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No. 42.

ELLEN AHERN;

OR,

THE POOR COUSIN.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

My Lord, I know of nothing in our intercourse or our relations towards each other, to warrant anything like this, or invite confidence. You will, therefore, release me instantly,' said Ellen Ahern, vainly endeavoring to extricate her hand.

'That is no reason why there never should be. Keep quiet, I am not accustomed to be thwarted,' he said, tightening his grasp on her hand.—'Fahey will be here in a half hour, and I don't know when another opportunity will present itself like the present.'

'This compulsion is in no wise necessary, my Lord. I am not one who is apt to go into heroics, but a matter of fact individual, who likes best to look whatever is inevitable into the face. Release my hand, therefore, and if what you have to say is what I ought to listen to, I will bear you out,' said Ellen Ahern, with a brave show of manner, while her heart throbbled quickly, and she recommended herself to the protection of the Blessed Virgin.

'I prefer a more tangible guarantee than your words, my bright eyed falcon, therefore I detain your hand, lest you fit away sooner than will suit me. Do you know, Ellen, that proud, defiant and scornful as you are, you have piqued me into loving you madly, and that I am willing to break all bonds, and defy everything to win you. Answer me, Ellen.'

'Leaving the thought of all other ties to the consideration of your honor, I will only tell you how utterly useless, and how worse than unwelcome such a declaration is, nor can I understand how—bound as you are by a solemn engagement—you can so far forget yourself, and what is due to me, to make it. Believe me, even whilst I unconditionally reject it, I feel anything but complimented by such an equivocal compliment.'

'Ellen, you have a deal of courage, but know that I am a dangerous man when I am baffled in the attainment of an object in which I have set my heart, therefore, do not exasperate or trifle with me. As to my engagement in England, it is purely a mercenary one. I hate the woman as much as I hate the idea of marriage with her.'

'And yet—' 'I anticipate you. And yet—you would say—feeling thus, you would marry here? I answer yes, if I had not met you here, beautiful Ellen; you whom I am determined to win cost what it may!' he replied, while the light that burned in his eyes, and the determined, resolute lines of his countenance gave emphasis to his threat.

'My Lord,' she said, in a quiet, firm voice, even while Don Enrique's warning suddenly flashed across her mind, and made her heart sick and faint; 'it may be well for you to understand at the outset, that you have a character to deal with quite as determined as your own; and that there is not the slightest probability that your sentiments can ever be reciprocated. I appeal, therefore, to your chivalry and generosity, to respect my defencelessness, and no more urge the subject on me.'

'I can make no such promise, Ellen. It would be folly to throw away the vantage ground I possess.'

'Then, as the world is wide, I shall seek shelter and protection elsewhere. I am no coward, Lord Hugh Maguire, but strengthened by high resolve, I have the courage to go and earn my bread. Satisfied with the approval of God and a good conscience, I ask no favor from the world.'

'Wherever you go I shall pursue you; therefore think of no such wild scheme as that to avoid me. Be rational, Ellen. Consider what you would gain for yourself and others by a favorable consideration of my sentiments.'

'No earthly motive could induce me to be false to myself, or be guilty of a wrong that good might come to it. I should despise myself, if for greed or gain I could traffic with what I consider the holiest emotions of our nature. I should feel guilty of a debasing crime, if by consenting to a marriage of mere interest, I made an unworthy use of what I believe to be a divinely instituted sacrament.'

'Mr. Fahey is here, my Lord,' said William, looking in.

'Tell him to wait. But stay—did he bring any news of MacDugin, the factor?'

'Yes, my Lord; the man is dead he says.'

'Dead! The Devil!' exclaimed Lord Hugh Maguire, springing from the sofa in a rage. 'I believe that the old dotard killed him to spite me. Everything conspires against me, but I'll triumph yet—remember Ellen Ahern—I'll have my own will yet. I'll not be thwarted and baffled at every turn—least of all by you.'

'Threats to a woman well become you, my

Lord,' said Ellen Ahern, getting up to leave the room. A feeling of irrepressible scorn, and the chafing of a free, proud spirit, impatient of littleness and unjust control urged her to say it, and ere he had time to intercept her egress, she had flitted past him, and ran up to her own apartment, where she found Thela waiting for her, coiled up on the door mat. He got up, shook his snaggy coat, and licking her hand, followed her in, and after she turned the lock of the door, came and stood before her as she sat down pale and exhausted on the bedside.

'I think we will go to-morrow, Thela,' she said after a long silence, during which time her heart was full of bewildering thoughts. The dog whined and rubbed his great head against her hand, as if he comprehended her; while she, touched by this mark of mute affection in her desolate loneliness, burst into tears. She was not altogether friendless; something loved her, and clung to her with rare faith—Thela, at least, would never forsake her. And gradually the troubled, stern shadows of earthly woe gave forth tears, which softened her heart to higher and holier influences, which were hovering like Angels about her. For the moment, the stern exigency of her position was absorbed in the strong sentiment of faith, and she threw herself on her knees before her Oratory, and exclaimed in broken accents: 'Thou seest all, my Father!—Thou knowest all! Thou art strong to deliver and hast promised to be a Father to the fatherless—pity me—succor me—and suffer me not to be taken in the snare that encompasses me!—Mother of Sorrows! powerful Friend of the afflicted! protect me, guide me, and intercede for me.' And as she prayed, pouring out her soul to Him, who having created it, was ever ready to attend to its cries for His protection, she felt tranquilized, and her reliance on Heaven strengthened. She spent two or three hours before retiring, in picking up a few valuables—papers and some necessary articles of wearing apparel in a portmanteau, to be ready at any moment to go away, after she had taken counsel of Father McMahon and Sir Eadna Ahern.

The next morning she arose early to go to Mass, but to her surprise and consternation, when she came to the narrow pass of rocks leading down into the hamlet, she found it guarded, and was told that no one was to be allowed to pass in or out without an order from Lord Hugh. 'But these orders do not surely apply to me. I am Miss Ahern, his Lordship's cousin.' 'It's little matter, Miss, who you be. If it was her ladyship, it would be mar than my life is worth to let you by,' said the Scotchman firmly.

'What is the matter? What has happened? I do not understand this,' asked Ellen Ahern.

'It's nae saicret, leddy, that his lordship's life has been attempted, and to the best of my knowing, he suspects some uncanny body that's in the habit of going to an' fro', and wants to make sure o' it.'

'Let me pass, my good man. His lordship don't suspect me, surely—do you think he does?' said Ellen, with something of her old mischievousness flashing over her countenance.

'I danna pretend to ken, leddy—anywise we daren't let you by more than any ither,' replied the man, 'his lordship bein' awa' we must wait further orders.'

But Ellen did not hear him; she had turned reluctantly back, pondering as she went, on the meaning of so strange an arrangement, and startled by terrible fears, which came unbidden to her mind.

'Merciful God!' she thought, 'this man is evil enough to attempt anything. I appeal to Thee in my helplessness, oh divine Saviour, who art the defence of Virgins, to protect me from the wiles of this dreadful man! Here am I, abandoned by all earthly aid and friendless, even the consolation of talking with Thy two old servants denied me! what can I—what shall I do? Where is Judith?' she asked of a strange gossoon who crossed her path at the moment.

'Nan! is it my mammy?' said the fellow sturdily.

'No, not your mammy. Judith Flynn.'

'She's sint away wid the rest o' em.'

'The rest of who? Do you mean, my lad, that the old servants are all turned away?' asked Ellen.

'That's just it, bedad!' he replied, with a grin.

'I am left completely at his mercy!' was the terrible idea that now fell like lead on Ellen Ahern's heart. 'His threat was no idle one. I will see him—I will demand my liberty—but, alas! as well might I pray to yonder block to drop me honey, as to expect good from his callous nature. What am I to do? I have no means of getting a message to any one!'

'His lordship desired me to say, Miss, that business called him from home rather suddint

this morning, and you will please not wait breakfast for him,' said William meeting her at the door.

'I will be down in a moment or two, William,' she said, inexpressibly relieved to hear that Lord Hugh Maguire was away; 'for now,' thought she, 'I shall have time to see Lady Fermanagh, and throw myself on her womanly compassion. But her ladyship could not be seen that day, her nerves were in the ascendant, and she begged that Miss Ahern would excuse her. And with no friend near her but Thela, who would not leave her, she spent the day in painful and solitary musings; and as evening came on, with wind, cloud and tempestuous rains, the most anxious and harassing doubts and fears assailed her, as she sat listening with strained ears to every footfall, and starting at every new sound. When Felice came up to tell her that tea was ready, she inquired with as much calm indifference as she could assume, 'if Lord Hugh was come?'

'Il n'arrive pas,' said Felice, looking like a heroine in distress. 'Voyez the sa refroidit moiselle.' (He does not come. Your tea is getting cold, Miss.)

'I shall be there presently, Felice,' she replied sadly. 'How is your lady to-night?'

'Elle a mal a la tete. Helas! Je suis a moitié morte,' (she has got a headache. Alas! I am half dead) sighed Felice, going away.

Ellen learned from William that Lord Hugh would not be at home for two or three days.—This gave her a respite, but she found on trial, that it was impossible to persuade or bribe a servant to be the bearer of a note or message to Father McMahon. The next morning she was admitted to Lady Fermanagh, who, pale, and haggard, looked really ill. With half-averted face, she gave her a hurried, nervous greeting, through which her aversion to the interview was plainly perceptible. After a few commonplace inquiries relative to her ladyship's health, she said, in a low voice—'Something strange has happened, Lady Fermanagh, which makes it necessary for me to throw myself on your protection. May I—do you feel equal to hear what I have to say?'

'I feel quite ill, Miss Ahern, but of course, if it will serve you, I will listen to whatever you have to impart,' replied her ladyship, smelling her *sal volatile*.

And Ellen told her how, and of what she had been warned by Don Enrique, and how—the thing being too strange to credit it explicitly—she had thought it all, at the very least, a mistake, until Lord Hugh's subsequent conduct combined with much that had occurred before, and his own words, plain and unmistakable, left her in no doubt, that she had a great deal to fear and being convinced, from the fact that the only outlet from Fermanagh was guarded, and the servants sent away, that she was a prisoner, completely in the power of Lord Hugh Maguire—humanly speaking—she had nothing left but to throw herself on the womanly compassion of Lady Fermanagh.

'I cannot help it, Miss Ahern. I have remonstrated. I saw it all. I have nothing to do in it. Do not think for an instant, that I countenance it. That boy is thwarting my wishes and aims, and rushing on his own destruction,' said her ladyship, in an agitated manner.

'But may I not hope something from your Ladyship's protection?' asked Ellen, growing very white.

'I am powerless. I have told him there is a sword hanging over his head, that his last act may cause to fall, but nothing avails. He has a will like *Juggernaut*, he worships it, and is willing to be crushed by it—the fool! the fool!—Can you not fly, Miss Ahern?'

'I am a prisoner, it seems; the only outlet from Fermanagh is guarded by his people, whom he has commanded to allow no one to pass or re-pass.'

'Is there no other way?'

'None. Steep precipices surround us on every side except that, which it makes one dizzy to think of. I have no hope but in God and near me no friend but Thela,' said Ellen bowing her head on her knees.

'I would help you, Miss Ahern, if I could.—I am an erring and unloving woman—proud to my own undoing—but I would not willingly stand by and see you harmed. I would rather see my son—although I love him not, Miss Ahern—I would rather see him (or whom I have suffered much and long, die than live to do you a wrong, for just as sure as he does it his doom is sealed,' said Lady Fermanagh, with a wild *distrain* air, which impressed Ellen painfully, and sent a flood of strange, bewildering thoughts into her heart, while she felt convinced how little she had to hope from her influence and protection.

'Could you not tell him so?' she asked.

'He knows it;—Miss Ahern; as well as I do, but pretends incredulity,' she replied, wringing her pale hands together. 'But leave me. I

must keep quiet. Put your hand here,' she said, taking Ellen Ahern's hand, and laying it on her heart, which fluttered and bounded about in her side like an untamed vulture.

'Can I assist you in any way, Lady Fermanagh?' said Ellen, touched with pity at her sufferings, and for the moment forgetful of her own.

'By going away—yes. It is terrible to think that death must come amidst such perturbations!' she said uningly and almost out of breath, as she dropped some pale fluid from a vial into some water, and swallowed it.

'There is One—even God our Father, who alone can strip death of its fiercest terrors.—Trust Him, and seek refuge in his tender mercy!' said Ellen Ahern earnestly, while her beautiful eyes were suffused with tears.

'Do you? Is not your faith shaken in Him by these straits into which you have fallen?' asked her ladyship, fixing her great, stern eyes on hers.

'My trust is in Him, and I believe that He will deliver me,' said Ellen, in a calm, earnest tone; 'deliver me now, and at the hour of my sorest need in life and death, all honor and glory to Him forever.'

'There—there. Go away now, Miss Ahern, and keep your dog with you; mind me, keep him close by you, he's a ferocious beast, and able to protect you. The *ingrate—the madman!*' she muttered, as Ellen Ahern, shocked by her wild and singular manner, retreated from her room. Two more days passed away, unmarked by any event. Again and again, she attempted to get a note carried to Father McMahon, and to pass the men who guarded the narrow path leading down to the hamlet, but in vain; and there was nothing left for her to do but to remain quiet, and ponder on the strange difficulties by which she was surrounded. On the evening of the third day, William brought her a letter, which, hoping that it was from Sir Eadna or Father McMahon, she tore open eagerly, and read the following:—

'Beautiful Ellen—I hope you are convinced by this time, that I am one who will permit nothing to interfere with the attainment of my ends; and see the wisdom of yielding with a good grace to what is inevitable. I have made every arrangement for our private marriage to-morrow morning, at six o'clock, and shall expect a willing bride. Understand that all resistance is, and will be useless, as you are entirely in my power.'

HUGH MAGUIRE.

Ellen Ahern sat like one stupefied after reading this precious communication. Was her trust in God's divine Providence shaken now! Listen. She lifts her head from her hands, her face is deathly white, and her lips are quivering, but as she looks out beyond the night and its blue shadows—beyond the mysterious light and glory of the starry realms, up, up by faith, to the very footstool of Divinity, her soul grows strong, and she exclaims, 'Thou wilt not forsake, because I have hoped in Thee, my God.' Then a faintness and dizziness came over her, followed by a sweet dreamy sensation, and she hoped that if it was God's holy will, she was dying; then she put out her hand and groped around to feel if Thela was anywhere near her, and a single pang shot through her heart when she recollected that the creature had been missing since the morning, and had perhaps abandoned her; after which her head fell forward on her breast, and she dropped from the low cushion on which she was sitting to the floor insensible. How long she remained insensible she could not tell; the candle was burning low in the socket, and her fire flickered dimly on the hearth. Before she opened her eyes, she felt that something huge and dark was standing over her; she felt its breathing, and was conscious of eyes looking into her face, and suddenly a cold clammy touch chilled her face, and, uttering a cry of terror, she sprang up only to find Thela watching beside her. Throwing her arms wildly round the faithful creature's neck, she rested her head on his snaggy coat, and wept tears of unmingled bitterness and joy. But the dog was restive and fidgetted, twisting his head around and putting his nose down between his fore feet, growling and whining incessantly, until Ellen lifted her head and was removing her hand, when she heard and felt the rustling of paper under it—a sudden *thop* flashed through her heart—she examined Thela's collar, and found a letter fastened to it. Now she knew that the animal's instincts had led him to go in search of her friends, his sagacity had discovered her grief, and his affection and gratitude led him to endeavor to find relief for her. Hastily breaking the seal, she read by the flickering light of the expiring candle:—

'I heard all. Friends are watching over you. Be in the old picture gallery at midnight, and fear nothing.'

ENRIQUE.

