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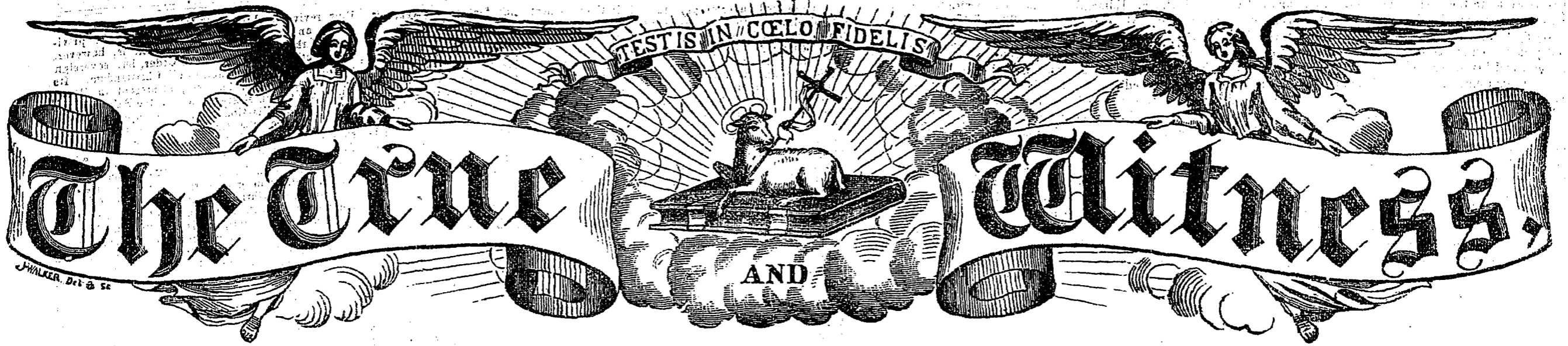
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XIV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1864.

No. 24.

THE "HIBERNIAN" NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE CAPTIVE OF KILLESBIN.

(Continued.)

Fitz Thomas beheld the dusk mass that stretched across the river, convulsed for a moment, and writhing like a single being in agony...

The first man to rouse himself to action, from the astonishment and dread of the moment, was De Ryddel. He was now cut off from the remnant of the Earl's army, as well as from the abbey; a raging torrent behind, a savage enemy before him...

ber how you slew my son in Shrute; and, at the word, he cleft MacGilpatrick through his head-piece to the eyes, at one blow. Red Rickard fell with clenched teeth, and a grim smile of defiance...

'Noble O'Nolan,' cried Fitz Thomas, returning the affectionate embrace of the chief, 'I am again released from despair by thee: my life is still thine as much as when I lay by the margin of Tubberbawn...

'Come to my arms,' cried O'Nolan, 'thou shalt be my son in place of him who is gone. Rory Buy, what didst thou say of the clansmen's proceedings, on the 14th, yesterday?'...

As he spoke he looked with fierce satisfaction on the body of Rickard Roe, still lying before him; but Fitz Thomas, taking his hand, led him aside, and addressed him with low and urgent words...

'The bridal and the proclamation of the tanist I leave for another day,' said Turloch; 'nor shall I now relate how Rory Buy kissed the abbess of St. Canice's, by mistake for a daughter of Cormac O'Conner's, nor all the penance he had to perform for that impiety...

'He tells a somewhat different story, I confess,' said Turloch, 'but, as he was never in the Sacred Island, and speaks marvellously ill of the Irish, I think the Killesbin monks must be truer, as it is, beyond question, the pleasanter, relation of the two.'

'I care not for calumnies,' cried Art, 'tis well known they must either be such, or cannot have been intended to apply to us.'

'Turloch,' said Hugh Roe, 'knowest thou how Mortimer got out of Hi Kinsheilla, after that gallant check of Graig-na-managh?'

'I have not heard,' said the bard, 'nor do I know whether that Earl of March was ever there. We, story-tellers, stop not at such difficult niceties where the plot needs thickening.'

'And does thou tell me,' cried Hugh, 'that the English were never swept off the ford by their own plundered bullocks?'

'A hard fight was fought at the ford of Kells in Kildare, during that expedition of the Earl of March,' replied Turloch; 'but I know not of any truth in the story of the battle of the ford at Graig.'

'The more the pity, by Saint Colman Kill,' cried Hugh.

'It reminds me of the battle between our houses,' said Henry, 'when my father, Shane, lost his army by the return of the tide at Farsad Swilly.'

'Ay,' cried Art, 'and when the sea and the O'Donnells had left scarce a hundred men on our nation, the English of Derry attacked us on our return. They stood but to have ten men slain, yet now their historians maintain that it was by the valor of one captain (Merryman, I think, was his name) who commanded the sally, that the flower of Tyrone were cut to pieces.'

'The English historians are an ignorant race,' replied Hugh, 'but we need not revive our family feuds to prove what hath never been doubted.'

