend their position and their duties. Many of them, it seems, are deluding themselves with the idea that they are entitled to live with and be supported by their former owners, without being required to labor. Not the least painful feature of this state of things comes of the fact that these emancipated slaves are encouraged in this view of their rights by ignorant white men, who have made themselves apostles of the doctrine—which is by no means confined to a small class—that the negro must be protected and defended in idleness, if he choose to be idle. General Schofield and General Haristuff promise to make short work of this delusion.—Boston Journal.

Washington, 9th.—President Johnson has issued a proclamation declaring that, whereas armed resistance to the authority of the government in certain States heretofore declared to be in insurrection, may be regarded as virtually at an end, and persons by whom that resistance was as well as the operation of the insurgent cruisers were directed, are fugitives and captives; and whereas it is understood that some of those cruisers are still infesting the high seas, and others are preparing to capture, burn and destroy vessels of the United States, he enjoins all naval, military and civil officers of the U.S. diligently to endeavor, by all lawful means, to arrest the said cruisers, and to bring them into a port of the U.S., in order that they may be prevented from committing further depredations on commerce, and that the persons on board of them may no longer enjoy impunity for their crimes; and he further proclaims and declares that, if, after a reasonable time shall have elapsed for this proclamation to become known in the ports of nations claiming to have been neutral, the said insurgent cruisers and the persons on board of them shall continue to receive hospitality in the said ports, this government will deem itself justified in refusing hospitality to the public vessels of such nations in ports of the United States, and in adopting such other measures as may be deemed advisable toward vindicating the national sovereignty.

Approved officers who join the filibustering expedition to Mexico are to receive a bounty of \$2,000 in gold. Who promises the 'gold'? Not Juarez, for he is forced to pay his own way with paper, redeemable in coin when his government is re-established in the city of Mexico.

There is no question of the fact that Mexican privateers will soon be harassing French commerce.—Four letters of marque have been issued by President Juarez for the Pacific, and a similar number for the Atlantic coast. The vessels will probably start out at Baltimore and San Francisco.

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
At No. 369, Notre Dame Street, by
J. GILLIES,
G. E. CLERK, Editor.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:
To all country subscribers, Two Dollars. If the subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year then, in case the paper be continued, the terms shall be Two Dollars and a-half.
To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a-half, in advance; and if not renewed at the end of the year, then, if we continue sending the paper, the subscription shall be Three Dollars.
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We beg to remind our Correspondents that no letters will be taken out of the Post-Office, unless prepaid.

MONTEAL, FRIDAY, MAY 19.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.
MAY—1865.

Friday, 19—St. Peter Celestin, P.O.
Saturday, 20—St. Bernardin of Sienna, C.
Sunday, 21—First after Easter, St. Paschal;
Monday, 22—Rog. SS. Soter and Cains, M.M.
Tuesday, 23—Rog. St. George, M.
Wednesday, 24—Rog. Notre Dame de Bonsecours.
Thursday, 25—Ascension, Oul.
The "Forty Hours" Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament will commence as follows:—
Friday, 19—St. John Ohrysostom.
Sunday, 21—St. Henry, Tanneries des Rollands.
Tuesday, 23—N. D. de Bonsecours, Montreal.
Thursday, 25—St. Columban.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

No events of political importance to Europe are to be found in the latest journals. In Great Britain the excitement caused by the tidings of the cowardly murder of Mr. Lincoln was deep and universal, and had evoked a demonstration of sympathy with the North, from men of all classes and shades of politics. A great meeting was held in London on the 29th ult., at which, we are sorry to see, Mr. Stansfield, M.P., assisted, and took a leading part.—The name of this gentleman will be familiar to many of our readers as that of Mazzini's friend and confidant in England, through whom the arch-prophet of assassination, the high priest of the dagger, carried on his clandestine and nefarious correspondence with his agents in France. Very absurd therefore was it to hear such a one as this Mr. Stansfield, declaiming against the crime of assassination, and venting feigned horror of a deed to which his bosom friend Mazzini did his best in the case of Gallenga and Charles Albert to furnish a counterpart. If, as Mr. Stansfield asserted, for the murder of Mr. Lincoln, "history could produce no parallel," it is simply because the courage of Gallenga, Mazzini's agent, was not equal to the task assigned him; and because the aim of the scoundrel assassin Ageslao Milano, whose mother and sisters Garibaldi pensioned, failed him at the moment of trial. It is indeed sickening to witness the affected horror with which the partisans of the Revolution in Italy, a movement inaugurated by the cowardly assassination of Rossi, and carried on by such men as Garibaldi and Mazzini, profess to be stirred by the equally brutal crimes of the villain Booth. The people of the Northern States feel this, and appreciating at its proper value the sympathy of English Liberals, look upon their expressed sympathy, but as a piece of solemn hypocrisy. That Englishmen in many instances do from the dictates of their own brave hearts, hate and scorn the assassin, is no doubt true; but this does not hold true of Liberals of any country, for in their eyes, as the *Globe* has it, treason or treachery against a despotic government is but a very venial offence; and assassination of a Popish prince is no offence at all, if we may judge from the sentiments which English Liberals openly express towards a Garibaldi and a Mazzini, the fautors of assassination.
The trial of the persons accused of conspiracy to murder Mr. Lincoln is going on at Washington, but with closed doors. This mockery of justice is exciting much comment even amongst the people of the Northern States, accustomed as they are to a despotic government, and tyranny in every form. The Federal army is about to be reduced to 160,000 men, of whom the majority will be negroes. As the chief occupation of this army will be for some time to maintain "order" *a la Russe* in the Southern States, we can see the policy of its peculiar composition.—The Southern whites, male and female, are to be placed beneath the feet of the negro. The policy of the Central Government towards the conquered States is not yet fully declared; but under one form or another they will have to be governed as provinces or dependencies, with the aid of minorities in each State, to whom will be entrusted the task of enacting the farce of local legislation. As according to the original Union, the will of the majority was law, so now according to the new, the will of minorities must prevail.—And this silly men speak of as a "restoration" of the Union, as if it were possible to restore it.
Canada has been honored with a visit from General Rosenkrantz, who, it is said, intends to

invest in Canadian gold mines. Messrs. Cartier and Galt, our Canadian delegates, have been well received in England. Of the object of their mission we know nothing. From Halifax we learn that a malignant fever, contagious, typhoid in its character, and resembling in its chief symptoms the much spoken of Russian plague, has declared itself. As yet its ravages have been confined to the filthiest and poorest quarters of the City.

President Jefferson Davis has it seems been captured by the Federals, together with his family and followers. He had been hiding in Georgia, and was attempting to escape disguised in female attire when he fell into the hands of the enemy.

This capture we look upon as exceedingly inopportune for the Northerners. If ever the proverb be true that for a flying enemy we should make a bridge of gold, it is in the case of the defeated Confederate leaders. What will the Federal Government do with President Davis now that he is in their clutches? To try him would be a mockery of justice; to execute him would be murder, foul as that which we condemn in the case of the late Mr. Lincoln. And yet judging from the tone of Liberal Yankee journals, the course hitherto pursued by the victorious Northerners, and the history of triumphant democracy, always and everywhere, we believe that the Federals will proceed to the farce of a trial, and the tragedy of an execution in the case of the prisoner just fallen into their hands.

By the last steamer we learn that an Address from the House of Commons expressive of sympathy with the people of the United States had been passed unanimously. In it said also that the Queen, the royal widow, has written to the widow of the late President condoling with her on her bereavement.

THE COLENZO CASE.—This case has been decided; and the decision, though based solely upon a question of law, will vitally affect the condition of the Anglican Church in all the self-governing colonies, or dependencies of the Empire.

Dr. Colenso, the so-called Bishop of Natal, it will be remembered, published a book on the Pentateuch, to show that Moses was not the author of the writings attributed to him, and that the statements of the Old Testament, were not to be relied upon. For the enunciation of these somewhat heterodox opinions, Dr. Colenso was taken to task by his so-called ecclesiastical superior, Dr. Gray, Bishop of Capetown, and in virtue of Letters Patent from the Queen, Metropolitan of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope. Dr. Gray proceeded to try Dr. Colenso, and suspended him from his episcopal functions; Dr. Colenso denied the competency of his judge, and appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which has now given judgment in favor of the appellant; not upon the merits of the case, for into these it did not enter, but upon the question whether Dr. Gray had any ecclesiastical jurisdiction over Dr. Colenso.

But in giving judgment upon this question the Privy Council has not only determined the ecclesiastical status of Dr. Colenso, and that of Dr. Gray, and their respective claims to the titles of Bishop of Natal, and Bishop of Capetown; but it has given a decision which affects the status of all Anglican Colonial Bishops, with the exception of the Bishops of Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, and Jamaica; and which will, if not met by Provincial legislation seriously affect the status of the Anglican church in all self-governing British Colonies. In substance the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council amounts to this—That though the Queen may order any man to be made a Bishop, yet she cannot, *proprio motu*, or without the assent of the several Provincial Legislatures, make any man a Bishop of a particular Colonial diocese. She may confer Orders, such as Anglican Orders are, but she cannot confer jurisdiction. Thus Dr. Colenso is a Bishop, in so far as the Queen's Order and the Anglican Ordination Service can make any man a Bishop; and in the same sense and to the same extent Dr. Gray is a Bishop; but here her power stops, for she can make neither a Bishop of Capetown, nor of Natal. To do this the Provincial Government of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope is alone competent.

From this decision it appears that all Colonial Bishops, with the exceptions above indicated, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, and Jamaica, are destitute of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction whatsoever, and have no legal right to be styled Bishops of any particular See or Colonial Diocese. Legally, they stand henceforward—or until the several Provincial Legislatures, which are alone competent to confer Anglican Ecclesiastical jurisdiction, come to their relief—towards their clergy and the community as do the members or ministers of any other Protestant denomination. Dr. Gray has no jurisdiction over Dr. Colenso, because there is no such a legal person as a Bishop of Capetown, or as a Bishop of Natal. In the same sense there is no such a person as an Anglican Bishop of any other British Colony—Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, and Jamaica, alone excepted—except in so far as such ecclesiastical

persons have been created by Acts of Provincial Legislatures. The judgment of the Judicial Committee is on this point very clear and conclusive:—

"We apprehend it to be clear upon principle, that after the establishment of an independent Legislature in the settlements of the Cape of Good Hope and Natal, there was no power in the Crown by virtue of its prerogative to establish a Metropolitan See, or to create an ecclesiastical corporation whose status, rights and authority the Colony would be required to recognize.

"It may be true that the Crown, as legal head of the church, has a right to command the consecration of a Bishop, but it has no power to assign him any diocese, or give him any sphere of action."

The Anglican Church, as a legally recognised corporate body, having a distinctive personality as before the State, can exist therefore in a self-governing British Colony or Dependency, only as the creature of the civil government of that particular Province. To the Colonial legislatures it belongs, exclusively, to create and determine the nature, extent, and limits of Anglican Episcopal jurisdiction, and the ecclesiastical status of the gentlemen whom the Queen by her Letters Patent makes Bishops; and there where the Provincial Legislature has taken no action in the matter, the Anglican Church, its Bishops and clergy, stand upon precisely the same footing as towards one another and as towards the State, as do the ministers of any other Protestant denomination. Thus the result of the decision in the Colenso case may be of great practical consequence to the Anglican Church throughout the Colonial Empire of Great Britain.