Lighting a taper, and throwing a shawl around

her and a veil over head, she lost no time in going as noiselessly as possible to the old Portrait gallery, followed by Thela. Her step was light and elastic, not a doubt or fear assailed her.—Heaven had heard and answered her prayer, and she was saved, or soon would be, beyond the reach and power of Lord Hugh Maguire. Don Enrique had said it, and she believed it. Dim and shadowy looked the place when she reached it, and the echo of her own footsteps on the decaying, loose boards, sounded as if some one was following her, while the grim portraits along the walls seemed to bow their heads towards her as the light flickered over them. Placing her taper in a corner, she took a very old picture and formed a sort of screen before it, then, with her hand on Thela's head, she went to the Oriel window and seated herself in her accustomed place within the deep embrasure; and while she looked up at the calm, glittering sky, she said the rosary with sentiments of ardent devotion and gratitude. But an hour passed, and no one came: then the thought suddenly occurred to her that, in case this should be a stratagem of Lord Hugh Maguire's, she was even more unprotected here than in her own apartment; this was followed by another, which suggested to her the impossibility of Don Enrique's admission to the castle, and the folly of hoping that he could get in except by the usual way, which was strongly guarded day and night, and her heart sunk within her: while vague fears of unearthly things made her cower farther back into the depths of the window, where, with trembling lips, she continued the devout mysteries of the Rosary. Suddenly, Thela lifted up his ears and sprang to his feet, and at the same moment Ellen Ahern saw one of the ancient portraits of some old princely Maguire swing out from the wall towards her. To her excited imagination, it looked like a phantom approaching, and she would have shrieked, but that fear held her spell-bound; then she saw, with her eyes riveted on the spot, a human form, dark and stealthy, emerge from behind it, and heard a low, softly whispered 'Hiss!' But she remained silent and motionless, while Thela, springing forward, crouched quietly at the feet of the man.

'Are you here, Miss Ahern?' whispered a voice which she thought she recognized; 'we have not a moment to lose—come.' Advanced now more within the range of the faint light, as he followed Thela towards the window, Ellen saw, with mingled joy and thankfulness, that it was Don Enrique Giron. Hastening to meet him, she placed her hand silently in his, and in another moment he had, with his strong arm about her, whirled her down the gallery and through an aperture in the wall, stopping only to draw the picture, which was in reality only a secret door, back into its place and fasten it securely within; on down, through a steep, narrow stone passage, where the air was heavy and damp and where not a single ray of light penetrated; down steep, rugged steps, and over sharp, uneven ways, until, almost fainting with weariness, she was compelled to pause.

'For God's sake, Miss Ahern, do not flag; it is not far from dawn; we shall soon be at the end of this dismal but safe way. Lean on me,' said Don Enrique.

'Give me strength, my God, I pray Thee,' was the prayer of Ellen Ahern's heart, as, panting, and almost exhausted, she renewed her flight without uttering a word.

'Trust me, Ellen, you is a faithful and true friend—how much nearer you are to me, I dare not now say—I see a distant spark of light, Sir Eadna Ahern is waiting there with a lantern; you will soon embrace him,' said Don Enrique, as he sped along the narrow, steep way.

CHAPTER XI.—MAN PROPOSES AND GOD DISPOSES.

'Our Blessed Lady strengthen her,' murmured Don Enrique, as he felt Ellen Ahern drooping more heavily on his arm, and perceived that her steps became more feeble. 'Courage, dear lady, we are near the outlet; a few more windings and we are there. Even a short delay would be perilous, for the night is wearing away, and, as Lord Hugh Maguire and his minions are expected at Fermanagh before sunrise, it is not improbable that we might meet them on our way up to St. Finbar's.'

'I fear that I can go no farther. I believe that I am dying,' gasped Ellen, on whose nerves the terrible excitement of the last few days was telling fearfully; and who, exhausted by anxiety and apprehension, as well as from having eaten scarcely anything during that time, felt in the close suffocating atmosphere, that the last remnant of her strength was forsaking her, and would have sunk helpless to the earth, but that Don Enrique lifted her like an infant in his arms; and bore her swiftly on until, by the cool 'fresh' air, which swept in a strong current over her cheeks, she knew that they must be near the outlet of the subterranean way. In a few moments she was folded to the bosom of Sir Eadna Ahern, whose expressions of joy at her deliverance were fraught

with gratitude to Almighty God, without whose blessing, all their efforts would have been vain. But you are faint, a *sulish*. I was afraid the agitation and terror that you have experienced, would be too much for you; but rouse your energies, *maurineen*—a few minutes' walk will place you in safety," said the old man fondly, as he smoothed back the clustering hair from her face, and held a vial of *sal-volatile* to her nose. "How do you feel now?"

"Better—the fresh air has revived me. I am quite strong now to go on. Come, let us go before that terrible man returns!" she exclaimed, starting forward.

"Lean still on me, Miss Ahern," said Don Enrique, who in astant was at her side. "Let me feel that I have a right to protect you until you are in perfect safety."

"You have well won such right, Don Enrique; and I thank God for having inspired you with the will and ability to serve me. But for you; what would have been my fate?" said Ellen Ahern, bowing her face in her hands, with a shudder.

"You may trust him, *Aleen a sulish*," said Sir Eadna Ahern. "Conduct her, Enrique, as speedily as may be, to St. Finbar's. I must follow more slowly. I am old and feeble, and cannot keep pace with the young."

Father McMahon was expecting them, for the moment they ascended the porch-steps, his door gently opened, and as they entered, the good man himself grasped Ellen's hand, with a fervent "Thank God, my child, you are safe!" and led her in. Instead of conducting his nocturnal guests into his parlor or dining-room, Father McMahon opened a door at the lower end of the hall, and invited them into a small apartment, where his theological books, and the church vestments and altar vessels, were kept, and into which no one but himself ever had access. The housekeeper's disposition to rummage and keep things in order, would have made her as frequent a visitor to this place as to any other in the house, but for a small electric battery—the power of which had once laid her full length on the floor, and of which she had a more intense dread than of Purgatory—that Father McMahon had placed here among his other scientific and sacred treasures, induced her to give it a wider range and avoid it.

"God be praised, my dear child, for your deliverance from that merciless man," said Father McMahon, after they were safe in the *sanctum*, and he had closed the door. "How pale and ill you look. Rest yourself on this sofa a little while. We must bestir ourselves as soon as you are sufficiently rested, to get you away, my lamb before that evil minded man returns!"

"Away! where, father McMahon! I know there is no safety for me; but, alas! have no friends elsewhere," said Ellen Ahern.

"I have a sister in Cork, to whom you must go. Everything is ready for your departure.—Don Enrique, who has my fullest confidence, will accompany you. But, my dear child—and this is why I have not offered you any refreshment—would you not like to receive ere you go away, the strength inspiring Bread of Life. I know of nothing that will give you such courage and patience in the unknown trials that you may encounter on your journey," said Father McMahon in a trembling voice, for this lamb of his fold was very dear to the aged priest, who had sprinkled her brow with the waters of regeneration when she was only a few hours old, and who had watched over her up to the present time with the tenderest solicitude.

(To be Continued.)

THE PROTESTANT FAITH.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

These lines will fall under the notice of their readers within a few hours of the end of Lent, and it appears natural to turn for a moment from the common topics of political and social discussion to look at another department of things, which after all possesses an ever deeper and more permanent interest. Of the many commonplaces which will be addressed to all the congregations in England to-morrow, a considerable number will turn upon the Church and her festivals. We shall hear how the penitential and gloomy season has now passed away, and is to be succeeded by a time of cheerfulness and festivity, and most people know pretty well into what sort of divisions such discourses will run, as it were, of themselves. They will also know in all probability, how utterly dead, unreal, unnatural, and altogether foreign to their daily life and habits of thought such discourses generally are. With some exceptions here and there the course of life in these days has ceased to be regulated by ecclesiastical habits of thought.—We are not sad during Lent. We do not rejoice at Easter. The great Church festivals are little more than holidays which happened to be called by ecclesiastical names, but which, in reality, are just like other holidays. Work intermits for a few days at Easter and Christmas, just as it intermits for a longer period in the autumn; but the number of people who, if they wanted to work on Good Friday or Christmas Day, would feel in the least degree hampered in doing so by conscientious scruples is very small. Even Sunday itself is probably less strictly observed than it was five-and-twenty years ago. There is, in short, a general relaxation throughout large and influential classes of society of the force of religious ceremonial observances. The outward and visible signs and recognitions of religion in daily life are continually diminishing in number and authority. Days of public fasting and humiliation are now left to the private discretion of religious bodies.—Religious expressions are not nearly so common as they once were in common forms of speech.—An Irish nurse the other day, jealous for the honour of her child, declared that this was a heathen country, for that none of the child's relations or friends, said "God bless it." The invisible world is, no doubt, freely recognised in common conversation by the national oath, but those who have the opportunity of observing the pathology of language will probably agree with us in thinking that, though there is still a lamentable amount of profanity to be heard in the streets, the commonest and most characteristic expressions are derived from a different source. We are indeed so shy of referring to things supernatural that the fear of God and the special instigation of the Devil are no longer contrasted with each other in judgments of murder, and that one at least of the judges systematically refuses to add to the sentence of death, "May the Lord have mercy on your soul."

No doubt, there are exceptions to this tendency, but they are exceptions which in the strictest sense prove the rule, inasmuch as they are reactions against it. The whole High Church movement in its various shapes, both within the Church of England and without, is one great protest against the tendency under consideration, and in particular places and

classes it is no doubt powerful enough to lead superficial observers to the conclusion that the tide is running the other way; but if the matter is properly looked into it is obvious enough that in every part of Europe the lay mode of looking at life is the common and the increasing one, and that the ecclesiastical way of looking at it is only a reaction, and in many places a very forced and spasmodical one. In one of his late publications Dr. Manning observes that everywhere throughout Europe science and politics have fallen away from the faith, and either he or one of the authors of a volume of essays which he edited observes that nearly all the Governments of Europe are infidel. In their sense of the words this is quite true. The thoughts of men on all important subjects, their legislation, their amusements, their very language, and the regulation of their daily habits of life, are continually growing to be less and less influenced by definite religious doctrines. They are continually tending to become more and more things of this world and this life.

To many persons this is the greatest and most interesting of all contemporary phenomena. There is no important department of affairs in which its influence is not felt. It has as clearly marked an influence on morals, on the social relations, and on politics as upon theology or public worship, and the distress and anxiety which it causes to many minds is at least as deep and well marked as the confident exultation which it excites in others. It has driven many persons to take refuge in the most exaggerated views of the Roman Catholic creed. It is saluted by others as the characteristic leading feature of all that they mean by progress and civilisation. We will try to make one or two observations upon it which have been suggested by the season of the year, and by the practice of that large and increasing number of persons to whom Easter means nothing but a fragment of the long vacation which has happily slipped into the spring. The first remark is that it is mere lost time to blame, to argue against, or to lament the tendency in question. If a man is not ecclesiastically minded, he is impatient of religious ceremonies and looks upon them more or less definitely with an aversion of which he may never have traced out the origin, all the arguments and all the rebukes in the world will not convince him. The streets have lately been placarded with an exhortation to the passers-by to keep Good Friday, on account of the solemn nature of the events which it commemorates. But if a man is conscientiously able to say, as many people are, that the view which he takes of those events, and the influence which those views have on his conduct in fixed and settled matters, on which neither the eating of salt fish nor even the not eating of meat for dinner will exercise any influence at all, and to which such observances and others of the same kind appear merely impertinent and irrelevant—if he says, My views are not expressed by your ceremonies; they are inappropriate and ill-proportioned to my feelings, and jar upon me like the manners of a foreign country or a different age of the world—what can be said to him? The answer is, Nothing. You would have to alter the man's whole frame of mind before you could make him like what you want him to like. You might as well try to give him an ear for music or a taste for French cookery.

The next remark is that this state of mind is, or may be, based upon a perfectly rational and consistent view of things, which is seldom perhaps plainly realised by those who feel it, and which is persistently and most unfortunately overlooked by preachers, who appear in general to be either ignorant of its existence or unable to do justice to it in any way. Men who have no turn whatever for ecclesiastical ceremonies, who never made the faintest distinction between Lent and other times of the year, and whom it is impossible to work up into a state of religious excitement upon any subject, habitually practise certain religious observances; for instance, they go to church on a Sunday. The topic continually urged against such people is that they are inconsistent or hypocritical, that they give no good account of their conduct, or assign any reason why they do so much and no more. This is the staple of thousands of sermons, and as no one ever gets a reply, upon the clergyman it looks very convincing. If a reply were permitted, the matter might be considerably altered. Such a man as we have referred to—and our readers must know hundreds of them—would say, "My conduct exactly corresponds to the state of my mind on these subjects, and that state of mind is perfectly reasonable, and I am prepared to defend it. I am in a state of enforced and therefore contented ignorance on most of the great topics of religion. My practical conclusion is that public worship is spiritually, morally, and socially good—that I had better acquiesce in that form of it which is established in my own country and neighborhood, inasmuch as experience has proved its general utility, and I accordingly do so; but I am conscious that the whole subject is beset with difficulties, many of which, as you candidly tell me from the pulpit, are altogether insoluble and intractable. I do not believe that you, the clergy, know more about these things than other people, and I positively know that you are continually trying to make up in vehemence what you want in knowledge. For these reasons I act just as I feel and think. I attend public worship because I thoroughly believe it to be a good thing. I do not care for details, for refinements, for special commemorations, ceremonies, and other observances, because my belief in the whole system is general and vague, is based on a balance of probabilities, and is largely influenced by and derived from considerations of expediency." Enthusiastic devotion worked out in detail and applied to all the common transactions of life, cannot grow out of such a soil as this.

The last remark is that this frame of mind is by no means inconsistent with strong moral and religious principles, and that it is an abuse of language, and implies a conclusion of thought, to call it scepticism. A sceptic is a man who comes to no conclusions. A man who acknowledges that a doubtful matter is doubtful, and who acts for the best upon that conclusion, is no sceptic. There is not necessarily any want of decision or vigor of mind in coming to and acting upon the conclusion that it is doubtful whether a thing is true or not. A jurymen may acquit because he doubts whether the prisoner is guilty or not. A man may go to church in the spirit described above because he doubts whether it may not be advisable to do so. That this sort of doubt is inconsistent with strong moral and religious principles is a matter of daily experience. A man may see or think he sees in every part of the world and of human life marks of design, of law and order, moral and physical, and of rewards and punishments, and innumerable indications and suggestions of the belief that this life is only a stage in an indefinitely prolonged scale of existence, and he may deduce from this the conclusion that virtue and vice are enjoined and forbidden under the most tremendous sanctions here and hereafter; and yet he may be so conscious of the extent of his ignorance, the vagueness and conjectural nature of his belief, and the inadequacy of all articulate or systematic expressions of it, as to feel comparatively little interest in any definite dogmas or specific ceremonies, though he is willing as a prudent and reasonable person to acquiesce in those which the world about him have agreed to make use of so long as they do not afford an expression for the great truths, or if you please for the great suppositions, which he has derived from other sources.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

(To the Editor of the London Times.)

Sir,—I beg the favor of your insertion of some remarks on the Irish land question, with a suggestion for a plan of voluntary action between landlord and tenant, which perhaps may not be without use in the consideration of the Bills which stand for an early discussion in Parliament.

Allow me first to touch one or two points on which I think exaggerated opinions are held by some men of weight and authority. All may admit that Ireland was over-peopled in 1846, immediately after the potato famine. Since that time, however, more than a third of the people have disappeared. Yet it is said, on high authority, that it will be necessary that she should lose one and a half million more before she can become fairly prosperous. Let us hope this may not be so, for at this moment Ireland, for her extent of corn-land, is not more populous than Holland or Switzerland, both countries from which there is little emigration, and both, like her, more pastoral than either arable or manufacturing.