'But is it possible,' Turloch, questioned Henry, 'that he who made the tale could have'

invented that treachery in the Earl of March? 'I would be slow to defame the memory of the Earl, upon such authority,' replied Turloch.

'Then, if I were a king,' said Henry, 'I would make a law that no bard should be allowed to tell any thing but the truth.'

'Alas, my prince,' replied Turloch, 'if that were the case, we should now have had a melancholy night's entertainment.'

THE END.

THE CITY VISITORS.

(From the French.)

CHAPTER I.—IN TRANSIT TO THE SEA SIDE —AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

A young gentleman and a young lady, both of remarkable elegance, were leaning on the railing of a steamboat plying between Nantes and Paimboeuf. Both had turned their eye-glasses towards the groups of travellers dispersed about the deck, and were amusing themselves by making satirical observations in a low tone.

The young man had an intellectual countenance, though somewhat vain, notwithstanding his beard and Henry III, his long hair, and his grotesque cap, all evidently designed to give him an air of fashion. He carried under his arm one of those little morocco portfolios which designate the artist, as certainly as the pen behind the ear indicates the clerk.

'Monsieur de Sorel,' cried the young lady. The traveller raised his head, recognised the others with surprise equal to their own, and extended his hand.

'Where are you from?' 'From Spain.'

'And we from Paris.' 'And you are going—?' 'To Pornie.' 'So am I.'

'These questions and replies rapidly succeeded each other, while M. de Sorel shook the hand of the young painter, and kissed that of his companion. All three retired apart to converse more at their ease.'

'And what happy chance has brought you to Brittany?' asked the new comer of the two Parisians.

'First, the health of my sister, to whom sea-bathing was recommended; then the desire of studying your shores. But you—how came you to return so soon? I thought you were making the tour of Europe.'

'I was tired of the role of pilgrim; isolation oppressed me. I have decided to lead a more regular life—to settle.'

'And you are looking for a corner in which to make your nest?'

'I think I have found it.'

'Where?'

'At Pornie.'

'At Pornie?' repeated the brother and sister in surprise.

'Yes, I have there an uncle whom I have not seen since my childhood, but who has frequently requested me to come and establish near him. He's my last relative—he loves me, and I have resolved to accept his proposition.'

'What, Monsieur,' exclaimed the young girl, 'can you quit Paris, renounce the Tuilleries, the Italians, the concerts of the Conservatory?'

'I shall have in their place the sea, the nightingales, and people who love me,' replied the young man, with a smile.

'All that will do for a month,' said Bertha; 'but what will become of you afterward, in a country where there are fields for streets, and trees instead of houses?'

'I will give Sorel six weeks to get weary of it, chimed in her brother. 'But you come from Spain, as you have told us; let us then talk of the war. Have you seen Marsto? Is it true that the Queen's troops are obliged to make shoes of their hats? Tell us all you have heard, all you have seen.'

As he spoke Sorel pointed out to Sorel an empty bench, towards which all three directed their steps. While they are seated there, and

Sorel is replying to the multiplied questions of his companions, let us make the reader better acquainted with one who is to play the principal part in our story.

Deprived of his parents at an early age, Edmond Sorel had received in a Parisian Institute an education at once solid and brilliant. Arrived at manhood he became at once master of his own actions and of a considerable fortune, and he neither abused his liberty nor his wealth. He had an upright mind, and the principal fault that could be imputed to him was a little indecision. Fashionable society had imparted to him its habits and tastes, but he carefully avoided passing the narrow limits which separate elegance from affectation. The uncle to whom he had alluded was the brother of his deceased mother. He had a daughter destined from her birth to her cousin, and whom the latter had been accustomed to regard in that light.

He was not, however, sufficiently occupied with thoughts of his cousin to render him indifferent to this meeting with Garin and his sister. A sincere admirer of the talents of the first, he was not less so of the wit and beauty of the young girl, who passed for beautiful and accomplished even in the elegant saloons of the capital. She had, in fact, all that could secure success; gaiety, a taste for pleasure, and egotism sufficiently graceful not to wound, and vanity enough to avail herself of these advantages.

CHAPTER II.—THE GAY PARISENNE AND THE SIMPLE GIRL OF BRITANNY.

The voyage passed pleasantly to our three travellers. Just before they arrived at Pornie, Sorel asked Paul Garin whether he had procured lodgings for the time they were to pass on the sea-shore; the latter looked at him in astonishment. He had hoped to find an establishment with billiard-rooms, a library, and a ball-room, as at Bareges. He was surprised when Edward informed him that there was at Pornie only one inn, in which a room could rarely be obtained, and some peasant's cottage, always let in advance. Garin and his sister looked at each other.

'We have then only to take the road to Dieppe, my sister,' said the former in a tragic tone.

'But where shall we sleep to-night?' asked the disappointed young girl.

'Do not be trouble,' interrupted Sorel, 'my uncle is not expecting me alone. Desvoisins was to have accompanied me; you can take his place and I promise you a welcome. Accompany me this evening to La Cheviere; to-morrow we will together seek a room in the village.'

There was no other course to take, so the invitation was accepted.