But this decision also seriously affects the argument which as against Catholics, Anglicans employ in the defence of the validity of their Orders; and the uninterrupted apostolical succession of their Bishops, through the ancient Catholic Hierarchy. Matthew Parker, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and upon the validity of whose ordination that of all his successors, and of the entire Anglican clergy depends, was, according to the Anglican statement of the case consecrated by a person named Barlowe, but of whose own consecration as Bishop no proof exists, no record has as yet ever been produced. By whom, where, and when, ask Catholics, was Barlowe consecrated? and if he was not consecrated, then was the pretended consecration by him of Mathew Parker, null and void.

To this the reply of Anglicans has hitherto been: Barlowe officiated as a Bishop under a sovereign so jealous of his prerogative as Henry VIII, who must have been cognisant of the validity of the said Barlowe's pretensions; therefore, he must have been a Bishop, though indeed we know not when, where, or by whom he was consecrated. The whole case in favor of Barlowe's consecration, rests, it will be seen upon the assumption that he must have been a Bishop, since he openly took upon himself the title and functions of one in the reign of Henry VIII.

But this assumption is destroyed by the late decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Colenso case. It quotes an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Henry VIII, by which the King was authorised to make any man a Bishop, at his royal pleasure, without any other previous formality whatsoever, or any form of ordination or consecration. The King was authorised to make Bishops, as he made justices of the peace; and therefore Barlowe might well have been made a Bishop of, in virtue of the King's good pleasure exercised according to the above cited act of Parliament, and therefore there is no "must" in the case. Now the pith of the Anglican argument in favor of Barlowe's consecration consists in this "must." He must have been a validly consecrated Bishop, because he officiated as a Bishop, says the Anglican apologist. There is no "must" in the case retorts the Catholic: for Barlowe might have officiated as Bishop without any form of consecration or ordination whatsoever, and in virtue of authority given to him to do so by the King, in virtue again of an Act of Parliament especially providing for the case.

Of course with Catholics the validity of Anglican Orders cannot be an open question, or affected by any historical researches. The Church has once for all pronounced thereupon, in that she treats every Anglican clergyman seeking admission to her Communion as a simple layman; and if he desires to enter the Priesthood, she confers Holy Orders upon him, unconditionally, and without the remotest allusion to anything that may have occurred to him whilst a Protestant. This is conclusive in so far as Catholics are concerned.

ILLEGITIMACY IN SCOTLAND.—The Report of the Registrar General for 1864 shows that, of the total number of children born in Scotland within the year, 9.28 per cent were illegitimate. In England, which is less Puritan, and therefore more moral, the illegitimate births numbered 6.3 per cent on the whole.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—Great progress is being made with the cable for this gigantic enterprise. Of the 2,400 miles length which it is proposed to take on board, already upwards of 1,000 miles have been shipped in good condition on board of the Great Eastern, which vessel it is expected will be ready to sail about the end of July.

PLAYING AT POPYERY.—The English papers give rather full details of the manner in which Brother Ignatius, as he calls himself, conducted the religious services of Good Friday. "Brother Ignatius" is deacon in the Anglican church, but, strange to say, setting at naught his ecclesiastical superiors, he has established what he calls an "Order of St Benedict" of which he is the Superior, and of which some other enthusiastic young gentlemen of the same denomination, and ecclesiastical tendencies, are members.—These gentlemen, of whom personally we would speak with respect as sincerely devout, even if egregiously mistaken men, are it seems trying the experiment how closely they can approach to Catholic doctrine, Catholic discipline, and Catholic ritual, without bringing themselves within the grasp of the law, and forfeiting their legal status. On Good Friday they performed the services of the day in a manner which must have astonished their Protestant co-religionists, seeing that, according to the accounts given in the English papers, they were a close copy of the services of the Catholic Church for the same day. The Passion was chanted; after which came the prayers or orations with all the ceremonies of the Roman ritual—prayers for bishops, priests, for the catechumens, and last of all for the Jews—in whose case, as with Catholics, the previous exhortation "*spectamus genus*" was omitted.—Then followed the 'Adoration of the Cross' with all the imposing ceremonies of the Catholic Church; and with the exception of course of the 'Mass of the Presanctified' the whole service was a close copy of that which at the same moment was being celebrated in thousands of Catholic churches throughout the world.

The strangest part of the business is this: That men who profess, and who, we believe, sincerely profess to hold every article of the Catholic doctrine in particular, should remain formally, heretics and outcasts from her fold.—They cannot but see that the doctrines which they preach, that the ceremonies which they practise, are repugnant to the spirit of the body of which they call themselves members; are empty pageants, vain and idle forms, destitute of all significance as well of all virtue, so long as divorced from that one great central fact of the Catholic Church, which alone interprets those symbols, and vivifies those ceremonies and those material forms, or outward acts in, and by which the real Catholic testifies his belief in *Emmanuel*, or God present with us, on our Altars, under the form or appearance of bread and wine, Whom also we really adore, and in Whom all our acts of worship centre. Not in vestments, not in genuflections, not in Gregorian chants, in the sublime strains of Palestrina, or intoning, not in the mimicry, however close of Romish ritual, does Catholic worship consist; but in that great daily act of sacrifice, which if there be meaning in words, the Anglican solemnly repudiates as a cunningly devised fable, and as idolatry, and which, Brother Ignatius, as he is only a deacon, cannot even pretend to offer.

All this playing at Popyery may be very pretty; the music may be first rate, and the other æsthetic accessories perfect of their kind. But it is as all Protestants feel, as all Catholics perceive, mere play or "make believe" only—a sham and an unreality, and therefore like all shams and all unrealities doomed to speedy and ignominious end. The position of Brother Ignatius and his associates is essentially a false position. Their own Church, the Anglican, does not recognise them; the Catholic Church does not recognise them; and amongst the Protestant laity generally they excite only feelings of indignation or commiseration. They are honest, sincere, and amiable men we believe; but men given over to strong delusions that they may believe a lie—to wit: That separated from the See of Peter there can be any living branch of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

RECRUITING FOR MEXICO.—How the Northerners understand neutrality, and how they apply to themselves the law which they apply to others, may be seen from what is occurring at this moment at New York. There in the face of day, and with the tacit approbation of the Federal Government, enrolments are taking place for service against the Emperor Maximilian and the French in Mexico. The expedition and its objects are advertised in the public journals; and the men and officers of the regiments about to be disbanded are exhorted to enlist in the army of filibusters to enforce the "Monroe Doctrine." Ships, it is said, are also being fitted out to take part in the expedition.

This is no more than what the French Emperor must have anticipated, when he allowed the Federals to trample on the rights and liberties of the Southern States. He must have made up his mind for one of two things; either war with the victorious Federals, or an ignominious abandonment of Mexico, and of the Austrian Prince whom he had assisted to place on the throne of that country. The only chance for the permanence of the French policy in Mexico lay in interposing betwixt the latter and the Northern States a friendly power, such as would have been the Southern Confederacy. Such a policy as is implied by the above men-

tioned movement in New York, will be popular with both North and South. A "reconstruction" of the Union is of course possible by force of arms; but the only chance for "reconciliation" betwixt North and South, lies, as we have often insisted, in a successful foreign war in which both North and South shall take part, and shall both be partakers of a common triumph, against a common foe. A foreign war alone can have any chance of obliterating the hatreds and bitter memories to which civil war has given birth; and one victory, which the soldiers of both sections of the country can embroider on their standards, will do more to cement their Union, than all that Acts of Congress could accomplish in a century of toilsome legislation. The people of the neighboring republic are conscious of their military prowess, and justly proud of the pluck and military virtues which they have displayed on many a hard fought field, whilst arrayed against one another. But of the battles there fought, of the victories there won, there is not one that can be called national property, not one with the name of which a regimental standard can be decorated. Such trophies can be won only on a field of battle with the foreigner; and we may be sure that after so many brave and soldier like feats, the men both of North and South must feel regret when they consider that there is not one deed of valor which, if reconciliation is ever to take place, must not be buried in oblivion by both parties. Who for instance would dream of inscribing upon the colors of any British regiment the names of Culloden or of Preston Pagnant?

It was by their joint victories over the alien foe, that the Union betwixt England and Scotland was cemented, that the old national jealousies were blotted out, and that Scotch and English became in reality, as well as on parchment, one people. It was on the battle fields of the eighteenth century that that Union was consummated; and only upon the same conditions, and under the same circumstances, can anything like a real or moral Union of North and South be again restored.

Foreign war is therefore almost a necessity to the United States; and a foreign war which presents so few difficulties or risks, and holds out the temptation of so many prizes, as war with Mexico, even if accompanied by war with a distant power like France, and which has thousands of miles of ocean to traverse before it can take part in the contest, can hardly fail to be popular with a people possessed of such excellent fighting material as the United States. There are who say that the necessity of restoring their finances will operate to check the passion amongst the Yankees for further war; but when did the condition of its finances ever prevent a people, in whom the passion for military glory had been once aroused, from fighting? The financial condition of the United States to day is at least as good as was that of France in '94 and '95, when its only currency, or representative of currency, was *assignats*; and yet we all know how the prophecies of English political economists, and of England's most far-sighted statesmen were falsified by events. France was ruined financially; nevertheless, France waged war successfully; and bleeding from internal wounds became the terror and the scourge of external foes, the oppressor and spoiler of all her weaker neighbors. If we rely upon the disordered state of Yankee finances for peace, we lean indeed upon a rotten reed. Does the almost bankrupt state of Victor Emmanuel's finances induce him to diminish his forces, to curtail his military expenditure, or to abandon his designs against his neighbors?

First Mexico, then Canada. This is the programme in the minds of all Yankees; and whether it will be realised or not, depends now upon events which we cannot foresee, and cannot control. For the last four years, from the first outbreak of the war, with scarce an exception, the Northern or Federal press, has declared it to be the intention of the people in whose name it spoke, to take vengeance on Canada, for the imaginary wrongs the Federals had suffered at the hands of England. In this country the pro-Yankee press, the *Toronto Globe*, the *Witness* and the *Herald* of Montreal, heard these threats and at heart rejoiced exceedingly, looking on them as the precursors of their long cherished scheme of annexation. The Southerners were fighting not only for themselves, but for Canada; this our above named contemporaries clearly perceived, and hence their exultation over the defeat of the South, and the triumph of Yankee democracy. The same journals now pretend that the peace of this Continent runs no risk of being broken by Yankee aggression; and even whilst they speak their friends at New York give their prophecies the lie, by openly organising an attack upon Mexico, and making preparations for the war with France which must inevitably follow, unless France retrace her steps, and submit to see the fruits of the costly Mexican expedition wrested from her. One part of the Yankee programme is thus evidently on the eve of its accomplishment; and he must indeed be very blind to the signs of the times who does not see that ere long, the second portion of the same programme will also be attempted.

His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston reached his Episcopal City on the 5th instant. He was met at the Station by a large concourse of his diocessans, who presenting him with an Address afterwards escorted him to his Palace. The Procession was headed by the Band of the Christian Brothers' Schools, and was followed by a long string of carriages belonging to the Catholic citizens of Kingston. His Lordship we are happy to say has returned from the Holy City in excellent health and spirits.