Then, it is said, Ireland is, from the humidity of her climate, not at all fitted for the production of corn. But she does produce more than two million acres of corn annually, of a value of 12 to 15 millions sterling. That she is still in by far the largest degree of any country in Europe, dependent on the potato for her food, is much to be deplored.

The small farm system is condemned by some, and that of the Louthians and the corn counties of England commended as a substitute. Independent of other considerations I don't think the large farm system suited to the moist climate of Ireland. I am sure it will not usefully maintain so large a population, and statesmen ought not to overlook the fact of a capital of £31,000,000, invested in live stock, in Ireland, more than one-third is the property of tenants holding less than 30 acres of land.

Then, it is said, Ireland has neither minerals nor manufactures to give employment to her surplus population. In that respect she is in no worse position than the south of England and the north of Scotland. It is as easy to move labor to Lancashire and Yorkshire from the remotest part of Ireland as from Devon or Caithness. But inasmuch as nine tenths of the Irish emigration passes through Liverpool, crosses the Atlantic, and most of it then presses on 1,000 miles into the interior towards the rich valley of the Mississippi, it would seem that an agricultural population finds little attraction in the high wages of the manufacturing districts so long as there is the prospect of the more congenial agricultural employment in which the people have been bred. Now, I do not question the advantage of that emigration to the individual. What I feel is, that the nation is being weakened by the withdrawal, year after year, of so many thousands of the young, strong, and intelligent. It is no longer a question solely of landlord and tenant for this drain is a national loss.

We may assume that landlords and tenants in Ireland are governed by the same motives as regulate the actions of the same classes in other countries, and that both desire the improvement of their condition,—the owner in the permanent advance of his property, and the tenant in the secure enjoyment of his capital and industry. Since it is only from an increase of wealth that the fund can be created from which wages are paid, it is an error to imagine that emigration will make Irish landlords or farmers richer, if unaccompanied by an increased productivity of the land. On the contrary, the probability is that both will become poorer—the landlord through diminished competition for his land, the farmer by the scarcity and higher cost of labor. But increase the productive qualities of the land, and the farmer's profits increase, the landlord's rents improve, and the foundation is laid for the profitable employment of labor.

Two things are wanted for profitable farming—fixed capital in buildings, drainage, fences, and roads, and security of tenure for the floating capital of the farmer. The fixed capital should be found by the landlord, the floating capital of the tenant. One of the witnesses before the last Committee on Irish Tenant Right, a big authority on the subject, Mr. McCarthy Downing, told us that he was not aware of any single case of any landlord in Ireland building a house for a tenant, "if you mean building it from the foundation, paying for it, and putting the roof on." The fact is notorious, that in Ireland the landlords, as a class, either cannot or will not find this fixed capital, while the tenants have no security to induce them to do so, even if they could spare it, which very few could, out of the fund they possess to stock and cultivate the land. I propose to remedy this by fixing the fixed capital for the landlord, on condition that he gives the security of a lease to the tenant for the period necessary to repay the loan.

At the present price of Consols Government could borrow money at 3½ per cent, which would repay itself, principal and interest, in 33½ years. As the operation of a loan of this kind would be gradual, certainly not over a million yearly, it would cause no pressure on the Money Market.

My idea of a Tenant Right Bill would be that Government should be authorized to advance money to landowners for the execution of such specific permanent improvements on the land as should be sanctioned by competent Government officers, on the condition that, by a voluntary agreement between them, the landlord should for 34 years secure the tenant in the possession of his farm, provided he regularly paid, in addition to his rent, the annual sum of 5 per cent, in repayment of the principal and interest of the Government loan. The tenant would then be certain of his farm for a period long enough to repay him for his exertions, his own capital would be rendered doubly profitable by the buildings, drainage, and other permanent improvements, the annual cost of which to him would not be more than a very moderate rise of rent. The landlord would be relieved of the necessity of making an outlay of money, while he would have increased security for the regular payment of his rent, and in that, and the changed aspect of his estate, would be amply compensated for parting with its control for so lengthened a term. The State which found the money would not only receive it all again, but would benefit by the settlement of a difficult question, resulting in harmonious action between landlord and tenant, and gradually increasing and remunerative employment to tradesmen and laborers.

I do not see any reasonable objection to such a measure as this. It may be tested by considering how it would work in England or Scotland, for a Landlord and Tenant Bill which is sound in principle should be applicable to any portion of the United Kingdom in which the necessity for it may be felt. I ask myself, as a landowner, whether I would accept the aid of the Government on the condition of parting with the control of my land for 34 years. In Great Britain very few landlords would, but that is because they have already invested in their land the larger portion of the fixed capital which is required for its profitable occupation. In that case such an arrangement is not needed, and therefore *cadit questio*. But where it is needed, and where the landlord cannot or will not find the capital, then in any of the three kingdoms this principle would be just and reasonable, and beneficial to all concerned.

There is nothing in it which interferes with the voluntary action of landlord or tenant. Its operation would be gradual, for 20 years have been requisite in Great Britain for the voluntary expenditure of ten millions sterling on similar land improvements. It would give an immediate stimulus to employment among agricultural laborers, country tradesmen, and artisans; and Parliament might leave such a measure quietly to work its way in the confidence that a principle had been set in motion which would gradually, but surely, change the face of the country, and put an end to the existing evils in Ireland caused by the inability of limited owners to expend the requisite capital on the improvement of their property.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES CAIRD.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

As long as the Irish peasantry, farmers, and shopkeepers are to so large an extent members of the Roman Church, so long will the influence of the priesthood be a power which no statesman can afford

to overlook. We might, as well treat the influence of the English clergy upon English women as non-existent or trivial. To stand upon dignity, therefore, or refuse to go out of the way to conciliate this formidable priesthood, may at any time be found tantamount to playing into the hands of agitators.—Our first step ought to be to put ourselves in the place of these priests and bishops, and try to see things as they see them. We English people, blind to the estimate which they form of themselves, regard both the English and the Irish Roman priesthood as another variety of the ordinary Nonconformist type.—We look at them simply as Dissenters, and our estimate is confirmed by the circumstance that, with a few exceptions, they are taken from social classes inferior to those from which the Anglican clergy are recruited. We forget that on the principle of Church establishments there is no quarrel between English Churchmen and the Catholic clergy. With Protestant Dissenters, on the contrary, condemnation of all establishments is the first principle of their existence. We do not turn them out from the rich pastures of Anglicanism; they depart of their own accord, planning themselves upon their "spirituality," and playing us no such notions. They are for establishments, whenever they themselves can be established on anything like favorable terms. Moreover, though generally coming from a less elevated rank of life than the Anglican clergy, they regard themselves as possessing a greatness and a dignity far above that which the English clergy can claim.—They may be the sons of farmers, shopkeepers, or peasants, but they are members of the vast clerical aristocracy of Catholicism all over the world. They hold themselves noble by virtue of a lineage that goes up to the most distant past; and they know that in some of the noblest Courts of Europe their chiefs, the cardinals, are held to be princes of the blood royal, and do actually take precedence of the ambassadors of every country in the world. With men like these, accordingly, we have to treat on terms very different from those which we adopt in treating with a body of Nonconformist preachers.—We may laugh at their pretensions when they talk about their sensibilities and protest against being "insulted" by things that do them no real harm in pocket or person. But such laughter is a merely injurious blunder. Before English politicians attempt to understand the feelings with which the Irish priesthood regard the anomalies of the Irish Protestant Establishment they must cease to laugh at their pretensions, and to tell them that their grievances are sentimental, and therefore no grievances at all, proceeding about as rational as it would be to give a gentleman the lie, and then wonder that he cared for a few words which neither broke his bones nor emptied his purse. Assuming, then, that it is desirable to stretch the Irish priesthood to the Imperial Government by a closer tie of regard, what can practically be done? Is it of the smallest use, as affairs now stand, to urge the abolition of the Protestant Establishment? And if it is of no use, can anything else be done which will tend to lessen the "insult" which it is habitually offering to the Catholic bishops and clergy? Clearly, what is to be done ought to be done at once. If nothing is to be attempted to make the priestly cordial friends of the English Government, until the country is prepared to upset the Irish Establishment altogether, or to take the Catholic priesthood into our pay another generation must pass away and leave this wretched chronic disaffection still unhealed. It is to be remembered, too, that the Irish priesthood profess to desire nothing for themselves in the way of endowment. They continue harping upon the same string—the "insult" of an Establishment which represents the creed of a small minority of the people. Against the principle of an Establishment they never say anything; it would be too flagrantly in contradiction to all Roman theory and practice to be thought of, even in assailing a "heretical" hierarchy. This being the case, our worst difficulties are cleared away. With the abolition of those parishes and dioceses where the vast majority of the people are Catholic, the standing insult to the clergy of that majority would vanish. They may write and talk as they please about heresy and heretics, and the futility of Protestant claims to the Apostolical succession, whether to Protestant Belfast or semi-Protestant Dublin, or in Catholic Meath and Ulster.—But as a matter of fact, the Catholic prelates in Belfast and Londonderry and Dublin do not feel themselves snubbed by the presence of a Protestant hierarchy, as they feel themselves snubbed in Limerick and Tipperary. "O'est plus qu'un crime, c'est une faute," is a saying that ought never to be absent from the remembrance of a prudent statesman. In the eyes of the Catholic theologian, it may be a crime to establish heresy anywhere; but in the eyes of the man of sense it is worse than a crime, it is a blunder to establish Protestantism in dioceses like Cashel, Tuam, Meath, Limerick, and Killaloe.—Again, any proposition for the seizure of any portion of the revenues of the Establishment would stir up an amount of indignation throughout this country which no possible Ministry could overcome. The whole clerical and Tory interests would be dead against it, and two thirds of the Whig gentry and aristocracy would side with them. As for Irish Protestantism, we must suspect that even Presbyterian Orangemen would for once join hand in hand with Episcopacy against the common enemy. But would any formidable opposition be aroused by applying the disfranchising principle to dioceses and parishes where the Protestants constitute a small minority, and appropriating their revenues to those places where the Protestant Episcopal clergy are ill paid? Strange to say, there are even in Ireland Anglican clergy with much work to do, and small pay for the same. At any rate, were it once admitted by reformers that the revenues of suppressed dioceses and parishes should still be applied to the purposes of the Establishment, there would be but little sincere dislike to the scheme. It is the appropriation of Church property through the agency of a commission, has become a standing institution, and nobody complains, except that it is not carried far enough. Why, then, should we hesitate to do the same in Ireland? In Cashel, the Bishop of Down has lately shown, there are twenty-five benefices with only 303 Protestants; and he points to vast districts where the Church people are only 2 per cent. of the population. Might not these parishes, half a dozen, or a dozen, be grouped into one, and the charge of the Protestants be confided to a missionary incumbent, and might not the same be done with the dioceses where Protestantism just exists and that is all? The fault of Lord Stanley's measure was this, that he suppressed bishoprics, but left the far worse evil, the "insult" remaining, in the persons of Protestant rectors and vicars where there were no Protestants, or next to none. The measure now suggested would remedy this omission; and in hundreds of places where now the presence of an endowed pastor without a flock is a daily insult and irritation to the unendowed pastor with a flock, the priest would regain his natural position, and with a new sense of personal and official dignity would entertain unwonted sentiments of attachment to the laws of his country.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics— who can account for the vitality of sham?—held its annual meeting on Monday of Passion Week. We observe that the report as published shows there is a falling off in the general income; but the agents of the society have, nevertheless, had the handling of £22,507 during the past year. For all this money, however, there is not a single "convert" to show. We are told how much the "Mission" received, but how it spent it the record sayeth not. The report is dumb as to the actual number of poor wretches seduced during the year from their faith by the attractions of the meal and clothes which so much of the twenty-two thousand pounds went towards purchasing, and we have no doubt that the omission is due to the simple fact that there were no converts at all to exhibit.—*Weekly News*.

Mr. Caird's plan for obtaining indirectly an Irish Tenant Right has a great deal to be said for it in social and political grounds, and as it proposes only to assist voluntary arrangements, it would at least be harmless. But it imposes a heavy burden on the Legislature, and Mr. Caird has not been able within the limits of a column to touch that burden with his little finger. When the State comes to deal with individuals and private properties, it necessarily finds itself in the case of an elephant having to cooperate with smaller animals, and at a certain point in the gradation of animal existence it finds cooperation if not impossible, laborious and risky out of all proportion to the beneficial result. If law itself in its most elastic form cannot take charge of very small things, still less can the Legislature frame statutes for the purpose. The difficulty has been recognized and proved, by scores of measures more or less for Mr. Caird's object, lately framed and reluctantly abandoned. Nothing daunted, however, by a history of failures, he proposes even more than any one else has proposed for the smallest holdings and for the longest periods. The sort of operation that he advises the State to assist is an arrangement between the holder of ten or twenty acres and his landlord that the latter shall make the requisite permanent improvements such as buildings, drainage, fences, and roads, by aid of a public grant, for the repayment of which the farmer shall be charged five per cent. for thirty years. During the period the tenant is to have a lease of the land, subject, of course, to the payment of this five per cent. in addition to his present rent. The improvements are to be previously sanctioned by competent Government officers, who will also have to see that they have been properly executed, and for the whole of the thirty-four years a certain amount of work, as well as risk, would have to be thrown on a public office by every arrangement thus made. It is anticipated that there are landlords under such circumstances that they could and would part with the entire possession and free use of their land for thirty-four years—that is, for a period that only the most healthy and sanguine can hope to survive. They would henceforth have to give up all thought of comprehensive improvements, of larger farms, of new systems, or of applying the land to other purposes. Their rent, it is presumed, will be more secure, and perhaps more punctually paid; the landlord will see further improvements growing up spontaneously under the protection of the lease, and will have a contented and prosperous tenantry. Should the plan answer, by being generally adopted, England will see this fearful drain of sinew and they not to say heart and soul, to our American rivals greatly abated—perhaps even stancher. Ireland, too, will remain what it is. It will continue to produce for our pressing and still increasing wants the corn, the cattle, and, above all, the men that have contributed so much to our prosperity and glory.—*Times*.

The intrigue entered into to deprive the Catholics of Ireland of the privilege conceded to them, with the consent of the Government, of obtaining University degrees without the sacrifice of the principles and without danger to their faith is at an end. It will be remembered that a supplemental charter was adopted by the Queen's University, in Ireland, by which students of the Catholic University, of any other educational establishment, were enabled to obtain degrees upon passing the necessary examination. In giving this privilege to the youths of Ireland the Government and the Senate of the University were only affording to Irish Catholics the opportunities which the Catholics of England have long possessed under the regulations of the London University. But the new charter was not allowed to come into force in Ireland. On a petition to the Master of the Irish Rolls by an undergraduate the charter was suspended, but on Tuesday judgment was given against the petitioner with costs. The judge, however, intimated that if the corporate body of the University prayed for the Exclusion of Catholics who did not belong to the Queen's Colleges, the application might receive a different treatment. Such an application must be made by the Attorney General for Ireland, of course with the consent of the Government. Will Lord Derby sanction this step?—*Liverpool Northern Press*.