The day was drawing to a close, when they perceived the habitation of Captain Dubois. This was an old chateau recently repaired, at the sight of which the young painter uttered a cry of indignation horror, and exclaimed: 'What barbarian has lowered those towers, enlarged the windows, plastered the wall and made a kitchen garden of the moat?'

'Alas! I fear it must have been my uncle,' replied Edmond; 'he lived for many years in the cabin of a brig, and is better versed in navigation than artistic architecture.'

'Sacrilege!' murmured Garin, 'to touch this old manor, crowned with ivy, which makes so magnificent a foreground. To take from the landscape all its character. And for what?—To be more comfortable. Ah, we live in an age of selfishness; Sorel; poetry and the picturesque have passed away together, and painters will soon have no other resource than to manufacture signs for our society of advocates or merchants!'

At these words he heaved a sigh. He at once repeated having accepted the invitation of Edmond, and felt an instinctive repugnance for the man who had so spoiled the foreground of a landscape. So he entered the great gateway of La Cheviere with the most unfavorable prejudices against Captain Dubois. Bertha, on her side, cried out at finding the alleys leading to the manor covered with stones which cut her thro garters, and bordered with briars in which her muslin blouses were caught. She sincerely believed herself transported among a set of barbarians. But it was still worse when, having passed the threshold, she found herself in a court carpeted with tall grass, in the midst of which a number of chickens were clucking. The gate was guarded by an enormous dog, chained, who attempted to spring at her; the young girl start-

ed back with a scream, but a voice from the steps quitted the dog; it was that of the Captain himself who had perceived his guests and come to meet them.

M. Dubois was a man of about sixty years, with a countenance weather-beaten, but frank and benevolent. He received his guests with a hearty cordiality which the strangers deemed rough; made them enter the saloon, and opened the window to call Marguerite. An old servant appeared in the court, asking in a tone of ill-humor what was wanted.

'Tell Rose that her cousin has arrived,' said M. Dubois.

'She knows it,' was the laconic rejoinder. 'Then why does she not come?'

'She has gone to make her toilette.'

The old sailor burst into a laugh. 'So the little one is adorning herself,' said he. 'In the meantime we will go, if you please, to take a walk in the garden and gather some cherries for supper. Marguerite, bring the basket. Then, turning to Mlle. Garin he added with a loud laugh: 'This will be like Montmorency. You Parisians go there every Sunday to eat cherries. My cherry orchard is called the finest in the country. I furnish all the confectioners of Nantes. I will explain my method to you. Well, are you coming?'

This question was to the servant who came trotting up and exclaiming: 'Here I am, sir.'

'At last,' said the Captain, hastily taking the basket. Then, lowering his voice he added,— 'The old woman no longer navigates under the sails of fortune—but she is the wreck of what was formerly a fine ship, and we must not be ungrateful.'

While speaking he conducted his guests into the garden, carefully laid out into parallelograms, bordered with box or sorrel, and planted with trees in full bearing. Arrived at the end he looked at the artist with a smile of proud satisfaction.

'Well,' said he, 'what do you say to all this? You have here land which our best gardeners might covet,' was the reply.

'I defy them all to show an asparagus bed equal to this,' resumed the old Captain; 'and as for my artichokes, you shall eat some this evening. But they have cost me much care; the soil, like all in this neighborhood was rough and light. I have improved it, enriched it, transformed it.'

'That must have cost you much trouble!' observed Garin, smiling a yawner.

'You shall judge, sir,' said the Captain, enchanted at having led the conversation to his favorite subjects.

And he began to relate the successive modes of procedure he had employed; how many times the land had been turned over, enriched and moulded.

Paul and his sister, overcome with ennui, cast at each other despairing glances. Strangers to the labors of the country, they could not take an interest in them; beyond art and pleasure nothing existed for them; their ideas having been turned in a single direction, their minds had lost the faculty of perception elsewhere, and they despised everything they could not comprehend.

CHAPTER III.—NATURE VS. "POLISH"—AN OBTAINED STORY—SLOGGARDS.

On returning to the saloon they found the Captain's daughter, who had finished her toilette and was awaiting them. At sight of her the Parisian belle made a little gesture as if she perceived some strange object; a smile hovered on her lips, and she exchanged with her brother a glance that was equivalent to an exclamation. In truth, to persons accustomed to the graceful fashions of the capital, there was something singular in Rose's apparel. Each part of her dress belonged to a different period, and gave, so to speak, a specimen of the fashions which had succeeded each other for the past ten years. The result was a combination singularly devoid of harmony. Unfortunately her manners did not redeem this defect in her dress. A natural bashfulness in meeting her cousin, added to the embarrassment of one unaccustomed to meeting strangers, made her awkward and confused. Even her pretty face expressed an uneasy restraint, and all her movements, as Bertha observed, were left huddled. With a deep blush she saluted her cousin, made a short curtsey to the strangers, and retired to the most obscure corner of the department, where she sat silent and unmoving.