In our last issue appeared a communication relating to the schools in Griffintown, and transferred to our columns from those of the *Transcript*. A subsequent communication from *Truth and Gratitude* to the last named journal, calls our attention to some serious errors into which, through inadvertence no doubt, the writer of the previous letter had allowed himself to be betrayed; both in ignoring the fact that to that zealous priest, and worthy member of the Sulpicians, the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, is due the establishment and prosperity of all the schools in Griffintown; as well as in the assertion that until a recent period, the girls of that quarter have been debarred from the advantages of a good plain education. This is positively untrue.

The facts of the case as given by *Truth and Gratitude*, and which are incontestable are these: That ample provision for the education both of boys and girls was made many years ago by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien; that through his exertions schools for both sexes, and of the best description, were established years ago in Griffintown—those for girls under the supervision of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, by whom every thing needful for a good plain education is, and long has been, carefully imparted. All this was the work of the Rev. Mr. O'Brien; and to his successor belongs the credit of having continued the good work. We say this in justice to the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, whose services it seems to us have been overlooked in the communication by us copied from the *Transcript*, and upon the principle that honor should be given to whom honor is due. Not that the Rev. Mr. O'Brien seeks for such justice at our hands, or cares for such honor. No. He seeks not honor from us or from any man; and would we know be better pleased if his good works were left in darkness, and hidden from the eyes of men, were known to Him only whose servant he is, and for whom he has cheerfully spent himself upon earth. The Rev. Mr. O'Brien needs we say not man's justice, and will scarce thank us for calling attention to his labors in the case of religion, morality and education. But justice to the Rev. Mr. O'Brien requires this explanation at our hands. His generous heart must be pained at seeing the credit due to another attributed to himself; and he, we are sure, will thank us for this feeble attempt to place in their true light the services of that good zealous and humble priest to whose post he has succeeded, and whose virtues it will be his highest ambition to imitate. The Catholics of Griffintown too, will, we are sure, feel grateful to us for this scant tribute to one who, for many years their pastor, their friend, their counsellor in affliction and in sickness, has left behind him a name engraven indelibly on their hearts—the name of the zealous Irish priest, Michael O'Brien.

THE LONDON "SPECTATOR" ON CONFEDERATION.—This great organ of public opinion knows not what to make of the political condition of the British North American Colonies. It says:—

"There must be something underneath all this Canadian business not yet fully understood in this country. The programme is breaking down in every direction. . . . Two Colonies out of five have resolved to reject the scheme; a third will only yield on social compulsion. In Lower Canada the masses are opposed, and in Upper Canada the feeling in favor of it is rapidly dying away."—*Spectator*.

May it not be that these phenomena, which perplex the English journalist, are due to this: That the scheme for Confederation, or centralisation, did not have its origin with the people, but with a few leading politicians and office-holders, who sought therein an escape from those sectional difficulties which render the tenure of office in this country so very precarious? In that it is rather a Ministerial measure, than the people's measure? At all events this is certain: That the cry for "Confederation" did not, in the first instance, emanate from the people of Lower Canada, or from those of New Brunswick, or of Nova Scotia. In the Lower Provinces, indeed, there seems to exist a strong feeling of dislike to any measure tending towards "centralisation;" and in Lower Canada, with a few exceptions, and amongst those who see in Confederation the prospect of higher salaries for officials, and a more important, because more extended sphere of political influence for themselves and their dependents, the general feeling seems to be less enthusiasm, than that of resignation to an inevitable evil, lest perchance by rejecting it, a worse thing should befall them. As a third alternative betwixt Representation by Population, and the disgrace of Annexation to the Yankee Republic, French Canadians may accept or endure patiently the Confederation scheme; but with the exception of the above named, there are none, we believe, who are enamoured of the scheme, or who look upon it as something to be desired for its own sake.

CONCERT AT ST. ANN'S NEW HALL. As was announced in our last number, the inauguration of the New St. Ann's Hall in Griffintown, took place on Thursday evening, the 11th inst. On that occasion a grand concert in which all the leading musicians of the city, took part, as well as a few amateur ladies and gentlemen, was given, under the patronage of the indefatigable pastor of St. Ann's Church, the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell. The night was certainly most unpropitious, but despite rain and storm, the Irish population of this city, and more especially those residing in the St. Ann's Ward, testified their appreciation of the efforts that are being made for the advancement of the people by a large and highly respectable attendance. All the performers acquitted themselves very well, and were heartily applauded; but we cannot refrain from noticing in a more particular manner the singing of Miss Hartegan, a young lady, we believe, belonging to the choir of St. Patrick's Church, whose charming style of rendering the beautiful airs of old Ireland, fairly elicited the cheers of the audience. During the course of the evening Mr. B. Devlin, at the request of the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, delivered an impromptu address, which was very much appreciated. He stated that though they had a St. Ann's Hall, they must not forget that they had pledged themselves to build a Hall in honor of St. Patrick; and he hoped that the ladies of the City of Griffintown would assist the St. Patrick's Society of which he was President, in that grand and patriotic effort, stating that if he were sure of the assistance of the ladies no doubt the affair would prove a grand success.

On the whole, the Concert was every thing that could be desired, and must have afforded great satisfaction to the Reverend and patriotic priest, under whose patronage it was given, and to whose popularity its success must certainly be attributed.

The Rev. Mr. Brownlow, Parson Brownlow as he is irreverently termed by the profane, and whom military despotism has imposed as its Governor upon the once free and independent State of Tennessee, is a very fair specimen of your Liberal Protestant Yankee. We make some extracts from a Proclamation by him lately issued; in which, just as his superior Andy Johnson slanders Jefferson Davis, and Southern refugees in Canada, so the reverend governor of Tennessee pours forth the vials of his evangelical wrath upon the head of Ischam G. Harris, one of the brave men who fought and encouraged others to fight for the freedom and independence of his State. If any body wishes to know what manner of stuff these Northern Abolitionists are made of, and by what manner of spirit they are animated, let him read, mark, and inwardly digest the following choice piece of vituperation against Mr. Harris from that eminent pillar of the Protestant Church, and the Yankee Constitution, the Rev. William Brownlow:—

The aforesaid refugee from justice, without the authority of law, and in violation of all law, human and divine, was the chief instrument in thrusting upon Tennessee this terrible rebellion and its innumerable evils; a rebellion which has stormed every citadel of order, every defense of virtue, every sanctuary of right, and every abode of decency. When those villainous but frantic efforts were astonishing mankind with their success, as much as appalling them with their atrocity; when the fairest portion of the great commonwealth had been made hideous by the triumphs of this archtraitor and his corrupt and treasonable associates, and their prelusive orgies had profaned our churches, like dastards they gloriously fled upon the approach of the national flag of beauty and glory, carrying with them to the heart of treason the funds and other valuables of the State. From that period until now, the said Ischam G. Harris has been rotting through the South, swept along by the unparalleled hurricane of licentiousness and furious tempest of anarchy, never before equaled upon earth! Said Harris has been periodically visiting the border counties of this State, issuing bogus proclamations, and collecting revenue, falsely pretending to be the Governor of Tennessee.

This culprit Harris is about five feet ten inches high, weighs about 142 pounds, and is about 55 years of age. His complexion is sallow—his eyes are dark and penetrating—a perfect index to the heart of a traitor—with the scowl and frown of a demon resting upon his brow. The study of mischief and the practice of crime have brought upon him premature baldness and a gray beard. With brazen-faced impudence he talks loudly and boastfully about the overthrow of the Yankee army, and entertains no doubt but the South will achieve her independence. He chews tobacco rapidly, and is inordinately fond of liquor. In his moral structure, he is an unscrupulous man—steeped to the nose and chin in personal and political profligacy—now about lost to all sense of honor and shame—with a heart reckless of social duty, and fatally bent upon mischief.

If captured he will be found lurking in the rebel strongholds of Mississippi, Alabama, or Georgia, and in female society, alleging with the sheep faced modesty of a virtuous man that it is not a wholesome state of public sentiment, or of taste, that forbids an indiscriminate mixing together of married men and women? If captured, the fugitive must be delivered to me alive, to the end that justice may be done him here, upon the theater of his former villainous deeds.

The city papers of Nashville and Memphis, as well as *The Chattanooga and Knoxville Whig* will each insert three times, in addition to the other papers suggested by the Legislature.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the State, at the city of Nashville, this 3rd of May, 1865.

WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A JESUIT FATHER.—The Rev. P. Mainguay of the Company of Jesus, died suddenly on Monday, the 8th inst., at St. Thomas, Quebec, where he was preaching a Retreat. The reverend deceased was born at St. Brieux, in Brittany, in 1785, and was upwards of seventy years of age at the time of his death. He became a member of the Society of Jesus in 1843, and arrived in Canada in 1844.—*R.I.P.*

LIBERALISM.—Trial by Jury is virtually abolished in the Northern States in the case of so-called political offences, in which above all others, the protection of a Jury is essential. The accused of conspiracy against the late Mr. Lincoln are arraigned before a military Commission, and their trial is secret. And the men who do these things have the impudence and the hypocrisy to cry out against the Spanish Inquisition! This is what the boasted liberties of American citizens have culminated in; this the consummate flower of Liberal principles; for this have the people of the Northern States spent their blood and their treasure! God grant that the spectacle may inspire the people of other countries whose liberties are yet intact, with a salutary and profound horror of Liberalism and democracy.

The Montreal *Herald* is ludicrously indignant at the course pursued by the Federal Government towards the prisoners accused of having conspired against the life of the late President; and now, in violation of the express stipulations of the Constitution, and of natural justice, on trial for their lives, before a military commission, sitting with closed doors, and prohibiting all publication of its proceedings, excepting always such cooked or garbled reports thereof, as the judges may see fit to give to the world, in extenuation of their premeditated verdict, perhaps it would be better to say, their premeditated murder.

That this is the annihilation of all civil liberty in the Northern States, or rather the outward and visible sign that all such liberty is already extinct, cannot of course be denied. But why is the Montreal *Herald* indignant? or why does it profess either sorrow or surprise at the spectacle, degrading through it? Has it not, together with the ultra-Protestant and democratic press of the Province, for years been applauding the North, and praying for their success in their contest with the South? And is it possible that on the face of this earth, there can be such an idiot, such a blockhead as not to have perceived from the first outbreak of the war, that the triumph of the North, that is to say of the liberal or democratic party, must necessarily culminate in such acts of atrocious despotism as those over which the *Herald* now pretends to mourn? "What can you expect?" says the Persian proverb, "from a sow but a grunt."—From the triumph of liberal principles what can any man, not a born fool, expect but the squelching out of freedom, and the overthrow of all guarantees for personal liberty? It is just because we from the beginning saw clearly in what the triumph of the North over the South most inevitably eventuate, that, as friends of liberty, we prayed heartily for the success of the latter. The first act of every triumphant democracy is to pass a "law of the suspect" and to set up a 'Revolutionary Tribunal,' and therefore we look upon the indignation of the *Herald* as the sign either of gross ignorance, or of grosser hypocrisy on its part. Its friends are but pursuing the regular course of all triumphant democracies, and one which every man not a fool, must have known those friends would pursue, if victorious over the South.

We would direct attention to Mr. O'Gorman's advertisement on our 8th page. Mr. O'Gorman as a boat builder has few equals, no superiors, either in the Province or on this Continent: and any of our readers who may chance to avail themselves of his services will never have any reason to regret their choice. For safety, speed, and durability Mr. O'Gorman's boats are unrivalled.

