

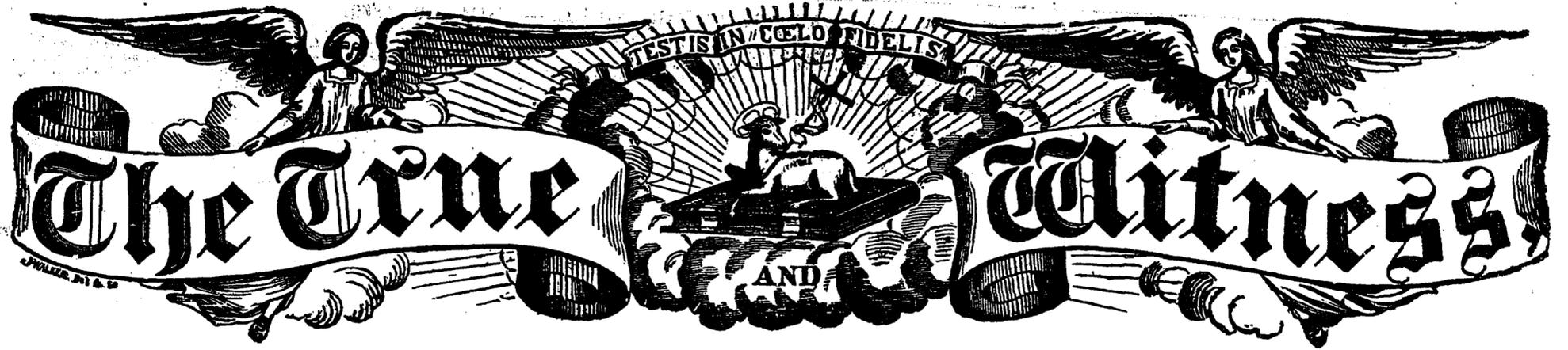
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XX.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 19, 1869.

No. 14

(From the Catholic Mirror.)

AURELIA;

OR,

THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

Freely Translated from the French of M. A. Quinton

PART THIRD.—THE VESTAL.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

We need not say that Flavius Clemens, the two young Cæsars and all their family had nothing to do with the rebellion planned by Lucius Antonius. But it was true that the latter, as Metellus Celer's letter led one to suppose, strengthened himself by the use of their names, which were exceedingly popular, because of their near relationship with Vespasian and Titus. It was also true that the General of the army in Germany had no other intention in marching upon Rome, than to overthrow Domitian and to put his nephews in his place, for the people looked with pleasure upon the young Cæsars as the heirs of the empire.

But Regulus, who knew very little concerning the conspiracy of which Antonius was the head, had nevertheless seized with eagerness this opportunity to resume the plotting interrupted by Cecilia's release and Parmenon's death, and, as we have seen, in informing the Emperor that his relations were Christians, he had taken care to represent them as conspirators.

We shall show directly what Domitian meant by those sons of David whom he held in his power, and proposed to interrogate in presence of his court.

'Are you certain,' asked the Emperor, stopping abruptly before Regulus, 'of all you are telling me? How did you get this information? You will readily understand the grave character of these revelations, and how necessary it is that I should be informed of the smallest circumstances connected with them.'

'My lord,' said Regulus, 'permit me to relate all that has taken place during your absence, and what I had done to obey the instructions you had left me.'

At this juncture a singular and barely perceptible noise reached the ears of the two men, who turned quickly to see if any one was spying their secrets. But the wide gallery was deserted and silent, and the luminous stones reflected no other image than those of the Emperor and Regulus.

'Did you hear, Regulus,' said Domitian with uneasiness, and pointing to a colossal statue of Minerva, placed in the centre of the gallery on a bronze pedestal. 'It seemed to me the noise came from that direction....'

'Let us verify the fact, my lord,' said Regulus, 'the same noise attracted my attention.' The Emperor and the informer walked round the statue, but saw no one.

'It is nothing, my lord,' remarked Regulus, 'the great weight of this statue causing its base to settle in the soil, has probably occasioned the slight noise we heard.'

'Very likely; well, Regulus, begin your narrative, I am anxious to know all.'

The informer's long narrative must have awakened a powerful interest in Domitian, for he listened to it with much attention; but the reader being already acquainted with the events that formed its substance, we deem it unnecessary to repeat it.

'However,' said Regulus after relating his disappointments, 'I did not lose courage, and the gods have permitted that I should again, and by other means, obtain possession of those secrets, so important to my master's safety, and the proof of which I have hastened to bring to his knowledge.'

The informer, however, was not very explicit in the second part of his narrative; he did not wish to say by what means he had obtained possession of the documents which he had brought to the Emperor. He merely repeated that he had corrupted Misius, whose acquaintance he made through the Archigallus. Having finished his story, he asked the Emperor what he thought of all this.

'It requires reflection,' replied Domitian. 'I shall again have need of your zealous services,' he added, putting his hand familiarly on the informer's shoulder. Regulus blushed with pleasure at this caressing gesture accompanied by a glance which promised future favor as a reward of future infamy.

'Do you know,' remarked Domitian after a short pause, 'that this cousin of mine, Flavia Domitilla, is a veritable bane to the family. She it is who corrupted all my other relations. I see it. . . I want to begin with her,' he added, with a dark smile, 'what shall I do with her?'

'Speak, my lord, I shall obey,' replied Regulus, bowing low.

'We shall think of it,' growled Domitian.—'As for this young beau, Metellus Celer and his Vestal....'

'Will the Emperor permit me to give my advice?' asked Regulus.

'Speak,' said Domitian.

'It would be perhaps better to wait the further development of events,' said the informer. 'I have placed a man devoted to me near Metellus Celer, and I am sure that we can seize the latter in the retreat which he thinks so secure, whenever circumstances will require it. But if he is, as his letter would lead us to believe, connected with this conspiracy of Antonius, does not the Emperor see what precious information may be obtained from this source?'

'You are right, Regulus, let us wait! . . . And as for the Flavius family . . . let us wait also. When they will have fully betrayed themselves, my severity will seem natural and legitimate. . . . Moreover, to-morrow all these questions shall have made a great step. Regulus, do not fail to be here to-morrow . . . You will be able to observe some curious things. . . . Go, Regulus, I am satisfied with your zeal . . . Leave all these documents with me.'

The informer handed the various packages to the Emperor, who placed them on a tripod near Minerva's statue, and accompanied Regulus to give him further instructions. They walked out of the gallery into another apartment, where they remained in conversation a little longer.

No sooner had Domitian and Regulus left the phengite gallery than the bronze base of Minerva's statue opened noiselessly; and Hirsutus springing forth, seized the papers and swiftly disappeared with them in his hiding place. The secret panel fell back to its place, and the most expert eye could not have detected its existence.

Silence and solitude reigned in the immense gallery when the Emperor returned.

He could not restrain an exclamation of surprise upon reaching the tripod and missing the papers he had so recently put there. Laying his hand mechanically on the gilded surface, he felt something warm and damp that made him recoil with horror. His fingers were stained with blood!

Domitian cried aloud and the echoes of the luminous gallery repeated the cry. The guards rushed in thinking the Emperor had called for help.

They found him gazing with superstitious terror on Minerva's statue.

'Go away! retire!' cried Domitian angrily, for he did not wish others to witness his anguish.

When he was again alone, he examined the statue carefully, feeling the joints of the bronze base with his fingers. But his search was fruitless; he saw nothing but a compact mass of metal.

'This is strange,' he muttered, pressing his hand on his brow moist with the cold sweat of fear. 'To-morrow this statue shall be pulled down....'

In a book store on the Sacred Way, a hundred men were busy copying, by the light of numerous lamps, a document which a stranger had just brought in.

This document was the second proclamation of Antonius, so mysteriously stolen from Domitian by the boy Hirsutus, and which, it will be remembered, contained an energetic appeal to arms.

Next day, the walls of Rome were covered with these copies, and the Pretorians had to use force to disperse the threatening crowds assembled near them, and from which were heard the most outrageous and significant curses against Domitian.

CHAPTER IV.—MINERVA'S STATUE.

Domitian, frightened by the strange adventure of Minerva's statue and the mysterious disappearance of the documents he had intended to turn to such good account, passed a restless night. Suetonius relates that during the few moments of sleep which the Emperor enjoyed, a dream brought him the most frightful omens.

He saw Minerva, the goddess whom he honored especially with a superstitious worship, step slowly from her pedestal, leave the gallery consecrated to her name, and approach, with desolate attitude, the couch where he lay trembling.

But it was no longer the armed goddess which had sprung from the brain of Jupiter, the king of Olympus. She had doffed her warlike vestments and resembled now a young maiden who has been touched by the cold and mortal hand of the Parca. Her shining helmet, her shield, her armor and lance, all these symbols of her invincible power had vanished, as if she had succumbed to the superior strength of an adversary

and he had despoiled her and made a trophy of her arms.

During a few minutes, Domitian contemplated her in silence, the cold sweat pearly on his brow. The goddess, erect and her hands joined in supplication, gazed upon him sadly, without moving her lips, and motionless like a bronze statue weeping upon a tomb. The inert mass had been animated for a few moments, by a prodigy, and then, had resumed the coldness and rigidity of bronze.

At last, by another prodigy, her arm was raised slowly towards the Emperor; her eyes moved in their orbits; her lips parted, and in a harsh voice that rang like the sound of a trumpet, she cried three times:

'Domitian! Domitian! Domitian!'

Then lowering her voice, she added sadly: 'I can no longer protect thee . . . A more powerful god has broken my weapons! . . . Jupiter himself could not save his daughter! . . .'

The Emperor bounded on his bed, awoke suddenly, and screamed so loudly, that his guards who watched in the adjoining room, rushed in to protect him.

Domitian was moving his arms wildly, as if to drive away some fearful vision, and repeating in a voice full of anguish:

'Save me! save me! . . . Help Minerva! . . . she is there! . . . there! . . . Do you see her? . . . She abandons me! . . .'

But no other eye could discover that which Domitian's gaze followed with increasing anxiety in this vast room scarcely lighted by a single lamp, nor that which his trembling hand pointed at in the vacant gloom.

At early dawn, when Regulus entered the Emperor's room, he found Domitian kneeling by his bedside, his hands raised to heaven.

Regulus had read the mysterious proclamation posted on the walls of Rome, during the night, and not understanding how these documents, which he held safe at home, could have been made public, he had hastened to the palace to have this strange fact explained, and, at all events, to inform the Emperor of it. But on finding Domitian in this state of complete prostration, caused by the events of that fearful night he foresaw some circumstance still more fatal than those which already caused his anxiety; and extending his hands to the Emperor, he exclaimed:

'In the name of the gods, my lord, what is the matter with you, and what has happened?'

Domitian raised his vacant and fearful eyes upon the informer, and gathering a little courage from his presence, wiped away the cold sweat from his brow, and murmured hoarsely:

'Fearful omens! Horrible night! . . .'

'My lord,' said Regulus, who, seeing his master overwhelmed by a terror which he could not understand, sought to divert his attention by an important disclosure, 'the document I gave you yesterday, and of which I alone possess the copy, has been posted on Rome last night. How did this happen?'

'This is as it should be,' replied Domitian, showing no astonishment: 'Minerva, who abandons me, has taken these documents and has doubtless caused them to be distributed in Rome. . . . I am lost, Regulus,' cried the tyrant with sudden fierceness; 'the gods have conspired against me! they want my death! . . . Let their bolts strike me if they wish!' he added in a tone of despair, and hiding his face in his hands.

Triumphing at last of his own weakness and returning gradually to the angry mood, Domitian related to Regulus, with many interruptions, what had occurred since their last interview.

These who are familiar with the ancient writers, know how strangely superstitious the Romans were, and the facility with which they accepted the most incredible prodigies. Regulus was particularly addicted to these superstitious fears, and he was often known to shed the blood of victims to conjure the effects of evil omens and propitiate the anger of the gods.—We may then imagine the impressions left in his soul by the Emperor's narrative, so eloquently strengthened by the mysterious removal of the papers, the apparition of Minerva, and the unaccountable divulgence of Lucius Antonius' proclamation.

But who was this god, more powerful than Minerva, greater even than Jupiter, since the King of Olympus could not protect his daughter against his power?

Domitian and Regulus, moved by the same presentiment, remembering the rumors so long circulated in Rome, thought of the God of the Christians, and without communicating to each other this thought, betook themselves to reflect that it would not be wise to attack Him at this time. Would He not come to the assistance of His worshippers if they were threatened? And since He had had the power to overthrow Minerva, could it be hoped that he would spare the Emperor?

Domitian expressed this secret resolve of his

frightened heart when, after a long pause, he said to Regulus:

'It is to-day I must see those sons of David, announced to Rome by the Fates . . . It will be, if I believe certain secret warnings, the end of these mysterious events . . . the beginning of some hope or the confirmation of all my fears. . . . We must beware of this unseen power which nobody knows and which reveals itself by such prodigies!'

Whilst conversing in this manner, the Emperor and Regulus were walking slowly through the vast apartments of the Palatine-House.—They reached the hall where they had parted the day before, and which was contiguous to the luminous gallery in which stood the statue of Minerva, the cause of so many terrors.

Since the apparition that had troubled his sleep, Domitian had not dared to enter the gallery; but he felt a lively curiosity to know what had become of the statue; whether it had left its pedestal forever; or, if it had resumed its place, whether it was still despoiled of its armor, as he had seen her during the night.

Domitian, still under the impression of his terror, would not have thought of going alone into the fatal gallery, but encouraged by the presence of Regulus, he determined to verify the facts immediately. Pale and trembling, they entered together the gallery of phengite stone.

The goddess was standing as usual on her bronze pedestal. The rays of the rising sun playing on her richly gilded helmet, her shield and armor, surrounded her with a flood of light; her lance was still grasped in her motionless hand. In other words, nothing was changed in the statue which Domitian and Regulus examined with anxious care. Not daring to lay their hands on it, lest an avenging flame should burst forth to strike them, yet they looked closely at the faintest lineaments of the elaborate carving of the pedestal, as if they had suspected the truth; but the bronze mass kept its own secrets, and Domitian and Regulus gave up all hopes of discovering what the gods doubtless wished should remain an impenetrable mystery.

'Come, Regulus,' said Domitian, still more discouraged after this fruitless search, 'we must give up the hope of learning anything from this statue. . . . By Jupiter! all this is strange and incredible! . . . If I had not seen the goddess move in the darkness, I might perhaps doubt! . . . But there is a terrible and significant reality in these facts. . . . Well, we shall see. . . . Regulus you must be here punctually at the seventh hour. That is the time fixed for the examinations of those sons of David.'

Regulus bowed profoundly and promised to be at the Emperor's orders at the hour appointed. He then hastened to take leave of Domitian, for he was anxious to be relieved of the restraint he had exercised to conceal, whilst in his master's presence, the great trouble that filled his heart.

From the windows of the palace, the Emperor could hear the distant clamor of the excited crowds of citizens who had read the proclamation of Lucius Antonius and now gave utterance to loud curses and threats against the tyrant; but he could see also his Pretorian guard whose devotion he had secured by frequent liberalities, charge the multitude and disperse them after covering the street with dead bodies.

A smile of confidence lighted his face as he withdrew into the interior of the palace, murmuring to himself:

'By my fortune! so long as these brave swords are mine, I may defy even the anger of the gods.'

Whilst Domitian is preparing to interrogate the sons of David in presence of his court, let us explain how Hirsutus could conceal himself in Minerva's statue, for what object he pried into his master's secrets, and why he had so adroitly possessed himself of the pamphlets, letters and proclamations which Regulus had brought to the Emperor.

The execution against Domitian for his numerous crimes was organized for his overthrow, but they had all failed owing either to the weakness of resources, the treachery of some member, or the want of boldness in the leaders. Nevertheless, two new conspiracies, in and out of Rome, had been recently formed, with hopes of better success.

The immediate object of both was the same—the overthrow of the tyrant. The means of action and the ultimate design alone were different. One of these conjurations had at its head Lucius Antonius, General of the army of Germany, who relied on his legions, and intended to march on and proclaim the fall of Domitian.

Little is known about this revolt, which was promptly suppressed, as we shall see. The Senate, it is believed, favored the plans of Antonius, which were merely to bring about a change of reign, by placing the young Cæsars, Vespasian and Domitianus, his designated successors, on Domitian's throne.

This outbreak was about to take place, and yet Domitian knew nothing of it. The first

news were brought to him by Palladius Sura, whose whole merit was that of having torn a copy of the proclamation from the walls of the city, to bring it to the Emperor.

Regulus had been more fortunate, owing to circumstances which will be explained in another chapter. He had managed to seize the packages of proclamations and to inform Domitian of the name of the General who threatened his power. But Regulus knew nothing beyond this, and consequently, the informations brought by him to the Emperor, were very incomplete. We need not add that the informer was working actively to complete them.

The object of the second conspiracy was to place on the throne Cæcilius Nerva, a respected old man who had twice been invested with the Consular dignity, and who was then sixty five years old. This plot had originated during the war against the Dacians. It was managed with the greatest prudence, and the conjurers watched a favorable opportunity with patience, avoiding any rash and premature action. They intended, as a last resort, if the opportunity to act did not present itself, to get rid of Domitian by assassination.

The Emperor had not the least suspicion of the existence of this conspiracy, and neither Regulus nor any other of the numerous informers who served the master with so much zeal had suspected it.

All that Domitian knew was that Apollonius of Thyana had promised the empire to Nerva, after consulting the entrails of a murdered child. This horrible sacrifice had been consummated in a distant country house, and Domitian had been informed of it by one of the disciples of the philosopher, named Philiscus, whose humane feelings had revolted at the abominable act. But Philiscus did not know that Apollonius belonged to the Nerva party, and that the human sacrifice was intended to inform the conjurers of the issue of their undertaking.

Domitian, however, was much incensed against Apollonius of Thyana for having encouraged such hopes. The philosopher, fearing the vengeance of the Emperor had carefully prepared the means of justifying his course; he wished to obtain an audience from Domitian and to propitiate him with presents of rare things brought back from the distant countries he had visited. This was why we have seen him, at Pompey's portico, soliciting the intervention of Aurelia and offering the young girl the beautiful murine vases she had admired.

Hirsutus, the hideous abortion, belonged body and soul to both of the conspiracies. The lively hatred he bore Domitian had led him to embrace with joy every project that promised his resentment a complete revenge. Both parties had accepted eagerly his co-operation, for his position near the prince and the great favor he enjoyed, together with his bright intellect and the bitter hatred that filled his heart, made him a valuable auxiliary.

He served the two conspiracies with equal zeal and faithfulness, never betraying to one the information which concerned the other; preserving an inviolable secrecy in all his acts, and doing his utmost to preserve the mystery of his double participation. So ably did he manage this, that the leaders in Germany knew nothing of the insurrection that was preparing in Rome, and the Nerva party was taken by surprise by the proclamation of Antonius. Little did Hirsutus care when revenge would come, provided Domitian was overthrown and he helped to do it.

Hirsutus having remarked that the luminous gallery was the spot where Domitian held his interviews and decided the most important questions, asked himself whether it would not be possible to become an invisible listener. It was no easy matter, and yet he succeeded in procuring a piece of concealment in the brazen base of Minerva's statue. It is probable that, assisted by the gold of the conspirators, he had secured the services of some skillful workmen during Domitian's absence.

The noise heard by Domitian and Regulus was made by Hirsutus entering his post of observation by a subterranean passage. The young man had heard the most important part of the conversation between the Emperor and the informer. We have seen how adroitly he had taken possession of the papers. The bloody mark on the tripod was from his wounded hand.

That evening three important things were done by Hirsutus:

He sent the proclamations to the tavern we have mentioned, with orders that they should be copied and posted that same night.