'If I had not touched her hand I should insist that she is a patebeard doll, with enamel eyes and ivory teeth,' whispered Paul to Bertha at the first opportunity.

'She wears pruned shoes,' replied Bertha.

'And a hair chain,' added Garin.

'Did you hear the Captain call her Zozo?'

'And she replied: My papa—I am desolate at not being able to draw a caricature of her.'

At this moment old Marguerite entered to set the table. She had a long discussion with the Captain as to whether it should be lengthened;

THE IRISH ESTABLISHMENT.—Canon McNeill, of Liverpool notoriety, still smarting under the rebuke...

—What is the established Church for? If the Church in Ireland be for the minority of the people...

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.—The Mixed System.—Omnibus Omnia, writing to the Globe in reference to the mixed system of education forced on Catholics...

—What is the established Church for? If the Church in Ireland be for the minority of the people...

A SUMMONS TO DEATH.—The propriety of Irish men resident in the Northern States existing in the Federal army...

"WILL UP THE BANKS!"—The inducements to enlist are extraordinary; for with the seven hundred and seventy-seven dollars which the volunteer receives...

Here are pretty inducements. It will be observed that none of the usual arguments about fealty to one's adopted country, the necessity of preserving the Union, &c., are employed.

THE NATIONAL EDUCATION BOARD IN IRELAND.—The Presbyterians of the North, if we are to believe their organs, are trembling for the fate of their cherished Board.

CONVERSION.—We have been requested to state that the Rev. Henry Anderson Dance, B.A., of Queen's College, Oxon, was received into the Catholic Church...

But, why was there a necessity for such 'attainment?' Why has it not been fully and generously accorded to them without the many struggles they have had to undergo?

A Queenstown correspondent informs us that the Government are still pursuing their investigations respecting the mysterious affair of the Kearsage.

On the 19th ult., an Ennis correspondent writes:—John O'Dea, who was in custody on a charge of firing at Daniel O'Dea and his wife...

Doubts having been expressed that the late Mr. F. M. Calcutt, M.P., had, shortly before his death, joined the Catholic communion, it may be well to state that all uncertainty is now removed...

The Tuam Board of Guardians has stopped outdoor relief to the poor of Headford. Since that was inserted on our first form, we (Irish-American) have received the Connacht Patriot of the 26th ult., which says:—It is reported that the life of one of the poor of Headford has been sacrificed to the cruel and heartless economy of the Tuam Guardians.

A very influential meeting was convened by requisition in Dublin a few days ago, for the purpose of organizing a public subscription by which to indemnify Alderman John Reynolds for the expenses incurred by him in his successful efforts to provide for the Catholic poor of Ballinasloe the inestimable advantage of the ministrations of the Sisters of Charity in the Workhouse...

THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.—A paragraph has appeared in some of the papers stating that Cardinal Wiseman's health is so bad that he is likely to be removed from the position he holds, and to be succeeded by Dr. Manning.

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISE.—The Government employes at the dockyard, Sheerness, who volunteered to fit out and equip the Rappahannock as a war ship for the Confederates, have been discharged for violating the neutrality laws of the country.

MATRIMONIAL BLISS IN ENGLAND.—An English paper deprecating in relation to the various qualities of conjugal bliss, states that in the city of London the official records for the last year stands thus:—Runaway wives, 1,132; runaway husbands, 2,848; married persons legally divorced, 4,175; living in open warfare, 17,345; living in private misunderstanding, 13,340; mutually indifferent, 55,175; regarded as happy, 3,175; nearly happy, 127; perfectly happy, 13.

THE CRIME OF INCENDIARISM.—At the various assize courts held throughout the country the judges expressed their astonishment and regret at the increase of the crime of incendiarism, which seems to have manifested itself simultaneously at different points.

A man without religion who has raised himself to power in England has no reason to dislike the national religion, but every reason to respect and favor it.

A Queenstown correspondent informs us that the Government are still pursuing their investigations respecting the mysterious affair of the Kearsage.

A Lady Lawyer for the Divorce Court.—It was prognosticated by most thinking men, and, no doubt, by most thinking women too, that the Divorce Court would be productive of a world of mischief, and their prognostications have proved too correct.

"DIVORCE.—A lady, thoroughly conversant with the routine and practice of this Court, can be consulted from eleven to three daily. All communications strictly confidential. Eminent counsel provided. Letters enclosed, with stamped directed envelopes, Mrs. —, of — street, — road."

It must be remembered that the advertiser makes no reservation as to the sex of the clients who may feel desirous of consulting her. Like the "Knight of the Hammer" she indiscriminately invites ladies and gentlemen to "walk in" and purchase the commodity she has to dispose of.

GREAT BRITAIN. CONVERSION.—We have been requested to state that the Rev. Henry Anderson Dance, B.A., of Queen's College, Oxon, was received into the Catholic Church of St. Anne's, Spicer street, Spinkfields, on Saturday.—London Tablet.

they might not inaptly be called female iron-clads, wholly impenetrable to the feeling of shame and delicacy which were wont to distinguish the gentler sex.—Dublin Telegraph.