LUTTREL OF ARRAN, by Lever. This is a tale or novel by the well-known Mr. Lever. Many of his tales are very good, but we do not think that this of Luttrell of Arran is entitled to take place amongst those which the present generation will applaud, or the next read. The characters are unnatural, and the events improbable. The best character, that of a Yankee skipper, is borrowed from Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash." The work is for sale by Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

At a meeting of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society, held on the 14th instant, Mr. Daniel McCarty was elected a member of the Executive Committee in room of Mr. E. Murphy, St. Urbain Street, resigned.

MICHAEL SCANLON, Secretary.

Montreal, 16th May, 1865.

A HARSH DECISION.—A little boy named James McQuaige, son of one Patrick McQuaige, was a few days since arrested in Thorold, charged with picking up chips near a saw mill in that town. The little fellow was brought before one of the magistrates, and sentenced to ten days imprisonment in the Welland gaol. This, we think, is over-stepping the requirements of justice. To commit a child of such tender years (10) to gaol amongst hardened offenders, is an act too unchristian to be tolerated in these days of progress.—*St. Catherine's Journal*, 6th.

Our contemporary stigmatizes the act of the magistrate as "harsh." We call it brutal and an outrage on humanity. It is thus that criminals are manufactured.—*Ed. T. W.*

Remittances in our next.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.—As it is the duty of that branch of the Municipal Executive known as the Health Committee to see, that the lives of the inhabitants last as long as in other large cities, we may suppose that the gentlemen composing that body are just now occupied in the discussion of subjects of vital importance to every resident in the city. The infectious condition of the dwellings and lanes has already been adverted to, and it is to be hoped the remedy has been applied. But there is another matter equally deserving of attention—frequently pointed out before, but so far, we believe, without any result. We allude to the practice of using ordinary public conveyances for the removal of sick persons to hospital, and of bodies to the burying ground. The danger of such a practice is obvious to every one, and there is no doubt persons are frequently seized with diseases from having ridden in a poisoned vehicle. All the public conveyances are under the control of the Corporation, who should not hesitate to punish drivers who thus endanger their own and others' health.—*Mont. Herald*.

THE FIRE LAST NIGHT.—A destructive fire took place last night, near the corner of Ottawa and Murray streets, it seems to have originated in a hay loft, occupied by a Mrs. Manon, a widow, and the owner of two horses, which were in the stable beneath. She escaped, but her dwelling, situated close by the stable, was burned, as was also one of the horses almost to a cinder. The other horse was also burned so as to be of little future value. Doubtless, a searching inquiry will be made into the cause of the fire, occurring as it did at such an unlikely hour. It seems to us, too, that whatever alterations or repairs are going on in the water department, the water should be on during the whole or greater part of the night, since the time which is lost in waiting for the water becoming available, may on some future occasion result in an amount of destruction, to which the present is trifling indeed. It is rumored that the water department will, in this instance, be sued for damages.—*City paper*, 16th instant.

SPEAKING ENGLISH.—We were not a little amazed lately at hearing an Upper Canadian gentleman, a professional man, and as we presume, a person of high education (certainly one of high intelligence), remarking with some surprise upon the fact that a French Canadian *industriel*, he had to do with, could hardly speak a word of English! Now, the Frenchman in question did, and does, speak a little English and his business having been almost exclusively with his French compatriots, he had little need of learning our language. But the fun of the matter is, that an educated English gentleman should find in this man's ignorance of English a proof of inferiority, when he himself cannot speak a word of French. Of the two, we think, the English gentleman, after all, exhibited the best proof of ignorance, for in our day the knowledge of the beautiful French language is generally regarded as a very essential part of the education of a well-bred person. This is not the first nor the twentieth time that we have known Upper Canadians to sneer at the ignorance of French people who did not speak much English, while they themselves did not know a word of French. And, as the lamented Mr. Lincoln used to say, "that reminds us of a person who came to sell English school-books at Quebec, and who, because he could not dispose of a very large number, to us 'This Quebec was the slowest place in Canada; why, he could sell twice as many of these books in one of the small cities in Upper Canada.' The ignorant bookman forgot that the English (Protestant) population of Quebec was smaller than that of the smallest city at the West, and that, consequently, they could not be expected to buy his books to the extent he had anticipated. In many other things we are equally apt to be misjudged. If we are a little slow, we are at least sure. We have a hard climate, and can't get rich very fast, but what we make we generally keep, and, on the whole, may reasonably claim to be regarded as a pretty safe people."—*Quebec News*.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDER.—The several corps of Volunteers in the Province will assemble at noon, on Wednesday, the 24th May, and fire a *feu de joie* in the usual manner in honor of her Majesty's birthday. At the Garrisons of Montreal, Quebec, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton and London, the volunteers will act in conjunction with her Majesty's troops, in case the officers commanding the garrisons at those stations should desire such co-operation; and the senior officers of volunteers at those places will place themselves in communication with the officers commanding her Majesty's forces for that purpose at the stations above named.

The Royal Engineer Department has begun to lay out the foundations for the proposed works at Point Levi. They include three triangular forts and a long line of intrenchments, to be armed with Armstrong guns, for which the additional sum of \$250,000 has been voted. The works at St. Lambert's will probably be commenced early in July. The plans have been completed and approved by the War department.—*Evening Telegraph*.

FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.—The Newfoundland Legislature has closed a tedious session with some important cabinet changes. The Hon. T. B. T. Carter takes the leadership of the Government as Attorney-General, and has succeeded in forming an amalgamated cabinet with Messrs. Shea and Kent. After a long and hotly contested debate on Confederation, the subject is now allowed to sleep for a time.

GOLD MINING.—The report on the Canadian Gold Fields, although not by any means so complete as is desirable, yet contains much valuable information. The auriferous region, as far as ascertained, is estimated to cover an area of some ten thousand square miles, forming a comparatively narrow strip of about 250 miles in length, the breadth being irregular. The evidence adduced refers principally to the Chaudiere, which is described as being better adapted for mining than for agricultural operations. In other parts of the auriferous region, however, it is undoubtedly that a large portion of it is fertile and highly productive; but the Committee recommend in order to the rapid development of the country that leading highways be established. So far as work has yet been carried on, experience has shown that hill-tunnelling beneath the snow in the winter has turned out as profitable as alluvial washing in summer. The evidence on this point is very clear. The Gold Mining Inspector's Report, furnished to the Committee, does not by any means supply a full and perfect statement. Imperfect as it is, however, we learn sufficient to know that several of the laborers have realized considerable sums, the aggregate amount being \$110,000. But the great bulk of this he states, has been taken from a small area on the Gilbert River, a few miles from its mouth, in the Parish of St. Francis. Now that this is quite deceptive is apparent from the fact that the return from the Stafford Brook shows only \$300, while the evidence shows that at least \$2,000 were realized; and of the McGeermeite, the men employed were realizing from four to twelve dollars a day, this also being omitted from the Inspector's return.—*Trade Review*.

SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.—In Kingston active measures are being adopted to keep the city in a thoroughly clean condition during the summer. The Mayor, as Chairman of the Board of Health, has issued his proclamation, ordering that yards, stables, cellars, lanes, alleys, &c. should be thoroughly cleaned before the 25th inst. of all impurities which might endanger the general health of the citizens.—The High Bailiff has also issued strict orders to the Police to make close inspections and to report all delinquents without fear or favor.

St. CATHERINES IN THE SHERIFF'S HANDS.—The Government has issued a writ to the Sheriff of Lincoln against the Corporation of St. Catharines for arrears of interest due on its Municipal Loan Fund debt.—The present demand is for about \$9,000, being the interest due for 1864 only. Besides that the Corporation is in arrears for interest 5c on the dollar, amounting to over \$50,000, besides the large amount of \$74,000 that the Corporation has received back of Loan Fund money, which was the property of the Province, but which has been applied for local purposes, and which will have to be paid over to the Government.

WATCH THE CATTLE DROVERS.—On Saturday last a cattle dealer was driving a herd of cattle along the Montreal road for shipment at Kinghorn's wharf, when he was observed to leave his cattle and proceed a little distance on the adjacent common and drive three cows which grazing there and include them amongst his drove, and then quietly proceeded on his way. Mr. John Fleming, the person who observed these operations, immediately followed the man to Kinghorn's wharf, and succeeded in making him give up the cows, which were returned to the common from whence they were taken, their owner being unknown. It is a pity that Mr. F. did not give the follow over to the Police.—*Kingston American*.

Births.

At Beaver Hill Terrace, on the 12th instant. Mrs. W. O'Brien, of a daughter.

In this city, on Sunday, the 14th instant, Mrs. Myles M'Sweeney, of a son.

Married.

On the 9th instant, at St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Dowd, Edward Clarence Fraser, Advocate, of New York City, son of the late Alexander Fraser, Banker, to Maria Patterson, daughter of Thomas Patterson, Esq., of this city.

☞ New York papers please copy.

Died.

On the 27th of October, 1864, at the battle of Fair Oaks, Corporal Frederick Nightingale, of Company 1, 118th Regiment, N. Y. S. V., from a musket ball received in the heart while advancing upon a battery in front of Richmond, V. His courage and many virtues, although but in the 18th year of his age, had won for him the esteem of his superior officers and the love of his comrades. He was only son of Mr. Ernest Nightingale, of the Inland Revenue Department in this city, and great grandson of the late Sir Edward Nightingale, Bart., of Kneessworth Hall, Cambridgeshire, England.—May his soul rest in peace.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, May 15, 1865.
Flour—Pollards, \$3.40 to \$3.65; Middlings, \$3.80 to \$4.05; Fine, \$4.25 to \$4.45; Super, No. 2 \$4.65 to \$4.75; Superfine \$4.90 to \$5.00; Fancy \$5.20 to \$5.30; Extra, \$5.50 to \$5.70; Superior Extra \$5.80 to \$6.00; Bag Flour, \$2.80 to \$2.80.
Oatmeal per brl of 200 lbs, \$4.05 to \$5.00.
Wheat—U. Canada Spring \$1.03 to \$1.07.
Ashes per 100 lbs, Pots, latest sales were at \$5.32 1/2 to \$5.25; Inferior Pots, \$5.00 to \$5.70; Pearls, in demand, at \$5.60 to \$5.55.
Butter—Store packed in small packages at 16c to 19c; and a lot of choice Dairy 00c.
Eggs per doz, 15c.
Lard per lb, fair demand at 00c to 00c.
Tallow per lb, 11c to 12c.
Cut-Meats per lb, Hams, canvassed, 9c to 10c Bacon, 00c to 00c.
Pork—Quiet; New Mess, \$20.00 to \$21.62 1/2; Prime Mess, \$17.50 to \$20; Prime, \$16.50 to \$20.00.
Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs. \$9.00 to \$10.0
Hay, per 100 bundles \$11.00 to \$12.00
Straw, \$4.00 to \$5.00
Beef, live, per 100 lbs \$8.00 to 10.00
Sheep, clipped, each, \$3.00 to \$6.00
Lamb, 2.00 to 3.00
Calves, each, \$2.00 to \$6.00

GOVERNERS.