At the same time a courier was dispatched from Rome to Germany, bearing the following despatch written in a secret cipher:

'Misius has been bought over. The proclamations were placed in the hands of the Emperor by Regulus, but a copy has been redeemed. Your faithful Galbula is having it copied, at this moment, in his tavern, and the copies will be posted this very night, despite your agent's

treachery. The die is cast. Unfurl your banner and march upon Rome. You are expected here.—VALE.

Finally, Tonghianus Gurgus was disturbed in his sleep by some one knocking loudly at his door. The sub-vestipulo who went to open, found an unknown man who wished to see the master immediately, on important business. Gurgus consented to leave his bed, but ill-humor was visible; the stranger paid no attention to this, however, but asked him abruptly when they were alone:

'You are the Grand Vestal's friend?' 'Somewhat, citizen,' replied Gurgus with impertinent fatuity, 'we believe we have that honor.'

'Well,' said the stranger, 'here is a letter which must be handed to her.'

And he placed into the Vestipulo's hands the letter of Metellus Celér to Cornelia, which we have seen Regulus bring to Domitian.

'You will inform the Grand Vestal,' added the unknown, 'that the Emperor has had this writing long enough to read it. The Grand Vestal and her friends must act in consequence. Good night.'

And the stranger made his exit. 'Here is a singular and not very talkative citizen,' thought Gurgus.

But his smiles vanished when his eyes fell on the papyrus sheet, and his face looked graver than if he had been attending a first-class funeral.

'What,' he exclaimed after perusing the dangerous document, 'the Emperor has read this letter as I do now? By Venus-Libitina! the poor Grand Vestal is lost. But this is not all. Here is if I understand it correctly the proof of a conspiracy in favor of the divine Aurelia's betrothed. And Domitian knows all this?... Gurgus, Gurgus! these great friendships are fatal!... Take care that you do not get into trouble!'

'Quidquid delirant Reges plerumque Achivi!' Upon this somewhat personal reflection, the Vestipulo fell into a profound meditation.

Gurgus had slightly boasted when he represented himself as the Grand Vestal's friend. He had certainly been of great service during the events we have related; but since Cornelia had returned to the Atrium Regium, he had not even thought of crossing the threshold of that asylum which he looked upon as prohibited to men.

His embarrassment was therefore great. How was he to discharge the important commission he had accepted? He thought of Cecilia, who was in frequent communication with the Grand Vestal; but he promptly discarded the thought, for he did not want to involve the young woman in the dangers that might result from this affair.

'This writing burns my fingers,' thought Gurgus, 'I can feel it now. It is enough to make a man split in four, like the log of the funerals.'

Yet, the Grand Vestal must have this letter without delay. A bright idea must have struck Gurgus suddenly, for he cut an extraordinary caper, and called aloud to his aids to prepare to accompany him.

Four vestipulos responded to this call, and followed Gurgus in the dark streets of Rome.

Whither were they going? We shall know it later.

CHAPTER V.—THE SONS OF DAVID. Domitian, it will be remembered, had made an appointment with Regulus for the seventh hour. When the informer arrived, the crowd of courtiers was already pouring into the Imperial palace. The heralds of the Emperor had summoned all the Senators, the four colleges of Pontiffs, the most respected Flamines, the consulars, magistrates, and many other illustrious citizens.

Flavius Clemens and his two sons, the young Cæsars, Vespasian and Domitianus, had not been forgotten. The Emperor had insisted upon their promising to attend.

Terror pervaded the groups of courtiers, for no one knew the object of this convocation, and all belonged to the conspiracy or made vows for its success. They feared that the Emperor having discovered the plot, wished to study their faces, in the hope they would betray the guilt of the accomplices. But this made their attendance still more imperative, for their absence would have been their condemnation.

Domitian had chosen for his levee, a vast gallery supported by circular columns of the finest marble, with bronze capitals. He was seated on a chair of ivory studded with gold and precious stones. Hirsutus was rolling on a purple carpet at his master's feet.

Twenty-four lictors, clad in white tunics, surrounded the raised platform upon which the curule chair was placed, and whence Domitian's glance could study the whole assemblage. A cohort of Pretorians with bucklers and naked swords, formed a line around the columns. Their bright helmets of burnished brass, and brilliant lacernæ derived additional lustre from the dark background of the frescoed walls.

The Emperor had donned the triumphal costume which he always wore when presiding at the Senate, since his pretended victories over the Dacians. This consisted of a tunic of the finest white woolen cloth, with palms embroidered in gold; a toga of Tyrian purple ornamented with gold, and white buskins studded with pearls. A rich gold chain of delicate workmanship thrown around his neck, sustained a small gold ball containing a preservative against envy; a wreath of wild laurel encircled his brow; in his right hand he held a branch of laurel, and in his left, an ivory sceptre surmounted by the figure of an eagle. On one of the fingers of this hand he wore a plain iron ring, the ancient reward of warlike virtues; his arms were encircled in military bracelets, insignia of valor. Finally, a slave placed behind him, and almost bending under the weight, held over the Emperor's head an etruscan crown interwoven with oak-leaves of gold, acorns of precious stones and flame-colored bands.

But there was not seen around Domitian any of the symbols by means of which ancient wisdom was wont to remind the triumpher of his own weakness; neither the slave whose duty it was to cry to him from time to time: 'Remember that

thou art a man! nor the rods, emblems of servitude; nor the small bell which served to announce to those condemned to death that the last hour had come—none of those means used to keep before the eyes of the proud conqueror the proof of the instability of things human and the wretchedness which fortune might hold in reserve for the most honored and powerful.

Amidst all this pompous theatrical display, Domitian, pale and silent, gazed with pensive eyes and clouded brow on the throng of courtiers, whose names were proclaimed aloud as they approached to make their obeisance with bended knee, and to take their place, anxious and trembling, on each side of the throne.

Three persons entered, who bowed respectfully, but without prostrating themselves.

The Emperor looked up, surprised, to recognize those who had failed to give him this mark of abject submission. His eyes fell on Flavius Clemens and his two sons, the presumptive heirs of the empire.

Domitian reddened, and his eyes flashed; but he restrained his passion, and his features resumed their impenetrable mask.

An involuntary shudder, like the shock of a galvanic battery, communicated itself to the crowd of courtiers, already the prey of so much anxiety. Among the most anxious was Vibius Crispus, who knew too well the reason for the offensive reserve, so openly manifested by the Emperor's relations.

But the fears of the courtiers increased when Marcus Regulus made his appearance. The informer's demeanor was as insolent towards the assemblage as it was affectedly servile towards the Emperor. The smile of intelligence with which Domitian greeted the wretch prostrate at his feet, was full of ominous meaning. Every one felt that something terrible was about to happen.

The Emperor and the informer enjoyed together the pitiful spectacle of this universal terror. At last, Domitian made a sign that he was about to speak. All eyes were fixed upon him; every ear listened eagerly for the words that were to relieve the general suspense.

(To be Continued.)

THE LAND QUESTION OF IRELAND.

(FROM THE SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

No. 11.

ATHLONE, Sept. 4.

I shall not dwell at any great length on the character of the land system of this neighbourhood, viewed as a whole, or on the social phenomena disclosed in it, for to do so would be to repeat a good deal of what I have written in previous letters. The wages of the agricultural labourer about Athlone are very much the same as I have found them to be in other places; that is, they average from 6s. to 10s. a week, and the class, as a rule, is not unprosperous. The rate of rent is extremely variable. Unfortunately, I have not the means of comparing it with what it was a century ago, for Arthur Young did not visit this place, but I may say, generally, that it ranges from 3l. to 15s. the Irish acre—that is, from about 36s. to 9s. the English. Any good land is not highly rented; indeed, the fine meadows along the Shannon appear to me to be let low—it must be remembered, however, that they are 'drowned' by floods during four months of the year—and the rate of rent upon large farms is, in my judgment, reasonable and moderate. This remark, however, hardly applies to the smaller farms in many places. The rents of these are very often high, and I walked over several hundreds of acres of cold thin, and hungry land, inhabited by a race of poor occupiers, who paid 20s. at the Irish acre, and which I should consider dear at 12s. Farms vary exceedingly in extent; a few, at a considerable distance from Athlone, are grazing tracts of a large size; a good many reach 20 and 50 acres, but an immense number are very small, mere patches from two to four or five acres. The country beyond the flats of the Shannon is fairly divided between tillage and pasture, but the agriculture, as a rule, is of an inferior kind; the breeds of cattle and sheep are sometimes coarse; the crops are occasionally backward and thin; good farmsteads are not often seen; whole estates are covered with mud cabins; the landscape reminds you, in too many places, of what Ireland was before 1846. On the whole, in a material point of view the tenantry of this neighbourhood are less prosperous than I have found them to be elsewhere; and, as I shall show particularly afterwards, they are at least as full of discontent as those in any part of Tipperary. The land system of the country in general is in all essential features, the same as that which I have already noticed. The line between the owner and occupier of the soil coincides tolerably nearly with that which marks the great religious divisions of Ireland; and there is a fair number of Roman Catholic landlords. Absentee proprietors are not numerous; but the residents, as a class, are not progressive, and some are said to be much embarrassed. Here, as elsewhere, leasehold interests are rare, and, having been formerly very numerous, are becoming fewer year after year; yet, though the tenants have only precarious tenures, they have, with slight exceptions, done everything which has been done for the land for ages. The whole system, in short, is of the kind to which I have before referred—a dominant proprietary, marked off from the people; a tenantry which has sold out a hold on the soil, though it has enormously increased its value, and which is exposed to have the fruits of its industry appropriated by superiors who have the power, and a temptation to do so. Here, as elsewhere, I assert with confidence, the landlords do not often abuse their position; but instances to the contrary certainly occur; nor can I admire a state of things in which an equitable adjustment of the most important rights is made to depend, not upon law, but upon the will of an order of men whose interest often conflicts with justice.

What I wish to dwell on in this letter is the extraordinary contrasts of agriculture, and of what may be called agricultural systems, which are to be found in this neighbourhood, the train of phenomena resulting from this, and the serious reflections they suggest. I visited the magnificent tract to which I referred in my last letter as being a fragment of the Loughans introduced into the rudeness of Galway. This estate, with another in the north of the county, is the property of Mr. Allan Pollock, a Scotch gentleman of immense wealth, and it should be examined carefully by every inquirer who wishes to study the Irish Land Question. Mr. Pollock unfortunately was not at home, but I was received courteously by two of his agents, and these gentlemen gave me much information, which they have kindly permitted me to repeat, though, for obvious reasons, they do not wish their names to be disclosed to the public. Mr. Pollock's two estates comprise an area of some 32,000 acres, of which 25,000 are arable, and they were purchased some 15 years ago at a cost—I do not here pretend to accuracy—of not less than 500,000l. The lands, when they came into Mr. Pollock's hands were in the condition of most Galway estates; that is, they were for the most part held by a mass of small farmers and cottiers, they had been much exhausted after the famine, and their resources had never been developed. It is easy to imagine what

their look then was—rude tracts broken into narrow fields, ill-drained and divided by unsightly fences, with scanty crops and inferior cattle, and covered over with small dwellings inhabited by a dense population. Mr. Pollock's first care was to buy out almost every one of these petty holders, to convert some into farm-labourers, and to induce others to emigrate to the West; and having by a process not ungentle indeed, yet rather painful, made a tabula rasa of this enormous area, he applied himself to improving the lands, to bringing them under thorough cultivation, and farming them upon the best Scotch system. It is unnecessary to say how 'dicks' were levelled and fields squared into vast breadths; what miles upon miles of drains were opened; how, in the place of the Irish village, the huge solitary steading rose at wide distances; what thousands of tons of artificial manures were lavished upon the hungry soil; what shefts of turnips and masses of oats were grown where the plough had never been before; how the hills were covered with the finest kine and sheep;—how, in a word, capital and science transformed these great tracts by degrees, as if by magic. The carrying out this social revolution cost not less certainly than the fee-simple of the soil, and the results have really been wonderful. I walked over a part of one of the estates, and admired the magnificent farm buildings, the huge mills with their lofty chimneys, as though husbandry had become a manufacture, the steam engines and perfect appliances of tillage, the vast spaces of corn that reached the horizon, the through-bred sheep in the immense pastures—the spectacle in a word, of agriculture on the largest scale in its highest development. Yet the whole scene had a look of desolation in spite of the monotony of its splendour. I missed the smoke of the frequent houses; and as my eye rested on the scanty cottages which here and there only dotted the rich expanse, I could not help thinking that this form of society had, like all human things, its imperfect side.

How opposite to this state of things is the condition of the village communities, referred to in my last letter, who have reclaimed parts of the flats of the Shannon! How different is their primitive husbandry, how completely distinct the type of their life! In one case a lavish outlay of capital has suddenly raised a noble monument of civilization of the most perfect kind, and has produced a splendid model of extensive farming. Yet you feel that this is an exotic growth, and that it anticipates the natural march of society; and you see that it is not without its drawbacks in its severance of the population from the soil. In the other case, the slow industry of ages, advancing with gradual but beneficent steps, has changed the barren waste into fruitfulness, has, with difficulty almost incredible, subdued the worthless swamp to fertility, has, too, not grandly or quickly, but quietly and peacefully, transformed the character of the landscape.

The circumstances of Mr. Pollock's experiment suggest considerations of great interest with reference to the Irish Land Question. First, perhaps, in importance is the inquiry whether this wonderful attempt to introduce Scottish agriculture on the largest scale into a district where it had been unknown before is remunerative, or is likely to be so; for, if it be, it can be hardly doubted that its author's example will be extensively followed. From all that I have heard and my own calculations this question must be answered in the negative. It is not only that Mr. Pollock's agents, when I tried to examine them on this subject, were guarded and dubious in their replies, and that the general opinion of the country side—which, doubtless, is in some degree to be attributed to jealousy and ignorance—condemns the whole thing as a costly failure. A simple sum in arithmetic points to what, I believe, is the true conclusion. Mr. Pollock having laid out a sum, equivalent at least to the price of the fee, in simply improving his estates, the letting value of these lands, compared with those of the same natural quality on adjoining properties, ought to have increased in something like a similar proportion, on the supposition that he gets a fair return for his outlay. This, however, is certainly not the case; though Mr. Pollock gets a higher rent relatively for some magnificent farms he has let than his neighbours do for the small holdings in which they have left the old Irish peasantry—taking areas of equal natural value—the difference does not nearly yield a fair interest on the capital expended; and though this circumstance is not decisive, and other elements, no doubt, enter, it goes a long way to solve the problem. Another extremely interesting question is, how far can the ordinary Irish farmer, with the means he possesses—his scanty capital, but, as I insist, his shrewd sense and resolute industry—compete with such a gigantic rival? On this point I can adduce testimony that is certainly not a little significant. A portion of the estate of Lord Clanricarde runs into that of Mr. Pollock; and there is, no doubt, a remarkable contrast between the rude and petty homesteads on the one and the enormous breadths of tillage on the other. Yet—and I put the question to many on the point—the peasantry on the Clanricarde estate declared themselves able and willing to pay rents not much lower than those obtained by Mr. Pollock for his lands; and as Lord Clanricarde, though an admirable landlord—his people were enthusiastic in his praise, and I was happy to find had generally leases—has not laid out much on this part of his property, these occupiers, taking everything into account, were assuredly justified in their boast to me, 'that they could hold their own against any Scotchman.' Indeed, one of Mr. Pollock's agents, notwithstanding a very natural prejudice in favour of his native system of agriculture, admitted to me that it was quite wonderful how well the Irish took to improvement, and how much they could do with the land, under landlords in whom they could place confidence. 'Give them equal capitals and fair play, and they would run us hard,' was the honest remark of this intelligent and experienced gentleman.

Mr. Pollock, as I have said, has let a part of his estate, in farms, to tenants. These holdings are all exceedingly large; the landlord put them in thorough order, and supplied them with every appliance of agriculture, before he placed an occupier in them; and they are held by leases of 19 years, the tenants being either Scotch or Irish. Here, then, you see its most perfect form what may be called the English system of tenure; and with reference to the Irish Land Question I pray your readers to note with care how this system of tenure and the English law of landlord and tenant agree with each other. In this condition of things the landlord hands over his land to his tenant, in such a state that the occupier need sink no capital in it, and is amply compensated for any transient outlay by the profits, perhaps, of a single year, and the tenant, the farm he takes being large, is a capitalist, free to make a bargain, to insist on a reasonable amount of profit, and to protect himself by a definite contract. In England, therefore, the common law, in the matter of a landlord and tenant, assumes the existence of a class of landlords who add all permanent improvements to the soil, and of a class of tenants who simply hire its use, without investing their fortunes in it, or enhancing its value to all time, each class being independent of the other and its doctrines proceed on these assumptions. It treats the owner of land as the absolute owner, because the raw material of the soil and all durable annexations to it are, in a legitimate sense, his property. It treats the tenant as a mere temporary possessor, because he stipulates only for the transient usufruct, does not permanently increase the worth of the freehold, and is able to make an equal bargain. And, as it does not conceive that a state of things can arise in which, unshelved by contract, a whole race of occupiers, during many years may have deposited the fruits of their industry in their holdings, and given them nearly all the value they possess; so not only, as a general rule, does it disregard all equitable claims for compensation on this account, and repudiate the notion that in any such way a tenant can acquire a title to an extended or a perpetual

tenure; but actually, with some trifling exceptions, it enables the landlord to appropriate the whole of these beneficial accretions, and renege the tenant all redress, in order to shut out very difficult questions, and to compel persons whom it appears to be free to adjust the matter by mutual agreement.

This state of law, though in theory faulty, and though occasionally, even in England, not coinciding with existing facts, nevertheless works tolerably well in that country, and adapts itself to a form of society in which landlords and tenants are usually well off, and deal on a footing of independence. How does it apply to the system of tenure that prevails to such an extent in Ireland, to the case, we will say, of those village communities that have improved so largely the flats of the Shannon? Generations ago the ancestors of these people, with or without the consent of their feudal lords, settled on what was then a barren morass, and their descendants, by their continual toil, have gradually changed it to fertility. They have as completely formed its nature as to borrow an illustration from the civil law in its luminous view of a kindred subject—the artist who, on the worthless canvas, paints a masterpiece of Apelles or Zenxis. It is not an abuse of thought to strain the conceptions of the common law to their status and that of their landlords—to classify the one as casual hirers of the use of land, for a term, by contract, and the others as absolute proprietors of the soil and of the qualities added to it by others? How can the expressions 'owner and occupier' fit in with such a relation as this if we are to take them in their strict English sense and yet to consider natural justice? And for the legal position of these humble peasants is technically that of tenants at will—would it not be an iniquity that a notice to quit should extinguish their tenures, and empower their superiors to rob them of that to which equity gives them so full a claim? Yet this is what the law, as it stands, allows; in this respect, in truth, they are simply outlaws; and their only protection is loose local custom, which may be violated legally with impunity. Their landlords, no doubt as a general rule, respect this custom, and neither turn them out nor squeeze out their interest by extortionate rents; but instances of such wrongs occur, and what is to be thought of a law which permits such claims to depend on caprice or forbearance? It was the prayer of the good Roman Emperor that his will might be restrained by law, that he should not have the means of injuring his subjects. A good Irish landlord, who, in his sphere, has power not unlike that of a despot, ought to second the wish of Marcus Aurelius; he should not forget that his heritage, too, may pass to a Commodus or a Heliogabalus.