CANADIAN EMIGRATION FROM FAISLEY.—The members of the Paisley Emigration Society are about to send circulars to gentlemen in the town and neighbourhood, soliciting subscriptions to enable them to emigrate to Canada in the spring.

A CHRISTMAS SUMMER.—In Yorkshire the mildness of the season is unusual. The gardens, many of them retain the scarlet geraniums and stocks of summer yet in bloom, and roses still keep their foliage.

THE STOCKPORT POISONING CASE.—At the Cheshire assizes, before Mr. Justice Willea, on Tuesday Alice Hewitt, alias Holt, 27, was charged with poisoning her mother, Mary Bailey, at Stockport.

The execution of the wretched woman Alice Hewitt alias Holt, now lying in the condemned cell at Chester Castle, convicted for the murder of her mother, by poison, at Stockport, is fixed to take place on the 28th instant.

The Dover Chronicle points out to its readers the strange notions of a bishop, and says that:—The Bishop of Oxford, in his late charge at Aylesbury, made some remarks which have excited much attraction, especially amongst those who value the religious freedom and independence secured to us by the Reformation.

Who is N. H. Downes?—He is, or, rather, was a public benefactor, a philanthropist. He is now dead, but his name is a monument more lasting than brass or marble.

THIS WILL TELL.—Yes that is the euro test. That which does not appear plain to-day, may be thoroughly cleared up in a short time.

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY... G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 22.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The danger of a European war seems imminent. The British Government has announced to Austria and Prussia that it adheres to the Treaty of London, and considers that Treaty binding on all the contracting parties; so that if Schleswig be invaded by German troops, the Danes will be entitled to challenge the assistance of Great Britain in defence of their claims and Treaty rights.

Turning our eyes Southward the political horizon is most menacing. The Piedmontese Government is once more making common cause with the extreme revolutionary party, and large bodies of volunteers are being enrolled and armed throughout the North of Italy for an attack upon Venetia.

As our readers are aware, a motion was lately brought forward in the Italian Parliament, by a Liberal member, D'Ondes de Reggio, for an investigation into the cruelties perpetrated by Piedmontese troops in Sicily, and the reported employment of torture upon persons suspected of political offences.

Emmanuel. Let him be promptly invested with the Dictature of the entire Kingdom. Let the Parliament be closed. Thus, though always commencing with great swelling words about Liberty and the rights of man, Liberalism is invariably, such is the fatality attending it, obliged to finish off with a Dictator and military absolutism.

We regret to see by the Liverpool Post that the genuine spirit of Protestantism broke out in an unmistakable manner on Christmas Eve, or rather the morning of Christmas Day. The Rev. Mr. Sullivan, assisted by other priests, was celebrating Midnight Mass in St. Anne's Church, when a gang of Protestants, many of them in an advanced state of intoxication, forced their way into the sacred building, and with loud shouts of "to hell with the Pope, down the Priests," and other Protestant rallying cries of a similar nature, interspersed with much obscenity, interrupted the service.

Though no important military operations have taken place in the United States during the past week, the steady rise in the price of gold at New York is a significant fact, and would seem to indicate that the end of the war is not so close at hand as the somewhat jubilant tone of the Northern press would otherwise lead us to expect was the case.

We have tidings of an awful catastrophe at Santiago, Chili, on the evening of the 14th ult. The Cathedral was crowded in celebration of some religious ceremony, when from the lamps near the altar, fire was communicated to the decorations. The flames spread rapidly; the congregation rushed to the doors which they blocked up, rendering egress impossible; and in an incredibly short space of time the roof fell in, and the tragedy was completed.

By the Columbia from Galway we have European news to the 5th instant. The Holstein question menaced the peace of Europe; the Danes had entirely evacuated the Duchy. It was asserted that the Archduke Maximilian had accepted the Crown of Mexico, and that he would sail for Mexico in March next with abundant reinforcements.

The British Whig contests the soundness of our views as to the character of the union contracted betwixt the first Napoleon and Marie Louise of Austria; and by way we suppose of insinuating that the Catholic Church has recognised the right of divorce, in the absolute sense of the word, he propounds to us the following question:—

"Whether the marriage of King Henry the Second with Eleanor the divorced wife of Philip Augustus of France, was a marriage or a concubinage."—British Whig, 11th inst.

Our contemporary will excuse us for correcting him upon a point of fact. The British Whig is guilty of an anachronism. Eleanor of Guenne, who subsequently married Henry the Second of England, never was the wife of Philip Augustus of France; whose attempt to divorce Ingeburga sister of the King of Denmark, the British Whig has apparently confounded with the events of the previous reign, that of Louis VII of France, the father of Philip Augustus.