AN Officer's daughter wishes to meet with an engagement as resident GOVERNESS in a private Family or School. Acquirements—English, French, Drawing, Music (Vocal and Instrumental.) Address—Gamma, Box 52, Brampton, C. W. April 30, 1865

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

TO LET,

PEW No. 136, opposite the Pulpit. Enquire at this Office. January 12, 1865.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS

KINGSTON, C. W., Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

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

TERMS:

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

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF JAMES FURLONG, who was in Sorel some four or five years ago, and is now supposed to reside in Napierville, U.E. Any communication with regard to his whereabouts, addressed to the Rev. P. Dowd, P.P., St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, will be thankfully received by his sister, Margaret Furlong.

DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT.

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stations for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal. Jan. 17, 1864.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE. FRANCE.

ASSASSINATION OF THE SECRETARY OF THE RUSSIAN LEGATION.—Paris, April 25.—Yesterday, at 3 p.m., a stranger presented himself at the Russian Embassy, demanding to speak with the Secretary of Legation. Almost immediately after his entrance a noise was heard, and the Secretary was found covered with blood, having received five stabs from a dagger. The murderer fled, but was stopped, when he wounded two other persons before he was arrested.

The Paris evening papers state that the name of the person who attempted to assassinate M. Balch, Atache of the Russian Embassy, is Nikitenko, and that he was formerly a sub lieutenant in the Russian army. His object is said to have been to ask assistance of M. Balch. The latter, it is added, is not dead, and Dr. Nelaton hopes to be able to save his life.

PARIS, April 26.—All the Paris evening papers express feeling of horror at the assassination of President Liucilo. A petition is now before the Senate from a lady, Madame Girard de Villette, who complains of the arbitrary conduct of the police authorities in preventing her, on various occasions, from exercising her profession as a singer, and this without assigning any reason whatever. The petitioner, who is the great-niece of the late Princess de Canino, sister-in-law of the Emperor Napoleon I, prays the Senate, as the guardian of the public liberties, and charged with maintaining or annulling acts denounced as contrary to the Constitution, either by the Government or by the petitions of citizens, to visit with severe blame the conduct of the authorities, who for more than two years have, she asserts,

Violated the most sacred rights and the personal liberty of the petitioner, by preventing her, as a lyric artist, from giving her concerts at the Italian Opera house, as they had also done at Compiègne, Vichy, and elsewhere.

The petition, which fills 20 printed pages, concludes thus:—'The petitioner, confiding in the respect which the personal liberty of every French citizen is entitled, hopes that the Senate, as the sole guardian of our public liberties, will take her grievances into consideration, and, by transmitting her petition to the competent Minister, will do prompt justice as to the arbitrary acts committed by the superior authority against her.'

There exists, or rather existed, in the ancient town of Narbonne, a choral society, which had quietly flourished for seven years, and whose banner was decorated with the arms of the town and five gold medals. It was suddenly discovered by the Sub-Prefect that this musical association had not the formal authorization of the police, and it was called upon by that functionary to take out a regular licence. It applied for the licence through the Mayor, who received the following answer from the Sub-Prefect:—

'Monsieur le Maire,—You have transmitted to me a demand from M. Courat, Guyot, and others, the object of which is to obtain a legal permission for the meetings of the choral society called the Orpheons of Narbonne. The demand has been submitted to me by the Prefect of the Aude, who informs me in his despatch of the 11th of February that the authorization solicited cannot be accorded.'

Receive, &c. The Orpheonic Society consists of amateur musicians and people were at first unable to make out what could be the reason of its suppression, particularly as similar societies were tolerated in other places of the same department. The mystery was soon cleared up. M. Courat, barrister by profession, and president of the Orpheons of Narbonne, had committed the offence of offering himself as an Opposition candidate at the last general elections of the Aude. Cardinal Mazarin used to say that people might sing when they pleased, provided they paid the taxes. The Sub-Prefect is not of the same way of thinking, and evidently does not love music. It now seems to be ruled that an Opposition candidate in departmental elections is by that very fact disqualified for the office of president of a musical society.—Times Correspondent.

The possibility of the Sovereign Pontiff being driven into exile has become a topic of absorbing interest among all parties. It is the wish of the Church that her Head should be free. The Pope would not be free at Rome, nor would there be free access to him there, if he were surrounded by Piedmontese guards, whether they were at Viterbo or at Corrosso. Although the terms of the Convention might be strictly carried out at first, who can foresee what circumstances might arise? Certain limitations were fixed by France in 1860, which, we were assured, were to be kept to; but encroachments have already been made in spite of them, and they will therefore not suffice to hinder fresh ones. The hypothesis that the Sovereign-Pontiff may quit Rome remains therefore uncontradicted, and speculation upon the subject is rife. The revolutionary party are uneasy about the direction which the august exile might take; they are aware that wherever he might fix his abode, they would be overcome by the twofold majesty of the Pontiff and the martyr; their statesmen also are discontented, and the land which can hold Garibaldi and Mazzini, the world-wide spirit of Revolution, appears to them not wide enough for the Vicar of Jesus Christ. The conservative party are assounded at the words of Lord Palmerston. If England, says they, refuses to shelter the Pope, who will receive him? It would be dangerous for a Catholic Power to do so; for the preference thus given to one might be considered as a protest against others. The most serious side of the Roman question is now before us. The Pope is urged to act, to form an army, to regulate his finances, because at bottom people dread his departure, which implies the unknown disquiet, the necessity of making a selection, and one which can in no case be a matter of indifference. England had been reckoned upon, but her political eclecticism disappears before her religious prejudices.—Nonde.

M. Rouher, hard pushed by that distinguished orator, M. Thiers, has at length been forced to speak out. 'It is,' says he, 'the will of the Imperial Government that the Pope shall retain his independence and that for that purpose he shall continue to hold a temporal principality, which is a necessary condition of that independence.'—Bien Public.

The Opinion Nationale states that the French Imperial navy is at present composed as follows:—Iron-plated steamvessels—2 ships of the line afloat, none building; 11 frigates afloat, 3 on the stocks; 1 corvette on the stocks, none afloat; 1 coastguard on the stocks, none afloat; 12 floating batteries, and 4 on the stocks; 11 batteries, capable of being taken to pieces, afloat, and 30 on the stocks. Screw steamers, not iron-plated—26 ships of the line afloat, none building; 23 frigates afloat, and 1 on the stocks; 11 corvettes afloat, and 3 on the stocks; 43 cutters afloat, and none on the stocks; 11 vessels for constituting a flotilla; 58 gunbrigs afloat, and 1 on the stocks; 40 transports afloat, and 3 on the stocks; 4 vessels afloat for special service. Paddle-wheeled steamers not iron-plated. 26 frigates and 61 cutters afloat. Sailing Vessels. One ship of the line, 19 frigates, 9 corvettes, 12 brigs, 66 floating vessels for the conveyance of troops and stores, and 23 transports afloat, with one transport on the stocks. These vessels carry altogether 6,859 guns, and their steam power is equal to that of 102,292 horses. France possesses, moreover, 245 sailing

vessels capable of being armed with cannon in case of war.

WAR.—Dr. Chenu, physician of the French army, has just published and presented to the Imperial Academy of Medicine a large 4to volume, containing a report of the medical service of the army during the war in the Crimea, from 1854 to 1856. It appears from this work that the number of men killed in battle was 10,249; and of wounded, 34,606. Of this last number about 100 died in the hospitals in Turkey. But that was not the whole of the losses; we must take into account those who died of cold, cholera, typhus, scoury, &c., and Dr. Chenu gives the following table of the losses experienced by the French army in the East from the 1st of April, 1854, to the 31st of December, 1857, for many soldiers died after their return to France in consequence of wounds received or diseases contracted in the Crimea:—Killed on the field of battle or missing, 10,249; lost in the Semillante, 702; died of various diseases and cholera before the battle of Alma, 8,084; died of cold, apoplexy, &c., before Sebastopol, 4,342; died in field and general hospitals to the 31st of December, 1857, 72,247; total, 95,615. The effective force sent by France to the East was only 309,264 men; consequently about one-third of them perished. It is to be remarked that as the number actually killed in battle or dead from wounds does exceed 90,000 according to Dr. Chenu, disease alone carried off about 74,000 men, or one-fourth of the army. Dr. Chenu attributes these enormous losses by disease to the feeble constitutions of a portion of the contingent. He says that many conscripts, totally unable to bear the fatigues of a campaign, are declared fit for service, but they no sooner join the army than they have to be sent to the hospitals.—L'Insignant's Messenger.

THE DEAD SEA.—Last year the Duc de Luynes started on a scientific exploration of the Dead Sea and the adjacent country; and it was stated at the time that he had caused an iron built vessel, the Segar, to be transported thither piece by piece on camels. We may state, by the way, that this boat, after doing excellent service, was intrusted to the care of a sheikh, in the hope that she might be serviceable to other tourists; but that, during a stormy night, she broke from her anchorage and struck against a rock, which caused her so much damage that the French sailors who had had the management of her towed her far into the Dead Sea, and sank her that she might not be broken up and then destroyed by the Bedouins. This and the following details of the expedition we have gleaned from an able article on the subject by M. Haillard-Brehelles, in this fortnight's Revue Contemporaine:—The Duc de Luynes, who had reserved the archaeological department for himself, had selected M. Lartet, a geologist attached to the Museum of Natural History at the Jardin des Plantes, Dr. Combe, and Lieutenant Vignes, French navy to aid him, each in their respective capacities. A few caverns, situated near Beyreth, were explored in the hope of finding antediluvian remains in them, and indeed several flint instruments were dug up as evidence of the 'age of stone' in these parts. The expedition visited Masada, the last stronghold of the Jews, of which Josephus relates that after the fall of Jerusalem 900 men retreated to this spot and held out against the Romans as long as there were any, but that, finding themselves unable to resist any longer, they appointed ten of their number to be the executioners of their comrades; and that these after performing this horrible task, slew each other, so that only two women and a few children remained to tell the tale. This stronghold is a rock accessible only by two narrow paths, leading over frightful precipices. There are still some ruins visible at Masada, besides the trenches of the Roman General Silva, who besieged the place. From the surveys taken by Lieutenant Vignes, it appears that the Dead Sea is of an oval form, with the narrower end towards the south. It is 45 miles long, and its greatest breadth does not exceed 12. The density of the waters of this inland sea varies between 1,160 and 1,230, that of pure water being 1,000. The larger figures represent the density at the bottom, which shows that the waters of the affluents do not descend to the lower strata. The bottom consists of a bluish mud mixed with crystals of salt. For further particulars we must refer the reader to the article, which is very interesting.—Gulligan's Messenger.

BELGIUM. There have been several committees on the temporal des cultes, or Church property, and the outrageous conclusions they have come to have at length aroused the somnolency and carelessness of Catholics, and, finally, at the eleventh hour, determined them to shake off their political indolence and dormant sloth, and fight manfully pro aris et focis. The initiative has been taken at Liege, the stronghold of ultra-liberalism. If throughout the country the example be followed, success will most assuredly crown their efforts. After the Easter recess, the question will be immediately brought before the Parliament, and become the order of the day. Should the obnoxious measure pass the Church becomes the humble servant of the State in all its temporal affairs—even in the minutia of its internal and domestic arrangement, in the seat-rents, collections, poor-boxes, altar ornaments, sacred vases, &c., &c., and all the outward paraphernalia of piety and ceremony. The only alternative will then be for the Church, in order to secure her independence, to renounce all Government aid whatever, and throw herself entirely upon the voluntary system, as in England. During the first French revolution, and the first Napoleonic Empire, the Church of Belgium went through the same trials and changes and phases as that of France, all its property was confiscated, and the State was obliged by the Concordat to allow an annual income for the maintenance of the clergy and the ornaments and repairs of the Church, to be expended by the incumbents and the vestry according to their judgment and arrangements, entirely independent of Government interference and control. By passing the law sur le temporel des cultes Government reverses the thing altogether, claiming the management of the incomes of the Clergy, and depositing medals with their insalienable rights and private concerns.