A reflecting mind cannot fail to perceive that the great difficulty of settling the Irish land question arises from the co-existence and the contrast of the systems of tenure I have described. Were the lands of Ireland held generally under what I shall call the English system, if the farms were of considerable extent if the occupiers were men of substance, or if the landlords made all the permanent improvements, things might be left as they now are, and there would be no necessity of considering the subject. Or, on the other hand, if the lands of Ireland were all held under the Irish system, if the farms were all mere small patches, if the occupiers were all poor tenants at will, if the peasantry had done everything for the land, and had thus acquired an equity in it, and if the landlords had contributed nothing, I could listen to the cry of 'sixty of tenure,' and could discuss Mr. Mill's scheme of a peasant proprietary at a settled quiet-reat. But as both these systems are to be found in Ireland, though covering areas of very different extent, as, moreover, they are not always found marked off from each by sharp distinctions, but over a very large part of the country, run into each other and are confused, and as neither type is clearly prevalent, it follows that, while I do not think you can leave the Irish system in its present state, under the insufficient protection of the common law, so you ought not to stereotype it on the face of the land;—to forget that the common law is a fairly inadequate rule of right in all the tracts held under the English system. How ridiculous, may, how iniquitous, it would be, in the case of farms like those of Mr. Pollock, to attend to claims for compensation for improvements, or to demands for an extension of tenure outside the definite contract of the parties! This would be really 'confiscation'—the shallow cant of those who take the mere landlords view of this great question, and a real subversion of the rights of property. Yet, on the other hand, in the case of these village communities, how idle it is to say that it is consonant to justice to abandon them to the rules of the common law, to ignore the existence of the property they have created, to subject them to eviction without full compensation, or without an equivalent prolongation of tenure. He evidently will be the true statesman, and will be entitled to claim the merit of solving this complicated problem justly, who, recognizing the co-existence of these modes of tenure, and the variety and conflict of rights under them, shall devise a law that shall be applicable to each, and, as far as human legislation can go, shall protect the interests arising under both, and shall then give them complete freedom. Without venturing to dogmatize, I am not without hope that a reform of this kind is quite feasible without endangering in any rational sense the rights of property.

I am sorry to say that all around Athlone the elements of discontent and dissatisfaction abound I heard repeated complaints of rack rents, not without justice in many instances, and a kind of dull blind rage of wrong and oppression. In several places moreover, I had to listen to wild and passionate words of diabolicality—'no thanks to Gladstone for what had been done; a good time was coming for Ireland; the country would yet be under America.' One cause, probably, of this licentious candour is that the peasantry in this neighbourhood, at least on the Connaught side of the Shannon, are in a much greater degree Celtic than those of the other counties I have visited, and the Celts are proverbially tongue valiant a Saxonized race being bolder in action. In fact, though the 'men of Tipperary' are staid with more frequent deeds of violence than the population in that district, they are at heart, I believe, much less dissatisfied. Over and over again a peasant would use such words as, 'God help the poor who are ground down by injustice!' and one man, whose American accent betrayed plainly his recent associations, exclaimed fiercely, 'Oh, that we had here the boys who terrify the rich in Tipperary!' This sentiment of dislike of existing institutions blends curiously with dreams of the buried past. I heard of several well-antiquated instances in which, during the Fenian movement, the peasantry acknowledged certain persons as the legitimate heirs to forfeited estates. These distempered visions are no doubt engendered by the sense of dissatisfaction which exists. If you can remove the one by doing away with every sign of injustice that lingers in the social system and laws the others of course will before long vanish. The agrarian spirit prevails here quite as strongly as in Tipperary; it would be as unwise to gauge its power by its acts as it would be to imagine that the range of malaria is limited to the few spots where it breaks out in typhus. Unfortunately, too, a most foul murder of an agrarian nature has been lately committed. Mr. Tarleton, a gentleman of good birth, took some time ago a farm on which a shepherd in the service of the former owner had repaired a house and made some improvements. Mr. Tarleton continued the man in his employment; but dismissed him in rather a summary manner, without compensating him for the outlay, for which, of course, he was in no sense liable. The unfortunate gentleman received a warning, couched in terms of friendly reproach, but having disregarded this, he was shot, and the crime, as usual, remains undiscovered. Here we see agrarianism in its very worst form; and, as will be observed, the agrarian code in this, as in many other instances, considered to use a legal phrase, that the obligations it imposes 'run with the land,' and, passing over the original owner of this

farm, who might be imagined to have done wrong in not having given anything to his servant, inflicted its penalties on the new possessor, though obviously innocent of all offence.

A HOPEFUL SIDE OF ANGLICANISM.

A commentary on the Song of Songs (The Canticles), from ancient and modern sources, by Dr. Littledale, has lately issued from the press of Masters, being one out of more than a thousand distinct works on the list of these enterprising publishers, all in the interest of the more advanced school of Anglicanism. Mr. Masters is only the chief among many publishers of high Ritualistic literature. The very large capital necessarily invested by these different publishers, and the number of editions printed of many of these books, as well of the more costly as of the cheaper works is itself a proof of the wide influence obtained by the doctrines of this school in the Church of England.

The volume which we have named is an excellent type of the class of literature to which we refer. It is a work at once learned and attractive. It is a complete treasury of all the choicest passages in the Patriotic and mediæval ascetical writers, (beautifully translated), bearing on the Canticles, one of the most deeply spiritual, most difficult, and least generally read book of Holy Scriptures. As far as we have seen there is no controversial aim in the work; we have observed nothing that a Catholic might not have written, or might not read with profit.

We rejoice to be able to give this testimony, for what it is worth, because Dr. Littledale is a writer who, although he has done good service to the Church by his able exposure of the Protestant reformation, thus justifying those who have adhered to the ancient faith here in England, or who return to it, yet has given deep offence to Catholics by the bitter archiepiscopate in which he has attacked the Archbishop, so that few amongst us are able to read unobscurely any book of which he is the author. All who know anything of his writings must admire the author's great and varied erudition, the versatility of his genius, his ready Irish wit and power of sarcasm; and we are bound to pray all the more because of his hostility and because of his gifts, that he and many others may come one day no longer 'to see men like trees walking,' but may behold all things plainly in the bosom of the One Church Catholic and Roman.

We have said that this is one of many hundred works of similar tendency weekly issuing from the Anglican press. This alone shows how superficial a view these Catholics take of the movement most inadequately termed Ritualistic, who suppose that it is a mere question of aesthetics, postures and vestments, wax tapers, flowers, and incense. It has created for itself and almost Catholic literature and with it, has revolutionized the religious literature in use formerly amongst Church of England people. These works are met with in every library and drawing-room; you find them even broadcast in cottages and schools; you enter a City counting-house and find a packet of Masters's publications, which the principal is taking home by the 4.30 train to fulfil some family order. For the strength of the movement is that it has deeply penetrated the middle classes, more so, in fact, than the poor, who are mostly too degraded to care for any theological opinions, unless administered together with soup and other succulent mediums.

Again, the hard work doing by this party among the lowest and most abandoned of the poor in the East-end of London off Shoreditch and Spitalfields, or in the courts behind Holborn, whatever be the success, or want of it, is a fact attested by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, as a tribute of truth and justice to a school with which he has no other sympathies.

The self-devotion and zeal of some hundreds of men and women, well born and endowed with all that this world has to give, and which they have sacrificed in works of charity, giving themselves without for long service to the poor in the true Catholic missionary spirit, is another striking fact. And, lastly, works of deep asceticism, like the one we have noticed, which is one of many, compiled as instructions and exhortations on the spiritual life in Anglican Convents for men and women, ought to cause Catholics to pause before they criticize with harshness and with levity the doings of these Anglican schematics.

It seems to me that it were well to ponder the lessons our Lord gave to the members of the One True Church in His day, drawn from the good works of the Samaritans, though our Lord had said 'salvation is of the Jews'; and later on, we find that 'Samaritan' received the word of God, when vast numbers of the Jews rejected it.

It is no doubt perplexing and irritating when we cannot make our Anglican friends see or admit that they are out of the Visible Church, and ought to enter it at any cost; but what in the good of calling them perverse heretics and wilful schismatics? We could mention venerable names of men now Catholic who once gave their Catholic friends as much trouble and perplexity. We are in the midst of a great movement of minds. The wills of men are in the hands of the Lord. The Church is His elected instrument for His gracious purposes towards the children of men. We are on the very eve of a General Council, and a Council is the most solemn act of the Church, therefore we may look for great things hidden as yet in the Council for the healing of the wounds of Christendom, 'turning the hearts of the fathers unto the children, and the incredulous to the wisdom of the just, and to prepare unto the Lord a perfect people.'—Catholic Opinion.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH PARISH.—A writer in the London Times lately charged Catholic priests with being half-educated, encouraging early marriages for self-interest, and encouraging outrages against the landlords. The Cork Examiner thus responds to the Englishlander:—'The Catholic clergy, thanks to their devotion to the interests of their flocks, do possess a powerful influence over them; but no man who knows Ireland, and is devoid of sectarian bitterness, which warps the judgment, can believe that this influence is baneful. This is not the opinion of statesmen and rulers, unless they be of the class whose policy has been to ignore the existence of abuses, or to attribute them to any save the right cause. Then there is the old tariff of a low and half-educated priesthood, levelled in ignorance or malice. No doubt the Apostles were drawn by their Divine Master, as an example to all future ages, from the humblest and lowliest of the earth; and over the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, who left his seat to follow the Redeemer, there rises in majesty the most sublime temple which the genius of man has ever erected to the worship of God. Still, as a matter of fact susceptible of proof, the Catholic clergy of Ireland are taken from all classes of communities, and constitute a thoroughly representative body, such as should exist in a National Church. It is true, the son of the strong farmer, and the honest but well-to-do country shop-keeper seek the sanctuary, not from motives of base greed or vulgar ambition, but from an irresistible influence which workings cannot comprehend, because they cannot sympathize with it; but it is equally true that the son of wealthy traders and merchants, and people of ordinary estates, also pursue the same hallowed path from the same high motives. But whether selected from the lowly or the wealthy classes, the Catholic clergy of Ireland are not only eminently suited to their work, but are the very opposite to the descriptions given of them, not for the first time, nor for the ten thousandth time. Possibly they have not cultivated the graces of the dancing-master, and do they ape a false refinement; but in dignity, and

liness, and self-respect, they are equal to any body of Christian ministers in Europe. We should like to see some of the supercilious revilers of the Catholic clergy in Ireland venture to grapple with any half dozen of these 'low and half-educated priests.' We say we should like to witness the intellectual encounter; we do not say that the supercilious sneerers would look very self-confident after the trial. As to the priest keeping the people in squalid ignorance, it is simply an atrocious falsehood—a daring, stupid lie—a lie that the records of the National Education Office amply disprove. They, these reviled Irish priests, are the principal promoters and patrons of popular education in this country; and though 'Moderator' may not know the fact that they are so, every official in Dublin Castle does know it. One point more—the alleged hostility of the priest to the Protestant landlord. If the Protestant landlord is unwise enough to treat the priest with enmity or contempt, why, the priest is after all, but a man, and is as likely to resent intolerance as most of us laymen. But when the Protestant landlord treats the Catholic clergyman with ordinary courtesy and respect, that which one gentleman is bound to exhibit to another, the landlord finds in the priest his most useful ally in promoting peace and order, and in stimulating the people to improvement in various ways. The Irish priests are at times compelled to take their stand by their flocks against harshness and injustice; but we well know the truth of what we say when we assert that the priest is most pleased when he has the opportunity of praising the worth and recording the kindness of a deserving landlord; and not less pleased when that landlord happens to be a Protestant; and not a Catholic.

Let us hope that Irish patriots will now concentrate their energies on the far more useful task of maturing their proposals on the Land Question for the consideration of the Government. Let us, at the same time, assure them that in this enterprise, if it be conducted with due moderation, they may count on the hearty sympathy and support of the English Liberals. Hitherto most popular movements in Ireland since the Union have been marred by two principal causes. The leaders have seldom been men of unblemished honour and honesty, while little pains have been taken to secure the intelligent co-operation of English and Scotch representatives. The fickle character and mutual distrust of prominent Irish politicians have, indeed, been the curse of Ireland for many generations. George III. once remarked, with no little shrewdness, that in his experience he had never heard one Scotchman speak ill of another or one Irishman speak well of another, without a strong personal motive. It is high time for this reproach to be wiped off, and for Irish reformers to show that they can select trustworthy leaders and trust them after-wards with the management of their cause. Nothing however, can be done which does not approve itself to reason and conscience of a Parliament mainly returned by Great Britain. It was this Parliament which abolished the Irish Church, not under the influence of panic caused by the Clarendonwell Explosion but on the contrary, from a simple conviction that it was right to do it, though Ireland exhibited less excitement about it than had been expected. It is this Parliament which is prepared to entertain the Irish Land Question upon similar principles of equity, and the sooner the Irish advocates of tenant-right compare their views with those of enlightened English and Scotch members the better for the prospects of a permanent settlement Times.

On Sunday, 17th ult., a meeting of the Catholic parishioners of Mallow was held at the parish Church, for the purpose of making arrangements for the Christian Brothers' maintenance for the next four years, for during that period the entire collections made at the Church gates will be set apart for paying off a sum of nearly £200, due of the parish for the erection of the convent and girls' schools and the Monastery and boys' schools. The meeting was most industrially attended and promises made that the requisite funds should be forthcoming.

DUBLIN, Nov. 2.—The Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, in a pastoral just issued exhorts all members of societies similar to the Fenian organization to abandon them. He adverts to the evils sustained by Spain and Italy through the action of secret societies, and says the members of such organizations will incur the penalty of excommunication, and cannot participate in the jubiles which has just been published.

A most determined attempt was made last night on the life of Mr. Gargan, steward of John Arthur Farrell, Esq. J.P., D.L., Moyalty. It appears that Gargan was somewhere near his own house, in the village of Moyalty, when he was fired at by some party. This is the second attempt on Gargan's life.—Irish Times.

A gentleman just returned from Londonderry states that all the servant girls in that time-honoured city look to Canada as their future home. Large numbers have left the north of Ireland lately, for the Dominion.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—The Central Fenian Amnesty Committee ask Irishmen to abstain from the use of tobacco until the Fenian prisoners are released. Their object in making this demand is to reduce the revenue of the Government and at the same time provide means for keeping up the amnesty agitation.

At the meeting of the clergy of the Disestablished Irish Church, convened by the Archbishop of Dublin, it was resolved, by a large majority, that the laity should have the right to decide on matters of doctrine and discipline.

LONDON, Nov. 10.—There is still considerable excitement in Ireland on the question of imprisoned Fenians. Despatches from Dublin to-day state that last evening, during a meeting of the Dublin Amnesty Association and Amnesty Committee, a number of men broke into the rooms of the latter, smashed the lamps, destroyed the furniture, purloined the records, and committed other outrages. No arrests were made.

THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION.—A report in the Freeman's Journal of a funeral scene that took place near Newport, Va. Mayo, furnishes evidence that as yet the intolerance of Protestantism is not crushed in this Catholic country. A young woman, the child of a mixed marriage, at her own request and with the consent of her father, who is a Protestant, was received into the Catholic fold a short time previous to her death, and received the last rites of the national religion. Her remains were conveyed to their resting-place in the old village churchyard and the priest attended to perform the funeral service. On arrival there the people found the Protestant rector, and rural dean in possession of the burial ground, and insisted that the priest had no right to read prayers for the dead. Ultimately, and mainly through the charitable interference of the Rev. Mr. Keegan, Fenian clergyman of the parish of Burrischoole, the rector was induced to withdraw.

LONDON, Nov. 10.—The Times of to-day repeats that the Irish land question is a matter of great difficulty, but if the Ministry are unable to cope with it, what must be said of their courage and statesmanship? They are strong beyond all experience. The national feeling is more advanced than the temper of Parliament in the resolution to stand by the Ministry in support of any thorough searching, workman-like attempt to cure the long-standing evil of Irish discontent. The Government has the power, if only their courage is equal to their power. High fortunes are before them if their minds are equal to their fortunes.

The Limerick Reporter says:—The following important and interesting resolutions were unanimously adopted at the Synod held at St. John's Cathedral on Friday, the 15th inst., on which occasion every secular and regular clergyman, in the diocese of Limerick attended, the Bishop being in the chair:—

"We the Bishop, and Priests of the Diocese of Limerick, are intimately acquainted with the condition, views and hopes of the tenant farmers, agricultural labourers, and others who compose our flocks, and, after mature consideration, and most anxious desire for the permanent peace and well being of Ireland, we have come to the conclusion: 1st.—That the insecurity of land tenure is at the root of nearly all the poverty and disaffection of this country. 2d.—That any settlement of the land question which shall not substantially include security of tenure at a fair rent, and some equitable provision for agricultural labourers, must necessarily fail to remove the evils which so disastrously affect public security, and agricultural and commercial progress."

An iron ship said to be the largest ever built in Ireland was lately launched from the yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolf, Belfast. The vessel is 3,000 tons burden, named the 'Evarian,' and the first of three screw steamers of equal tonnage ordered of the Belfast firm by Messrs. Bibby and Sons, Liverpool.

A great Tenant Right demonstration of the county Kilkenny took place on the 18th ult. Several thousands attended. They were estimated at 60,000. Several flags were displayed bearing appropriate mottoes. Mr. Bryan, M.P., presided, and delivered an able address. Resolutions were then spoken to by the Rev. John Kelly, P.P., Rev. M. O'Keefe, the Venerable Archbishop O'Shea, F. M. Marum, Esq., &c., and the proceedings terminated.

Landlords must exercise their rights with a full knowledge of the increased risk they incur, even when they are supposed to be popular, from the spirit of resistance, of which we now see some premonitory symptoms. An instance is furnished in connexion with the property of the Count de Jarnac, a resident proprietor, who has hitherto been regarded as a favorite of the people. A few days ago he received the following warning:—"Take Notice. If you are determined to bring about another Bailiocy affair you'll be met with by a watchful antagonist, who will point at you with the barbed spear and lay you prostrate upon Thostown plain. Take this caution if you value your days in this life. To Count Jarnac, Thostown." Conceiving that he had done nothing to deserve the hostility of any man and trusting to the intelligence and justice of the people he assembled his tenants, herdsmen, and laborers on his estate at Thostown Castle on Saturday morning, and after reading the letter, said: "I may be supposed that this letter has been sent to me in connexion with the holding in Thostown village which has fallen in by the death of Thomas Burns, the last life in the lease. Though the circumstances of this tenure are well known to most of you, I have had a short statement of them prepared, which I will also read to you." Count de Jarnac then read the statement, from which it appears that the lands—about 14 acres statute measure had been let on lease for lives in 1835. The last life that of Thomas Burns, died in America on the 26th of November, 1868. A farmer named Ryan had tilled the land and sown the crops for the two preceding years, and on being asked to give up possession of the land he at first refused, but ultimately promised to do so, on condition that he should be allowed to take away the third year's crop. After he had removed the crop to his own home, however he still declined to give up possession, and an action for ejectment was brought. He went on to state that on the 18th inst. Ryan called on the agent and stated in substance that he would not give up possession. On the following morning the letter was received through the post. Count de Jarnac earnestly exhorted the people, for their own sakes, to assist in putting down such disreputable practices, but it does not appear that they gave a satisfactory response, although they listened with attention.—Times' Dublin Courier.

A correspondent of the Express states that Mr. O'Brien, who resided in the westward of Ovarin, between Mohill and Drumsna, was found brutally murdered on Friday morning in a ditch within 40 perches of his own house; it is supposed from a gunshot wound in his neck; but the head presented such a mangled and shapeless mass that no distinct wound could be traced, and it is nearly impossible to say whether he was fired at or not. He gives the following particulars:—"His chin was knocked away by a blow, and no feature of his face traceable; but the head appears as one mangled mass, and the chest was smashed in, seemingly by a kick. His body was found in a ditch covered with briars, where it seems to have been thrown by his murderers. The deceased gentleman had been in Mohill on Wednesday evening, and a friend walked a short way out of town with him, after leaving whom, it is supposed, he was met by his murderers. It is probable, from the appearance of the ground and from the place where it seems the murder was committed, which is fully ten perches from the road, and not in the direction of his own house, that the deceased was set on by four or five persons—as he was a strong, resolute man—gagged, and carried to the place. The stones with which his head was pounded were carried from the road ditch. A broken pistol, loaded to the muzzle, was found at the place. Mr. O'Brien had been missing from his house since Wednesday night, and so well was the body concealed that, though upwards of 20 policemen were searching for him since 3 or 4 o'clock on Thursday evening it was not found, and probably would not be now, only his dog was heard howling in the brake, and was found lying on the mangled body of his master. Mr. O'Brien was agent for Mr. O'Brien, county of Sligo, and got sject matters against two or three families at this Quarter Sessions of Ballinamore, now just ended. This is said to be the cause of his sad fate. Generally he was very much liked by all. Nine persons are at present in custody, and the county inspector of constabulary has been on the spot a good part of the day."