Louis VII, when still a young man and during the life time of his father Louis VI. of France, contracted a pretended matrimonial union with his blood relation Eleanor, heiress of Guienne and Poictou, in order to secure the possession of these important fiefs to the throne of France.—We need not rake up the subsequent levities of the said Eleanor, her conduct at Antioch, or her reported intrigues with the handsome infidel—for 'tis an old scandal which can scarce interest the men or women of the nineteenth century. Suffice it to say that after his return from the Holy Land, Louis VII was by no means loth to

avail himself of the plea of consanguinity to get rid of a woman whom he did not love, to whom he had been united for political motives, and whose conduct was, to say the least, unworthy of a Christian matron, the wife of a crusader and a King of France. By some it is pretended that he himself took the initiative; by others it is asserted that the Prelates of France remonstrated with him upon the inconsistency of his conduct in that he, making high professions of piety, should persist in living in unhallowed intercourse, with a woman to whom he was so closely connected by ties of blood. * The King hereupon professed unqualified submission to the commands of Holy Church; and a Council of the Prelates of the Kingdom having been convened to examine into the question of consanguinity, it was established that Louis and Eleanor were within the prohibited degrees, and it was therefore declared that their pretended matrimonial union was, ab initio, null and void. There was no divorce in the case at all, nor was the question of divorce so much mooted. The only question at issue was this, "Were the couple ever married?" and this question having been decided in the negative, Louis in obedience to the Church separated from Eleanor—resigning at the same time her splendid dower of Guenne and Poictou which she immediately carried over to Prince Henry subsequently King of England, and who by this transaction became Lord of some of the fairest provinces of France.

That the Church did not too readily, or except upon certain knowledge of facts, admit the plea of consanguinity which in the middle ages was often set up by the parties to unhappy matrimonial unions, may be concluded from what occurred a few years afterwards in the reign of Phillip Augustus, whose case the British Whig confounds with that of his father, Louis VII.—The former, desirous of getting rid of his wife Ingeburga of Denmark, in order that he might marry Agnes of Meranie, raised this plea of consanguinity, repudiated Ingeburga, and contracted a pretended marriage with the said Agnes. Rome ordered the validity of the plea of consanguinity to be enquired into; and as investigation showed that that plea was ill-founded, the Pope heedless of consequences to himself, and of the importance of maintaining friendly relations with the King of France, ordered the latter immediately to separate himself from Agnes, and to take back his legitimate wife Ingeburga. Upon the refusal of Phillip Augustus to obey, the Pope placed the entire Kingdom of France under an interdict; and though the King at first attempted reprisals upon Church property, and assumed an attitude of defiance, he was at last compelled to humble himself before God's Vicar on earth, and to take back publicly the wife whom he had iniquitously repudiated. Thus did the Church in the twelfth century vindicate the sanctity of the marriage tie, and thus did she treat the plea of consanguinity when that plea was put forward on insufficient grounds. We may therefore, we say, conclude that in the case of Louis VII the father of Phillip Augustus the plea of consanguinity was well established; that consequently Louis never was married to Eleanor of Guenne; and that consequently the latter was the legitimate wife of Prince Henry whom she subsequently married. We suppose that we need scarcely remind our friend the British Whig that Phillip Augustus was not the issue of the union betwixt Louis VII. and Eleanor.

* Amongst the many men, illustrious in the twelfth century for their attachment to the Church, and for their zeal in enforcing her laws respecting marriage, who reproached Louis VII. with his inconsistency, and the immorality of his connexion with Eleanor, we may cite St. Bernard:—

"Qua fronte, obscuro, tantopere alius præscribere de consanguinitate laborat, homo cum sua (quod palmæ est) tertio ferme consanguinitatis gradu permansens concubinos."—Ad Stephanum Prænestinum Episcopum, S. Bernardi, Ep.

The above clearly shows that in the opinion of a most competent judge, Saint Bernard, the cohabitation of Louis with his blood relation Eleanor was a violation of the laws of the Church, and a public scandal.

We find in one of our exchanges the following laughable announcement of an expected rapprochement betwixt the Anglican sect, and some of the Oriental schismatics:—

"The New York Christian Times states that the effort to bring about an inter-communion between the Anglican, and the Greek and other Oriental Churches is meeting with approval in the Russian Church."

Never did wealthy, but base born parvenus struggle more resolutely, and at the same time more ineffectually to obtain admission into good society, or to win a smile of recognition from some hanger-on of the grand monde, than do our poor Anglican friends to get themselves acknowledged as a Church, by some one of the Oriental schismatical and heretical sects. They—that is to say Anglicans—are not difficult, they are by no means nice in the matter. If the Greeks, whose Orders are undoubted, and who retain all the prominently offensive doctrines of the Latin Church, reject their overtures with disdain, and refuse not only to hold any kind of communion with them, but even to recognise in them, any Church organisation at all, or any ec-