DEBILIS, April 27, 1867. — The evidence adduced by the crown, and the cross examination of witnesses by the prisoners' counsel, have been deeply interesting. The Attorney General made his statement to the jury on Friday. It was a fair and unimpassioned narrative, such as no reasonable person, however much he might sympathize with the unfortunate men in the dock, could complain of. Patrick Keogh, a tailor was the first witness, but his evidence was of little importance. As soon as he got off the table the crown brought up Gen. Godfrey Massey, the appointed head of the insurrection for the South of Ireland. He was scarcely on the table when a question arose as to his real name. During some portions of his career he had been giving it as O'Condon, and during other portions as Massey. The fact came out that his father's name was Massey, but that his mother was not entitled to call herself by that name. In his childhood he was known by his mother's name, O'Condon; subsequently he was called Godfrey Massey, and in latter times he oscillated between both. The Massey family, are well-known people of the class of landed gentry in Tipperary. This precious youth entered the land transport service of the British army during the Crimean war. In 1855 he went to America. At the breaking out of the civil war he joined the 2nd Texas Regiment of the Confederate Army, and served under Kirby Smith. A short time after the close of the war he joined the Fenian Brotherhood, and he swears that he served faithfully up to the time of his arrest on the night before the rising. Finding that he himself had been betrayed by one of his subordinates, and yielding to the persuasions of his wife, he proposed to give information to the Government, and his offer was gladly accepted. So it came pass that the Col. O'Condon of the Confederate army, the Gen. Massey of the Fenian Brotherhood, appeared yesterday in the Court House in the unenviable position of an informer, swearing away the lives of comrades who had trusted him, and brave men who would have gone at his bidding to the cannon's mouth. He stated that some nights before that which he had appointed for the rising he had been furnished with accurate returns of the available insurrectionary force in Dublin, and County. These returns attached him, and those connected with him, of criminal rashness in having ordered a rising at all. For the Fenian force was completely destitute of arms, and it was folly to suppose they could do any fighting against the Queen's troops in Dublin the men numbered from 14,000 to 18,000, and the arms of all sorts. Probably the rifles did not number 500. In Cork the proportions were still more preposterous—being 1,500 weapons to 20,000 men! And of these the vast majority were pikes. Surely, there is no need to ask why the Fenian rising failed, or why the insurrectionary parties were unable to stand their ground. Massey appears to have been acting *bona fide* up to

the time of his arrest, when he lost heart and succumbed. But another of the party proved a traitor of a deeper dye. He gives his name as John Joseph Corrydon, and says he was a lieutenant in the Federal army. He has been giving information since last September, continuing all the time a trusted officer of the Brotherhood, and receiving the pay of the Brotherhood and the Government. It is his information that has been breaking up the Fenian movement for the past six months. It was he who frustrated the movement on Chester. It was he who had made known the mode adopted by McAfferty for reaching Dublin, and thereby incurred his arrest; and it was he who got Massey captured. This villain gave his evidence with great coolness, but without bravado, on the witness table. He corrected his words at one time, where they were slightly ungrammatical.

It is not certain whether Massey will be able to appear when next wanted. He was attacked with a sudden stroke of illness last night, after he had concluded his evidence, and his life was considered in danger. He is still in a precarious condition, but he is being well cared for.

DUBLIN, May 14.—The death sentence of the Fenian prisoner Col. Burke, has been commuted to imprisonment for life at hard labour.

A letter has been published which purports to have been written in Paris by Kirwan, the Fenian Centre, who escaped about ten days ago from the Meath Hospital, where he was under surgical treatment. He says:—

"I shall stop with M— until I feel able to start for the United States. My health is much better than you can imagine, but I think the excitement attendant on the journey had much to do in keeping up my spirits. I hope no reaction may follow. M's family surgeon examined the wound this morning, and says that I will be able to travel in 15 days. With one heavy curse on Ireland's hated oppressors, I remain, &c., JOHN KIRWAN."

Mr. Hodsman, the aeronaut, whose aerial voyage has proved one of the most daring and successful on record, gives the following highly interesting account of his journey:—

"I beg to give you the particulars of my perilous aerial voyage from Dublin to Westmoreland. The balloon ascended at 4 40 p.m. on Tuesday and took a northerly direction to Clontarf, where it was my intention to descend, but, from the velocity at which it was travelling, I saw it would be foolish to make the attempt. In half a minute I was over the muddy strand between Clontarf and Howth, where I made another attempt to land, and before the balloon had descended 100 feet it was driven between Howth and Ireland's Eye. It now became evident to me that landing in Ireland was out of the question, and that all arrangements must be made to be driven either to Wales or Lancashire. The first thing that struck me was to drop the grapnel to the full extent, 120 feet. This acted as a guide to the distance the balloon might be kept above the surface if the water, it being dark, and by placing one hand on the rope the effect of the grapnel striking the water was distinctly felt. With an open bag of ballast on my knee, every time the grapnel struck the water a couple of handfuls of sand were thrown out, and to the adoption of this plan alone I owe my own preservation and success. The ballast taken out was about 25 stone. For three hours this plan was carried out, and then there came on the most blinding and merciless rain I ever saw or felt. I could not see 15 feet before me, and the noise of the rain on the balloon and the water was such as to entirely unnerve me. My hands became benumbed, and I was drenched to the skin. I now began to feel the danger of my position more acutely; however, I determined I would not give up until all the ballast and movable were gone. The rain was making the balloon heavier every moment, and the ballast was thrown out more freely until about 10 o'clock, when fatigue overcame me, and I fell into a stupor for a few moments. By this time the balloon had descended within 6 feet of the water, and instantly I threw out 25 lb. of ballast. The effect of this was that the balloon rose to an altitude of a mile, and got entirely clear of the rain clouds; and then the moon shone out brilliantly. In this position it remained about a quarter of an hour. The effect of the moon shining on the clouds beneath was such as would have been welcome to the eye of an artist. The shadow of the balloon was distinctly to be seen travelling over the rough and uneven clouds, giving the idea of a balloon race. Everything now became calm, no longer the hum of the ocean or the rain. All was still; but whether the sea still raged beneath was to me unknown. As the balloon descended it was evident a change had come over the scene. The rain had ceased, and the appearance of everything was of the darkest hue. Whether it was an understatement of dark clouds I could not tell, but suddenly a glimmer of light was seen for a moment. Then with anxious eyes cast downwards to perceive any object, at last small squares, with darker margins, were clearly visible. These proved to be fields and hedges, and they appeared to vanish as quickly as objects pass when viewed from a mail train. A town, which afterwards I learned to be Appleby, was at last seen, and the sound of musical instruments was heard. I then called out in an attempt to ascertain where I was, but the reply was unintelligible. The people below, however, had seen the balloon. About two miles further the grapnel caught in a large oak tree and held fast. This proved to be Dagla-wood, Dufion, near Appleby, Westmoreland. I then called out lustily and I heard sounds of persons singing and playing music. These proved to be four young men whom I had heard at Appleby, where they had been to a ball. They were natives of Dufion and as they advanced nearer their native village my voice was heard. One of them, more bold than the rest, was sent forward to see if it was really a 'bog'le, as they had heard of such a thing before; however, their fears were soon dispelled when their questions were answered satisfactorily. They at once set to work to pull the balloon out of the wood, and convey it to a field where it could be folded up. It was then 3 o'clock a.m. Those young musicians played on to the village, and many heads were thrust out of the windows to enquire the reason of such an unusual proceeding. When it became known that a balloon had come from Dublin hundreds came out as early as 5 o'clock to see this curious machine, and many were the enquires to know how a man could come from Dublin in 'sic a thing as that.' I shall never forget their kindness. Many were the breakfasts prepared for me, and I was positively pressed to eat two. All wished me long life and prosperity at parting, and hoped that if ever I came that way again I would give them a call."

parties arrested. Sub-Inspector O'hannar was formerly stationed at Adare, in this county, where his services were highly appreciated. From thence he was transferred to Cork, where death deprived him of his wife and two children, after which at his own request, he came to Limerick, where he commanded the force for the last three years to the entire satisfaction of all classes, being pleasing and agreeable, courteous and civil to all with whom he was brought in connection. The deceased gentleman was about 49 years of age, and has left two sons and a daughter to deplore his loss. His remains will be interred on Tuesday morning at eight o'clock.

THE MASS OF THE MARTYRS.—About two miles, in an easterly direction, from the town of Dundalk, in the county of Louth, stood the Castle of Dunmahon. It was, at the time Oromwell's appearance in Ireland in the possession of a gentleman named Fitzwalter, a sincere Catholic and true Irishman. He loved his country. He had joined the Catholic confederacy in the old Cathedral at St. Canice, in the 'faire cuts,' and he had long fought in its ranks.

The gallant Herbert MacMahon, the Bishop of Clogher, had led on the last remnant of the once powerful confederates, at Skirifolas, but after doing all that brave men could do, they were forced from the field with a loss of two thirds of their number, by an overwhelming force, under the command of the cruel Sir Charles Coote.

The gallant Fitzwalter was one of the survivors of the sanguinary field. He immediately returned to his Castle of Dunmahon, where he resolved to remain for the present.

Meantime, a Parliamentary garrison was placed in Dundalk, and deep and many were the schemes laid by the Puritans for the surprise of the Castle of Dunmahon. They feared openly to attack the garrison, for they knew that the people would support Fitzwalter to the last. At last a plan was proposed which seemed to be the most feasible of any yet offered.

Fitzwalter had a daughter, and an only child, the love and admiration of her parents, and of the country around. Upon the youth and inexperience of this young girl they resolved to found their diabolical plan. The second in command of the garrison was a young man of very prepossessing appearance, but with a heart as bad as his countenance was fair. He was to personate an English Earl, and to hover about the vicinity of the castle, to try if possible to win the heart of the unsuspecting girl; and when once master of her affections, he could easily obtain entrance into the castle.

All turned out according to his desires. By means of an old woman who procured several interviews with her, he became a constant visitor at the castle, and he acted the consummate hypocrite so well, that no one for a moment thought of suspecting his intentions.

over the depopulation of his country, because it chimed in with his sectarian prejudices, to Nero viewing with delight the spectacle of the conflagration of Rome, while, it is said, was instigated by himself. But we forbear the comparison as unjust towards the right rev. prelate; for in the one case it was an anti-Christian tyrant, and in the other an enlightened Christian Bishop.—*Cor. Weekly Register.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that the Rev. Samuel Ware, of St. Bee's College, Cumberland, late curate of Bedford Leigg, Lancashire, has been received into the Catholic Church by Father Johnstone, S.J., priest in charge of the mission at Exeter. Mr. Ware was a member of the English Church Union, and only a few months since left the third order of Mr. Lyne's so-called English Benedictines.

THE MAY MEETINGS.—The denunciations of Popeny, of the Archbishop of Westminster, and of all that concerns the Woman in Scarlet, are expected to be unusually hot and strong this year and it is expected that the several funds of these societies will benefit accordingly. The Ritualists expect also to come in for a very fair share of affectionate and Christian like notice from some of their fellow Protestants.—*Weekly Register.*

EVANGELICAL LECTURERS.—A correspondent of the Weekly Register, himself a Protestant, thus describes one of these gentry, who has been causing some excitement in England. He is evidently one of the Gavazzi-Chiniquy school; and it is, as the Protestant writer well points out, just because of the obscurity of his lectures, that they are so crowded by the lambs of the evangelical fold. Dear creatures! They do love a smutty allusion, and all impure stories delight their precious hearts.

Sta.—Mr. William Murphy, Lecturer to the Protestant Electoral Union, whose name is familiar to the public in connection with the late serious riots at Wolverhampton and other towns in the Black Country, is at present in Shrewsbury, discoursing nightly to scant audiences. Lieutenant-Colonel Brockman, who accompanied Mr. Murphy during his campaign in Staffordshire, and who was advertised to appear nightly in Shrewsbury, retired after the first evening's lecture, and Mr. Murphy has since addressed his audiences without the personal introduction of a chairman. Among the subject chosen for disquisition during last week were 'Purgatory: the Scapular, or Decent of the Blessed Virgin from Heaven to Release Souls from Purgatory'; 'Transubstantiation, or Sacrifice of the Mass'; 'The Seven Sacraments'; and 'The Confessional.' Mr. Murphy's manner of treating these points of controversy is one well calculated to excite angry feelings among the less educated portion of the Roman Catholics, his style being vulgar in the extreme, and studiously insulting towards everything and every person whom Catholics are taught to revere. Without the slightest pretence to natural eloquence, argumentative powers, or what one might naturally expect to find in an Irishman, humor, Mr. Murphy's addresses are simply tirades of personal abuse and outpourings of clap-trap, levelled chiefly at what Mr. Murphy calls the 'Papists,' parenthetically at the Puseyites, and not rarely, with less bitterness, at her Majesty's Government and the Houses of Parliament, for their continued support of the Maynooth Grant. Tall in person, and of a broad build, the lecturer is a powerful gesticulator; but his action being confined, firstly, to throwing his extended right arm as far behind his head as possible, and then bringing it forward and swinging it behind his body; and, secondly, to repeating the manoeuvre with his left arm, the effect upon the audience grows somewhat monotonous as the lecture progresses. Another feature in the addresses which tires by constant repetition is the appeal of the lecturer for some one to get up and contradict him. Like his countrymen at Donnybrook Fair, Mr. Murphy persistently trails his coat along the ground, beseeching somebody to come and tread upon it. For the sake of convenience he has symbolized the Roman priesthood under the name of 'Father Pat,' and after either expressly accusing this unfortunate man of the most abominable crimes, or insinuating his participation in them, Mr. Murphy is wont to shake a great fist indiscriminately at his hearers, and exclaim, 'Is there any Papist in this room? If there is, let him come and stand on this platform before me and deny that!' Mr. Murphy is, as I have said, a big man; and either from a wholesome faith in his power 'to prove his doctrine orthodox,' after the manner ascribed by his biographer to Hudibras, or from the circumstance of there being no Catholics in the room, his pressing and reiterated invitations have fortunately not as yet been accepted in Shrewsbury.

Of the matter of the lectures the features most striking, next to their cruel and gratuitous insults to believers in the tenets of the Church of Rome, is their blasphemy and their obscenity. From the very nature of these offences against morality and good taste, it is difficult for me to adduce presentable instances of their practices; but I will give you an extract which I took down from the lips of the lecturer and from which you may form some faint notion of his style of dealing with the sacred names necessarily introduced in his addresses. The subject under consideration was Transubstantiation, and the speaker, wishing to denounce the doctrine, proceeded as follows. Taking a wafer between his fingers he held it out before the audience and said, 'Christ, dear friends, was crucified—that (pointing to the wafer with his other hand) never was (Applause.) Christ rode into Jerusalem upon an ass—that never did.' (Laughter and applause.) Christ said unto Lazarus, 'come forth from the grave'—that never did; and so on ad nauseam, the lecturer reaching higher flights of blasphemy as his audience cheered and laughed. I may note here a novel and grotesque argument against the doctrine of Transubstantiation which Mr. Murphy made use of on this occasion. 'For any Papist to presume to say that he eats the actual body of Christ is (said Mr. Murphy) Lutherism; nay, dear friends, it is more—it is Cannibalism.'

The fifth character of the statements openly made in the lecture entitled 'The Confessional,' is shocking in the extreme. It must not be supposed that Mr. Murphy is supported altogether in his tour by his fervour on behalf of the truths of Protestantism. Admittance to his ordinary lecture is gained only by payment of twopenny; those who desire to have seats near the lecturer obtaining the privilege on discharging an extra twopenny. But on the evenings when the lecture upon the Confessional is underlined, a uniform charge of sixpence is made; and this speculation upon the superior market value of obscenity, as an attraction to the public, is fully justified by the event. While outpourings upon Purgatory and Transubstantiation, even at the low charge of twopenny, are comparatively neglected, crowds of young men flock to hear the 'Confessional Unmasked,' and greet with cheers and loud laughter, the 'disclosures' which are publicly made and dilated upon. If I, who though educated from childhood with a distaste for the vital doctrines of the Romish Church, felt ashamed of the name of Protestant while listening to this champion of my faith but ventured to accept one of his many challenges and 'came on the platform,' and there hinted at the possible immorality of the proceedings, the lecturer would, I know, have replied that he was only reading and commenting upon writings produced, as he alleges, under the authority of the hierarchy of the Church of Rome and adopted by the British Government, for 'to quote Mr. Murphy's precise words' 'distribution among our soldiers and sailors.' But being out of the reach of Mr. Murphy's formidable arms, I venture to rejoin that no one is desired to wash either their own or other people's dirty linen in public; and if a man has dirty things to say, and hires

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT IN IRELAND AND ITS CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.—The advocates of the Irish Church Establishment tell us that even if no other gain were derived, the presence of a real gentleman as an 'exemplar' or model is a decided advantage for every village or hamlet that is blessed by the presence of a Protestant minister. The poor benighted peasantry will also have amongst them a truly Christian lady in the person of his worthy spouse. Her kindness and charity, exercised alike as Catholic and Protestant, will do much to alleviate their distress, and to bridge over the distance that exists between the two religions. This is a beautiful picture, worthy of the first ages of the Church, and even approaches the sublime. But, unfortunately, the higher we soar into the regions of poetry the further we depart from the domain of facts.