The Crown of England has ceded its royal domains to the nation, and receives in return an ample and handsome civil list worthy of Britain's greatness and renown. Now what would you say if the Government of the day were to claim a right to the disposal and management of such civil list, and insist upon pushing its unwelcome nose into all the domestic and private concerns of the Queen or Prince of Wales's household; so that its sic volo and sic jubeo is to be implicitly and with the utmost submission complied with in all the atoms of expenditure and family economy of the establishment? This will be precisely the case of the Belgian Church after the passing of the temporel des cultes Bill, with the aggravating circumstance that the cause is more sacred. Corr. of Weekly Register.

ITALY. FREDMONT.—In the report of the Committee on the Bill authorizing the conscription of 46,000 young men born in the year 1845, it is stated that on the 21st of January of the present year the Italian army was composed of 251,606 men under arms, and of 130,128 absent on unlimited leave (liable to be called to the colours at any moment), the whole exclusive of officers, and giving a total of 381,734 privates and non-commissioned officers. 'Such,' continues the report, 'were the strength and composition of the Italian army, and we think that result of 381,734 combatants, exclusive of officers, between the man on unlimited leave, may be contemplated with pride by the nation.' With pride, perhaps, but hardly with satisfaction by those who desire to see Italy emerge from her financial difficulties. Scarcely any one here dares to advocate reduction, but foreigners will persist in thinking that, if it be not intended to fight, so large an army serves only as a heavy bur-

den on the finances and a serious diminution of the productive forces of the country.—Times's Cor.

MAZZINI'S DESIGNS.—A letter from Milan of the 10th inst., and published in the Austrian Gazette, contains the following accounts of new plots and designs on the part of M. Mazzini and his agents.—The evening before that of yesterday at the Club Unitario, influenced and conducted directly by Mazzini, there was a meeting of his most important and influential agents, at which decisions of the highest interest were come to. A statement, drawn up by Mazzini himself gave an account of the present state of affairs, and set forth that the party of action should in any case give some sign of life if it did not resign itself to the loss of all influence. The report stated that the best course under the circumstances would be to carry out the attempt at a risk in Venice, on the Southern Tyrol, even at the risk of a failure. The Government would most likely decline to afford assistance, but on the other hand, there was but little room for fearing that it would place any serious obstacle in the way. Everybody understood, it is true, how few were the chances of success, but, nevertheless, it was necessary that some thing should be done to prove to the world, and to Venice in particular, that the party of action had not abdicated. Much would depend on the attitude of the Venetians as to the good or evil issue of the enterprise. Such is an outline of the report read. It was decided that the rising announced should be attempted in May next, and preparations are being made for a new insurrectionary enterprise. According to the assurance given by Mazzini arms in sufficient numbers have already been introduced into Venice, in order to furnish to the people the means of taking part in the attempt if they wish to do so. The chief reliance is placed on the emigrants from Venice who reside in the States of King Victor Emmanuel, and the greater part of whom, since the withdrawal of subsidies previously granted to them by the Government have been reduced to a condition of such great poverty that they will throw themselves into the arms of the first comer who will offer them food and money. Mazzini reckons on this desperate condition of the refugees for the support of his insensate plans and for instruments to carry them out. What matters it to this man, who has never had much regard for human life, if floods of precious blood should again flow uselessly. The Austrian Government must, therefore, expect to see a new insurrectionary movement break out in the course of next month. Without doubt no serious embarrassment will result but there will be a disturbance, which is all that Mazzini seems to have in view for the moment.

ROME.—The Pope officiated at Pontifical Mass in the Basilica of the Vatican on Easter Day. He then repaired to the grand lodge, and thence he gave his solemn benediction urbi et orbi. The weather was magnificent, and the attendance was very large. The whole of the French division, and of the Pontifical troops, in full uniform, occupied the square of the Vatican. After the blessing had been given the multitude cheered the Holy Father lustily.—Weekly Register.

ROME.—April 20.—The anniversary of the return of the Pope from Gaeta in 1849 was celebrated here yesterday. Brilliant illuminations took place in front of the Pantheon. An illuminated transparency was displayed, representing the Pope publishing the Encyclical and the Syllabus.

Deputy Vegezzi, the former Italian Minister of Finance, is at present in Rome. His visit is understood to have reference to certain negotiations in accordance with the Convention of the 15th of September for the assumption by this Government of the proportion of the Papal debt pertaining to the provinces taken by Italy from the Pope. A fresh charge to be included in the future calculations of Italian Finance Ministers, who already have so many more than they find it possible to meet. It must be admitted that the financial future of Italy warrants an aspect calculated to dishearten the most sanguine. People here ardently wish they could hold opinions and hazard predictions as favourable to it as those which certain English journals, deluded by superficial and highly-coloured statements, and being themselves unacquainted with the subject, have lately been inveigled into endorsing. Such views may obtain acceptance in England, where so many thousands of the educated classes, bound to Italy by memory and associations, loving her for her past and hopeful of her future, are eager to believe the best. Here, where the unwelcome truth is known, they are received with mournful but derisive smiles.

It seems the prevailing opinion here that the object of Signor Vegezzi's visit to Rome is to come to an understanding with the Pope about the appointment of new Bishops.

We have received the following telegram from our correspondent at Rome, via Naples:—

Rome, April 25.—M. Vegezzi had another audience with the Pope on Sunday evening, which lasted for two hours.

The Bishops already appointed in the former dominions of the Pope will be allowed to assume office without taking the oath of allegiance.

Bishops who have been exiled or imprisoned are allowed to return at their own pleasure.

The Pope admits the right of the King of Italy to appoint Lombard and Piedmontese Bishops, according to ancient rights.

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—The flight of an individual who was supposed to be the secretary of King Francis II., has been the topic of conversation at Rome. He said, moreover, to have carried off with him papers which compromise certain parties. He had, under Ferdinand II., the custody of the archives of the police. At the outbreak of the revolution he threw himself into it with enthusiasm and became one of its leaders. Being however a schemer, and trained in the school of the Neapolitan police, he took from the archives the correspondence of Ferdinand and of Francis with their Ministers, relating to matters of police, and sent an officer to the King, who was then in exile at Rome, to give up to him the above-mentioned correspondence. The King naturally accepted the proposal, but by some omission the box which contained these papers was never forwarded from Naples. The individual in question, having once put himself in communication with certain members of the court, set to work and made himself so busy in their service that he was found out one day and had to leave Naples in haste and to seek an asylum at Rome. There he continued to make himself very useful, by keeping up a communication with Naples. Whether however, from fickleness or from disgust at some proceedings of his countrymen, he revealed all that had passed to the Italian Government, and bought the favour of the revolutionary party by undertaking to give up the papers which were still at Naples.—Weekly Register.

The Naples Pungolo says that a lieutenant of National Guards, Alfonso di Marco, and another person were lately carried off by brigands near Pienicso, in the Terra di Lavoro, and that brigandage is on the increase in that province. On Monday, the 24th, the Masini band, 17 in number, are to be brought to trial. Among them are three young and handsome women, who, after having been carried off by the robbers, had finished by joining in their expedition, and who are accused of many crimes and of a ferocity even surpassing that of their male associates. Except one man and one woman, who were taken with arms in their hands, all these brigands voluntarily surrendered themselves. Between abolitionists and careless goalers, it seems as if a good time had come for malefactors. Within the last month there have been two escapes of galley-slaves, eight getting away in the one case, and five in the other. There has been a sad affray at Ogliastra between gendarmes and soldiers of the line, which commenced by a contest between the latter and some civilians. The gendarmes interfered, the soldiers resisted; more gendarmes came up and the soldiers also were reinforced; muskets, bayonets, and revolvers seem

to have been freely used, and a great many wounds and some deaths are reported to have ensued.—Times.

GERMANY. The host of emigration agents who for years have been inviting the German villagers to take a trip over the world, and settle in all possible lands of the globe, have had a novel species added to their number. 'To Mexico, to the land of the German Emperor,' is the latest cry in the advertisement of the class. There seems to be an intention to found a large German colony on the peninsula of Yucatan, and make it the nucleus of a more solid concern than the empire of the Aztecs has been till lately. Poles, too, have been urgently requested by the Emperor Maximilian to come and aid him in the execution of his arduous task. These, however, are chiefly required as soldiers, and promised a new country—as the Emperor is said to have expressed himself—as glorious as the old. But Polish emigrants are just now an article much in demand. At Paris many have been lately enlisted for the Panama canal expedition, while at St. Gallen, in Switzerland, a Polish committee has been formed with a view to enable the many emigrants roving about in those parts to find a permanent asylum in some fitting locality of the United States. In answer to an application a *visulium* of 100f. will be accorded to every Polish emigrant by the Swiss Federal Government. I am also told, but cannot say for certain, that the Swiss Government have applied to the Washington authorities for the cession of some land to the contemplated colony.—Times Cor.

RUSSIA AND POLAND. ST. PETERSBURG, April 24.—A telegram has just been received here from Nice announcing the death of the Czarrowitch, which took place early this morning.

The heir to the throne is now the Grand Duke Alexander, who was born on the 10th of March, 1845. This Prince is said not to have robust health, and it is no secret that for some time there have been speculations as to the probability of the claims of both the Czar's elder sons being postponed to those of the Grand Duke Vladimir, the third son, who is just eighteen years of age. In Russia the claims of birth have never had that sanctity which belongs to them in Western Europe. Like the Eastern nations generally the Russians have an extraordinary reverence for the reigning house or race, but care little about setting aside an individual member of it. Not to mention the revolutions and detronements of former times, there is a direct precedent for passing over an heir in the succession of Nicholas, in 1825, in preference to his elder brother, Constantine.—Times.

THE RUSSIAN PLAGUE.—It is impossible to say in what state the Russian epidemic at this moment is. The Russians tell us they know nothing about it; they are all tolerably well, and are surprised to learn from foreign journals that they are all dying of plague. On the other hand, complaints leak out that the hospitals are in a state of secrecy at this moment in Russia. No physicians save those employed by the Government are admitted except on stated days, prepared for long before, and then only over a small part of the hospital wards. What the truth may be we shall not immediately know; but it is a significant fact that the authorities at Copenhagen, almost the nearest neighbor of St. Petersburg, have provided a separate hospital for sailors coming from that port.