clesiastical character whatsoever in their pseudo bishops and bogus priests—they turn for consolation to the Nestorians; but even the Nestorians, heretics though they be, and denying that one divine personality of Our Blessed Lord, which Anglicans professedly uphold, shrink from the latter, and spurn with contumely the proffered alliance. There is no indignity to which Anglicans are not ready to submit, no sacrifice of Christian truth however important, which they are not prepared to make, provided that by that act of humiliation, by that renunciation of the fragments of Christian truth which they still retain, they may get some one body of Christians with valid Orders, and with undoubted historical claims to a genuine Episcopate, to recognise their pretensions to form a "Church;" and to acknowledge in the persons of the nominees of the British Crown, real Bishops, and duly ordained Priests. What though the Athanasian Creed, which is professedly one of the formularies of the Anglican sect, in express terms reckons amongst those who must perish everlastingly, all who entertain the erroneous doctrines concerning Christ and the unity of His Person, professed by the Nestorians—to those Nestorians, who dissolve Christ, whose doctrinal errors strike at the very roots of the entire Christian system, do Anglicans stretch out the right hand of fellowship, praying in all humility to be admitted to inter-communion with them, and yet praying in vain. The most corrupt form of Christianity which obtains in the East would deem itself dishonoured and polluted by communicating with Anglicanism.

It is to conceal these constant rebuffs, to salve the wounds inflicted an Anglican self conceit by these disdainful repudiations of their advances, that statements such as that which we have copied from the N.Y. Christian Times, of an approaching inter-communion, are put forth in the public journals. Of course there is another reason: and that is to delude the more ignorant into the belief that there is no essential difference, in dogma, or in mode of worship, betwixt the Parliamentary Church of England established in the XVI. century, and the Oriental schismatics who broke off from the Catholic Church at a much earlier date. And herein is to be found the very cream of the joke: For, whilst by their proffers of fellowship, and negotiations for inter-communion, Anglicans explicitly recognise in the Oriental sects the character of true Christian Churches, they at the same time, in that they send out to them missionaries to convert them from the errors of their ways to a knowledge of the Gospel, implicitly brand those very sects, with whom they desire to enter into communion, as heathens, as plunged in darkness, superstition, and idolatry, and treat them as destitute of "the Gospel" which Protestants alone possess. The Oriental doctrines of the Real Presence in the Eucharist, and consequently the doctrine of Transubstantiation, the Mass a Sacrifice, the Invocation of Saints, and every one of those dogmas which the Anglican sect denounces as idolatrous and damnable, are substantially identical with those of Rome, as they are all based upon the idea of a real valid sacrifice daily offered on the altars of the Church, as a propitiation for the living and the dead. There is therefore "no one point of dogma in question betwixt Lambeth and Rome, with the sole exception of the Papal Supremacy, upon which the Oriental sects do not agree with the latter and differ from the former; whilst, with that solitary exception, on all those questions whereon the Orientals differ from the Latins—such as the double procession of the Holy Ghost, the One person, and the Two natures, in Christ—the Anglican formularies agree with those of the Latin or Western Church.—Neither by Catholics nor by Oriental schismatics are Anglican Orders recognised; the self styled bishops and priests of the so-called English Church are in the eyes of Greeks, and of all Christian bodies in the East, mere laymen; and the organisation to which those pseudo bishops and priests belong, is not so much as recognised by any one of them as a Church or Christian society at all; or as anything more than a mere civil institution established by, and in all things subject to, the State, from which, and not from God, it holds, and in which alone it lives, and moves, and has its being. We can fancy then with what feelings of scorn, the Oriental sects, proud of their antiquity, and of their unbroken succession of bishops, must receive the overtures of such an upstart, such a ridiculous pretender, as the "Church by Law Established."

DRUNKENNESS AND PROFANITY IN SCOTLAND.—It would not appear from the latest statistics as if there were any diminution in those habits of excessive drinking which have brought so much discredit on the national character of Scotland. On the contrary, that country still retains its bad pre-eminence as the most immoral country in Europe; and her own children, ministers of her own national church, painfully contrast the habits of her people with the habits of those on the Southern side of the Border, who are certainly not remarkable for their abstemiousness. But so it is. As compared with the Scotch, the English are patterns of sobriety and good manners.

We say this, strange and harsh as it may ap-

pear, on the authority of an article which appeared a few days ago in the Montreal Witness, as copied from the Scotsman, and which contained a report of a lecture delivered by the Rev. Mr. Cochrane, first minister of Cuparife, descriptive of his experiences during a recent tour. He had lately witnessed an assemblage of 70,000 persons at Hampton Court, and could not but contrast "the behaviour of that assembly with what happened among ourselves on similar occasions." The reverend gentleman thus delivered himself upon the subject:—

"It seemed that Scotch people could not meet without getting themselves intoxicated—without getting into low public-houses, and getting themselves made utterly useless in an hour's time."

Another point of contrast which the lecturer indicated was the "good humour of an English crowd;" and yet the forefinger from the Catholic countries of Europe is invariably struck by the surliness and boorishness of that same English crowd, which in the opinion of a Scotch clergyman contrasts so favorably with the behavior of a Scotch crowd! Again, a third thing struck the Scotch minister in England, accustomed to the blasphemy, the profanity and obscenity of Scotch crowds, with extreme surprise; and that was the purity of the language of the people in England:—

"whereas in our town here, at last hiring market, when he walked from one end to the other, he heard more blasphemy within ten yards than he heard during all the previous part of his life."