Side by side with this glowing ideal picture let us place the following practical one. At a recent meeting of the West Connaught Endowment Society in Dublin, the Bishop of Tuam stated as showing that the Protestant interest is advancing in Ireland, that in the county of Cork, in the decade ending with 1851, the total decrease of the population was 220,000, out of which only 3,000 were Protestants. He would mention another instance in which the Established Church population had increased by 3,104, while the Roman Catholic population had decreased by 26,685. In the parish in which he had ministered for twenty-four years, when he was appointed, the total population was about 6,000, the Protestants being 1,100. The population has now sunk to 3,300; but the Protestant remained as they were. The relative proportion therefore of Protestants to Roman Catholics was decidedly on the increase.

We allow that the right rev. prelate has proved his point. But, at the same time, he has unconsciously proved a great deal more. Unfortunately for his reverence, a mere child may turn 'the tables' of his statistics dead 'against him.' An impartial perusal will show that he has not adduced a single case of conversion from Catholicity to Protestantism. He even allows that after twenty-four years of his ministrations in a certain parish the number of Protestants remained the same. The negative part of the proof is in his favour; but the positive part tells terribly against him. We have often endeavoured to place the fact before the eyes of English Protestants, but have failed to convince them. They now learn, from statistics given by one of their own bishops, that the poverty, misery, and oppressive laws existing in Ireland weigh more heavily upon the Catholic than the Protestant; that these causes combined are forcing hundreds of thousands of Ireland's bravest sons, at a moment when we most need them, to quit their native land for ever, to seek in a foreign country that equality which is denied them in the land of their birth, and there to swell the ranks of England's most embittered enemies. We would that disturbances were not existing in Ireland at the time we are penning these lines. But it is not our fault of his lordship of Tuam throws these facts in our path which tell so fatally against himself, the hierarchy of which he is a member and the whole Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. We knew before that the Irish Church Establishment was an incubus on the land. We knew that Protestant ascendancy meant the supremacy of the Protestant over the Catholic. But we did not expect that in the broad light of day the party would dare to avow, and that a member of a Christian hierarchy, living on the fat of the land, would be the one to declare, the audacious motto, 'Flat Protestans, si prelati Hibernia.'—Let Ireland become Protestans, even though it be ruined.' We are tempted to compare the Irish prelate exulting

over the depopulation of his country, because it chimed in with his sectarian prejudices, to Nero viewing with delight the spectacle of the conflagration of Rome, while, it is said, was instigated by himself. But we forbear the comparison as unjust towards the right rev. prelate; for in the one case it was an anti-Christian tyrant, and in the other an enlightened Christian Bishop.—*Cor. Weekly Register.*

have his own word for it—has been obliged, however reluctantly, to raise his voice to Heaven in order to petition for the discomfiture of those enemies of religion who exulted in making it a familiar thing on week-days, instead of heeding it round with the solemnity which belongs to such observance, and who squandered on the externals of a very minor thing as public worship, sums which would add materially to the comforts of a missionary's cellar, or to the stores of his spouse's wardrobe. The painful task is most tenderly executed. No meek Dominican could sigh more profoundly when handing over a hardened reprobate to the secular arm, with special injunctions to be gentle with the sinner: no philanthropic member of the Committee of Public Safety could more tearfully regret that delay in abolishing capital punishment still permitted the guillotine to reap its harvest of heads. Nothing but an overpowering sense of necessity nerves the amiable speaker to the discharge of his unpleasant duty, nothing but the most unselfish love for even those whom he is obliged to denounce stay, there is something more. One who, according to his own confession—and why should we doubt that?—is not merely a special Privy Councillor of the Deity, but who himself shares so far in the divine attribute of omniscience as to be able to point out unerringly the saint and the hypocrite, (which, by-the-by, the Apostles were unable to do when they heard there was a traitor amongst them), would be hiding his light under a bushel if he did not come forward and cast that light, like a policeman's bull-eye, full on the faces of those criminals who have dared to make their way amongst the respectable frequenters of Exeter Hall.

We observe from placards that next Wednesday some of the members of the 'National Reform League' are going to celebrate the 107th birthday of the 'incorruptible Robespierre' by a meeting at some place in Soho. He is also termed the 'immortal Maximilian Robespierre.' What will the Reformers bring us to?—*London Record.*

public hall, and charges sixpence per head to all who wish to go and hear them said, his motives, however pure they may be, are liable to misconception at the hands of uncharitable people.

Emigration is a far more cheerful subject than in the days of our fathers, when every emigrant was supposed to be the victim of poverty or of political injustice, driven from his loved home to 'back woods,' or other realms of perpetual labor and gloom. We now seem to be settling into something like a natural rule in this matter, sending out, year by year, rather less than our natural increase. The difference between the births and deaths in the United Kingdom in the last quarter was 67,823. The registered emigration in the same time was 32,909, about the same number as in the same quarter of 1864, but fewer than in 1863 or 1865. Of these 14,066 were Irish, 11,351 English, and 2,676 Scotch. These figures will suggest, by the way, that writers upon the grievances of Ireland cannot claim a monopoly of expatriation, the calamity, such as it is, being shared in nearly an equal amount by more fortunate, and certainly less complaining England. In round numbers, 26,000 out of the 33,000, including 13,000 Irish, went to the United States, which is probably receiving an annual contribution of 100,000 souls from the United Kingdom. It is a great consolation that there is no longer that fearful uncertainty which once made the emigrant a mere scapegoat for the sins of the nation. He goes to houses built for him, to wells and canals dug for him, to railways conducting him to thriving cities, whose only want is hands for the work to be done. If he carries with him passions which only break out afresh in new forms on occasions may offer, that is because he changes his climate, but not the nature of the man, or even the characteristics of his race. He has a new start in life, and it is his own fault if he chooses to repeat the errors of the old one.—*Times.*

The London Churchman takes the following view:—All Churchmen must rejoice in the delay at least of so disastrous a thing as an appeal to Parliament on the Ritual question. The going to law before unbelievers was condemned by the highest authority, but it may yet be the only alternative. The enquiry by a Royal Commission, for which, it is said, as a substitute for the threatened Act of Parliament, the Bishop of Oxford is once more chiefly to be thanked, will be a completely harmless proceeding, and may, indeed, do a great deal of good. Fair inquiry by responsible men, able to take a large and equitable opposition to a mere legal view of a matter which is far beyond mere statute law, is evidently the right thing, and it gives time for cool discussion, and the weight which cool discussion always carries with it amongst educated men.

Mr. SPURGEON IN THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.—For five successive Sundays the great building has been literally packed full of listeners, and it is no small tribute to Mr. Spurgeon's master faculty, voice, to say that every one of the number heard him distinctly. His hearers were drawn, not perhaps from the Godless and the poor, but rather from the comfortable middle class who had deserted for the nonce their own chapels for the only form of excitement which their strict Dissenting system allows may be safely indulged in. Young men and young women who belong to shops and Christian associations were in great force, and large numbers were of the class who wear 'Sunday clothes,' and turn out one day in seven in glossy black, somewhat creased by folding, and bonnets of pre-Raphaelite brilliancy. Why they come in such numbers is a question not easy to be answered. Mr. Spurgeon is still clear, vigorous, and at times slightly amusing; but is rarely eloquent and as rarely indulges in the familiar clasp of things divine, which once drew so many hearers longing to be scandalized. A quaint colloquialism, a slang expression now and then, makes his audience smile. He is often exuberant in well-worn imagery and trite stories. He gives you to see that he has a vigorous active mind just enough above his commonplace hearers to command them, but sufficiently sympathetic to inspire what they can readily understand. It is Spurgeon and Spurgeon only who has figured at these preachings. There was, as he boasted no ritual to attract his audience from himself, and perhaps he here supplied, without intending it, an argument to the ritualists. For there was perhaps too much self. Spurgeon prayed, Spurgeon interpolated little dissertations between each verse of the lessons, and Spurgeon preached for an hour. But Spurgeon in one sense was right. His audience came to see and hear him, and he gratified their wishes.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Obtaining husbands under false pretences.—The Pall Mall Gazette animadverts on a statement made by a contemporary, that small, neat gutta percha ears are now generally worn by ladies whose ears are coarse and excessive, the natural ears being easily concealed under the heavy masses of false hair now so fashionable. The masses of false hair which conceal the natural ears of ladies who wear shams ones would have to be very much heavier than they are, if those ladies' natural ears were as long as they should be to indicate moral and intellectual qualities. Really, in contracting matrimony now—a-days a man must take care that he does not buy a pig in a poke. The aptitude of this phrase will command it home. Wives are not to be had without money, and not to be maintained without wealth. The use of cosmetics is uncleanly. So is the practice of wearing false hair. Where do the chignons come from, but from the gaol, the lunatic asylum, the workhouse, and—the deathhouse? When a man marries, he should narrowly inspect the features of his intended bride to see that the most prominent of them are not artificial. But an ear, or a nose—a gutta percha Grecian, which may have been superinduced on a natural nub—may be so cleverly constructed with relation to mere eyesight as to equal the wigs that, though designed to disguise rogues, are said, in snobbish phraseology, to 'delect detection.' Therefore, it would be necessary to catch the lady napping, and see whether or no her slumbers were disturbed by thrusting a pin or needle in to the suspected lineament or dubious region. It is becoming expedient to apply the test for wives that used to be applied to witches. Surely the law of divorce ought to be amended with a clause permitting dissolution of marriage in cases wherein the wife has obtained a husband by false pretences, such as false ears, or any other counterfeits of at least any vascular portion of the bodily form, to the possibility of which there may be no end. For otherwise there will be no knowing, till it is too late, how much of a wife is really flesh and how much mere plastic material. At the very least it may now be a question whether the finger on which a bridegroom is placing a ring may not be made of gutta percha.—*Punch.*

UNION IN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—From the last number of the Church Times we extract the following article upon Dean Close, and the prayers of that 'good' man. It should not be lost sight of that these remarks are by a Church of England newspaper upon a Church of England dignitary, a dean who may, and probably will some day, be a bishop in the Establishment. How pleasant is union amongst the clergy of a Church. Let us, for a moment, imagine that the Tablet or ourselves were to write a similar article respecting the Vicar-General, or the Provost, or any of the clergy in this diocese, what would the public say or think?

The readers of that singular fable of the 'Middle Ages,' Reynard the Fox, must have often been entertained with the episode in the adventures of his hero when he turns hermit, and is compelled, by his conscientious love of justice and holiness, to lift up his testimony in prayer and excommunication against the bloodthirstiness of the hare and rabbit. Any trumpety evidence of the granitic habits of the accused goes for nothing when weighed in the balance against the ferid orisons and gushing tears of the interesting recluse, and we cannot wonder that he finally dines on the culprits amidst applause for his justice. A good man—a very good man, indeed, he

UNITED STATES.

ADVANCE OF CATHOLICITY.—We copy the following statistical notes from the Presbyterian Banner thinking that they will prove interesting to our readers:—A reference to the Census of the United States and to official Roman Catholic statistics, furnishes the following results: In 1830 our population was 12,866,020, of which 450,000, or one twenty-ninth of the whole, were Roman Catholics. In 1840, population 17,069,453; Roman Catholics, 960,000, or one eighteenth of the whole. In 1850, population 23,191,876; Roman Catholics, 2,150,000, or one eleventh of the whole. In 1860, population 31,738,721; Roman Catholics, 4,400,000, or one seventh of the whole. The astounding fact is here revealed, that the Roman Catholic population a little more than doubles itself every ten years. At the same rate of increase, that element at our next census, in 1870, will be about one-fifth of the whole;—and before the end of the century, more than one-third of the whole. Surely this is not a circumstance to be regarded with indifference.

Not four score years have passed since there was not a solitary Roman Catholic Bishop in the United States, the first See, that of Baltimore, having been erected in 1793. Now 7 Archbishops, 39 Bishops, or Right Reverends, 81 Very Reverends, 3,833 priests, 73 theological seminaries, more than 1,400 schools and colleges, with 30,000 pupils, and nearly 5,000 church edifices, valued at \$27,000,000, attest not only the growth of Romanism, but also its facilities for still greater development.

RETURNING TO BARBARISM.—Hon. T. O. Peters, formerly of Wyoming county, but now a resident of Maryland, is a corresponding editor of that widely circulated journal, the Rural New Yorker. He has recently made an extended tour through the South, the distance travelled amounting to some two thousand miles, and the last number of the Rural contained a letter from him giving the impressions gained upon his tour. From that letter we make the following extracts:—

The sudden abolition of slavery has been most unfortunate in many of its results upon the blacks. They are the prey to all kinds of sharpers, and are wandering about the country by countless thousands. A large demand has sprung up, especially in the Carolinas, for laborers to go to Texas and Arkansas. Much larger wages can be paid there, and it is not uncommon, to see agents picking up all the best hands to start plantations there. One agent filed his complement by promising that in Texas every negro might go to work on a Mustang pony, his wife behind him, and a gun for himself before.

Infanticide has been equal to anything we have ever read of in China or India. Through my whole journey I saw but two infants, or indeed, hardly any children from two years and under. And, if possible, that is not the worst feature, for very few live children are born now. The black women have long possessed the knowledge of a harmless common vegetable, which, in a decoction, will produce abortion. White slaves, they are watched, and its use prevented; but being freed from these restraints they are fast leaping into barbarism, and as a general thing shirk the responsibility of maternity. It is a horrid state of things, and will rapidly reduce the number of blacks in the South, and will continue till they become a fixed people. It seems to me that rapid extermination will go on till their numbers equal the demand which the superior race will have for their services, and that will not exceed one quarter what the number now is.

To show how rapidly the natural barbarism of his nature develops itself in the negro, when left to his instincts, a single fact among a great number that came to my knowledge, will suffice. A man and his wife called upon a planter in South Carolina, this past winter, to hire out. He employed the man, but as the woman had three little children, he did not feel able to employ her, as he could furnish no room for her to live in. About a month after he was surprised at her calling again for work, but on his telling her that he could not employ women who had children, she very coolly informed him that her children had all 'took sick and gone clean dead.' Tens of thousands of children have perished the past year because their mothers found them an incubus.

We make no comment on this, but merely state the fact that the writer of the foregoing, and the editor of the paper for which it is written, are both Republicans.—*Mayville (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

Alluding to the late Fenian riots in Ireland the Franklin Gazette, Malone, N. Y., says:—The conduct of the British Government towards her discontented and rebellious subjects is marked by moderation and mercy, in comparison with the policy of Republican America during its four years of civil strife. A lesson of justice and forbearance from 'perfidious Albion,' to the best Government the sun ever shone upon! What humiliation!