A correspondent of the Dublin Freeman says:—A few days since a number of Orangemen from the county Ovarin made a most extraordinary demonstration in the neighborhood of Carrigilla, their avowed purpose being to dig the potatoes of a gentleman in the locality. Their return home in the evening after being refreshed at the house of the individual they came to serve, was marked by firing shots, singing party songs, and using every opprobrious and insulting epithet against 'Papists' that the Orange 'repertoire' could produce. In one instance a poor girl who came to her father's door to see the noisy crowd passing had two shots fired at her, but happily without doing her any injury. Two men were arrested by the police charged with this offence and have been remanded for a full investigation of the whole affair by the magistrates.

The actual election of Town Commissioners recently took place in Ennis. There was no contest, and the following commissioners, who retired by rotation, were re-elected to the Board:—Thomas Greene, J.P., Chairman; Patrick Barry, J.P.; Michael MacNamara, solicitor; James Costello, and J.G. O'Dwyer. John Parsons succeeds to the seat rendered vacant by the resignation of Thos. B. Raleigh, who is the only change in the constitution of the Board. Another vacancy by the resignation of Mr. O. Malony, solicitor.

Randal Borough, Esq., Queen's House, on the recommendation of Major MacDonnell, Vice-Lieutenant of the county, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for Clare.

The clergy of the Deanery of Tuam adopted a series of resolutions on the 19th ult., embracing their views upon the three prominent questions of current politics. On behalf of the tenant farmers they demand equitable rents regulated by the price of produce, and security against evictions for any cause save nonpayment of rent. They renew their claim for denominational education, condemning the existing educational institutions on the mixed system, and mingle their voice with that of the nation in demanding and petitioning that the captives be set free.

The Nation, in announcing the recent death of the

oldest surviving son of James Duffy, Esq., J.P., Wellington Quay, says:—Wherever the Catholic and National literature of Ireland have penetrated, the name of James Duffy, our National Publisher, is known and esteemed; and there, amongst our countrymen, a sorrow fallen upon his hearth will assuredly awaken sympathy deep and sincere. This week, we were to tell, our respected friend has followed to the grave another son who had just attained to manhood; this being the second stroke of affliction within a brief period. We offer Mr. Duffy our heartfelt condolence. We know that few men in Ireland command a wider circle of sympathizing friends than he does; and that from many a heart will ascend a fervent prayer for the soul of his son—not lost but gone before.

The claim of the laity to have a voice in the decision of questions of discipline and doctrine in the Protestant Church, it seems, to be a serious obstacle to the process of reconstruction. The subject was recently debated at a meeting of the clergy of the Archdiocese of Dublin, and it appears from a report furnished to a contemporary that there was a large and influential party of the clergy totally opposed to the claim, though the majority denounced the resistance as 'eccentric.' The Archbishop, however, sustained the claim of the laity.

The Irish Times believes that the Attorney-General will decline the Mastership of the Rolls, his services in Parliament being regarded as indispensable to the Ministry in the forthcoming session. In this event the vacant office would be conferred on Solicitor-General Barry.

The Kilkenny Moderator says that Sunday, 17th ult., was fixed on for a collection at the Catholic church doors of that city in aid of the 'Sir John Gray National Testimonial.' On the previous morning however, the dead walls of the city, especially near each church, were found covered with placards bearing the following words:—"Desecration of our Altars.—To the Citizens of Kilkenny—Fellow Citizens.—On Sunday next your altars are to be desecrated by a collection for a testimonial to a professed agitator, Sir John Gray, who played the spy on our imprisoned countrymen. Remember! your churches were not opened to the cause of charity when you were called upon to subscribe to the relief of the families of our imprisoned patriots. Do not allow them to be opened in the cause of charlatanism. Keep your money in your pockets for some better purpose. 'God Save Ireland.'" The Moderator continues—"Persons were sent to tear them down, but the effort to do so was received in many places with indications of popular displeasure; and in retaliation, the posters for the 'County Meeting' for 'Tenant-right,' were displayed by the anti-Gray folk. The collection was made on Sunday; several, we understand, entered their respective places of worship without conceding to notice the arrangements for extracting the toll, and others remained away altogether from their devotions for the occasion. What the rate collected may have amounted to, we have not heard."

GREAT BRITAIN.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—The English papers report a case in which a wealthy farmer was sent to jail for three months hard labor, his foreman for six weeks, and the ploughmen fined 11s each for having set three horses to plough which were suffering from old wounds; so severe a sentence will have a salutary effect.

The London Post directs attention to the practice of sending unworthy ships to sea, and says it could name one port on the northeast coast of England where a speculator, of originally small means, made a fortune by owning wrecks, patching them up with canvas, pitch and oakum, and sailing them till they went under, crew and all. The ships were insured to the owner. Several other English papers also call attention to the nefarious practice, and suggest the appointment of inspectors with power to inspect and, if necessary, condemn all unseaworthy vessels sailing from British ports.

A SCOTCH PEER ON TENANT RIGHT.—The Earl and Countess of Roslyn entertained their tenants at 1 year, on the occasion of the birth of an heir to the estate. The noble earl, in proposing the Dyasart tenancy, said they were second to none in Scotland in point of the antiquity of their holdings as well as second to none in prosperity. That was owing, he would say without hesitation, to a good understanding between the landlord and tenants. It was owing to the fact that the landlord and tenants on the estate, if they had differences and difficulties, had come together. The landlord had always been accessible to the tenant, and the tenant ready to hear what the landlord had to say, and between them without any recourse to third parties, they settled matters amicably, and pulled together well. They heard in the newspapers of large estates well managed, and yet tenants were not contented. They heard of the law of hypothec on one side, and game damages on the other, and fifty thousand things rising to distract the amicable relations between landlord and tenant. As to the law of hypothec it was so simple, and entirely a matter between man and man, that he could not understand any party trying to make it a political question at all. It had nothing to do with politics. It was a law which gave the landlord the first claim to his farm. At this moment the question was complicated with a great cry about tenant right in Ireland and the great cry about this moment was simply because the Irish never had leases. They had had holdings of land without leases, and if a tenant spent any money upon his farm he might be turned off, especially by a capricious landlord, without getting compensation. Nothing could be more unjust or unfair. If it had been carried out in this country, we should have had a rebellion long ago. In this country, however, it had always been the custom to have leases, and he hoped it would continue. He did not want the landlord to have an unjust and undue power, but merely that he should have a security for that back rent which it was the custom to have in Scotland, and which enabled men who might not have an accumulation of capital to enter farms which otherwise they would be unable to stock. As to the game question, he was quite satisfied of this, that if there was an undue proportion of game doing damage to a crop the landlord must be a knave or a fool who did not remedy it. How could a man maintain a farm and be expected to keep a large amount of game? He could not understand that for a moment. He for one declared that he would destroy every single head of ground game, if necessary, rather than that his tenants should suffer from their ravages, but he was sure there was not a man present but would be sorry if his landlord wanted a day's shooting and could not get a shot at a rabbit or a hare. Common sense and fair play was what should prevail in a matter of this kind between landlord and tenant. For himself he proposed after this term to give his tenants the right of killing their own rabbits.

CONVERSION DURING.—It seems that there are people who persuade themselves that the nomination of Bishops in the Establishment is not entirely a Government affair. A serious agitation is being got up to induce the Dean and Chapter of Exeter to refuse to elect Dr. Temple. If they do not refuse, dissenters, we are told, must be the certain consequence. One gentleman who writes to the Standard goes so far as to contemplate the possibility of his electing some one else, who, when confirmed by the Archbishop and consecrated, would, he thinks, be the legitimate Bishop of the diocese. We have here another instance of the extraordinary delusion which vitiate the theories of all our Anglican friends. Anything which they consider particularly outrageous they are sure to represent as an act of the State oppressing the Church. Do they not see that those whom they recognize as their Bishops are accomplices in the oppression of which they complain? Do they think that any Archbishop of Canterbury would confirm an election made in the teeth of the

law?—or that any Bishops would proceed to consecrate upon it? The whole process is a farce, and it is childish to attempt to represent it as anything else. The power to elect is expressly retracted by the Act of Parliament to the choice of the person recommended and it is not exercised within twelve days, the Crown dispenses with it, and puts its nominee into the See. The correspondent of the Standard thinks that, in this case, the want of a canonical election would deprive the new Bishop of jurisdiction over his flock of Oxford and Peterborough, see where, according to the Daily News, it is not the custom to have any election at all? We do not believe that the Chapter of Exeter, should they really resist, need fear the application of the statute of premonition; the result will be that Dr. Temple will become their Bishop, Archbishop Tait will consecrate him, and his brother Bishops will acknowledge him, precisely as if the Chapter had elected him. After which, let anyone say that the Anglican organization or that its heads guide themselves in ecclesiastical matters by anything but Acts of Parliament. If our friends, the Anglicans, were consistent, they would see that by remaining in communion with such compliant prelates, they were sacrificing all their own principles. Schism is contagious.—Tablet.

It seems hardly credible that in a highly civilized country like England, child stealing should exist; yet an advertisement has appeared in the Times and other papers telling a strange and painful story. A hundred pounds reward is offered to any one who shall give such information as shall lead to the recovery of a child, a girl of seventeen months old, able to walk, complexion fair, hair curly, dimple in chin, blue vein very distinct on bridge of nose under left eye; was dressed in dark grey pelisse trimmed with blue velvet. The child with her nurse, who is also described, has, it appears been missing since three o'clock on Friday, the 8th October, from Kidwell's Park, Maidenhead. Among the many crimes which disgrace this country, not only on account of their commission, but also on account of our inability to detect their perpetrators the kidnapping of children is one of the most villainous. It was but the other day that a district in Ireland was thrown into commotion by the number of missing children from the neighbourhood. A poor man a few weeks ago applied to one of the London magistrates in great distress owing to two of his children having been kidnapped from Ta-bridge Well's. That the practice prevails to a great extent there can, we fear, be little doubt. For what purpose are these children stolen? Some, doubtless, for the sake of their clothes; others to be trained as beggars.

ANGELICAN MISSIONARIES.—Our Anglican contemporary says:—"The history of our missionary enterprise is one especially humiliating to the English Churchman. The work of our two great Societies is, in some respects, as great a sham as that of the Society for the conversion of the Jews. The twin mountains have been in labor for more than a century, and have between them brought forth a mouse. There is little worth hearing to be related of Anglican missions. It is wearisome to hear month after month that as yet nothing has been done, but that, as the nigger cannot be scrubbed white it is proposed to gild him. The missionaries are sent forth every year to snug parsonages, not too far from English colonists, lest the wives be deprived of visiting acquaintances and the daughters of chances of making eligible matches. In the remote wilds, the only missions belong to the Roman Catholics—

The missionaries sent out are generally men of the lower middle class, who have gone through their course of Thirty nine Articles and Massingber's 'History of the Reformation,' and start for the colonies hardened into the Anglican mould, with their spiritual life wholly crushed over with prejudice. They arrive at their destination with a vague intention of doing all the good they can, and a very decided one of bettering themselves. The husband and wife start with some enthusiasm. They soon find that Anglican 'woodenness' fails, and they have no idea of doing work in any other way. A void is left, and into it the seven devils of worldliness rush and take possession before the victims are aware.—A new country offers immense temptations to those who have had a hard battle with poverty in the old home. Thus in New Zealand the earlier missionaries were denounced by the second inroad of Evangelists as having grown worldly. But what became of the second batch? In the New Zealand Land Commissioners Report for 1843, it came out that nineteen of these pastors claimed 192,371 acres; and that of thirteen of them had been actually awarded 20,688 acres. Our Societies for evangelizing the heathen are in reality scarcely more than Societies for providing certain needy and respectable young men and women with an outfit, a free passage, a comfortable income, and a situation in a foreign land, above that to which they were born. Little or nothing is done for the black man's soul, but the black man's body is made to do service to the new apostles. The fact is our Anglican mission organization is not spiritual, but is on the contrary filled full of the spirit of Mammon. Power and lucre are in its heart, while its professions and trappings are all spiritual. How different has been the conduct of the Roman missionaries—priests and bishops—in Corea? They have suffered obloquy; they have been persecuted to death yet we have not heard of one flinching from bodily privations, or from a martyr's death.—And in this case the fruits have been abundant good measure pressed down and running over.—Church News, (Protestant).

It is one thing to respect the particular form of religion which any person may possess, but quite another to allow religious fanaticism to interfere with the welfare of the public, either individually or collectively. On Saturday last the Earl of Staff, when shooting at Killochan Castle, in Ayrshire, met with a serious accident, by which a pellet of shot entered and remained in the socket of the eye. A medical man was sent for, and arrived early on Sunday. He found that a very delicate and painful operation ought to be performed, but he had not the necessary instruments with him. He wanted to send to Glasgow for them, but the so-called 'religious' convictions of Scotland forbid, even in cases of life and death, that either the railway or the telegraph should be worked on Sunday. The consequence was that instead of performing the operation about midday on Sunday, it could only be performed at the same time on Monday, his lordship remaining all that time in a state of bodily agony, which he can only be understood by those who have suffered seriously from any complaint in the eye, and even by them only partially. Our Blessed Lord tells us that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath, but there is a race of bigots in this land that reads Holy Scriptures exactly in a reverse sense. Surely it is high time for the higher powers to interfere, and put a stop to a fanaticism which is a disgrace and a curse to the country. We learn that had the operation been performed at once, Lord Staff would have had every chance of recovery; as it is, the exhaustion produced by the twenty-four hours of needless agony makes it very doubtful whether he will live. There is no language strong enough to condemn the spirit by which such a state of things is permitted. It is simply a fanaticism which would disgrace the heathens in the interior of Africa. But to place the lives of men at the disposal, as it were, of such bigotry is certainly intolerable.

The Asiatic of Oct. 6 publishes an account of the first trial of the Suez Canal. The vessel that made the trip was an Egyptian frigate, the Latif, and she proceeded at a speed of about six knots. She was commanded by Djemal Bey, was armed with ten large Armstrong guns, and had on board a crew of 205 men. The tonnage of this vessel is, as near as possible, 2,000 tons English measurement, and she had on board coals for a fortnight's cruise, with stores water, provisions, &c. for two months; her nominal horse-power is 300. At a speed of nine kilometres

no swell was caused along the banks, but at a speed of ten kilometres the water was somewhat disturbed, and at twelve kilometres the height of the water was from twenty-five to thirty centimeters. No damage of any sort resulted to the banks from the swell of the water. One report says she went stern foremost and stuck. We do not believe it.—Army and Navy Gazette.

UNITED STATES

CONVERSION TO CATHOLICISM.—We learn on authority, says the Auburn, [N.Y.] Advertiser, which we are forced to regard as unquestionable, that the Rev. James Kent Stone, D.D., late President of Hobart College, [Episcopalian,] at Geneva, N.Y. has unqualifiedly declared his renunciation of the tenets of the Protestant Episcopal Church and his conversion to Catholicism. This announcement will occasion no little surprise among those of the Doctor's friends, who know how zealous he has labored in the cause with which he has so long been identified. Dr. Stone is a man of great ability, an eloquent speaker and profound thinker. He is grandson of Chancellor Kent.

The Chinese question is a question no longer, and we congratulate the employers of labor in the American cities on the prospect of obtaining a hard working population, who being pagan will not blaspheme the second name of the Trinity through the left nostril at every fourth word, and will not be squirting floods of tobacco juice across the pavement from their mouths after the manner of the human gorilla, who disgrace the name of man on every curbstone in New York.—Quebec Mercury.

THE AMERICAN YOUNG LADY.—The London Daily News is credited with a particular and intimate knowledge of American affairs and the American people. And this is what one of its writers has to say about the American young lady:—"This is the country where women first agitated for their rights, although what right an American young lady does not already possess I am at a loss to conceive. When she marries she commits a species of social suicide, but before that 'happy despatch' she has everything pretty much her own way. Her father pays for her Parisian toilettes without repining her mother is her humble servant. From the age of ten to the day of her marriage she indulges in one long flirtation, although the object of it frequently changes. She neither reads nor works, no walks; her whole existence is passed in flirting, driving, and dancing. Her life at a watering place is, I should imagine, somewhat monotonous one although she seems thoroughly to enjoy it. She gets up at about ten o'clock, and after a breakfast which would give a London drayman an indigestion she flirts on a veranda until two o'clock, then she dresses at three she dines, after dinner she goes out driving with some favoured swain; when she returns she dresses again for tea, and from eight to twelve o'clock she dances. To all intents and purposes she is without a chaparrone, but she is well able to take care of herself. Occasionally, but rarely, she marries for love, but, as a general rule, she knows to a dollar what every admirer has, and aspires to a house in Fifth Avenue, a carriage, and to be arrayed in silk and fine linen. 'I had an offer from a man with 20,000 dollars a year and a growing business,' said an ethereal being of sixteen to me, 'but I shall fill out more in a year or two, when I think I can do better.'

Reduced to the language of common sense the claims of the Catholics of New York and of the country generally, simply amount to a protest against being taxed for a school system which they cannot conscientiously make use of, and a demand, if the States insist upon providing education for the growing generation, that it shall allow their natural guardians to determine what kind of education they shall receive. They simply protest against State interference in religious conscience, whether as the patron of any particular sect or of infidelity, whether through church or school. But this is precisely the point that the advocates of the present system carefully avoid touching upon. The more cautious content themselves with putting forward common places on the benefits of education, which no one thinks of calling in question, while fanatics like Dr. Hubbell and his confederates launch out into fierce denunciations of Popery at the mention of Catholic education. The Doctor is not the first to meet Catholic demands for justice with a threat of civil war; and, indeed, we suspect that a considerable number of his class would hail such an event with joy. But, in spite of his vituperations and their secret wishes, no war will come. The educational tyranny of the Common Schools will go the way of the Blue Laws; and anti-Catholic legislation and the very fury of its defenders, is a sign that they already feel the ground shaking beneath their feet. An institution is already doomed when its advocates can find no other weapons for its defence than patent lies and frothy appeals to popular passion; and, in the alarmed fanaticism of this New York bigot and his class, we can see the forerunners of the downfall of the present unjust and demoralizing Common School system.—San Francisco Monitor.