And yet if the testimony both of natives and foreigners may be relied upon, the people of England and the masses at an English crowd, are not remarkable for their abstemiousness from oaths, and profane invocations! What then must be the habitual language of the Scotch, when a Scotch minister visiting England, and mixing with its people, is so forcibly struck by the absence of bad language amongst the crowds at public assemblies, and especially at a Lord Mayor's Show to which he especially refers—as to give expression to his indignation against his own people in such terms as these:—

"When down at the railway station he saw scenes there the most degrading in the world. Scores of young men from the country—apparently farm servants—were beastly drunk, and were uttering oaths and obscene language of the most detestable kind."

What we ask must be the moral condition of that country, compared with which the moral condition of England—for sobriety, for courtesy for purity and decency—contrasts so forcibly, and so favorably? One only consolation remains to the former, and that is the strictness of its Sabbath observances. Though as compared with the people of England, those of Scotland are so drunken, so brutal, so profane, and so obscene as to call forth the indignant remonstrances of their own ministers, and the comments of their own press, on one point they stand nobly distinguished amongst all the peoples of Europe. They keep the Sabbath, and tolerate no innocent amusements on Sundays as do Papists, and the denizens of other lands where the bible is a closed book, and where the light of "the Gospel" has not yet been revealed.

POOR PARSONS.—The London Times having been made the medium for conveying to the ears of a dull and unsympathising public, the sufferings of the "poor parsons" of the "Church as by law established"—many of whose whom are doomed to starve on revenues varying from \$1,500 to \$2,500 per annum—G. B. responds through the same channel, and contrasts the poverty of the Anglican minister with the affluence of the Catholic Bishops and Romish priests in England. Of the latter he observes that "very few of them have more than £100 (about \$500,) and a house; and the Bishops average about £300 a-year (say \$1,500,) if so much;" and he adds:—

Yet the Roman Catholic clergy do not complain of poverty. Some of them are caacons, but their dignities are merely honorary, so there are no "prizes" for them.

Many of them have a large population to look after. And here let me observe that your correspondent who writes about the incumbents of a town of 20,000, and a district of 10,000 population does not state how many of them belong to the Established Church.

The Protestant clergy write pathetically about the labor of doing duty and two services on Sunday. But what would they say to six hours in the Confessional? I have many times seen a priest called away from his dinner by the Confessional bell. Then there is the administration of the last sacraments to the sick.

I think "Olerius Asaphensis" would say that for these labors 1000 a year is "miserable remuneration," yet the Catholic priest is contented, though no doubt he would like to be better paid.

The Protestant minister is of course a more costly article than the Catholic priest, since the celibacy of the latter exonerates him from the burden of supporting a wife and children. But it is not remarkable that, whilst for the wealthy Anglican ministry it is, as the Bishop of Oxford lately remarked, almost impossible to obtain recruits, no such difficulty is experienced in filling up the ranks of the Catholic priesthood. Nay! young men, well born, highly educated, and with every prospect of worldly prosperity and professional advancement before them, cheerfully sacrifice those prospects in the Anglican Establishment, and voluntarily take upon themselves the arduous duties of the ill-paid and scorned Catholic priest.

FROZEN JOE DATES.—An Indian was frozen to death at Chilton on the night of the 1st instant. He had been drinking and exposed himself to the intense cold.—Huron Signal.

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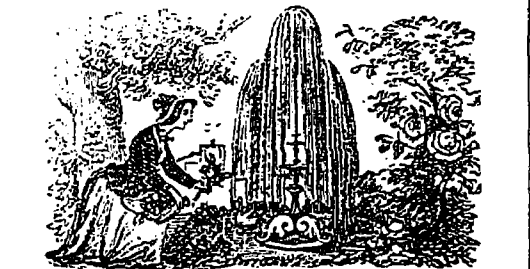
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HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. Brooklyn, N.Y., May 22, 1863. Messrs. Hostetter & Smith: Gentlemen—I have used your Bitters during the last six weeks, and feel it due to you and to the public to express my hearty approval of their effect upon me.

W. E. LEE, Pastor of Greene Avenue Presbyterian Church. I remain, gentlemen, respectfully yours, E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED Stomach Bitters. Prospect Cottage, Georgetown, D.C., April 2, 1863.

Messrs. Hostetter & Smith: Gentlemen—It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to those of others in favor of your excellent preparation. Several years of residence on the banks of a Southern river, and of close application to literary work, had so thoroughly exhausted my nervous system and undermined my health, that I had become a martyr to dyspepsia and nervous headache, recurring at short intervals, and defying all known remedies in the Materia Medica.

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Messrs. Hostetter & Smith: Dear Sir—Will you do me the favor to forward by express one half-dozen Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, with bill, for which I will remit you on receipt of same, as I am unable to procure your medicine here; and if I had a quantity it could be sold readily, as it is known to be the best preparation in use for diseases having their origin with a diseased stomach.

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