Appropos of the Russian epidemic, an interesting letter appears in the Vienna Medical News, a paper written for and by physicians. It is dated St. Petersburg, April 9, and runs the following effect:—'The conduct of Government in this emergency is really unpardonable. Instead of allowing the inhabitants of this city to learn anything about the nature and progress of the prevailing epidemic, they are systematically cut off from the sick as well as from all news relating to the sickness. Exactly the same way the physicians are treated. Unless a doctor happens to be employed by the police or the military, he is, in the eyes of this Government, a mere ignoramus. He has no admission to the hospitals, nor in fact any opportunity for studying the disease. No sooner is a case reported to the authorities, than the poor are carried off to the hospitals, and the wealthy forced to employ a doctor provided by Government. You will not wonder, then, at my being unable to give you anything but a very general and rather indefinite account. From the provinces we get no news whatever, the papers being strictly forbidden to mention as much as the name of the Siberian plague. Government won't bear of a plague, and so there is none. Foreign papers, we hear, are full of Russian news; but though all of them are freely admitted, and may be seen easily enough in this capital, we are none the wiser for reading them, at least on this particular head. Whole columns are effaced with printer's ink, and nothing but a few lines left in a readable state, provided they contain a *demi-t*. As to ascertaining anything about the plague through the medium of the many foreign physicians sent here, this is a hope which, if it was ever entertained, will be soon enough exploded in your part of the world. These gentlemen have been received with open arms, and in course of time will return home decorated with orders, and perhaps also requited with a remuneration for the time they have been here;—but that is all. They are shown over the hospitals at a double quick pace. They are mostly admitted to one wing only, where a few slight cases have been collected expressly for the inspection of foreign gentlemen; and when a vast number of compliments have been paid them by doctors and attendants, luncheon is announced, and a good deal is consumed at the expense of the hospital, though not without its monetary advantages to the doctor *du jour*. His metropolitan studies being thus at an end, the foreign doctor is then, officially of course, sent on to the provinces. Of course all these gentlemen have written long letters home. Anybody may write letters in Russia, but the worst is they so seldom reach their destination.'

From a Warsaw correspondence of the same paper we learn that typhus is spreading in that town. As a rule, death or recovery is a matter of six days.

The Copenhagen Ministerial Flyveposten says that a hospital has been opened there for suspicious cases occurring on board Russian ships.

UNITED STATES. A STRANGE STORY ABOUT MR. LINCOLN.—Three years ago, the gentleman I spoke of told us a story of Mr. Lincoln which I have not thought of since until now. When Mr. Lincoln received the news of his first election, he came home to tell Mrs. Lincoln about it. She was up stairs in the bedroom, and after telling the news, in walking about the room, his eye fell upon the bureau glass. Immediately he threw himself down upon the lounge, and told Mrs. Lincoln he thought he must be ill, for he saw a second reflection of his face in the glass which he could not account for. It was perfect, but very pale. 'Oh,' said Mrs. Lincoln, 'that means that means that you will be re-elected—but I don't like its looking pale,' she added; 'that looks as if you would not live through your second term.' Mr. Lincoln himself told this to the friend I mentioned, and this gentleman told it to us in our parlor, soon after the first Bull Run battle. It made quite an impression upon me at the time—but one forgets such things. Was it not singular?—Cor. of Country Gentleman.

A military commission is now trying Mr. B. S. Osbon, of New York, a naval news reporter, for furnishing contraband information to the newspapers, and thereby giving intelligence to the enemy. Mr. Osbon very pluckily denies the right of the commission to try him, and, according to the New York World, is supported in this demurrer 'by a Attorney-General Bates and every other constitutional lawyer in the land.—Montreal Gazette.

Coal has fallen \$4 a ton in the Northern States, and now sells at \$8. The mining companies have reduced the wages of the laborers to \$3 a day, and a strike is consequently raging at the principal mines of Pennsylvania. Owing to the large number of men seeking employment, now that the war is over; the companies refuse to give in, and work is expected to be resumed immediately.

The Boston Traveller states that seven divorces were granted at the recent session of the Supreme Court for Barnstable County, Massachusetts.

THE ASSASSINATION PLOT.—There is an opinion here that the authorities have been too precipitate in branding Mr. Davis and other authors of the assassination plot. The evidence of which the charge was based, some persons, who profess to be well informed, pronounce to be of a questionable character.—Washington telegram to N. Y. News.

At about midnight last Saturday, the steamer Keyport was ordered to the navy-yard. She received from the monitors Saugus and Montauk the persons who have been arrested as directly concerned in the conspiracy to murder simultaneously the President and other Union leaders, and who now number: fifteen men and one woman. These prisoners were all heavily ironed with a ball and chain on each leg, handcuffed in such a manner as to keep the hands several inches apart, and some of the more desperate ones having the hands fastened behind the back. A sort of sack covered the head and face of each leaving only the mouth and nostrils exposed, so as to prevent their recognition by each other or any one else. A special sentinel was in charge of each prisoner.—As the signal was given for the Keyport to start the steamer's bell rang slowly, and nearly all the muffled prisoners gave a convulsive start at the sound, evidently thinking that their hour of retribution had come. They were transferred to the district penitentiary adjoining the arsenals, where cells had been arranged for them. Two prisoners occupy each cell, but a sentinel in charge of each man prevents any conversation. Notwithstanding the larger number already in custody, several more of the assassination conspirators are still at large. Their early apprehension is considered almost certain.

The grievance particularly pressed against England by the war-organs of Mr. Seward and the administration is the concession by the British government of belligerent rights to the South.

Complaint of this grievance has been so constant and uniform ever since the outbreak of the rebellion that it has gradually come to be accepted by the great mass of our people as a substantial wrong done to us by Great Britain, involving in such unnecessary suffering and expense, and indicating a real disposition of hostility toward the Union. But Earl Russell's explanations upon this point, given in his speech of March 23, are unquestionably well calculated to make us revise this general impression.

The earl's statements on this subject were in substance a simple condensation of a very clear and able review of the whole case which appeared in the London Times of March 23, over the signature of 'Historicus,' a nom de plume identified in the popular mind in America with some of the calmest, least friendly, and most convincing arguments on American affairs, which have been published in England since the war began.

'Historicus' takes the matter up from the outset. He shows that as soon as the President of the United States had issued his proclamation blockading the southern ports, that proclamation created a state of things which involved neutral nations in this dilemma. Either the President's proclamation declared a state of legitimate war between the United States and 'certain states styling themselves the Confederate States of America,' which words were used by the President himself; and in that case made a lawful blockade, necessitating 'belligerent rights' in the states blockaded; or it claimed a right for the Union government to stop neutral vessels and search them, no lawful blockade and no belligerent rights existing; and in that case became a proper cause of war on the part of all neutral nations against whom it should be put in force.

This dilemma Mr. Seward does not seem to have perceived; and, although, 'Historicus' properly forbears to dwell on this point in the case, it is well known to Americans that Mr. Lincoln's administration entered upon the great military and diplomatic problems of the position with a very indistinct apprehension of the differences between a great civil war and an ordinary riot. It was natural, he should as a people lose sight of the fact that neutral nations had any rights to be affected by our course; and toward England in especial we had very generally the same feeling which Englishmen had towards ourselves during the Crimean war. When English consuls were arrested in America for violating our enlistment laws, the London Times bitterly expressed the amazement of Englishmen that America should be so very punctilious about their neutral rights when England had expected of them an active sympathy with a free people contending against a military empire. A similar angry surprise ran through the popular mind in America in respect to England's course in 1861.

But the surprise and the anger were, perhaps, equally unreasonable in both cases. At least this 'Historicus' makes plain, that England, by the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, simply recognized an existing state of things, and neither conferred upon nor conceded to the 'Confederate States' any belligerent rights at all. That proclamation was addressed to the neutral subjects of the neutral monarchy of Great Britain, defined their duty in the premises, and neither added to nor took away from any 'rights' either of the government of the Union or of the 'so-called Confederate States.'

If this was a duty owed by the British government to British subjects, it was clearly to be done without delay. Any delay in doing it would have exposed British ships, British subjects, British admirals and courts of law, to find themselves seriously in the new and startling complications growing out of our state of war, with no proper guide to their conduct; and might therefore, indeed almost certainly must, have brought on collisions between the British government itself and the American belligerents which would have made war inevitable.—N. Y. World.

The prevailing impression among officials here is that Jeff. Davis will be tried for high treason before the United States court of this district, and that he will not be arraigned before the military commission now trying the conspirators.—Washington Post.

The Tribune says: S. H. Foote, late of the rebel Congress, who was some time since released from prison here on parole, was, a few days since, notified that he must either stand trial for treason or quit the country. He accepted the latter alternative, and is now, supposed to be in Canada.

HOW NATURE GOVERNS US BATTLE-FIELDS.—'Did I ever tell you,' says a correspondent of an Eastern paper, among the affecting little things one is always seeing in these battlefields, how, on the ground upon which the battle of Bull Run was fought, I saw the empty ammunition boxes; and a wild rose thrusting up its graceful head through the top of a broken drum, which doubtless sounded its last charge in that battle; and a cunning scarlet verberna peeping out of a fragment of a burst shell, in which strange pot it was planted? Wasn't that peace growing out of war? Even so shall the beautiful and graceful ever grow out of the horrid and terrible things that transpire in this chancing but ever advancing world. Future covers over the battle-grounds with verdure and bloom. Peace and plenty spring up in the track of the devouring campaign; and all things in nature and society shall work out the progress of mankind.'

UNITED STATES.

It is extremely laughable to see what ridiculous pains are taken for the laudation of 'Boston' Corbett who shot Booth. We are treated to a history of his early life, a circumstantial narrative of his religious conversion; a graphic delineation of his personal peculiarities and a daily bulletin respecting his present condition and sayings. It appears this Corbett is a very eccentric chap. Among his peculiarities is that of disobeying orders and 'going it on his own hook'—a quality not supposed to be the highest element of soldierlyship. When Booth was shot in the burning barn, around which stood twenty-eight men, waiting for him to emerge, as he must soon have done, Corbett was posted at a certain point, and to 'd stay there. Instead of doing so, he made an eccentric movement to the back of the building, got a favorable position beside a crevice, drew bend on the murderer, and shot him. Perhaps, as one romantic correspondent asserts, he 'offered up a mental prayer for the soul of Booth as he pulled the trigger.' All things considered the assassin could have been better disposed of. But it really is a suggestive proof of the disposition to manufacture heroes out of small material, that this rash act of a disobedient soldier should be made a pretext for his glorification; as though peculiar virtues attached to the accident of his becoming public executioner, under such circumstances. Carlyle says, it is often the difference between the question of waiting for hot coffee at breakfast or drinking it cold, which makes a man great or leaves him otherwise; and the exaltation of Sergeant 'Boston' Corbett furnishes a striking instance of the philosophic truth of this statement.—Albany Journal.

Notwithstanding the positive statements made by some Northern papers and their correspondents in this city, the general belief in intelligent circles here is that the accusation against Mr. Davis and Messrs. Tucker, Sanders, Clay and other prominent Confederates will not be sustained.—Washington letter in ditto.

Six persons were shot down at Nashville for rejoicing at the death of President Lincoln. Three others were dangerously wounded. Parson Brownlow, who gives this information, says that 'to be candid, they should be shot down every where just as dogs are despatched.'

Dr. Blackburn, who visited Bermuda to obtain clothing used in the yellow fever hospitals for the purpose of spreading the disease in Northern cities, turns out to be Dr. Tumblety, recently the employer of Harrold, the accomplice and companion of J. Wilkes Booth.—Boston Traveller.