E. D. Bogart, an alleged defaulter, claiming to be innocent, thus portrays the treatment received at the hands of the government. He is now out of prison on \$10,000 bail.—July 26th of '81 was turned over by Marshal Dalton to the custody of Rear Admiral Godon, at the Navy Yard. I was received by a guard of six marines with fixed bayonets, and marched to the Vermont. Arriving on board I was received by an officer and the 'Master at Arms,' the latter bearing two pair of shackles. Without speaking the officer directed the irons to be placed upon me—one pair on the wrists, the other on the ankles.—I remonstrated and asked to see the Commanding-officer, but was refused. I was then taken to the hold of the vessel and confined in an old, dark, damp stateroom, and sneeringly told to make myself 'comfortable.' A sentry, with fixed bayonet, was placed at the open door with the strictest orders not to take his eyes off me. In vain did I ask for a light—for fresh air, or even to have my wrist-irons off, so that I could remove my clothes at night—all was refused and in fact, everything was refused that would add to my convenience. I wrote to my wife, asking for a change of linen. My note was destroyed by the commanding officer, and word sent to me that I would not be allowed to communicate with my friends. Counsel applied for admission, but was informed that he was not sure "that Bogart was entitled to counsel." This last may seem incredible, but Judge Beebe will corroborate it. Upon learning this condition of affairs, my friends started for Washington and laid the matter before Secretary Robeson. That gentleman ordered my irons to be removed, my friends to be allowed admission, and also granted me the freedom of the ship.—That order Admiral Godon refused to obey and induced the Secretary to sanction the refusal. My hand-irons were shortly after removed, however, and were not again put on. In this condition I remained till Oct. 20, when my friends procured a second order to remove the irons, and grant me every comfort, but alas! the order was not obeyed. What I have suffered during this inhuman confinement I do not propose to recite. The irons were almost insupportable, and I was obliged to wrap towels, cloth, &c., around my ankles to keep them from wearing to the bone!

At the late Centocook Valley Fair, Joseph B. Walker, the orator of the day, stated that hundreds of farms in New Hampshire had been abandoned and given up to pastureage and to the growth of wood and timber. In a single section of the town of Warner, where formerly forty yoke of oxen were kept, and from which twenty families went on Sunday to church, only three yoke of oxen can be found, with five houses and twelve old cellars.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 19, 1869.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.  
NOVEMBER—1869.  
Friday, 19—St. Elizabeth W.  
Saturday, 20—St. Felix of Valois, O.  
Sunday, 21—Twenty-seventh after Pentecost.  
Monday, 22—St. Cecilia, V. M.  
Tuesday, 23—St. Clement, P. M.  
Wednesday, 24—St. John of the Cross, C.  
Thursday, 25—St. Catherine, V. M.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.  
From Florence, it was reported some days ago that the health of Victor Emmanuel had improved; since then, however, not a word on the subject has appeared in any of the telegraphic items by Atlantic cable, which the intelligent reporter sends across the ocean for the benefit of the public in America. The state of Paris is not such as to inspire confidence. Henri Rochefort, the personal enemy of the Emperor, has been greeted with a monster demonstration, and the garrison of the city has been augmented by two regiments of cavalry. In Spain matters are still in confusion.  
Much activity is noticed in the navy yards of the United States, and several large men-of-war are being got ready for service with great haste. Some of the New York journals conclude from this that the United States Government is about to take a decisive course on the Cuban question, and to recognise the insurgents.

MONTREAL, Nov. 10, 1869.  
(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

SIR.—Now that our daily papers have taken to reporting sermons, it offers to Catholics a most excellent opportunity of measuring the calibre of the men who are looked up to as "great guns," by our separated brethren.  
A late number of the *Daily News* has been placed in my hands by a Protestant friend, containing the enclosed lecture, by the Rev. Dr. Irvine, delivered before a Sunday School Association in Montreal.  
The conclusions which the Doctor defends, and which he professes to arrive at himself, are completely at variance with all that I have hitherto read on the subject; but being unable to give my Protestant friend a very concise rejoinder, I beg of you to inform me whether the tenets put forward by the Doctor were really held by the Catholics.  
I have been under the impression that it was an old stock argument of the Presbyterians, which had been refuted by Catholic writers years ago.  
I am, Sir, yours &c.,  
ALBION.

We have read the lecture alluded to by our correspondent *Albion*, and will merely point out to him one or two replies which he may give to his Protestant friend, which completely dispose of the conclusions at which the lecturer arrives, as to the Protestantism of St. Columba, and his converts.  
In the first place St. Columba and his companions were, as the lecturer recognises, "monks." But monachism is a condition that never could have arisen in a society permeated by what are known as "Protestant principles." It is the natural and legitimate outgrowth of Romanism, and Romish doctrines.  
In the second place, it is evident from the lecture itself, that on all essential points, on those points especially which to-day distinguish the "Romish" from the Scotch Presbyterian religion, the form of Christianity introduced into Scotland by St. Columba, and professed by his disciples was identical with that introduced into England, by St. Augustine, and by the Romish missionaries who landed on the Isle of Thanet in the year 597. Now we also know that the Romish form of Christianity in the sixth and seventh centuries was the same as that which Catholics profess to-day: and as things that are identical with one another, are identical with the same, it follows that the present Romish form of Christianity was that which St. Columba taught, and which his converts professed.  
"In 603"—so we read in the lecture—"the Easter controversy as it was called, was formally opened by Augustine in a special council called for that purpose."  
This is true. There were three points, none of them however involving any question of faith, on which there was a warm, almost acrimonious controversy betwixt the Romish missionaries, and the Christians whom they found in the British islands. One had reference to the day on which the festival of Easter should be observed. The second was as to the proper form of ecclesiastical tonsure: whether it should be circular

after the Romish fashion; or crescent-shaped, as it was given amongst the disciples of the Scotch missionaries; the third point in controversy related to certain ceremonies used in the administering of the Sacrament of Baptism. From these controversies we may conclude to two facts:—

1. That the early Scotch Christians did observe the festival of Easter, which modern Scotch Protestants do not. For the matter in dispute was not as to whether the Festival should be kept? but as to the day on which it should be kept. Not that the British Christians were quarto-decimans, for they kept the feast on the first Sunday after the vernal full moon, according to their computation; but not having adopted the novel but more accurate cycle, which was only adopted at Rome about the middle of the sixth century, their paschal or vernal full moon did not coincide with that of Rome. The controversy was not a religious, but simply an astronomical controversy, in which every one now admits that Rome was right.

2. That on all important points affecting dogma, and the spiritual life, the form of Christianity brought by St. Augustine from Rome, and that which he found existing amongst British Christians, were identical: or otherwise on these points also there would have been controversies keener even than those on the paschal and tonsure questions, and of which the trace would be evident in history. There was a most bitter feeling of hostility, in fact, betwixt the older Christians and the converts made by the Romish missionaries; so much so, indeed, that we find Laurentius successor in the See of Canterbury to St. Augustine, complaining that a Scottish Bishop, Dagamas, would neither eat at the same table with him, nor yet lodge under the same roof. Now is it within the limits of probability that under such circumstances, the Christians whom the said Dagamas represented would not have protested loudly and emphatically against "Romish corruptions" if, betwixt the doctrines taught by St. Augustine, and those which St. Columba had taught, there had been any important difference? On the question of Easter indeed, as to the day on which the Easter festival should be observed, there was as we have seen a warm controversy; but there is no trace in history of any disputes as to the sacraments, their efficacy, the real presence in the Eucharist, the Mass a sacrifice, the invocation of Saints, or prayers for the dead. On all these points we may therefore logically conclude that there was perfect agreement betwixt Rome and Iona, betwixt St. Augustine and St. Columba.

Now what were the teachings of Rome in the sixth and seventh centuries! Upon the several points indicated above there can be no doubt.—What are called "Romish corruptions" to-day were in full vigor in Rome in the days of the great St. Gregory; and therefore again we may logically conclude that, on all the great questions of dogmas which separate Catholics and Protestants in the nineteenth century, the Scotch, the Irish Christians, and the *Culdees* of the seventh, held the same faith as do Papists do to-day.  
We have indicated, rather than given the replies which our correspondent *Albion* may give to his Protestant friend. Want of space compels us to be thus reticent; but if *Albion* desire further information on the subject, we refer him to any good ecclesiastical histories in which the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons by St. Augustine, and his controversies with the British Christians, are fully treated of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are asked "What is the Protestant Canon of Scripture? in other words of what books does the Protestant Bible consist?"

We confess frankly, that we do not know, that we are at a loss how to answer this question. But we can make this confession of ignorance the more readily, since we do not believe that any intelligent Protestant could, if the same questions were addressed to him, return any other answer.

There is no Protestant Canon of Scripture that we know of, or that we ever heard of: that is to say, Protestants are not, and never were agreed amongst themselves as to what books have a right to be considered canonical, or to take their place amongst the sacred writings of Christianity. The Anglican canon, as put forth by Royal authority is, amongst English speaking Protestants, generally blindly accepted; but even in England, as in Germany, there are many Biblical critics who contest the right of many of the books therein contained to a place in the Christian Bible. The fourth Gospel for instance that called of St. John, is by many learned English Protestant critics denied to be the work of the Apostle whose name it bears: so also with the book called *Revelations*, and with the *Epistle to the Hebrews*, by some attributed to St. Paul. These are in like manner excluded, as are also several other books which we find in the Anglican bible, and that not by rationalists merely, but by men who are looked upon as most eminent for their piety, and truly Christian spirit, as well as for their erudition. For instance Neander treats the Apocalypse, part of the Gospel attributed to St. John, as well as the second epistle

of St. Peter, and other writings included in the Anglican canon, as spurious, or at best very doubtful. We need not go back to the days of Luther, who as it is well known rejected the Epistle so-called of St. James, to show that there never was any universally received Canon of Scripture amongst Protestants.

Such being the case we are not ashamed to confess that we are not aware of the existence of any "Protestant" Canon of Scripture. Perhaps, the *Witness* may be able to enlighten our correspondent on the subject.

Another correspondent is informed that in the Catholic Church a man can marry his deceased wife's sister, and a woman can marry her deceased husband's brother with a dispensation, such marriages not being prohibited by natural law. For excellent disciplinary reasons the Church imposes restrictions upon, or impediments in the way of such marriages; but these restrictions or impediments which she imposes she also has the right to remove under particular circumstances which to her may seem to require it.

Catherina of Arragon was married to Henry VIII. in virtue of a dispensation, though she had been previously married to his brother Arthur.

The Irish Establishment at last yielded to, and was crushed by a pressure from without.—The Established Church in England is menaced by a fermentation from within, which threatens to burst it up one of these days, and perhaps at no very distant day.

This fermentation, or violent internal action, has been much accelerated by the appointment of Dr. Temple to the situation of Protestant Bishop of Exeter. The High Church party protests indignantly against the subordination of the church to the State, and its organ, the *Church News*, comes out pretty strongly for disestablishment. It says:—

"Every day it becomes more apparent that, with Bishops appointed by the State picked and chosen for their inability to see the necessity of adaptation, for their readiness to sacrifice the welfare of the Body of Christ to the pleasure of the State, the Ark is being wrecked through a miserable eagerness to hug the land, and a fear of standing out into the deep open sea."

The *Ark* as the *Church News* calls the Protestant Church of England, is in a bad way. If on one side it is menaced by the breakers of Erastianism, the gales of Voluntaryism which it would have to encounter were it to haul off from the land, and to stand out into the open sea, would soon cause it to founder altogether.—Emancipation from the State would be but an exchange of masters for the poor *Ark*: and indeed it is clear to every one that has studied its log book, that nothing but the strong hand of the State, has hitherto preserved it from destruction. Left to itself it would perish by internal dissensions within a year, and the fable of the Kilkenny cats would soon become a fact.

COMMON SCHOOLS IN THE U. STATES.—

The agitation on the question of State Schoolism in the U. States is by no means on the decline, and the *Tribune* of New York fears that even the exclusion of the Bible from the common schools, and the elimination of all religious teaching from the education therein given, will fail to satisfy the Catholic party. "How shall we preserve our Common Schools?" the *Tribune* exclaims, alarmed at the prospect of the approaching overthrow of State-Schoolism.

"How shall we preserve our Common Schools?" The answer is simple enough. By paying for them out of your own pockets, and not by filching the funds required for their support from the pockets of those who will have none of them: who are as heartily opposed to State-Schoolism, as you profess to be to State-Churchism. Leave education free in the same sense as you leave religion free: deal with the School as you deal with the Church: be just, be honest, if you can; pay for your own schools, but don't tax others for their support.

By adopting these simple rules, the School Question would at once be solved, and the angry passions to which its discussion has given birth, would be at once killed off. This it is strange that the *Tribune* does not see; whilst at the same time it can perceive that it is not to the details but to the fundamental principle, of State-Schoolism that the Catholics, not of the United States only, but of the entire world are opposed. Education it cannot too often be repeated is no more the legitimate function of the State than is Religion: and a Common School system such as that of the U. States is as much a nuisance as was the Church of Ireland as By Law Established. It must be razed to the ground.

The question of the right of women to preach will ere long have to be discussed by the Scotch Presbyterians. Already, so it appears from the *Scotsman*, ministers of the Free Kirk in the Orkney islands, have opened their pulpits to preachers of the "female denomination," whose discourses have powerfully affected the young men of the congregation. The Presbytery have interfered to put the practice down, but it finds many ardent supporters amongst the laity.

Skating commenced at Ottawa last week, and the ice was considered good for the season.

PHILOSOPHY OF RITUALISM.—We would again call attention to the Lecture upon this subject, to be delivered on the evening of Wednesday next, 24th inst., at 8 P.M., in the Academic Hall of St. Mary's College, by Dr. J. W. Rogers, late a minister of the Protestant episcopalian sect in Memphis, United States.—We trust the gentleman will have, as he deserves to have a good audience; and we think that we may venture to assure those who attend, that they will hear the subject discussed in a gentlemanly, Christian, and philosophic spirit.

Sight goes in Montreal have during the past week been much excited by the exhibition of a strange phenomenon called on the placards "A Girl with Two Heads." This we humbly submit is a misnomer, for that which is exhibited is "Two Girls with only one trunk." There are two distinct intelligences, and wills, and we should say two distinct persons, who by a singular freak of nature are joined together. It is not that nature has been too liberal in giving to one person two heads: but that she has been niggardly, in that to two persons she has assigned only one trunk and alimentary canal. Something of the same kind occurred in the case of the Siamese twins: but in that of the girls now exhibited the union is closer, and more astonishing.

WEATING HUMBLE PIE.—In spite of all their blustering and tall talk, the chapter of Exeter—so we learn by telegram—have met, and like good boys whom the master's cane keeps in order, have freely elected Dr. Temple, Bishop of the diocese. It is a capital joke, and would furnish material for a cartoon in *Punch*.

NORTH RENFREW.—After a hard fight victory has declared itself on the side of Sir Francis Hincks. His total majority over his opponent Mr. Findlay was 113; the numbers being 553 to 440.

THE "OPEN BIBLE."—What the "open bible" has done for England, we will not pretend to say; what it has not done is this:—It has not prevented the growth of a social condition than which nothing more hideous is to be found in the records of ancient or of modern heathenism. So at least Protestant writers themselves tell us:—

"Fearing"—says the *Echo*—"that the newspapers may not bring out the facts with sufficient clearness, we wish to have it known in all its naked hideousness, that a trial at the Middlesex Sessions has this week established the fact that a system of murdering children by wholesale is carried on in London under the very noses of our vigilant police. The plan is worked out by a conspiracy, in which the criminals are so divided as each to seem without guilt or bloodshed. Thus there is a den for lying in matrons *à secret*, somewhere in Cold-Harbour Lane in Camberwell as the evidence showed. Secondly there are nurses—(so called the bags!)—who receive such children, and get them adopted by ladies at £8 per head, on condition that no further questions shall be asked. These 'ladies' drop the children in the fields or suburban ditches, having first drugged the poor little creatures to sleep. Of the woman detected it was said by Throughton, S. T., 'that five children had been found in Fulham since January, and twelve in Kensington since April—an unprecedented large number for that district; and it was during this time only that the prisoner lived in the neighborhood!—Can any of the evils said to be consequent on a Foundling Hospital as encouraging immorality be worse than this? . . . The abominations of heathen sacrifices are not more hideous in detail than these criminal records of England's metropolis in the last half of the nineteenth century.'—*Echo*, Oct. 2nd

The world progresses no doubt; but we see not how this progress is to be reconciled with Christianity, and the Catholic Church. Certainly not by means of an "open bible."

CHILD MURDER AND FETTERING IN THE U. STATES.—These horrid crimes, so prevalent in the United States, are telling fearfully upon the population of that country, and their consequences are thus expressed by the *Philadelphia Ledger*. It will be noticed that the crime is almost exclusively confined to the native population, whilst the foreign population, for the most part Catholic, is free from it. The reader will draw his own conclusions:—

[From the *Philadelphia Ledger*.]

In 1855 the census of the State of New York was taken by families. In one-fourth of the families not a single child was found, while in the remaining three-fourths there was only a fraction over one child to each family. This included but the foreign and native population, and the race are so greatly mixed in New York that it is difficult to draw the line, but the compiler of the census, Dr. Hough, became convinced that there is no natural increase in population among the families descended from the early settlers of that State. In Massachusetts, while in 1855 one-half the population was under twenty years of age, at the present time scarcely one-fourth of the purely American class is under sixteen. Indeed, the birth rate of the American portion of Massachusetts is but one in fifty per annum, while in France, where the population is said to be stationary, the native birth rate amounts to one in thirty seven: in Connecticut, the school report for 1856 states that the relative number of children had been steadily decreasing for the past forty years; and in Vermont the birth rate, when separated from the foreign element, was only one half as large as that of England.

Not only in New England and New York, but in all communities where foreigners and Americans are living side by side, the most surprising difference in the size of their families exists—the former often averaging two or three times as many children as the latter.

THE LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—Compiled from the French of Roselly de Lorgues, by J. J. Barry, M.D. Published by P. Donahoe, Boston: None but a Catholic can properly write the

life of the great navigator and discoverer whose virtues as a Christian were as eminent as his courage and nautical skill. Mr. Barry has well accomplished his task, and has presented the reader with the best life of Columbus in the English language. The old, yet ever new, story of the marvellous voyage across the dark unknown sea, the *mare tenebrosum* of our forefathers, of the first sighting of the land, the wonders and riches of the newly discovered world, are told with power, and elegance: and throughout the work breathes a truly Christian spirit. For it must ever be borne in mind that if with the many the fading of gold and silver was the great object that prompted to voyages of discovery, Columbus was chiefly actuated by the desire of winning fresh souls to God, and of extending the Kingdom of Christ upon earth. Christopher Columbus went forth essentially in the spirit of a crusader.

We trust that this work may have an extensive circulation in Canada, and we may add that it is handsomely printed, and illustrated by a portrait of the great man.

THE LOST ROSARY; or, Our Irish Girls, Their Trials, Temptations, and Triumph. By Con O'Leary. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

A pretty Catholic story which we hope may realize the desire of the author, in that it may contribute to banish from the family circle, the trashy and pernicious literature so common at the present time.

MARY MI KA, a Tale of the Holy Childhood with an Account of the Institution. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

This is another story which Catholic parents with all confidence may place in the hands of their children.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S MARCH.—O. Pelletier.—Published by DeZouche Bros., Montreal: .

A very pretty piece commemorative of the visit of the son of our beloved Queen, and highly creditable to our talented fellow-townsmen, O. Pelletier, Esq.

ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The semi annual meeting of this Society held in St. Patrick's Hall, on Thursday the 4th instant the following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the next half-year.

- President, Edward Spelman.
- 1st Vice President, Michael Bergin.
- 2nd Vice President, George Murphy.
- Secretary, Thomas Harding.
- Assistant Secretary, Wm. Rafferty.
- Treasurer, Bernard McNally, re-elected.
- Collecting Treasurer, John Whitty.
- Assisting Collecting Treasurer, James Murphy, re-elected.
- Grand Marshal, Thomas Bowes.
- Assistant Grand Marshal, William Rowland.
- Assistant Grand Marshal, Thomas Clarke.
- Committee of Enquiry, St. Annus ward, Joseph Phelan, Thomas Phelan.
- St. Antoine ward, Michael Mahony, Samuel Greer.
- St. Lawrence ward, Henry Heaton, Jeremiah Carroll.
- West ward, John Burke.
- Centre ward, William Grace.
- St. Mary's ward, Patrick Kehoe.