DIVORCES IN CONNECTICUT.—A petition to the Legislature, from New Haven, on divorce, sets forth that marriage and the family relation, and consequently all society, are being demoralized by the facility with which divorces are granted in Connecticut; that the law leads to incestuous marriages by holding out that divorce is easy; that the separations for felonious causes, and the scenes of collusion and fraud witnessed at every session of the Superior Court, are such as to give the greatest pain and alarm to Christian men; that Jesus Christ commanded, that no man except adultery should justify divorce, and that this divine law excludes the jurisdiction of all Legislatures, and that no condition of society in any future age of the world 'will permit the recognition of any other proper cause. The memorial is printed, and originated in a club of venerable and learned gentlemen in New Haven, the sixteen signers being all between 70 and 100 years of age, and mostly retired clergymen.—*Hartford Courant, May 10.*

have his own word for it—has been obliged, however reluctantly, to raise his voice to Heaven in order to petition for the discomfiture of those enemies of religion who exulted in making it a familiar thing on week-days, instead of heeding it round with the solemnity which belongs to such observance, and who squandered on the externals of a very minor thing as public worship, sums which would add materially to the comforts of a missionary's cellar, or to the stores of his spouse's wardrobe. The painful task is most tenderly executed. No meek Dominican could sigh more profoundly when handing over a hardened reprobate to the secular arm, with special injunctions to be gentle with the sinner: no philanthropic member of the Committee of Public Safety could more tearfully regret that delay in abolishing capital punishment still permitted the guillotine to reap its harvest of heads. Nothing but an overpowering sense of necessity nerves the amiable speaker to the discharge of his unpleasant duty, nothing but the most unselfish love for even those whom he is obliged to denounce stay, there is something more. One who, according to his own confession—and why should we doubt that?—is not merely a special Privy Councillor of the Deity, but who himself shares so far in the divine attribute of omniscience as to be able to point out unerringly the saint and the hypocrite, (which, by-the-by, the Apostles were unable to do when they heard there was a traitor amongst them), would be hiding his light under a bushel if he did not come forward and cast that light, like a policeman's bull-eye, full on the faces of those criminals who have dared to make their way amongst the respectable frequenters of Exeter Hall.

We observe from placards that next Wednesday some of the members of the 'National Reform League' are going to celebrate the 107th birthday of the 'incorruptible Robespierre' by a meeting at some place in Soho. He is also termed the 'immortal Maximilian Robespierre.' What will the Reformers bring us to?—*London Record.*

UNITED STATES.

ADVANCE OF CATHOLICITY.—We copy the following statistical notes from the Presbyterian Banner thinking that they will prove interesting to our readers:—A reference to the Census of the United States and to official Roman Catholic statistics, furnishes the following results: In 1830 our population was 12,866,020, of which 450,000, or one twenty-ninth of the whole, were Roman Catholics. In 1840, population 17,069,453; Roman Catholics, 960,000, or one eighteenth of the whole. In 1850, population 23,191,876; Roman Catholics, 2,150,000, or one eleventh of the whole. In 1860, population 31,738,721; Roman Catholics, 4,400,000, or one seventh of the whole. The astounding fact is here revealed, that the Roman Catholic population a little more than doubles itself every ten years. At the same rate of increase, that element at our next census, in 1870, will be about one-fifth of the whole;—and before the end of the century, more than one-third of the whole. Surely this is not a circumstance to be regarded with indifference.

Not four score years have passed since there was not a solitary Roman Catholic Bishop in the United States, the first See, that of Baltimore, having been erected in 1793. Now 7 Archbishops, 39 Bishops, or Right Reverends, 81 Very Reverends, 3,833 priests, 73 theological seminaries, more than 1,400 schools and colleges, with 30,000 pupils, and nearly 5,000 church edifices, valued at \$27,000,000, attest not only the growth of Romanism, but also its facilities for still greater development.

RETURNING TO BARBARISM.—Hon. T. O. Peters, formerly of Wyoming county, but now a resident of Maryland, is a corresponding editor of that widely circulated journal, the Rural New Yorker. He has recently made an extended tour through the South, the distance travelled amounting to some two thousand miles, and the last number of the Rural contained a letter from him giving the impressions gained upon his tour. From that letter we make the following extracts:—

The True Witness.

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
21 No. 696, Craig Street, by
J. GILLIES.
G. E. CLERK, Editor.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:
To all country subscribers Two Dollars. If the
subscription is not renewed at the expiration of
the year then, a case the paper be continued, the
terms shall be Two Dollars and a-half.
To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by
carriers, Two Dollars and a-half in advance; and
if not renewed at the end of the year, then, if we
continue sending the paper, the subscription shall
be Three Dollars.
The True Witness can be had at the News Depots
Single copy 3c.
We beg to remind our Correspondent that no
letters will be taken out of the Post-Office, unless
pre-paid.
The figures after each Subscriber's Address
every week shows the date to which he has paid
up. Thus "JOHN JONES, August '63," shows that
he has paid up to August '63, and owes his Sub-
scription FROM THAT DATE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 24.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MAY—1867.

Friday, 24—Notre Dame de Bonsecours.
Saturday, 25—St. Gregory VII, P. O.
Sunday, 26—Third after Easter. St. Phillip of
Neri, O.
Monday, 27—Rogation. St. M. Mag. de P., V.
Tuesday, 28—Rogation. SS. Olet and M. P., M.
Wednesday, 29—Rogation. SS. Nereus and others,
M. M.
Thursday, 30—Ascension.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Luxembourg question having been set-
tled for the moment, and the impending war be-
tween France and Prussia, or we may say betwixt
the Latin and Teutonic races of Europe, having
been postponed, public interest is naturally con-
centrated upon the Irish State trials, and their
strange developments. Our readers will natu-
rally excuse us, if we go largely into the details.
Messrs. Burke and Doran were the first pris-
oners arraigned: they held high positions in the
Fenian organisation, and had taken a prominent
part in the recent disturbances. But what gave
additional interest to their trial was the fact, that
it was known that the Crown would produce as
witnesses against them, two of their own com-
rades or brothers in arms, also of high standing
in the ranks of Fenianism; but who, to save
themselves, had consented to sacrifice their fellow
conspirators, and their dupes. These two traitors
were Massey and Corydon—of whom in the *Pall
Mall Gazette* we find the following brief bio-
graphical notices:—

In the case of the trials now going on in Dub-
lin for high treason, the government have already
effected one object, which of itself is of quite as
much importance as the conviction of the persons
on their trial. In the persons of two of its
leaders they have dragged the Fenian conspiracy
through the very foulest mud that is it possible to
imagine. Convictions, executions, failures in the
field, even intestine quarrels, and the embezzele-
ment, for the purpose of selfish luxury, of the
funds which were subscribed for purposes of
treason, are all less intolerably shameful than
such an exposure as was made the other day by
the man who calls himself Gen. Massey and by
J. G. Corydon. It is seldom given to any one
to have to accept such a load of infamy as these
wretched creatures put up with as the price of
their worthless lives. If the Fenians have in
them a single spark of shame, or even any portion
worth mentioning of that sense of honour which
is often so sound a guide in the business of life,
they will avoid for the future any sort of partici-
pation in a conspiracy—the fortunes of which
are under the direction of such inconceivably
paltry and contemptible scoundrels.

Massey, it appears, was born in the County of
Limerick, though with a slight vestige of shame
he tried as far as possible to conceal his family;
and after serving for about a year, when little
more than a boy, in the Crimea, he went to
America, and was there employed in various cap-
acities in the Southern States, being amongst
other things, a colonel in the Texas cavalry, of
which we used to hear so much. The chivalrous
colonel, when peace returned, became a
commercial traveller and entered into the Fenian
conspiracy, where he knew various centres, and
amongst the rest, Stephens.

In January, Massey came to Ireland, and, after
meeting a number of Fenian centres in London,
had a further meeting in Dublin, whence it ap-
peared that the Fenian army was 14,000 strong,
and had 3,000 weapons. This appears to refer
to Dublin alone, as at Cork he received informa-
tion that the Cork army was 20,000 strong, and
had 15,000 thousand weapons. Massey's scheme
was to collect as large a number of Fenians as
possible at Limerick Junction, where they were
to be put under the command of a General
Fazeley, who had served in America, but as
Massey stepped on to the platform at Limerick
from a railway carriage he was arrested. "The
newspapers," he added, "said that he had
sworn; if he did, he was sorry he ever re-
covered." No one can be surprised at this.—
Being in gaol, Massey appears to have reflected
that he must have been betrayed himself, and his
wife, moreover, urged him to confess; giving
way to the double pressure, he told the story
which we have shortly repeated.

He was perfectly right in believing that he
had been betrayed. A rather more impudent,
though a less important knave than himself had
been beforehand with him. This was one Cory-
don, the second witness for the Crown. How
he was introduced into the conspiracy, what was
his past history, and what particular position he
held in the Brotherhood, are points on which we

have no information; but he, like Massey, was an
American Irishman, and his chief business appears
to have been in connection with the expedition
against Chester, which some of our cotemporaries
will not now perhaps admit to have been
something more than a mere prize fight. The
scheme arranged by a number of American
officers was to take the Castle, send the arms by
train to Holyhead, blowing up the bridges and
tearing up the rails so as to stop the communi-
cation, and then carry the arms over to Ireland
by the mail boats. That the execution of such a
scheme might have caused great confusion and
trouble is sufficiently obvious, but Mr. Corydon
from the very first gave information to the au-
thorities for about £50 or £60. He was at the
same time in the pay of the Fenians. As he
beautifully observed, "he considered it his duty
to the Queen and also to his friends the Fenians
to act in this manner, as the organization in his
opinion was not worth shedding one drop of
for." Like the "creature Dougal" Mr. Cory-
don has gleamings of sense in him.

Such is the history of these two scoundrels,
and surely of all the stories that have lately been
told in a court of justice, it would be difficult to
mention any to match it in baseness.

With such evidence at their command the
Crown had no difficulty in procuring a verdict of
"Guilty" against both the prisoners. Indeed,
of their complicity in the riots, and of their de-
signs to wage war against the British Govern-
ment in Ireland, there could be no doubt, and
therefore no surprise was felt in Court when the
Jury pronounced the fatal word. Then however
commenced a painfully tragic, yet interesting
scene. Called upon to show reason why sen-
tence of death should not be passed upon him,
the prisoner Thomas F. Burke, a fine gentle-
manly looking man, though apparently in delicate
health, stood forward; and in a manly, but re-
spectful manner delivered himself of an address
which will long be remembered, and which
wherever it is perused, will arouse the sym-
pathies of the reader—not perhaps for the cause,
but for the speaker. There was no bravado, no
bluster in his speech: but he spoke like a brave
man—who had bravely fought, and bravely fallen,
in a battle which he believed just. Coming for-
ward to the front of the dock, and standing up as
straight as his wounded leg would permit him to
do, in a clear musical voice, he thus delivered
himself:—

"My Lords—It is not my intention to occupy
much of your time in answering the question why
the sentence of the Court should not now be
passed on me. But I may with your permission,
review a little of the evidence that has been
brought against me. The first evidence I would
speak of, is that of Sub-Inspector Kelly, who had
the conversation with me in Clonmel, in Tipperary.
He states that he asked either, How was my
friend? or, What about my friend Stephens? and
that I made answer and said he was the most idol-
ized man that ever had been or ever would be in
America. Here, standing on the presence of the
Almighty and Ever Living God, I brand that as
being the foulest perjury that man ever gave
utterance to. No such conversation ever oc-
curred. The name of Stephens was not men-
tioned. I shall pass from that and then touch
upon the evidence of Britt. He states that I
assisted in distributing the bread to the parties in
the fort, and that I stood with him in the wagon
or cart. That is also false. I was not in the
fort at the time at all; I was not there when the
bread was being distributed. I came in after-
wards. Both of these assertions have been made
and submitted to the men, in whose hands my life
rested, as evidence made on oath by these men
—made solely and purely for the purpose of giv-
ing my body to an untimely grave. There are
many points, my lords, that have been sworn to
here to prove my complicity in a great many
acts, it has been alleged I took part in. It is
not my desire now, my lords, to give utterance
to one word against the verdict which has been
pronounced upon me. But, fully conscious of
my honor as a man, which has never been im-
pugned—fully conscious that I can go into my
grave with a name and character unsullied—I can
only say this: that these parties, actuated by a
desire either for their own aggrandizement or to
save their paltry, miserable lives, have pandered
to the appetite, if I may so speak, of justice; and
my life shall be the forfeit. Fully convinced and
satisfied of the righteousness of my every act in
connection with the late revolutionary movement
in Ireland, I have nothing to recall—nothing that
I would not do again—nothing that would bring
up the blush of shame to mantle my brow; my
conduct and career, both here and in America—
if you like, as a soldier—are before you and even
in this my hour of trial I feel the consciousness
of having lived an honest man; and I will die
proudly, believing that if I have given my life to
give freedom and liberty to the land of my birth,
I have done only that which every Irishman and
every man whose soul throbs with a feeling of
liberty should do. I, my lords, shall scarcely
I feel should not at all—mention the name of
Massey. I feel I should not pollute my lips with
the name of that traitor whose illegitimacy has
been proved here—a man whose name even is not
known, and who, I deny point, blank, ever wore
the star of a colonel in the Confederate army.—
Him I shall let rest. I shall pass him, wishing
him in the words of the poet:

May the grass wither from his feet;
May the woods deny him shelter—earth a home;
The ashes a grave; he saw his light;
And Heaven its God.

Let Massey remember from this day forth he
carries with him, as my learned and eloquent
counsel (Mr. Dowse) has stated, a serpent that
will gnaw his conscience—will carry about with
him in his breast a living hell from which he can
never be separated; I, my lords, have no desire
for the name of the martyr. I seek not the
death of a martyr; but if it is the will of the
Almighty and Omnipotent God that my devotion
for the land of my birth should be tested on the

scaffold, I am willing there to die in defense of
the right of men to free government—the right of
an oppressed people to throw off the yoke of
thralldom. I am an Irishman by birth, an Ameri-
can by adoption; by nature a lover of freedom,
and an enemy to that power that holds my native
land in the bonds of tyranny. It has so often
been admitted that the oppressed have a right to
throw off the yoke of oppression, even by English
statesmen, that I deem it unnecessary to advert
to the fact in a British court of justice. Ire-
land's children are not—never were—and never
will be—willing or submissive slaves, and so long
as England's flag covers one inch of soil, just so
long will they believe it to be a Divine right to
conspire, imagine and devise means to hurl from
power, and erect in its stead the Godlike struc-
ture of self-government. Before I go any fur-
ther I have one important duty that I wish to dis-
pose of. To my learned, talented, and eloquent
counsel, I offer that poor gift—the thanks—the
sincere and grateful thanks of an honest man. I
offer him too, in the name of America, the thanks
of the Irish people. I know that I am here with-
out a relative, without a friend in fact—three
thousand miles away from my family. But I
know that I am not forgotten there. The great
and generous Irish heart of America to day feels
for—to-day sympathizes with, and does not for-
get the man who is willing to tread the scaffold—
aye, defiantly—proudly conscious of no wrong—in
defense of American principles—in defense of
liberty. I now, to Mr. Butt, Mr. Dowse, Mr.
O'Loughlin, all my counsel, one of whom was, I
believe, Mr. Curran—and my able solicitor, Mr.
Lawless—I return to them individually and
collectively my sincere and heartfelt thanks. I
shall now, my lord, as no doubt you will suggest
the propriety of, turn my attention to the world
beyond the grave. I shall now look on that
home where sorrows are at an end—where joy is
eternal. I shall hope and pray that freedom may
yet dawn on this poor down-trodden country.
That is my hope and my prayer; and the last
words I shall utter will be a prayer to God for
forgiveness, and a prayer for poor old Ireland.
Now, my lords, in relation to the other man,
Corydon, I will make a few remarks. Perhaps
before I go to Corydon I should say much has
been spoken on that table of Col. Kelley, and of
the meeting held at his quarters or lodgings in
London. I desire to state I never knew where
Colonel Kelly's lodgings were, and I never knew
where he lived in London until I heard the in-
former Massey announce it on the table. I
never attended a meeting at Colonel Kelly's and
the hundred other statements about him that have
been made to your lordships, and, to you gentle-
man of the jury, I now solemnly declare on my
honor as a man—aye, as a dying man—these
statements have been totally unfounded and false
from beginning to end. In relation to the small
paper that was introduced here and brought against
me, as evidence, as having been found on my
person, in connection with that oath I desire to
say that paper was not found on my person, and
I know no person whose name was on that paper.
O'Byrne, of Dublin, or those other persons you
have heard of, I never saw nor met. That paper
has been put in there for some purpose. I can
swear positively that it was not in my handwriting;
I can also swear I never saw it, yet it is used as
evidence against me. Is that justice? Is this
right? Is this manly? I am willing, if I have
transgressed the laws, to suffer the punishment,
but I object to this system of trumping up a case
to take away the life of a human being. True, I
risk no mercy. My present emaciated form—
my constitution somewhat shattered—it is bet-
ter that my life should be brought to an end than
to drag out a miserable existence in the prison
fens of Portland.