Doctor Tumblety.—The so-called 'Dr. Tumblety, whose name is mentioned in connection with the Booth plot, is one of the greatest villains unchanged. After leaving Canada, where he made a large amount of money by practicing upon fools, he went to St. John, N.B., and pursued his iniquitous business in that city for several months with great success. He poisoned one of his patients, however, and warrants being issued for his arrest on a charge of murder, he fled to New York, where he was soon afterwards imprisoned for perjury. When the war broke out, the 'Indian Herb Doctor' obtained an appointment as surgeon in the Federal army, but after a few months' service was dismissed for bad conduct. He is now under arrest as an accomplice in the murder of President Lincoln, and if he should end his life on the gallows none will deplore his fate.—Transcript.

The embalmed body of Mr. Lincoln is spoken of by a despatch to the N. Y. World, as follows:—'There is now no blood in the body; it was drained by the jugular vein and sacredly preserved, and through a cutting on the inside of the thigh the empty blood vessels were charged with a chemical preparation which soon hardened to the consistency of stone. The long and bony body is now hard and stiff, so that beyond its present position it cannot be moved any more than the arms or legs of a statue. It has undergone many changes. The scalp has been removed, the brain scooped out, the chest opened, and the blood emptied. All that we see of Abraham Lincoln, so cunningly contemplated in this splendid coffin, is a mere shell, an effigy, a sculpture. He lies in sleep, but it is the sleep of marble.'

THE CURED TO THE SUFFERING, LIVER COMPLAINT.—Some most remarkable facts in relation to the unparalleled efficacy of BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS in Liver complaints have recently come to light. Adoniram Sedgwick, Esq., of Hartford, announces that they 'cured him of congestion of the liver (preventing jaundice) in three days.' Richard M. Phelps, the well-known machinist of Pittsburgh, Ohio, writes: 'The physicians considered me a hopeless case when I commenced taking Bristol's invaluable Antibilious and Alterative Pills. They called my complaint degeneration of the liver, and I suffered great pain in the right side, which was swelled, accompanied with severe constipation and utter loss of appetite. A course of the pills has made me a well man, and I recommend them to all who suffer from similar complaints.' Miss Sarah Jane Deming, of Jersey City, concludes a letter to Dr. Bristol, thus: 'To your medicine (BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS) alone, I owe the re-establishment of my health, after having suffered most severely from bilious remittent fever for more than three months.' These authentic statements the sick should consider as addressed directly to themselves, and act accordingly. They are put up in glass vials, and keep in any climate. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood, BRISTOL'S SARPAPARILLA should be used in connection with the Pills. J. F. Henry & Co. Montreal, General agents for Canada. For sale in Montreal by Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, A. J. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harle, Picault & Son, H. R. Gray and by all prominent Druggists.

TERMS FOR SUPPLYING ICE DURING THE YEAR 1865.

To be delivered daily (two deliveries on Saturday for Sunday's use) from the FIRST MONDAY IN MAY TO THE FIRST OF OCTOBER: 10 lbs per day for the season.....\$ 4 00 20 lbs do do do..... 8 00 30 lbs do do do..... 12 00 40 lbs do do do..... 16 00 10 lbs do for one month..... 1 00 20 lbs do do do..... 2 50 Ice will be delivered during the month of October to parties requiring it at an extra charge as follows:— Season Customers, 20 lbs per day,.....\$1 50 Do do 10 lbs do..... 1 00 Monthly do 20 lbs do..... 1 50 Do do 10 lbs do..... 1 00 During the month the ice will be delivered three times a week. Complaints against the drivers for neglect or any other cause will be promptly attended to. Payments as usual—Cash in advance. Hotels, Steamboats and Public Companies supplied by contract on liberal terms. Subscribers are requested to send in their names as early as possible. LAMPLOUGH & CAMPBELL, Apothecaries Hall, Cathedral Block, May 10, 1865.

REMARKABLE STATEMENT

Agent of the Grand Trunk Railroad, CANADA.

Read the following letter, received by Mr. James Hawkes, Druggist, Brockville: Lyn, C. W., June 13, 1864.

James Hawkes, Esq., Brockville: Dear Sir,—Allow me to make a statement in favor of BRISTOL'S SARPAPARILLA, which ought to be known by everybody far and wide. In March, 1860, a Tumor appeared on the left side of my head, which had grown so large by December of that year that it effected my eating very much, and the Doctors thought it best to have it removed, which was done at that time. It partially healed up, and the rest remained a running sore for three years and a-half. I had tried several Physicians, who all came to the conclusion that it could not be healed, and I was told to square up my books for the last time. After using several kinds of SARPAPARILLA, I was induced to try BRISTOL'S, from your establishment. Before I had used five bottles, I felt it was doing fine good, and, as you know, I have continued to use it for the past fourteen months, and the result, after using between thirty-five and forty bottles, (which has brought away several pieces of the skull-bone, one of them measuring two, by one and three-eighths inches,) I am a well man. Yours truly,

Geo. Webster, Agent, G. T. R. Co. Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harle, H. R. Gray and Picault & Son. 463

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

The history of 'Hooiland's German Bitters,' the most remarkable medicine of the day, and the many cures that have been performed with it in cases of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, and diseases arising from a disordered liver or stomach, place it among the most astonishing discoveries that have taken place in the medical world. The diseases to which these Bitters are applicable are so universal, that there are but few of our friends who may not test their virtues in their own families or circle of acquaintances, and prove to their own satisfaction that there is at least one remedy among the many advertised medicines, deserving the public commendation. It is a fact that, in the minds of many persons, a prejudice exist against what are called Patent Medicines; but why should this prevent your resorting to an article that has such an array of testimony to support it as Hooiland's German Bitters? Physicians prescribe it, why should you discard it? Judges, usually considered men of talent, have and do use it in their families; why should you reject it? Clergymen, and those the most eminent take it; why not you? Let not your prejudice usurp your reason, to the everlasting injury of your health. If you are sick, and require a medicine, try these Bitters. These Bitters are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, for Jones & Evans, Proprietors, 631 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For Sale by Druggists and Dealers generally. J. F. Henry & Co., General Agents for Canada 303 St. Paul St., Montreal, C.E.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS GENERALLY. J. F. Henry & Co., General Agents for Canada 303 St. Paul St., Montreal, C.E.

VICTORY!—What a cheering, heart stirring word, that implies long struggles, determined action, patient suffering, and ultimate success. A victorious army marching with all the pomp of glittering arms and rolling drums is a glorious sight, but the conqueror of disease, though an obscure soldier, is none the less entitled to our encomiums. Let us then cherish the memory of N. H. Downs, the inventor of the celebrated Balsamic Elixir for coughs and colds. Sold by all Druggists. John F. Henry & Co. Proprietors, 303 St. Paul St. Montreal C. E.

RICHELIEU COMPANY.



DAILY ROYAL MAIL LINE

BETWEEN MONTREAL AND QUEBEC, And Regular Line between MONTREAL and the PORTS OF THREE RIVERS, SOREL, BERTHIER, CHAMBLY, TERREBONNE, L'ASSOMPTION, and other Intermediate Ports.

ON and after MONDAY, the 1st May, and until otherwise ordered, the STEAMERS of the RICHELIEU COMPANY will LEAVE their respective Wharves as follows:—

The Steamer MONTREAL, Captain Robt. Nelson will leave Richelieu Pier (opposite Jacques Cartier, Square) for QUEBEC, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at SEVEN o'clock P.M., precisely, stopping going and returning at the Ports of Sorel, Three Rivers, and Batiscan. Passengers wishing to meet the Ocean Steamers at Quebec may depend to be in time by taking their passage on board this steamer, as a tender will take them over without extra charge. The Steamer EUROPA, Capt. J. B. Labelle, will LEAVE every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at SEVEN o'clock P.M. precisely, stopping, going and returning, at the Ports of Sorel, Three Rivers and Batiscan.

The Steamer COLUMBIA, Capt. Joseph Duval, will LEAVE the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Three Rivers, every Tuesday and Friday, at TWO o'clock P.M., stopping, going and returning, at Sorel, Maskegoe, Riviere du Loup, Yamachiche, and Port St. Francis; and will LEAVE Three Rivers for Montreal, every Sunday and Wednesday, at TWO o'clock P.M., stopping at Lanoraie.

The Steamer NAPOLEON, Capt. Charles Daveluy, will LEAVE the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Sorel every Tuesday and Friday, at THREE o'clock P.M.; stopping, going and returning, at St. Sulpice, Lanoraie, Berthier, Petit Nord and Grand Nord, and will leave Sorel every Sunday and Wednesday, at FOUR o'clock A.M.

The Steamer CHAMBLY, Capt. F. Lamoureux, will leave Jacques Cartier Wharf for Chamby every Tuesday and Friday, at THREE o'clock P.M.; stopping, going and returning, at Vercheres, Contrecoeur, Sorel, St. Ours, St. Denis, St. Antoine, St. Charles, St. Marc, Belœil, St. Hilaire, and St. Mathias; and will leave Chamby every Saturday at 3 o'clock P.M., and Wednesday at noon, for Montreal.

The Steamer TERREBONNE, Captain L. H. Roy, will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for L'Assomption every Monday & Saturday at Four P.M., Tuesday and Friday at 3 o'clock P.M.; stopping going and returning at Boucherville, Vercheres, and St. Paul L'Hermite; and will leave L'Assomption every Monday at 7 A.M., Tuesdays at 5 A.M., Thursdays at 8 A.M., and Saturdays at 6 A.M.

The Steamer ETOILE, Captain P. C. Malhot, will leave the Jacques Cartier Wharf for Terrebonne every Monday and Saturday at 4 P.M., Tuesday and Friday at 3 o'clock P.M.; stopping going and returning at Bout de l'Isle and Lachenaie; and will leave Terrebonne every Monday at 7 A.M., Tuesdays at 5 A.M., Thursdays at 8 A.M., and Saturdays at 6 A.M.

This Company will not be accountable for specie or valuables, unless Bills of Lading having the value expressed are signed therefor. For further information, apply at the Richelieu Company's Office, 29 Commissioners Street. J. B. LAMERE, General Manager. OFFICE RICHELIEU COMPANY, 29 1st May, 1865

A laborer strikes, and stops work. A clock strikes, and works right on.

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ESTABLISHED 1861.

ADDRESS TO THE INHABITANTS OF MONTREAL.

GENTLEMEN,— I beg to thank you for the great amount of support and patronage you have hitherto so liberally bestowed upon me, and trust by my continued care and attention to secure the same in a still larger degree. With this object in view, I beg to solicit the favor of a call for the purpose of inspecting my new Summer Stock, consisting of a choice selection of English and Foreign Tweeds, Doerings, Angoras, &c. All goods I warrant will not shrink, and are made up in the most finished style and best workmanship. The prevailing fashions for the ensuing season will be the Broadway and Prince of Wales Suits. These I have always in stock in an immense variety of first-class materials. My much admired Eclipse Pants always ready in various patterns, ready made or made to measure from \$3.00; Vest to match \$2.00. My Juvenile Department is unrivalled. The most suitable materials and newest designs introduced. Assuring you of my most prompt attention to all orders, and soliciting the favor of a call during the coming week. I remain your obedient servant. J. G. KENNEDY, MERCHANT TAILOR. 42 St. Lawrence Main Street. May 11.

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"... I have given the Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our disabled soldiers with the most astonishing effect. G. W. D. ANDREWS, Superintendent Soldiers' Home, Cincinnati, O."

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"... The Plantation Bitters have cured me of a derangement of the kidneys and the urinary organs that has distressed me for years. It acts like a charm. O. C. MOORE, 254 Broadway."

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