This Society is steadily increasing in numbers; its object is to assist the widows and orphans of its diseased members. All such societies should be encouraged. The Treasurer's semi-annual report shows the handsome sum on hand of \$1,894.45.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC BENEFIT SOCIETY OF MONTREAL.

The above Society is newly formed. Its object is threefold—namely:—  
The Union of English speaking Roman Catholic and Merchantile men.

The Assisting of Members of the Society during illness; and their decent waking and burial after death.

To support the Widows and Orphans of deceased Members.

The following gentlemen were elected Office-bearers for the ensuing half year:—

- President—Mr J D Kennedy.
- 1st Vice do—Alexander Woods.
- 2nd do do—Patrick Doran.
- Secretary—James Maher.
- Assistant do—Martin Newall.
- Treasurer—Thomas Buchanan.
- Collecting do—James McKillopp.
- Assistant do do—Patrick Jones.
- Grand Marshall—John Lawlor.
- 1st. Assistant do—John Dwyer.
- 2nd do do—Robert Callaghan.

COMMITTEE OF ENQUIRY.

Messrs. Michael Clune, John McKillopp, John Curry, Patrick Corbett, John Burns, Felix McIver, Arthur Jones, Patrick Burke, James Quinn, and Michael Feron.

JAMES MAHER, Secy

KORN KOBB ON THE "HINCK'S APPOINTMENT."

From "The Ottawa Citizen."  
MR. EDITOR.—I received a note from the managing director of the *Toronto Globe*, the other day, requesting me to furnish his journal with some "opinions of the press" concerning the appointment of Sir Francis Hinck's as Finance Minister, for which, if he opinions were satisfactory, I should be liberally paid. A windfall like that doesn't come in the way of a gentleman of the press every day, so I set to work with the most undying industry to earn my money. I dashed right and left into the columns of the

Ottawa Times, the Toronto Telegraph and other impartial organs of public opinion and I'd got about fifty, I forwarded them to Toronto. I don't believe I was happy in my selections. I don't really believe I was, because I got another note two days after, in which the Hon. George made use of the words 'idiot,' and 'infernal ass,' and other ornamental expressions with such looseness and frequency, that I was led to infer my opinions were not his opinions by any means.

As most of the rabid Grit Journals (the only ones I now find capable of giving a clear and impartial view on this subject), have died out, or sold out, or been reconstructed, I have been compelled to fall back on my own resources and 'create.' Before sending them West, Mr. Editor, I submit them to your judgment. The following are a few of the mildest:

(From the Kemptonville Thunder Bolt.)

This dastardly double-dyed act of political treachery has at last been perpetrated. Sir John has cast his net into the slum of the 'Great Conservative Party' and has drawn forth the stinkiest fish of the lot. When reeking corruptionists and antediluvian swindlers are permitted to hold the reins of government it is high time for honest men to speak out. The man who cheated at marbles in his youth, and in more mature age dealt himself six cards at euchre, is hardly the person to be trusted with the finances of the nation!!!

(From the Prescott Blazer.)

This Hicks comes from a family notorious for their dishonesty. No orchard in their vicinity was safe—no hen roost secure from their depredations. It is a well known fact that in his youth he (Sir Francis) used to play with other boys at pitch and toss with a penny having two heads. And yet this is the man our Premier has seen fit to place in one of the most responsible positions under the Crown. Comment is superfluous!!!

(From the Ingersoll Blowhard.)

It was generally believed at the time that the man who was executed as Hicks the pirate, was in reality, innocent. We are now in a position to substantiate the truth of that surmise. The party who perished ignominiously on the scaffold was a true Christian and a Reformer while the blood-thirsty buccaneer, this real Hicks is to-day the Hon. Minister of Finance. The ruse (dropping the letter N in his name) by which he hoped to preserve his incognito when commencing his career of infamy was too transparent to escape detection by the argus eyes of the patriot. The degraded scoundrel across the way who manages to sustain his miserable sheet on Government patronage may well shake in his boots.

P. S.—An advertisement inserted in our paper will be sure to reach the eyes of every respectable man, woman and child in the country.

(From the London Squadder.)

No job was too base, no infamy too outrageous for him to undertake. Convicted three times for burglary, one case of which was assault with intent to kill, twice for arson and seventeen times for minor offences, he made a fitting end to his career for the time by robbing a church in Toronto, for which act he was seven years transportation. His political friends tried to gloss it over by reporting that he had been appointed Governor of Barbadoes and other possessions of the Crown. This, however, is the true story of that most disgraceful chapter in the history of one of our public men, and barrowing as it is to our feelings, as a man and a brother, to rake up such matters, our duty as a journalist, a patriot and an unflinching lover of truth, forbids us to be silent. And this is the man the immaculate Sir John has appointed to administer the finances of the Dominion! No wonder the population is leaving the country by tens of thousands. No wonder that our crops are blighted and our trade at a stand-still, and the circulation of the Squadder diminished to one third its usual number. Oh, when will the cloud lift—the shadow pass away? When will the Government be conducted by men with the fear of God before their eyes and a proper sense in regard to the distribution of patronage? When will true Reform—true patriot's voice more manage the helm of affairs, and men of probity and sound Liberal principles direct the Councils of the nation? Soon, very soon, we hope; and in the meantime we would just state that our daily and weekly circulation is six times larger than of any other paper east of Hamilton. Intending advertisers will please take notice.

There, Mr. Editor, I have no wish to blow my own horn, so to speak, but if these "selections" are not received and liberally paid for, the next time Mr. Brown and I meet there will be trouble in the great Reform party.

KORN KORB, JUN.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSIONS.—On Wednesday afternoon the following ladies were admitted to the novitiate of the Good Shepherd Community: Miss Leclerc (Sister St. Jerome); Miss Paquin (Sister St. Germain); Miss Despres (Sister St. Bruno). On Thursday morning, at the same convent, a very impressive ceremony took place, namely the profession of Sister St. Patrick.—Miss Mary Ann Coveney, daughter of Edward Coveney, Esq., of Montcalm Ward. The young lady received the veil at the hands of the Very Rev. Administrator of the Arch-diocese of Quebec, who was assisted throughout the touching ceremony by the Rev. Messrs. Drolet and Girard. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. Mr. Racine, a relative of the postulante, and the discourse of the reverend gentleman was very touching and edifying. Among the clergymen present we remarked the Rev. Messrs. Auclair, Bonneau, Lemoine, Neville, Gagnon and Collet.—[Quebec Mercury 6th inst.

The market gardeners around Montreal complained of the ravages their cauliflower crop suffered from an unusual form of grub. The following receipt may be found useful because it is quite possible that an absence of the saline element may have rendered both cabbages and cauliflowers liable to disease:—A Cheap Grubkiller—Cabbages, brocolis, and other brassicaceous

plants are generally much infested with grubs at this season. To clear them off is an easier task than it appears. Dissolve a coffee-cup of salt in hot water, then put it into a common-sized watering pan, and fill up with cold water. Just give each plant a gentle switch over with this mixture, and they will all disappear in a moment, and the salt and water will nourish the plants wonderfully. All grubs are fond of salt and water. Some people would be afraid of killing their cauliflowers; but it must be borne in mind that the salt and water will not penetrate the leaves. It runs off to the roots, killing every caterpillar in its way.—Gardener's Magazine.

ABSCONDING MERCHANTS.—The Montreal Gazette says:—About the end of last February three men, one named Wolfe and two Corridges, came to this city from the United States and went into business—the Corridges on St. Paul and Wolfe on Craig street; the Corridges as leather merchants and Wolfe as a boot and shoe manufacturer. They were scarcely settled in business when a creditor from New York made his appearance and their goods were attached under *cessari*. They managed to get out of the scrape, however, by paying a small dividend. Shortly after this, one of the Corridges went out of the business, and a man named Jacob Schiller became head of the firm. They managed to get any amount of credit, and used it to the utmost. Wolfe appears to have done a very fair business, as he employed some twenty five or thirty people. On Thursday last Messrs. Schiller & Corridge sent to a store on Notre Dame street, where they had been in the habit of purchasing things and paying promptly for them a d order of about \$50 worth of goods. On Friday morning all parties were missing. With the above-mentioned parties went also a man named Kelter, who kept a furniture store on St. Lawrence Main street. He owed about two hundred dollars to a person, who went to him on Thursday and demanded payment, or gave him the alternative of going to gaol. Kelter, it is said, paid the account with carpets, which he went out and bought on credit from Messrs. E. Campbell & Co., and who, since the departure of Kelter, has issued a writ of attachment for the recovery of the carpets. The details are likely to be made public in a few days.

At a meeting of the Bazaar Committee of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, held on the 12th inst., it was announced that the handsome sum of \$1,400 was realized; and votes of thanks were unanimously passed to the ladies whose valuable services were so eminently successful, and to the citizens who contributed so generously towards furnishing the tables.

The gross receipts were..... \$1,535  
Expenses..... 135

Leaving for charitable fund..... \$1,400

PERSONAL.—The Spanish Consul General, M. O'Uriarte, has changed his residence from Quebec to this city.

THEFT.—A boy residing in Cemetery street, was arrested on Saturday evening, on a charge of stealing tobacco from Mr. H. Jacobs.

INQUEST.—Last Thursday night a painter named Pendergrast, who had sought shelter in a house in St. George's street, was found dead next day. An inquest was subsequently held by Mr. Coroner Jones, when the jury returned a verdict of 'died by the visitation of God.'

FATAL ACCIDENT IN LITTLE ST. JAMES STREET.—Soon after seven o'clock on Monday morning, a carpenter, named Narcisse Lesperance, residing in Miguonne street, was killed, whilst working at the new building belonging to Mr. Crosse, advocate, in Little St. James st. The deceased was engaged, along with others, in the employ of Mr. Alexis St. Amour. A large beam had already been hoisted to the top of the front of the lofty building, and, as it was rather long, the men were attempting to force it through an aperture, by springing it. In being so treated the beam snapped, and, swinging round, struck Lesperance on the head. He was probably struck senseless with this blow, and he immediately fell through all the intermediate six storeys to the basement, striking fearfully against the rafters in his passage to the ground, whence he was immediately raised a bruised and disfigured corpse, and taken into the house of Mr. Pariseau in Fortification lane. The deceased was between fifty and sixty years of age, and had six children. He was a small man, but noted for his activity and courage, being always ready to mount to any dangerous place when any of the building mechanism went wrong.

QUEBEC, Nov. 11.—The Fire Relief Committee has published a statement of all the moneys collected for the relief of the sufferers by the fire at St. Sauveur in Oct., 1866. The total amount collected, including interest on special deposits, and premium on bankable funds, amounts to \$395,542.72. The following is a recapitulation: In the Dominion of Canada, \$176,090.20; United States and other parts of America, \$18,795.51; United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, \$195,302.61; France, \$958.23; other parts of Europe, \$739.27. Interest on special deposits, \$1715.08; premium on bankable funds, \$3,956.82. Total, \$395,542.72.

QUEBEC, Nov. 13.—A clerk in the Lower Town, of respectable parentage, forged a check of \$1,300 on a firm in Lewis, and also the initials of the Ledger Keeper of the National Bank here, and received the proceeds. His mother has paid the amount, and as the boy has gone to England, the mother will not come before the courts.

THE CASTLE GARDEN.—The Witness is informed in supposing that any large or influential body of citizens in Quebec envy the Normal School in their possession of the Lower Government Garden, or pretend that the Government have not the right to close it to the public while the Normal School occupies the Chateau, to which the garden is, and always has been, attached, in the absence of other enclosed ground for the use of its occupants. The public are, and ever have been, similarly excluded from the glacis and all military grounds during their temporary lease to people for grazing purposes. This year the wife of the Colonel of the 53rd

Regiment, (he was then Commandant of the Garrison) was refused passage over the glacis, but the people at large—though the fact was incidentally noticed by the press—did not take up the matter as an encroachment upon their rights. The fact is, the Castle Garden, when opened to the public in former years, was considered a greater nuisance, in one point of view, to the neighbors than it is being closed, for it was so little frequented that those who went there became the subject of scandal and town talk; so that until the whole area is thrown open, with free communication to the streets at either end and ordinary police surveillance provided by our now impoverished civic government, no decent people aspire to the privilege of using it. The sneaky way of assailing the Normal School, by pretending that it has no right to the garden, is as un-British as it is cowardly and absurd. We should be the last to encourage any encroachment upon the public right of way, but that is quite another thing from entering government property leased to an educational institution, which has its rights as well as those persons who do not approve of its occupancy of a public building—Quebec Mercury.

Several parties are being formed for Red River, and will leave before the end of this month. Advice from the territory state that Canadians are going in rapidly.—[Globe.

During Prince Arthur's visit to Belleville, a young man named Wensley was severely injured by the explosion of a cannon. A letter was received from Prince Arthur's Private Secretary a few days ago, enclosing a small donation to Mr. Wensley. The letter expressed the Prince's great regret for the accident; and hoped that the injured man would speedily recover.

A man named George Reed was arrested at Hamilton, last Friday, supposed to be a deserter from the company of which Prince Arthur is a Lieutenant, at Montreal. He has been remanded eight days for proof.

SCALDED TO DEATH.—A young son of Mr. Samuel Anderson, of Turnbury, aged nearly three years, lately fell into a pail of boiling water and died from the scalding received.—[London Free Press, 8th Nov.

It is said that Mr. Genest, the newly-elected M.P. for Three Rivers will move the address at the opening of the Quebec Legislature.

Port Dover is without a magistrate, and rowdism is a daily occurrence. The Simcoe Reformer hopes that surely all the people fit to be magistrates are not engaged on the inter-colonial.

A letter received recently from the 100th Royal Canadian Regiment, at present stationed at Manchester, England declares that the old Canadian element is nearly extinct in the corps. Two or three officers and a dozen men or so are all now left of some 1,400 that left Canada on the formation of the corps.—Kingston Whig 3rd.

A fertile field is noted by the Ottawa Vindicator. Mr. D. Genest, on his farm west of that town, has a five-acre field. Three acres of it he sowed to spring wheat, which threshed one hundred bushels of clean wheat. A part of the remaining two acres was sown with half a bushel of tare seed for green fodder. The remaining portion of the two acres he sowed to oats, from which he last week threshed two hundred bushels of cleaned oats, being considerably over one hundred bushels to the acre. High cultivation was the secret.

The wolves are becoming very troublesome in West Garfrax, as well as Luther. A correspondent of the Fergus News says Mr. Wm. McMullen had six sheep killed and three more almost worried to death by these voracious animals, on the night of Sunday, the 25th of October. A case occurred of a man and his wife being attacked while returning from a neighbor's one night lately. They had to turn back and get torches; and on coming to the same place again they found the wolves waiting for the prey, and keeping up an unearthly howling. But the quadrupeds had to yield and acknowledge the bipeds masters of the situation, though they did so slowly and reluctantly. Sportsmen cannot sight a deer this fall; but numerous skeletons are to be met with in every direction, indicating that the wolves commit fearful devastation among the innocent creatures.—Globe.

It was stated a short time ago that John Kearney, a passenger from Liverpool by the steamship North American, was detained in Quebec in consequence of insanity. His father, who lives near Carleton Place, upon learning the fact through the press, hurried to Quebec, but found on his arrival, to his pain and astonishment, that his son had been allowed to escape on the 23rd ult. The missing man is tall, of light complexion, intelligent, and has been seen since on the way to the west of Ontario.

DISASTROUS ACCIDENT.—A daughter of David Campbell of Rosetta, four years of age, was burned so severely on Friday last that she died in a few hours afterwards. Her father and mother were outside at the time, her little brother only being present, a lad of six years old. The little girl was putting chips into the cooking stove by one of the lid-holes on top, when the flame, catching a loose part of her dress, was allowed to play its fearful ravages before any one was present to rescue her.—Perth Courier.

Mr. Byrd has introduced a Bill which provides that from and after the passing of this Act it shall not be lawful for any person to sell, barter, exchange, dispose or give directly or indirectly intoxicating liquor to any other person not of legal age without the consent of a parent or guardian; nor to an apprentice or servant without the consent of the master or legal protector of such apprentice or servant; nor to any person while in a state of intoxication; nor to those who have the habit of drinking intoxicating liquor to excess.—Toronto Globe.

A correspondent of the Halifax Citizen writes that in Newfoundland it is "daily becoming more apparent that the Anti-Confederates are going to return a majority of members to the House of Assembly." This he attributes to the deplorable ignorance of the people and the efforts of Messrs. Bennett and Grievs, and to the mistake made by Mr. Ambrose Shea in sending a number of fishermen to work on the Intercolonial. He stated that when Mr. Shea lately attempted to head the people at Placentia—They would not hear him, and became so violent that he had to fly into a house for shelter, and finally had to escape by a back door, taking a woman in the boat with him to the steamer, to protect him from the stones thrown at him by the people. At Trinity Messrs. Reid and Rendell were also stoned going through the streets, by some fellows who were well primed with rum for the purpose, and it is said that they were compelled to abate fight on board the steamer, and that the Captain had to out the 'fasts' and put out to sea. In Bureau, Garter's reception was hardly more flattering, and in Bonaville the Anns are decidedly the strongest. One candidate has been advising his constituents to bring out their sailing 'gaffs' on nomination, and terminate the confederates' horse, foot and artillery." The Citizen says:—"We believe the above statement to be entirely reliable. The unfortunate situation among the people of some districts of Newfoundland, to commit acts of violence on the occasion of

almost every election is well known, and it is to be feared that on the present occasion, the excitement will be greater than ever before. We are glad to learn therefore that H. M. S. Mills has been sent to the island until after the election and we hope that every precaution will be taken to prevent a repetition of former scenes of bloodshed. As a Newfoundlandian remarked to us the other day, 'from present appearances there will be 'ructions' at the next election.' It is rather impolitic to send a vessel of war to intimidate the electors. It will be a loss to this Province if Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island do not join the Confederacy; that is, if the Confederacy already formed is indissoluble. The terms offered to Newfoundland are very much better than those obtained even by Nova Scotia. — St. John, N. B., Freeman, Nov. 6.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE GASOLINE AT SHEBROUKE.—The following is the verdict of the Coroner's Jury in this matter:—That the said John A. Collins, employer of the Union Gas Company, Joseph J. Crowther and Robert Brown, employees of the Paton Manufacturing Company, whose bodies are before the Jury, came to their death by the explosion of gas in the generator connected with the gas works, which were at the time in process of completion. That they were almost instantly killed by the said explosion and burning of the gasoline. The Jury also find that the said works were being constructed for the purpose of lighting the Woolen Mill of the said Paton Manufacturing Company, with gasoline by the consent of the Union Gas Company of Boston, Massachusetts. That the said explosion was occasioned from the fact that the generator was not in proper condition for the manufacture of gas, and that the main pipe leading into the mill, was accidentally left open. And that (as explained by the evidence of Thos. Stary Hunt, Esq., chemist and Geologist of Montreal and O. Terrill, Esq., proprietor of the said Union Gas Company,) an attempt was made to light the gas near the generator, before the proper tests had been applied to ascertain the condition of the machine and pipes, and when they were, as proved, not in proper working order. And that the explosion was mainly caused by the oversight or carelessness of said John A. Collins, in failing to examine the condition of the works. That in the opinion of this Jury, the Paton Manufacturing Company took all possible precaution to inform themselves as to the safety of the apparatus for the manufacture of gas from gasoline, and are not liable to censure. That the said Jurors are of opinion, from all the evidence laid before them that the material from which this gas was to be made, is of such an inflammable and dangerous character, that it can only be used with the greatest care and precaution. That the danger of its use lies mostly in the manufacture of the gas from gasoline, but that the gas itself is not more explosive and dangerous than ordinary gas made from coal. That such apparatus for making gas from gasoline should not be placed nearer than forty or fifty feet to any other building, and that the gasoline should in any case be stored in quantities in the building where the gas is to be made. That the jury are of the opinion that in all cases the room where the machine is placed, should be well lighted with windows and should have one or more doors opening upwards.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Bloomfield, J. McGivern, \$1; Peterboro, A. McGarrity, 8; Seely's Bay, J. McMullin, 2; Netherly, C. McPhelan, 3; Tannery West, P. Carroll, 2; Cushing & Weinbau, 1; Lacolle, W. M. Hart, 3; Hamilton, H. L. Bastien, 2; Barabois, P. Jones, 2; Nicolet, Rev. M. L. Pronlx, 2; Grand River, T. Carbery, 2; Carleton Place, Rev. E. Vaughan, 2; Creek Bank, J. Naughton, 4; Woodstock, M. Shiners, 2; Porter's Hill, J. A. McIntosh, 2; Vienna, T. J. Appleton, 3; St. Jerome, P. Shea, 2; South Hutchinson, P. Brady, 3; L'Acadie, F. S. McDonnell, 1; Perth, E. Byrne, 3; Westport, A. Rooney, 2; Lunenburg, W. McPherson, 3; Merrickville, J. R. Roch, 2; Grillon, P. Dole, 1.  
Per Rev. H. Brette, Gr. Trouton—P. L. McAuley, 2.  
Per W. Chisholm, Dalhousie Mills—D. McDougall, 2.  
Per D. Walker Lindsay—M. Healin, 4.  
Per Rev. K. A. Campbell, Athery—T. Healy, 2; K. Campbell, Woodville, 2.  
Per F. O'Neill—F. O'Connor, Cedar Hill, 2; E. Lunny, Panmure, 2.  
Per Rev. R. Macdonald, Pictou, N. S.—Self, 2; R. J. Forristale, Antigonish, 2; J. O'Brien, 2; J. A. Sallenager, 2; A. McMaster, 4.80; Rev. D. Chisholm, 50c.  
Per P. P. Lynch, Belleville—M. Graham, 2; M. Braden, Plainfield, 1.  
Per Rev. R. McGillivray West River, N. S.—Self, 2; Rev. J. Fraser, Cape North, 2.  
Per L. Whelan—M. Daly, Clarendon Centre, 2.  
Per W. Hart, Lacolle—E. Dowling, 1.

Died.

At Chambly, on the 9th inst., Lucy Hackett, niece of John Hackett, Esq., aged 31 years.—R.I.P.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, Nov. 13, 1869.  
Flour—Pollards, \$3.20 to \$3.30; Middlings \$3.50 to \$3.60; Fine \$3.90 to \$4.00; Super, No. 2 \$4.30 to \$4.40; Superior \$4.45 to \$4.50; Fancy \$4.75 to \$4.80; Extra, \$4.80 to \$5.00; Superior Extra \$0 to 00.00; Bag Flour, \$2.30 to \$2.50 per 100 lbs.  
Oatmeal per brl. of 200 lbs.—\$4.40 to 4.50.  
Wheat per bush, of 60 lbs.—U. C. Spring, \$0.90 to \$0.  
Ashes per 100 lbs.—First Pots \$5.37 to \$5.42  
Seconds, \$4.80 to \$4.85; Thirds, \$0.00 to 0.00.—  
First Peas, 5.65 to 5.70.  
Pork per brl. of 200 lbs.—Mess, 00.00 to 00.00;—  
Prime Mess 00.00; Prime, 00.00 to 00.00.  
BUTTER, per lb.—More inquiry, with latest sales of common to medium at 20c to 21c—good per choice Western bringing 00c. to 00c.  
CHEESE, per lb.—16 to 20c.  
LARD, per lb.—15c.  
Barley per 48 lbs.—Prices nominal,—worth about \$0.00 to \$0.00.  
PEAS, per 60 lbs.—\$0.75.

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

Nov. 13, 1869.  
Flour, country, per quinta ..... 12 0 to 12 2  
Oatmeal, do ..... 12 0 to 12 2  
Indian Meal, do ..... 8 0 to 10 0  
Rye-Flour, do ..... 00 0 to 00 0  
BUTTER, FRESH, per lb ..... 1 3 to 1 6  
Do, salt do (inferior) ..... 0 11 to 1 0  
FOWLS AND GAME.  
Turkeys (old), per couple ..... 10 0 to 12 0  
Do (young), do ..... 6 0 to 7 6  
Geese, do ..... 7 0 to 7 6  
Ducks, do ..... 3 0 to 3 6  
Do (wild), do ..... 3 0 to 3 6  
Fowls, do ..... 2 0 to 2 6  
Chickens, do ..... 2 0 to 2 6  
Pigeons (tame), do ..... 1 0 to 1 3  
Partridges, do ..... 3 0 to 3 6  
Hares, do ..... 1 3 to 1 6  
Rabbits (live) do ..... 0 0 to 0 9  
Woodcock, do ..... 3 0 to 4 0  
Snipe, do ..... 1 8 to 2 0  
Plover, do ..... 1 0 to 1 3  
MEATS.  
Beef, per lb ..... 0 4 to 0 9  
Pork, do ..... 0 7 to 0 8  
Mutton, do ..... 0 4 to 0 5  
Lamb, do ..... 0 4 to 0 6  
Veal, per lb ..... 0 6 to 0 7  
Beef, per 100 lbs ..... \$6.00 to \$6.60  
Pork, fresh do ..... \$10.00 to 11.00

Table listing market prices for various commodities like Wheat, Barley, Peas, Oats, Buckwheat, Indian Corn, Rye, Flax Seed, Timothy, Potatoes, Lard, Eggs, Haddock, Cheese, Apples, Hay, Straw.

TEACHERS WANTED.

WANTED for the Roman Catholic Separate School at Lindsay, a Head Master One holding a First Class Normal School certificate preferred. Applications, with Testimonials, addressed to the undersigned, will be received until first of January next.  
JOHN KNOWLSON,  
Secretary.  
Nov. 12th, 1869.

TEACHERS WANTED.

TWO TEACHERS WANTED in the Parish of St. Sophie, County Terrebonne, one capable of teaching French and English, and one the English language only. Female Teachers preferred.  
Address,— PATRICK CARRY, Sec.-Treas.,  
St. Sophie, Terrebonne Co., P. Q.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF John Graham, or of any of his sons, Peter, Michael, or Patrick, who emigrated from County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1851, and when last heard of as being at Montreal. Any information will be thankfully received at this office, by the daughter of the said John Graham—Dolly Graham, now Mrs. John Ferguson, Galveston, Texas, U. S.

SITUATION WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN who has taught in Nova Scotia since December 1861, and who holds a First-Class Provincial License for that Province will be open to an engagement after the 31st inst., the expiration of his term. Can come well recommended by his Parish Priest and the Inspector of Schools &c., to all of whom he can refer. Any good school acceptable, yet would infinitely prefer a Catholic Separate one. To obviate disappointment no communication can possibly be attended to before 6th November. Address, "Teacher," office of this paper.

WANTED.

A Clergyman living in a Country Place wants a housekeeper. Apply at the Office of this paper.

WANTED.

A FEMALE TEACHER for the Catholic Separate School, Arthur Village. One able to play the Harmonium would be preferred. Apply, enclosing testimonials, to  
R. R. MAURICE, L.D.D.

WOOLS! WOOLS! WOOLS!

BERLIN WOOL, SHETLAND WOOL, FINGERS WOOD, FLEECY WOOL! In every variety of Shades and Color, at F. B. WRIGHT'S, 386 Notre Dame St.

SLIPPER PATTERNS! TEA COSIES! SOFA CUSHIONS!

A choice assortment in Beaded, Wool and Raised Work, of the newest styles.  
F. B. WRIGHT,  
386 Notre Dame St.  
2nd fl.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC } SUPERIOR COURT  
District of Montreal. }  
DAME FRANCOISE E. CARLISLE, Plaintiff.  
vs.  
SAMUEL McGOONKEY, Defendant.

Notice is hereby given that the above named Plaintiff has instituted an action *separatim de biens* against her husband the above named Defendant.  
OABTER & HATTON,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.  
Montreal, 26th October, 1869. 1m11

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC } SUPERIOR COURT  
District of Montreal. }  
In the matter of John Desjardins, Trader, of the Parish of Vaudriol, District of Montreal.  
Insolvent.  
Notice is hereby given that on the seventeenth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon or as soon thereafter as Counsel can be heard, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said act.  
JOHN DESJARDINS,  
By DESJARDINS & DESJARDINS,  
Attorneys ad Litem  
Montreal, 6th October, 1869. 1m9

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT  
Dist. of Montreal. }  
The twentieth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine.

No. 5491.  
ISAIE A. QUINTAL, of the Parish of Boucherville, in the District of Montreal, Esquire, Notary, Plaintiff,  
vs.  
MOISE FISETTE formerly Yeoman, and DAME MATILDE DUBUC, both heretofore of the Parish of St. Hubert, in the district of Montreal, and now absent from this Province, and the said Moise Fisetto to authorize his wife,  
Defendants.

IT IS ORDERED, on the Petition of Messrs. Moreau Quimet & Lacoste of Counsel for the Plaintiff, in as much as it appears by the return of Isaie Veronique one of the Bailiffs of the Superior Court for Lower Canada, acting in the District of Montreal, on the writ of Summons in this cause issued, written, that the Defendants have left their domicile in the Province of Quebec, in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of Montreal that the said Defendants by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the french language, in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called *Le Minerve*, and twice in the english language, in the newspaper of the said City, called *True Witness*, be notified to appear before this Court, and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiff within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendants to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiff will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment as in a cause by default.  
HUBERT, PAPINEAU & HONEY,  
C.O.C.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Elements of mischief are at work in Paris, who doubt it? And a conflict between Anarchy and Authority may break out at any time; but we very much doubt if too great an importance is not given to mere vapouring and blustering. The Emperor Napoleon, it appears, had been making preparations against to-morrow on a very large scale. He was expected to leave Compiègne for Paris this very day with a view to be at hand in the Tuileries, in sight of the scene of the anti-anticipated tumult. A great review of the Paris garrison was to be held on the very day of the demonstration, the newly appointed Commander of the Imperial Guard, Marshal Bazaine, a man of well-known energy, doing duty in that capacity for the first time on the occasion. The array of 25,000 men under arms in the Place de la Concorde and in the Champs Elysees would, it was expected, overawe the mutinous spirit of the rabble; precautions, we are told, had gone so far as to 'suspend the sewerage work,' and orders had been given to 'remove carriages and waggons,' with everything else which might be turned to account by barricade builders. On the 26th inst. it was announced, the military were to have the field clear for action; and the Paris garrils had been partly emptied to make room for any arrests which might be the consequence of an attempted outbreak. Such dangers of a violent disturbance as there might really have been are thus, to all appearance, obviated—probably for some time, possibly for ever.—Material order may be guaranteed and society saved by the same means by which similar results were obtained eighteen years ago. But the danger does not wholly lie in popular commotion. There is dissatisfaction elsewhere than in the streets. The hostile elements are still in presence, nor is the strife merely between the Imperial Government and the extreme parties. It was the Emperor himself who began agitation. He it was who, taught by the results of the late elections, admitted the reasonableness of the demands of the Opposition, and met them by the July Message, the Amnesty, and the 'Senatus Consultum.' Can he allow a suspicion to arise that he now sees reason to regret the step he took, and that he deems it possible to retract it? that he pleads the implacable attitude of his democratic adversaries as an argument to resist the wishes of constitutional opponents? that the paltry scuffles at the Folies Belleville and the more deplorable, but not less senseless, disorders at Aubic are considered sufficient to justify the breach of solemn engagements?

The Emperor knows his country and his position too well to fall into any delusion on such points. The anarchy, he must be aware, is not merely in the lower classes of popular rioters; it has reached the ranks of those party men whose business it ought to be to direct public opinion and to control it. It is an anarchy which the Emperor himself has called forth and kept up by his ambiguous utterances and by his wavering resolutions; an anarchy sure to cease the moment France, and her ruler himself, know what the latter really means and wants. Till people know on what ground Napoleon intends to take his stand full scope will be left for passions to run riot, for wrath and confusion to prevail.

It is impossible for us to discover on what principle the Emperor's policy during these last few months has been based. We have no hesitation in acquitting him of deliberate equivocation; we are willing to admit that he acted on upright, generous impulses. But then his besetting uneasiness and his habit of endless wavering and repining have almost spoilt everything. He probably thought he could win all if he could but gain time. Yet what has delay really achieved in his favour? He has created an impression that he meant to take away with his right hand what he had given with his left. He has engendered a belief that he has never acted on a spontaneous impulse, but has only given way to pressure, thus inviting a continuance and an aggravation of that pressure as the surest means of keeping him to his engagement, and carrying him beyond it. He awaited his adversaries on the 26th of October and they disappointed him. What if his adversaries, in their turn, thought their own time would come on the 29th of November? What if they were getting ready for the encounter which they shunned on Tuesday last? Of course the Emperor may have it in his power to bear down all opposition with the strong hand. But a reliance on mere force is scarcely consistent with good policy. It is hardly compatible with public right, even such as is laid down in the Imperial Constitution. The Emperor may be entitled to employ sheer force against dynastic adversaries, but he can never be justified in drawing the sword against constitutional opponents. In a purely constitutional conflict he must seek not the Army's, but the people's support.—Times.

The dreaded 26th has come and gone without any disturbance. The morning was one of pouring rain, but the weather cleared up towards the afternoon. A moderate crowd was assembled in the Place de la Concorde and the quays opposite the Palais Legislatif, but no Opposition Deputy appeared. M. Gagne redeemed his promise, and made a violent speech with his back to the Obelisk, for which he was rewarded by coppers and the laughter of the crowd; while the Emperor showed himself by taking a walk on the terrace of the garden of the Tuileries, where he found shelter from the rain, and was loudly cheered. There was no demonstration of force on the part of the Government, and the day went off in a manner creditable to the good sense of both parties. It is to be hoped that a new era has begun, and that the growing sense of power experienced by Constitutional reformers will gradually throw into discredit the more brutal forms of procedure.—Tablet.

The Courier de la Sarthe publishes the following proclamation, which was posted on the walls of Boulogne in 1848, at the time the future Napoleon III. came from England to assume the position of representative of the people which had at last been confided to him by the electors of several departments:— 'Fellowmen! My Dear Fellow Citizens—I have come to respond to the appeal which you have made to me as a glorious one, and I shall know how to fulfil it. Full of gratitude for the affection you manifest toward me I bring you my whole life, my whole soul

They belong to you, as did the life and soul of that man whose glory, the inheritance of us all, has by its exhibition pointed out for your sufferings my devotion, hitherto condemned to obscurity, but which I shall know how to render conspicuous if ever danger should threaten our common country.—Brothers and citizens, it is not a pretender whom you receive into your midst. I have not meditated in exile to no purpose. A pretender is a calamity. I shall never be ungrateful—never a malefactor. It is a sincere and ardent democratic reformer that I come before you. I call to witness the mighty shade of the man of the age, as I solemnly make these promises: I will be, as I always have been, the child of France. In every Frenchman I shall always see a brother. The rights of every one shall be my rights. The democratic republic shall be the object of my worship. I will be its priest. Never will I seek to clothe myself in the imperial purple. Let my heart be withered within my breast on the day when I forget what I owe to you and to France. Let my lips be forever closed if I ever pronounce a word, a blasphemy, against the republican sovereignty of the French people. Let me be accused on the day when I allow the propagation, under my name, of doctrines contrary to the democratic principles which ought to direct the government of the republic. Let me be condemned to the pillory on that day when, a criminal and a traitor I shall dare to lay a sacrilegious hand on the rights of the people—whether by fraud, with its consent, or by force and violence against it. Believe me as I have faith in you. Let one cry issue from all our breasts, as a prayer addressed to heaven.

Vive a jamais la Republique! LOUIS BONAPARTE. I need scarcely tell you the impression created in Rome by the announcement that the Emperor Eugene is to spend three days at Naples with the Princess Margaret, on her return from Suez, but that she will in no case compromise the Empire in the eyes of the Revolution by visiting our Holy Father. There is a report this evening that a new Ministry is imminent in France and that M. de Lavalette is to return to the direction of foreign affairs, which would be very ill received by the Catholic party in France, as well as at the Vatican.

In reply to a recent article in a London newspaper, expressing apprehension of a secret entente between France and Russia, the Patrie contains the following:— 'The Government of the Emperor does not want war, and has no desire to enter into any adventurous enterprise. Satisfied with our pacific relations with the different nations of Europe, we endeavor neither to disturb those relations nor to endeavor in any particular way more intimate. We wish, in the interest of the peace of the world, to see Prussia and Austria, Count Bismark and Count Bentz, live together on good terms.'

PARIS, Nov. 11. Armand Barbes, an eminent Radical politician who has been an exile for many years, has returned to France and it is reported that he is now in Paris.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AND THE 'PAYS.'—The 'Pays,' 'Journal de l'Empire,' has been coming out with some savage criticism on the cousin of the Emperor. Having been taken to task by the 'Journal de Paris' for its irreverence towards one 'who might possibly one day ascend the throne as Napoleon IV.,' M. Paul de Cassagnac professes that the cause of the Emperor and that of the Prince are, as far as he is concerned, two very different affairs. Hereditary succession is checked by universal suffrage, and if the Prince presented himself for acceptance, he would meet with an unanimous refusal. 'We love the Emperor Napoleon,' says M. de Cassagnac, 'because he has every kind of courage, every kind of generosity, and every mark of greatness, and France loves him because he satisfies her two only aspirations—for religion, and for glory; because he will maintain the Pope, and because he will give us the Rhine. But the other—France will not recognize because she knows him—ne le reconnait pas, parce qu'elle le connait.' Upon this the 'Figaro' comes forward and asks M. de Cassagnac what line he would take if 'in consequence of two successive misfortunes,' Prince Napoleon should become Emperor. M. de Cassagnac is not at a loss. He replies that he would bow before the national will, if the national will demanded it of him, but would 'preserve his sympathy for the past, and his antipathy for the present.' In the next place he would endeavor to impart to the new sovereign the military tastes which his race and name appear to M. de Cassagnac imperatively to demand, which would be added, he occupies sufficiently laborious to fill the rest of his existence. The 'Journal Officiel' has of course expressed its reprobation of the article. M. de Cassagnac has just been fined 100 francs for fighting a duel, but his pugnacity is irrepresible, and no has another weapon quite as sharp as the small sword, as these articles abundantly prove.

SPAIN. MADRID, Nov. 18.—It is rumored that a letter has been received by the Government from General Dulce, exposing the intrigues of high personages with the Duke of Montpensier. The latter also warns the Government that the Unionists will appeal to arms if the Duke is not accepted as the candidate for the throne.

The suppression of the Republican insurrection does not seem to have done much for the party which remains in possession of the field. The victors are beginning to squabble seriously among themselves. It is said that the Committee of Management which was appointed to report on the several knotty questions which demand solution, is farther than ever from arriving at an agreement. These points are, first and foremost, the choice of a King, then the contemplated attack upon the Church, by reducing the number of the 'sees by one half, and last not least, the question of the estimates. As regards the vacant Crown, the candidature of the Duke of Geneva appears to be definitely thrown aside as hopeless. The only two names now before the public are those of the Duke de Montpensier and King Dom Fernando of Portugal.

ITALY. FIRENZE.—The social and political condition of Italy is unsatisfactory, and even the army is stated to be less efficient than formerly.—Times.

A FRENCH CURATE, &c.—Mgr. Salomone, Archbishop of Palermo has been condemned to a fine in the Court of Assizes for his Pastoral Letter on the Council, on a charge of exciting the people against the Government. A farmer of Calvariate, in the Milanese, has been denounced to the tribunals for having made a collection from house to house for the redemption of clerics from the conscription. Mgr. Milazzo, Vicar Capitular of Monreale and the parish priest of Piano dei Greci, have been condemned to three months imprisonment for having dispensed and married a couple under ecclesiastical impediments, in opposition to the excommunicated priest, Cirino Rinaldi.

The Lombardia tells us that the Prefecture of Milan, whilst announcing that it cannot prevent the formation of the association for the redemption of the Clerical Conscripits, recommends the subordinate authorities and the Syndic to take measures for preventing the subscription for the Olegry from being carried on by visits from house to house. Six jets of this Ore of Calvariate and a certain farmer of that place began a collection after the prohibited manner. They have been denounced to the judicial authority.

Rome.—His Holiness, by the accounts of those about him, is in excellent health and spirits. Day after day, he receives the reports of Theologians and Prefects of Congregations regarding the Council, as well as a great number of lay visitors who can scarcely hope for audiences after the meeting of the Council.

JOURNALISM DOWN SOUTH

SKETCH OF A TENNESSEE "JEFFERSON BUCK."—WHAT HE WROTE AND DID.—BOWEN KNIVES AND ARTICLES, PISTOLS AND PARAGRAPHS, &c., &c.

The following is from the pen of Mark Twain, of the Buffalo Express, and gives the reader an exaggerated but tolerably fair idea of the pleasures and perils of journalism in some of the little towns in the South Western States:—

The editor of the Memphis Avalanche swoops thus mildly down upon a correspondent who posted him as a radical: 'While he was writing the first word, dotting his i's, crossing his t's, and puncting his period, he knew he was concocting a sentence that was saturated with infamy and reeking with falsehood.—Exchange.

I was told by the physician that a Southern climate would improve my health, and so I went down to Tennessee and got a berth on the Morning Glory and Johnson County War-Whop, an associate editor. When I went on duty I found the chief editor tilted back in a three legged chair with his feet on a pine table. There was another pine table in the room, and another officious chair, and both were half buried under newspapers and scraps and sheets of manuscripts. There was a wooden box of sand, sprinkled with cigar stubs and 'id soldiers,' and a stove with the door banging by its upper hinge. The chief editor had a long-tailed black frock coat on, and white lined pants. His boots were small and neatly blacked. He wore a ruffid shirt, a large seal ring, a standing collar of obsolete pattern, and a checkered handkerchief with the ends hanging down. Date of costume about 1848. He was smoking a cigar and trying to think of a word. And in trying to think of a word, and in pawing his hair for it, he had crumpled his locks a good deal. He was scowling fearfully, and I judged that he was concocting a particularly knotty editorial. He told me to take the exchanges and skim through them and write up the 'Spirit of the Tennessee Press,' condensing into the article all of their contents that seemed of interest. I wrote the 'Spirit of the Tennessee Press.'

I passed my manuscript over to the chief editor for acceptance, alteration or destruction. He glanced at it and his face clouded. He ran his eye down the page, and his countenance grew portentous. It was easy to see that something was wrong. Presently he sprang up and said:

'Thunder and lightning! Do you suppose I am going to speak of these titles that way? Do you suppose my subscribers are going to stand such gruel as that? Give me the pen!'

I never saw a pen scrape and scratch its way so viciously, or plough through another man's verbs and adjectives so relentlessly. While he was in the midst of his work somebody shot at him through the open window and marred the symmetry of his ear.

'Ab,' said he 'that is that second of Smith, of the Moral Volcano—he was due yesterday.' And he snatched a navy revolver from his belt and fired. Smith dropped shot in the thigh. The shot spoiled Smith's aim, who was just taking a second chance, and he crippled a stranger. It was me. Merely a finger shot off.

Then the chief editor went on with his erasures and interlineations. Just as he finished them a hand-grenade came down the stove pipe and the explosion shivered the stove into a thousand fragments. However, it did no further damage, except that a vagrant piece knocked a couple of my teeth out.

'That stove is utterly ruined,' said the chief editor.

I said I believed it was.

'Well, no matter—don't want it this kind of weather. I know the man that did it. I'll get him. Now here is the way this stuff ought to be written.'

I took the manuscript. It was scarted with erasures and interlineations till its mother wouldn't have known it, if it had one. It now read as follows: 'Spirit of the Tennessee Press.

'That is, Blossom of the Higginsville Thunderbolt and Battle-Cry of Freedom, is down here again bawling his board at the Van Bu.

'We observe that the besotted blackguard of the Mud Spring Morning Howl is giving out with his usual propensity for lying, that Van Wester is not elected.'

'Blathersville wants a Nicholson pavement—it wants a jail and a poor house more. The idea of a pavement in a one horse town with two great mills and a blacksmith shop in it, and that mustard plaster of a newspaper, the Daily Hurrah!

'That degraded ruffian Bascom, of the Dying Shriek for Liberty, fell down and broke his leg yesterday—ply it wasn't his neck. He says it was debility caused by overwork and anxiety.' It was debility caused by trying to log six gallons of forty rod whisky around town when his tide is only gauged for four, and anxiety about where he was going to bum another six. He fainted from the exertion of walking too much in the sun! And well he might say that—but if he would walk straight he would get just as far and not have to walk half as much. For years the pure air of this town has been rendered perilous by the deadly breath of this perambulating pestilence which palpy blast, this steaming, animated tank of mendacity, gin and profanity, this Bascom! Perish all such from out the sacred and majestic mission of journalism!

'Now this is the way to write—peppery and to the point. Mush and milk journalism gives me the fan-tods.'

About this time a brick came through the window with a splintering crash, and gave me a considerable of a jolt in the middle of the back. I moved out of range—I began to feel in the way. The chief said:

'That was the Colonel, likely. I've been expecting him for two days. He will be up, now, right away.'

He was correct. The 'Colonel' appeared in the door about afterward, with a dragon revolver in each hand. He said:

'Sir, have I the honor of addressing the white-livered poltroon who edits this maagzy sheet?'

'You have, pray be seated, Sir—be careful of the chair, one of the legs is gone. I believe I have the pleasure of addressing the blatant, black bearded scoundrel, Colonel Blatherskite, Tecumseh?'

'The same. I have a little account to settle with you if you are at leisure, we will begin.'

I have an article on the 'Encouraging Progress of Moral and Intellectual Development in America' to finish, but there is no hurry. Begin!'

Both pistols rang out their fierce clamor at the same instant. The chief lost a lock of his hair, and the Colonel's bullet ended his career in the fleshy part of my thigh. The Colonel's left shoulder was clipped a little. They fired again. Both missed their men this time, but I got my share, a shot in the arm. At the third fire both gentlemen were wounded slightly, and I had a knuckle chipped. I then said I believed I would go out and take a walk, as this was a private matter and I had a delicacy about participating in it further. But both gentlemen begged me to keep my seat and assured me I was not in the way. I had thought differently up to this time.

They then talked about the elections and the crops awhile, and I fell to tying up my wounds. But presently they opened fire again with animation, and every shot took effect but it is proper to remark that five out of the six fell to my share. The sixth one mortally wounded the Colonel, who remarked with fine humor, that he would have to say good morning, now, as he had business up town. He then inquired the way to the undertaker's and left. The chief turned to me and said:

I am expecting company to dinner and shall have to get ready. It will be a favor to me if you will read proof and attend to the customers.'

I wined a little at the idea of attending to the customers but I was too bewildered by the fusillade that was still ringing in my ears to think of anything to say. He continued:

Jones will be here at 3. Cowhide him. Gillespie

will call earlier, perhaps—throw him out of the window Ferguson will be along about 4—kill him! That is all for to day, I believe. If you have any odd time, you may write a blistering article on the police—give the Chief Inspector rate. The cowhides are under the table, weapons in the drawer—ammunition there in the corner—lint and bandages up there in pigeon-holes. In case of accident, go to Lancon, the surgeon, down stairs. He advertises—we take it out in trade.

He was gone. I shuddered. At the end of the next three hours I had been through perils so awful that all peace of mind and all cheerfulness had gone from me. Gillespie had called, and thrown me out of the window, Jones arrived promptly, and when I got ready to do the cowhiding, he took the job off my hands. In an encounter with a stranger, not in the bill of fare, I had lost my scalp. Another stranger, by the name of Thomson, left me a mere wreck and ruin of chaotic rags. And at last, at bay in the corner and beset by an infuriated mob of editors, blacklegs, politicians and desperadoes, who raved and swore and flourished their weapons about my head till the air shimmered with glancing flashes of steel. I was in the act of resigning my berth on the paper when the chief arrived, and with him a rabble of charmed and enthusiastic friends. They ensued a scene of riot and carnage such as no human pen, or steel one either, could describe. People were shot, probed, dismembered, blown up, thrown out of the window.

In five minutes there was silence, and the gory chief and I sat alone and surveyed the sanguinary ruin that decorated the floor around us. He said:

'You'll like this place when you get used to it.' I said:

'I'll have to get you to excuse me. I think maybe I might write to suit you, after a while, as soon as I had some practice and learned the language—I am confident I could. But to speak the plain truth, that sort of energy of expression has its inconveniences, and a man is liable to interruption. You see that yourself.'

I came South for my health—I will go back on the same errand, and suddenly. Tennessee journalism is too stirring for me. After which, we parted, with mutual regrets, and I took apartments at the hospital.

Unchangeable fragrance constitutes the cardinal excellence of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water. The flowers from which it is expressed bloom and fade but their essence, drawn from them in their prime, when every calyx is a center full of nature's richest incense, is embalmed beyond the reach of change in this extraordinary perfume. Other odorous waters undergo many variations of aroma as they fade into insipidity, but Murray & Lanman's Florida Water passes through no such gradations. As it is when sprinkled upon the handkerchief or garment, so it remains, delicate, refreshing and delightful, to the last. As there are counterfeits, always ask for the Florida Water prepared by Lanman & Kemp, New York.

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

HAIR VIGOR. In common with many others we have felt a lively interest in the investigations which Dr. Ayer has been making to discover the causes of fall-out of the hair, and to provide a remedy. His researches are said to have been much more thorough and exhaustive than any ever made before. The result is now before us under the name of Ayer's Hair Vigor. We have given it a trial, and with full satisfaction. It equals our most favorable anticipations. Our gray hairs have disappeared, or resumed their original color; and a visible crop of soft, silken hair has started on a part of the scalp which was entirely bald. [Democrat, Abingdon, Va.

TO THE HEIRS OF DISEASE.—When the subtle poison of scrofula has clung like a curse to a family for generations, a course of Bristol's Sarsaparilla will cut off the entail, and stop the further progress of the hereditary taint. It effects an entire change in the infected blood as it the veins and arteries had been supplied with a new fluid, pure and uncontaminated. This fact is attested by the almost immediate cessation of every variety of ulcers, eruptive, and tumorous malady, under its disinfecting, healing, re-productive operation. Disease thus arrested never returns. The chemical principle which the antidote carries with it into the blood-vessels, in the process of assimilation, neutralizes the morbid element in the corpuscles of the blood, and the cure is therefore fundamental and complete.

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The most Unhappy Person in the world is the Dyspeptic. Everything looks dark and gloomy he feels 'out of sorts' with himself and everybody else. Life is a burden to him. This can all be changed by taking Peruvian Syrup (a protoxide of Iron). Cases of 27 years' standing have been cured by it.

The Great Nourishing Organ must do its whole duty or general debility will be the consequence. Food must be properly digested and assimilated otherwise the blood will be poor, the circulation languid, the body strengthless, and the mind in a partial stupor. Rouse the latent energy of the stomach and keep the bowels free with Bristol's Sugar-coated Pills, and a rapid increase of physical vigor and intellectual energy will be experienced. Their success in cases of general debility is proverbial; and as the blood needs enriching and vitalizing in cases of this kind, the auxiliary aid of the great detergent, Bristol's Sarsaparilla, will be found extremely useful.

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CIRCULAR.

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, POKE, HAMS, LARD, SERRANOS, DATES, FRESH DRESSED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c.

He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada.

Orders respectfully solicited. Prompt re-

turns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Gillespie, McFati & Co, and Messrs. Tiffin Brothers.

D. SHANNON, COMMISSION MERCHANT, And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions, 443 Commissioners Street opposite St. Ann's Market. June 14th, 1868. 12m

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APPROBATION.

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This translation has been well made by Rev. Richard Gilmour, of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati.

J. B. PURELL, Archbishop of Cincinnati. Cincinnati, August 5, 1869.

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

Rev. W. H. HILL, S. J., President of St. Xavier College. Cincinnati, Aug. 10, 1869. 4m5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal.

In the matter of A. NORMANDIN, An insolvent.

ON the twentieth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the above act.

A. NORMANDIN, By T. & O. De LORMIERE, His Attorneys ad litem. Montreal 13th October, 1869. 1m10

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, Dist. of Montreal.

In the matter of ADOLPHE COUVRETTE, An Insolvent.

Notice is hereby given that on the twentieth day of November next, at ten o'clock, or as soon as Counsel can be heard the undersigned will apply to the said Court to obtain his discharge under the above Act.

ADOLPHE COUVRETTE, per MOUSSEAU & DAY D. His Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, 8th Sept. 1869. 2m5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal.

In the matter of ROSE BOUGRETTE DUFORT, wife of Hyacinthe Bousseau, An Insolvent.

Notice is hereby given that on the twentieth day of November next, at ten o'clock, or as soon as Counsel can be heard, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for her discharge under the above Act.

ROSE BOUGRETTE DUFORT, per LEBLANC & CASSIDY, Her Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, 8th Sept. 1869. 2m5

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT Dist. of Montreal.

In the matter of MOISE TERRIAULT, Undertaker of the City and District of Montreal, Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the twentieth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon as counsel can be heard, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act and amendments thereto.

MOISE TERRIAULT, Montreal, 1st October 1869.

HIGH COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

MASSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE (NEAR MONTREAL). THE RE-OPENING of the CLASSES of this grand and popular Institution, will take place on WEDNESDAY, FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

PROGRAMME OF STUDIES, 1ST SECTION OF THE COMMERCIAL COURSE. 1st and 2nd years.—Grammar Classes.

MATTERS: 1st Simple reading, accentuation and declension; 2nd An equal and solid study of French and English syntax; 3rd Arithmetic in all its branches; Mental calculation; 4th Different styles of writing; 5th Reading of Manuscripts; 6th Rudiments of book-keeping; 7th An abridged view of Universal History.

2nd SECTION 3rd year.—Business Class This department is provided with all the mechanism necessary or initiating the business students to the practice of the various branches—counting and exchange office—banking department—telegraph office—fac-similes of notes, bills, draughts, &c., in use in all kinds of commercial transactions—News department, comprising the leading journals of the day in English and French.

MATTERS. 1st Book-keeping in its various systems; the most simple as well as the most complicated; 2nd Commercial arithmetic; 3rd Commercial correspondence; 4th Calligraphy; 5th A Treatise on commercial law; 6th Telegraphing; 7th Banking (exchange, discount, custom commissions); 8th Insurance; 9th Stenography; 10th History of Canada (for students who follow the entire course).

3rd AND LAST SECTION. 4th year.—Class of Police Literature. MATTERS. 1st Belles Lettres—Rhetoric; Literary Composition; 2nd Contemporary History; 3rd Commercial and historical Geography; 4th Natural History; 5th Horticulture (flowers, trees, &c.); 6th Architecture; 7th A treatise on domestic and political Economy

5th year.—Class of Sciences. MATTERS. 1st Course of moral Philosophy; 2nd Course of civil Law; 3rd Study of the civil and political Constitution of the Dominion of Canada; 4th Experiments in natural Philosophy; 5th Chemistry; 6th Practical Geometry. LIBERAL ARTS. Drawing—Academic and Linear. Vocal and instrumental Music. TERMS: Board and Instruction.....\$100.00 per annum Half Boarders..... 20.00 Day-Scholars..... 10.00 Bed and Bedding..... 6.00 Washing and Mending of Linen..... 6.00 Use of Library..... 1.00

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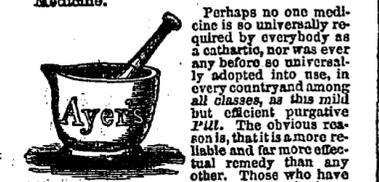


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Office of the Richelieu Co., 201 Commission Street, Montreal, 4th Nov. 1869

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For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Listlessness, Lassitude and Loss of Appetite, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach and restore its healthy tone and action. For Liver Complaint and its various symptoms, Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice or Green Sickness, Bilious Colic and Bilious Fever, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it. For Dysentery or Diarrhoea, but one mild dose is generally required.

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PARODEE'S EPILEPTIC CURE.—The extraordinary curative effects attending the use of this valuable medicine in every case, warrants the proprietor in recommending it strongly to sufferers from that distressing malady Epilepsy. To avoid disappointment ask for Parodee's Epileptic Cure, which is the only genuine article. Price, \$1 per bottle

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A BAZAAR AND GRAND DRAWING OF PRIZES! ON THE PRINCIPLES OF THE ART UNION IN THE MUSIC HALL, TORONTO, ON Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 8th, 9th and 10th February, 1870.

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

- 1st Prize—A fine Cameo, presented by His Holiness, Pope Pius IX. 2nd Prize—A collection of Roman Views, presented by the right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Toronto. 3rd Prize—A handsome Clock, encased in marble surmounted by a bust of the Prince Imperial—the special gift of their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French. 4th Prize—The gift of His Excellency W. P. Howland, G.B., Lieut. Governor of Ontario. 5th—A splendid Piano from Messrs. Nordheimer's Music Warerooms Toronto. 6th—A fine Painting by Berthon, presented by the Artist. 7th—A sewing Machine. 8th—A Cup of solid Silver. 9th—A rich Peplin Dress. 10th—A Bouquet of Wax Flowers, with stand and glass shade valued at \$40. 11th—A set of Books from P. Donahoe, Esq., Editor of the Boston Pilot. 12th—A Chair by Jacques and Hay's employees. 13th—A handsome piece of Embroidery, valued at \$50. 14th—A Lady's Work-box, velvet finish. 15th—A valuable Silk Dress. 16th—A Doll magnificently dressed, of large value. 17th—A Suit of Scotch Tweed. 18th—A Sofa Cushion, worked in wool. 19th—A Case of Hennessy's best Brandy, (old.) 20th—A beautifully embroidered Portmanteau. 21st—A Fancy Table. 22nd—A Medalion of the Holy Family after Raffaele, on marble.

Together with a large assortment of other valuable Prizes, which will be added to from time to time up to the date of the drawing. The Prizes will be on exhibition at the Bazaar on the Tuesday and Wednesday. On the Thursday evening, at eight o'clock, a Grand Concert, under the direction of Father Laurent, be given, at which the drawing of the Prizes will take place. As a guarantee that this undertaking—the most important of the kind ever submitted to the Canadian public—is bona fide and will be properly and impartially conducted so as to insure to every ticket a fair and equal chance, the following well known gentlemen will superintend the drawing, and form (with others) the

HONORARY COMMITTEE. S. B. Harman, Esq., Mayor of Toronto. John Crawford, Esq., M.P. for South Leeds. John Wallis, M.P.P. for West Toronto. W. J. Macdonell, Esq., French Consul, Toronto. Frank Smith, Esq., Toronto. Michael Lawlor Esq., M.D. Toronto. The winning numbers will be published in two papers. Lists of winning numbers will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. The Prizes can be obtained on production of the winning tickets, either personally or by letter. Parties residing out of Toronto can have their prizes forwarded to any Railway or Express Station if required. To everyone who takes or disposes of a book of ten tickets, a special (free) ticket is presented. Parties desiring to purchase or act as agents for the sale of tickets, can obtain them either singly or in books on application. Tickets for the Drawing, one dollar each. All communications and remittances and demands for tickets to be sent (postage paid) to Rev. J. M. Laurent P. St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, Ontario, to whom all drafts and Post Office Orders are to be made payable. Tickets are also for sale by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal.

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