Thus it is, my lords, I accept the verdict. Of
course, my acceptance of it is unnecessary; but I
am satisfied with it. And now I shall close.
True it is, there are many feelings that actuate
me at this moment. In fact, these few discon-
nected remarks can give no idea of what I desire
to state to the court. I have ties to bind me
to life and society as strong as any man in this
court. I have a family I love as much as any
man in this court. But I can remember the
blessing received from an aged mother's as I left
her the last time. She spoke as the Spartan
mother did: "Go, my boy; return either with
your shield or upon it." This reconciles me.
This gives me heart. I submit to my doom, and
I hope that God will forgive me my past sins. I
hope, too, that inasmuch as He has for seven hun-
dred years preserved Ireland, notwithstanding all
the tyranny to which she has been subjected, as a
separate and distinct nationality, I also will assist
her to retrieve her fallen fortunes—to rise in her
beauty and majesty—the sister of Columbia—the
peer of any nation in the world.

The prisoner here ceased, and stepped back
from the front of the dock, just as calmly as he
had advanced to it; but with perhaps a slight ad-
ditional lustre in his eye and a heightened color.
Throughout, he never hesitated for a word, but
spoke slowly, distinctly and deliberately to the
end. A suppressed murmur of applause and deli-
ght with his eloquent and touching address went
around the court as he stepped back, but it was
of course instantly suppressed by the officials of
the court.

After a pause,
The Chief Justice asked had the prisoner Doran
anything to say.

The prisoner Doran then stood forward, and
said he had not much to say in addition to what
his fellow prisoner and co-patriot had said. He
also was consigned to an early grave. This fate
was brought on him by falsehood—by evidence
given as true. Policeman Sheridan went on that
table, and a smile on his countenance, and swore
he (the prisoner) commanded the riflemen that
night—that in other words he had acted as an
aide-de-camp or subordinate officer under Len-
non. Who Lennon was he (the prisoner) did
not know. That constable also swore he (prisoner)
commanded the surrendering of the bar-
rack at Glencullen in the name of the Irish Re-
public. There were men near the Court House
who could give another account of that, but who
were not brought there to prove his (prisoner's)
innocence. He never spoke good or bad to the

constable that night; never said a word to any-
body; and his meeting with Meyers was merely
an accident—he was a man he never saw or knew
before. He forgave the witness now, as he
hoped God would forgive him. All he would say,
in conclusion, was to return his heartfelt thanks
to the learned counsel, who defended him, and
his solicitor, Mr. Lawless.

The prisoner also stood back, and their lord-
ships then consulted together for a brief period
on the bench amidst the deep silence of the
court. In a minute or two, however, they retired
to the judges' chamber for consultation.

After about twenty minutes' consultation, they
re-turned into court at a quarter to seven, and
resumed their seats on the bench amidst a silence
which was most impressive.

The Lord Chief Justice, after a pause, said:
Thomas Francis Burke, and Patrick Doran,
after a careful and protracted investigation into
your respective cases has been entered on, and
concluded by a jury whose patience to the end
has been universal, you have been found guilty,
and you are called on now to receive the last
sentence of the law for the highest crime
known to the law—that is high treason against
the Queen, your sovereign—

As for you, Thomas Francis Burke, you appear
to us to have been a ringleader in this reason-
able conspiracy. Experienced, as it is proved,
in military affairs, you have brought your knowl-
edge and skill to the furtherance of the conspi-
racy. As I gather from the observations you
have addressed to the court, you admit the cor-
rectness of the verdict that has been found against
you. You have been connected with the move-
ment in Liverpool, and in London, in America,
and in Ireland. You accomplished your purpose,
and I must say you exhibit no hesitation in avow-
ing it and no remorse. You have been head-
centre of the district of Manhattan. You had
been at the planning of the campaign in Ireland.
Your name has been on the list of officers who
were to lead that expedition, and the county of
Tipperary was assigned to your command.

All the indulgence we have in our power to
grant we will, and that is to postpone the day as
long as we can for that awful penalty of the law
that you are doomed to suffer, in order to afford
to each of you time for prayer and repentance,
and for asking mercy of our Maker, and that
Saviour who is Almighty to save. Nothing now
remains for me, then, but to perform the same pain-
ful duty imposed upon me by law, and that duty is
to pronounce the sentence I must upon you. (His
Lordship here assumed the black cap, and pro-
ceeded.) The sentence is, that you and each of
you shall be taken from whence you now stand to
the place from whence you came, and that on
Wednesday, the 25th of May, you be drawn on
a hurdle from that place to the place of execution,
and that there you and each of you shall be
hanged by the neck until you are dead, and that
afterwards your heads be severed from your
bodies, and the bodies of each of you divided into
four quarters, shall be disposed of as her Majesty
or her Executive shall think fit and proper. And
may the Lord have mercy on your souls!

At the conclusion of the sentence, the pris-
oners, who remained calm as before all through
it, turned from the front of the dock and quietly
prepared to leave it in the usual way, in com-
pany with their jailers. Mr. Lawless, their solici-
tor, came up to them before they left, and gave
each of them a hearty squeeze of the hand, which
they returned with warmth. They then left the
dock in charge of the jailers.

Our readers are already aware, that the death
sentence pronounced upon the prisoners has been
commuted to one of imprisonment. We hope
that they may be exposed to no unnecessary in-
dignities, or harsh treatment, for it would be ab-
surd to confound such a man as Burke with
felons, and ordinary malefactors. We believe
that he has erred grievously, both as to the actual
condition of Ireland, and as to the manner in
which the future prosperity of that country may
be best promoted; but we cannot look upon the
man as a criminal, as a fit companion for thieves,
or as worthy of the ordinary felon's doom be-
cause of this error; and we feel convinced that
his manly dignified attitude on his trial—so dif-
ferent from the bluster and rhodomontade often
paraded on similar occasions—as well as his
behavior in the field, which was that of a brave
soldier averse to all wanton effusion of blood—
will plead eloquently in his behalf with a British
public for a mitigation of the penalty of impris-
onment, in so far as is compatible with the duty
which the Government owes to itself, and to its
loyal subjects, whose persons and properties it is
bound to defend.

The other Fenian trials brought to light nothing
new: and even the treachery of such men as
Massey and Corydon ceases to interest. It was
the latter who forwarded to the British Govern-
ment the timely information by means of which
the designed attack on Chester Castle was frus-
trated. The lesson to be learnt from this is:—
that no matter by what oaths, members of secret
political societies may engage themselves, there
will always be some traitors in their ranks; and
one traitor is sufficient to bring to naught the
best laid plots, and to consign to the dungeon
hundreds of well meaning but impulsive men, who
will not listen either to the voice of reason or of
religion, of prudence or of the Catholic Church.

On Friday evening Mr. Cartier arrived in
Montreal, after several month's absence in Eu-
rope. He was received at the Bonaventure
station, by a number of his personal friends and
political supporters, who presented him with an
address, and escorted him home. Almost all our
Canadian public men having returned to the
country, political business will soon commence in
earnest: and already even in Lower Canada the

notes of preparation for the anticipated electoral
struggle are heard. The new Constitution is
expected to come into operation about the be-
ginning of July.

DIOCESE OF RIMOUSKI.—The installation of
Mgr. Langevin, first Bishop of Rimouski, took
place on the morning of Friday last, 17th inst.,
in the presence of a large assemblage of clergy
and laity.

We have been requested to state that the
Benediction of the foundation, and the laying the
corner stone, of the Hospice St. Vincent de
Paul, Mignonne Street, will take place at 4
p.m. on Sunday next, 26th inst.

The Sisters of the Congregation of the Notre
Dame have just opened a Day School for Young
Ladies on the model of their school in St.
Denis Street, in the St. Antoine Suburbs, near
the corner of Cemetery and St. Antoine Streets.
The services in the cause of higher education
which these Ladies have long rendered to Can-
ada, and to Montreal in particular, are so well
known, and so highly appreciated by the public,
that it would be superogatory to insist upon
them, or to do more than to direct attention to
their advertisement on our fifth page.

THE PAN-ANGLICAN COUNCIL.—We have
felt a sort of reluctance to say anything about
this scheme, lest we should appear as if wishing
to give offence to our separated brethren of the
Anglican denomination, by impertinently inter-
fering with their domestic affairs, in which the
fortunes of the Catholic Church are in no wise
interested. Still there are so many points on
which the Church comes into unavoidable colli-
sion with the sects, that it is impossible that Cath-
olics should feel indifferent to the fortunes and
prospects of Anglicanism—one of the best of the
Protestant sects; or that the movements amongst
our separated brethren should fail to be watched
with prayerful anxiety by those within the fold
of the one true Church. Naturally, therefore,
must the latter wish to know what is the meaning
of a Pan-Anglican Council? Of what, or whom
it is to consist? When, and where, and at whose
summons it is to meet? And above all, what it is
proposed that it shall do, when it shall have
met?—and what binding force or authority, will
its acts or decisions have upon the Protestant
Anglican community?

A circular letter, signed by the Government
Archbishop of Canterbury, gives some answer to
the above questions. From it we gather that
the Council is to be summoned by the aforemen-
tioned State dignitary, who assumes for the
nonce a quasi Patriarchal authority and jurisdic-
tion, not only over the British Islands, and Brit-
ish Colonies, but over Protestants holding to the
form of Episcopal Church Government, and
using, in whole, or in part, the Anglican Liturgy,
in the United States of North America. The
Council will be composed of the so-called
bishops of the Church of England and Ireland as
by law established; and of those of all other
Protestant sects in visible communion there with
throughout the world. These gentlemen will
meet on the 24th of September next at Lam-
beth, and will hold sittings, or *seances*, during
the three following days under the presidency of
the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury; by
whom, and not by the Queen, the Council is
called, or convoked. So far all is simple, and in-
telligible. What these gentlemen will do when
they meet, or what they propose as the practical
result of their gathering is not so clear. We
doubt if they know themselves.

For on this point the circular gives little in-
formation; but rather, like a truly Protestant docu-
ment, it contents itself with defining what the
Council will not do, and is not competent to do:

"Such a meeting would not be competent to make
declarations, or lay down definitions on points of
doctrine."

Of course not; and even if it were to attempt
to do so, no one would heed it, or its decisions
and definitions. It augurs well therefore for the
good sense and modesty of the promoters of the
scheme, that they from the first admit their in-
competence to do that which it is the very first
and bounden duty of those to do, to whom God
has really entrusted the Government of His
Church, and to whom Christ has given commis-
sion "to feed His lambs."

Nevertheless, such definitions, and such de-
clarations, could they be had from a body com-
petent to declare and define the truth, are just
what are wanted in the present condition of
Anglicanism—if it be not prepared to make pub-
lic abdication of its pretensions to be a Church
at all. The questions that are at issue in the
bosom of that sect, and on which even amongst
its dignitaries, its clergy and bishops, the most
contradictory opinions obtain, refer to the very
essentials of revealed religion. They are ques-
tions both as to the Inspiration, and the historic
credibility of the writings to which the name of
"Scriptures" *par excellence* is given? as to the
Canon of those Scriptures? as to the author, or
authors of the writings called the Pentateuch

* The XXI Article says:—General Councils may
not be gathered together without the commandment
and will of princes.

as to the possibility, even, of miracles, and therefore as to the truth of the resurrection from the dead, of Our Lord Jesus Christ? as to the condition of the wicked after death? These, and other equally important questions, have of late years been raised, and discussed, not only by many of the laity of the Anglican Church, but by its bishops, and by its most eminent clergy; they lie, as it were, at the very threshold of the Christian life, so that it is impossible to advance one step therein, until they have been disposed of; and yet, when the Pan-Anglican Council shall have met, it will have to shirk, carefully, all these questions, which it confesses itself incompetent to solve; which even the laity, over whom its members pretend to have been placed by God as bishops, or soul-oversers, know that it is incompetent to solve! Surely, beholding such things, profane men will exclaim, "these be but bogus soul-oversers;" and they who affect a scriptural phraseology will turn away muttering to themselves, "they be like the images of the heathen, the work of men's hands; mouths have they, but they speak not—neither is there any breath in their mouths."

What then will these Protestant "soul-oversers" in Pan-Anglican Council do? since they can't do the one thing needful; the one thing useful! Again we quote from the circular of the Archbishop of Canterbury:—

1. 'I propose that at our assembling we should first solemnly seek the blessing of Almighty God on our gathering, by uniting together in the highest act of the Church's worship.'

2. 'After this, brotherly consultation will follow. In these we may consider, together, many practical questions, the settlement of which would tend to the advancement of the kingdom.'

What this "highest act of the church's worship" is, we are not told: we suspect that the celebration of the Lord's Supper is hinted at; but then certainly that can scarce be appropriately called the "highest act of the Anglican worship," which is celebrated, as a general rule, but once a month; and at which even then but a very few members of the denomination deem it obligatory to assist.

With regard to the "brotherly consultations" that are to follow, little need be said, seeing that consultations which lead to no declarations, or definitions are scarce worth the holding; and that the Council is avowedly incompetent to "make declarations or lay down definitions or points of doctrine."

And what then will be the result? This—To bring out into stronger relief, the anomalies, the inconsistencies of Anglicanism, and the incurable radical differences of opinion that obtain amongst its members. As its representatives will be for the most part educated gentlemen, of refined manners, and accustomed to the usages of good society, the Council will of course carry on its deliberations with decorum, so as to avoid scandal; but in spite of the varnish of courtesy, and of honied words, it will, we are convinced be but too apparent, that there can be no Christian unity amongst the members of a Church that has a Dr. Colenso for one of its Bishops, and a Dr. Pusey for one of its teachers.

PROTESTANTISM IN ENGLAND.—We would invite attention to an article from the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Protestant) which will be found on another page, on the state of religious feeling and belief amongst the great majority of the Protestant population of the British Empire.—There can be no doubt of the truthfulness of the representation therein given. It shows that the general characteristic of the Protestant mind on matters of religion, is one of absolute indifference. There is among the mass of the people, it is true, a strong active sentiment of aversion to Catholicity; but with this exception, all other forms of religion are looked upon as all equally doubtful, and all equally useful. Christianity has no longer any hold upon the non-Catholic people of England; it does not influence their acts, and only as a matter of custom does it retain even its place in the popular vocabulary, and that chiefly on the streets, and in the market-places. It is only by their oaths, by the peculiar turn of expression which they impart to their blasphemous, that you can detect that the people who use these oaths, and indulge in this form of blasphemy, must have descended from a Catholic stock. Thus the ordinary invocation of "God-d-n you," and other invocations of a similar cast, are, as it were, fossils in the modern infidel formation, which show that once, at some remote period, there must have obtained amongst the people of the British Islands, a general practical belief in the existence of a personal God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a state of future rewards and punishments. But these alas! are the only traces of a pre-existing Christianity that are now to be found amongst the masses of the people—the fossils, as it were, of a pre-Protestant world, swept away by the cataclysm of the Reformation. In the words of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—"the invisible world is, no doubt, freely recognised in common conversation by the national oath," and in the profanity with which the ordinary language of the people is profusely garnished; but besides this, there is little or no trace to be found in England of any belief either in God, or Devil.

PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION IN ITALY.—The friends of the Italian Reformation are much encouraged by the evident increase of open unchastity in Italy, and the disregard for their oaths displayed by some abandoned men and women, once members of religious Orders, but now living together in a state of concubinage. Amongst these, it is said that a number of former monks and nuns in Sicily, have pre-eminently distinguished themselves by the fitness of their lives. In this there is of course much reason for hopes. A great door, to use the cant phrase, is evidently being opened in the South of Europe. As the angels that are in heaven rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, so in Exeter Hall, there is giving of thanks and much making of nasal psalmody, over the impure priest, and the frail and the perjured nun.

In Upper Canada there is quite an excitement on the subject of Ritualism, the laity being, as a general rule, strongly opposed to it. So strong does the excitement run, that even our Montreal secular journals devote their columns to a record of its progress; and in the *Herald* of Friday last, there is a long report of a Vestry meeting at Brockville, in which very strong language was used, and very staunch Protestant sentiments were expressed. As far as we have been able to make out the meaning of the business, it seems that the object of the meeting was to cut down, or dock the minister's salary for his ritualistic practices; and one very energetic Protestant protested against paying a minister for "teaching doctrines or ceremonies they did not believe in." Quite right too, according to the Protestant system. Its ministers should teach only those things in which the people do already believe; but had St. Paul and the Apostles pursued a similar course of policy, how would the heathen world have been converted? It seems then as if there was about to be a schism in the ranks of our Anglican friends, since in the Colonies there is no authority, legally or morally, competent to adjudicate or mediate between the contending parties.

The London correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* gives some very interesting and significant details of the manner in which the Protestants of London observe the anniversary of Our Lord's Agony, and bitter death on the Cross.—It would seem from the description, that Protestants look upon the Crucifixion as if it were one of the jolliest things imaginable. In short, would we know in what light Protestantism has taught the masses of Protestant society to regard Christianity, and Him Who for our sakes, and for our salvation, drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs, we have but to read and meditate the following lines from our contemporary:—

London, April 20, 1867.
Yesterday was Good Friday and London made holiday. I don't know how it is in Canada, but here Good Friday is a day of great going out of town; of packing up of baskets or provisions; of gin bottled in gingerbeer bottles; of costermongers donkeys—'mikes' is the family name—largely decorated with gaudy ribbons and much overworked. The river steamboats puff and pant as they bear along—narrow loads of people—some of whom mean to roll down the hill in Greenwhich Park, some to go down to Gravesend for what they imagine is the sea air, some to get to Richmond Park and there to bivouac, some to stroll through Kew Gardens, some to Hampton Court, and I know not what other pleasure resorts. Out on the commons which are still left near London, there are dense gatherings of boys and young men who play quoits, and cricket, and trap ball; and young girls who look on and cheer the prowess of their 'young man'; and ginger bread sellers, and the letters of faded donkeys, and archery bits which cannot be hit, and Aunt Sally and all the entertainments of that description which are usually found here when any number of pleasure seekers are gathered together. Then the Crystal Palace takes within its spacious walls and its extensive grounds many thousands of sober pleasure seekers who like to have comfort with their pleasure seeking.

The only exceptions to this anti-Christian, this worse than heathenish, and absolutely devilish mode of celebrating the anniversary of Christ's Crucifixion, are, according to the same correspondent of the *Globe*, to be found amongst the Anglo-Catholics as he calls them, the High Churchmen, or Ritualists. But then these men are by all Protestants looked upon as little better than Romanists, which perhaps accounts for their behaving themselves like Christians.

LIBERTY OF SPEECH.—The following paragraph is conclusive as to the efficacy of republican institutions:—

"H. R. Ives Pollard, editor of the *Richmond Examiner*, announced a lecture at Lynchburg, Va., on 'The Chivalry of the South,' but Gen. Wilcox issued an order prohibiting its delivery."

For pure unmitigated despotism, commend us to your democratic governments, and above all to that of the United States.

After upwards of two years' illegal imprisonment by *lettre de cachet*, Jeff. Davis has been released on bail, as the scandal was becoming too great, even for the present Government of the United States. It is expected that the released captive, will visit Canada.

THE WESTERN NEW YORK CATHOLIC WORLD.—We assure our respected contemporary that we regret the delay in the transmission of the *True Witness* of which he complains; but which we have taken care shall not occur again.

EVANGELICAL AMENITIES.—The *Echo*, Low Church, has the following:—

"That idolatrous ceremony of blessing a bell was performed on Sunday by the Roman Catholic Bishop."

Why not call the ceremony "burglarious" rather than "idolatrous?" And if the blessing of a bell be "idolatrous," why is not in like manner "idolatrous" to bless a church, or bread, or wine, or any other material object used in the worship of God? The best of the joke is that, but a few days ago, we read in the *Times* an account of the blessing of a bell by the Protestant Bishop of Oxford in England. Was this ceremony also "idolatrous?"

HANDSOME TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV'D FATHER LONERGAN.

At a meeting of the Roman Catholics of Kingston, held at the St. Patrick's Hall on Sunday evening, for the purpose of making arrangements to present the Rev. Father Lonergan with some testimonial prior to his departure for Rome.

Mr. James Davis was appointed Chairman, Mr. Patrick Hart, Treasurer, and Mr. Daniel Macarow, Secretary.

The meeting was a large and influential one, the reverend gentleman being very popular and a great favorite with all classes.

The Chairman briefly explained the object of the meeting, which was to present a most deserving and zealous clergyman with some testimonial of respect and esteem prior to his departure on a trip to Europe for the good of his health.

Moved by Dr. Sullivan, seconded by Thomas Baker, Esq.,

That this meeting of the Roman Catholics of Kingston, desire to express their grateful sense of the many valuable services conferred upon them by the Rev. Mr. Lonergan during his ministry amongst them for the past eight years.

Moved by Daniel Bourke, Esq., seconded by Thomas McKeever, Esq.,

That as a mark of respect and esteem for the Rev. Gentleman, this meeting desires to present him with some testimonial previous to his departure for Rome—and that such testimonial consist of a purse to be subscribed at the present meeting—and for that purpose, that a subscription list be now opened.

The above resolutions were unanimously adopted.

A subscription list was then opened, and the handsome sum of Four hundred dollars subscribed by the gentlemen present.

After a vote of thanks to the chairman, the meeting adjourned until Wednesday evening next at 8 o'clock—when the presentation is to take place—and an address presented. The subscription list in the meantime to remain open at the store of Mr. Patrick Hart, Market Square, where all parties wishing to contribute may do so.

D. MACAROW,
Secretary.

LATE PATRICK MURRAY, Esq.—Patrick Murray, of this town, died on the 5th instant, aged 77 years. Mr. Murray was born in the town of Roscommon, Province of Connaught, Ireland.

He came to Canada in 1818, and settled in Brockville in 1819, being thus one of the earliest settlers of the town.

There were few men better known throughout the Counties of Leeds and Grenville than the late Patrick Murray, Esq. For a long series of years Mr. Murray has carried on the butcher business, as well as farming, and his word was as good as his bond to all who knew him. Mr. Murray was of quiet, retiring manners, consequently never appeared prominently as a public man, but his qualities of heart, and honest straightforward conduct, made him respected and esteemed by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. In his death the Reformers of Leeds have lost one of their oldest and most consistent members.—*Brockville Recorder*, 9th instant.

This is most certainly one of the latest of late Springs, and so constant has been the rain for some time back that little has been done either on farm or garden. This country is literally flowing with water in every direction, and even should the weather now take up some time more to elapse before bottom lands can be seeded. There is in this section, however, a large quantity of high and sandy limestone land which cannot be much affected by almost any quantity of rain, and which wet years answer remarkably well. This can be seen almost immediately after the weather settles.—Owing to the continual rains the St. Lawrence has not been so high for many years as it is now.—*Brockville Monitor*.

QUEBEC, May 20.—One thousand seven hundred and sixty emigrants arrived at the port of Quebec during the week ending 19th inst. Of these 1,358 came by steamer and 400 by sailing vessels. The total number is set down as equal to 1,524 adults. The nationalities were: 317 English; 223 Irish; 342 Scotch; 452 Germans; and the remainder Danes and Norwegians. Destinations:—Eastern Canada, 152; Western Canada, 402; Western States, 721; Eastern States, 249.

GRANT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.—*District of Joliette*.—The Court of Queen's Bench for this district opened on Monday last, the 20th inst.—Judge Lonergan presiding. Among the cases is one similar to that which recently took place at Sorel whereby Proxener suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The persons to be tried this time are Clement Lafond, and Philomena Gouri and they are charged with causing the death of Isidore Boucher, Philomena Gouri's husband by strychnine. It appears from the evidence taken at the coroner's inquest that in October last Gouri bought some rat poison from Dr. Boulet in Joliette, and that Lafond, the other prisoner, obtained some poison for foxes from another medical gentleman residing in St. Elizabeth. Boucher's intestines were recently submitted to Dr. O'Ronnens of this city for examination, and he has drawn up a report said to establish the presence of poison. The prisoners will be defended by Messrs. Oscar Archambault and Oshpleau of Montreal, and Mr. Fontaine of Joliette.

It is anticipated that nearly 20,000 Norwegians will pass through Canada this summer.

The *Montreal Daily News* criticises in the following strong terms the conduct of the Upper Canadian Clear-Grits:—

Nothing in the demonstrations of the Reformers in Western Canada strikes an impartial spectator with more surprise than the utter incapacity of the leaders to rise above petty and personal squabbles inherited from the past, and confront the loftier and nobler nationality before them. Well, no sacrifice, no compromise appease these men. Have they not triumphed over Lower Canada and extorted representation by population under another form, but not the less efficaciously? Is this great city with its 140,000 citizens and but three members, not a living proof of the exacting spirit of those liberals who claimed a representative for each 20,000? Has not the phantom of French Canadian domination which inflamed the West vanished like the mist on the hills? Yet, satisfied as Western Reformers are with the fruits of the victory—with their solid phalanx of eighty-two members compared to our sixty five—they reiterate grievances extenuated and wrongs redressed.

New Paper at Beauharnois.—A new French paper entitled *Courrier de Beauharnois* has just been started in the village of that name. It is going to advocate 'our rights, religious, political, and social,' in concert with its elder brethren of the press. In politics, it is to be free from blind prejudices; and in political discussion, it is to show that moderation and decency which every journal should do that desires to occupy an honorable position.

RITUALISM TO BE ABANDONED AT KINGSTON.—The deputation named by the congregation of St. George's to wait upon the Bishop, to consult with him on the propriety of doing away with certain recent changes in the mode of celebrating divine service in the Cathedral, met his Lordship on Friday; and to day met to make public the result. Mr. Ross reported that having met the bishop, the deputation stated that they did not wish to discuss the objectionable points on their merits, but merely to state them as being distasteful to the congregation, and asked that they be discontinued. The main points were first, 'the officiating clergymen turning to the east when the creed was being said'; second, 'one of the clergymen facing the table when kneeling'; third, 'some of the congregation bowing at the gloria patri'; fourth 'the trained responses of the choir'; fifth, singing at a certain part of the Communion service in the middle of a prayer'; sixth, 'chanting the psalms at evening service'; and lastly, 'were any further changes contemplated?' The Bishop stated that he did not turn to the east himself, but that he could not instruct his clergy not to do so; that the trained responses of the choir should cease; and that as regards the chanting of the psalms at evening service, he would accede to the wishes of the congregation and leave it to them. The other matters, he thought it was the province of the Rector to deal with. He said that he entirely disapproved of Ritualism as practised in England. No further changes, he as them, were contemplated. The deputation expressed themselves satisfied so far as the points conceded were concerned, and it was understood that the remaining objections should be further pressed; and, if not done away with before that time, they should be laid before the synod.—*Kingston News*.

THE CROSS.—Notwithstanding the inclement spring we hear none other than favourable reports of the winter wheat, which gives a fair promise of a good harvest. Seeding in the front has been much delayed by the wet and cold weather, but the last few days have been taken advantage of by the farmers who are now vigorously at work.—*Cobourg Sun*.

Married,

In this city on the 22nd inst., at St. Patrick's Church by the Rev. Mr. Dowd, Mr. Owen Tansey, to Miss Margaret Phillips.

Died,

At Hemmingford, O.E., on the 9th inst., Anne Donegan, wife of Mr. James Kennedy, in her 67th year, a native of the County Meath, Ireland.—*Requiescat in pace*.

Chicago papers please copy.

At Quebec, on the 25th ult., Catherine Connolly, wife of Mr. Matthew F. Walsh, aged 31 years, 3 months and 15 days.—*Requiescat in pace*.

At Chambly, on Wednesday, 15th inst., Thomas, aged 22 years and 11 months, eldest son of Mr. John Hackett, Postmaster, and grandson of the late Patrick Murray, Esq., of Brookville, O.W., who died on the 5th instant.—*Requiescat in pace*.

MONTEAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

	May 21, 1867	a. d.	s. d.
Flour, country, per quintal	24	6	25
Oatmeal, do	18	6	20
Indian Meal, do	11	6	12
Wheat, per min.	0	0	0
Barley, do	0	0	0
Peas, do	5	6	0
Oats, do	3	0	0
Butter, fresh, per lb.	1	3	1
Do, salt do	0	7	0
Beans, small white, per min	0	0	0
Potatoes per bag	6	2	7
Onions, per minot	0	0	0
Lard, per lb	0	8	0
Beef, per lb	0	6	0
Pork, do	0	5	0
Mutton do	0	5	0
Lamb, per quarter	5	0	7
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	8	0
Hay, per 100 bundles	\$12.00		\$15.00
Straw	\$4.00		\$6.00
Beef, per 100 lbs.	\$8.00		\$9.00
Pork, fresh, do	\$8.00		\$9.00

MONTEAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, May 21, 1867

Flour—Pollards, \$4.50 to \$5.00; Middlings, \$7.50 to \$7.75; Fine, \$8.00 to \$8.25; Super., No. 2, \$8.50 to \$8.80; Superfine, \$9.25 to \$9.35; Fancy, \$9.40 to \$9.55; Extra, \$9.50 to \$9.75; Superior Extra \$10 to \$10.25; Bag Flour, \$4.50 to \$4.70 per 100 lbs.
Oatmeal (per brl. of 200 lbs.)—No round lots reported as changing hands—\$6 65
Wheat (per bush. of 60 lb.)—No sales reported on the spot or for delivery.
Peas per 60 lbs.—85c.
Oats per bush. of 32 lbs.—No sales on the spot or for delivery—Dull at 42c.
Barley per 48 lbs.—Prices nominal.—worth about 60c to 65c.
Rye per 56 lbs.—Latest sales for forward delivery at \$1.
Corn per 56 lbs.—Latest sales ex-store at \$0.85 to \$0.90.
Asbes per 100 lbs.—First Pots \$5 65 to \$5 72; Seconds, \$5.10 to \$5.15; Thirds, \$4.35 to 4.40.—First Pearle, \$8.22 to \$0.30.
Pork per brl. of 200 lbs.—M-s, \$19.25 to \$20;—Prime Mess, \$15.50; Prime, \$13 50 to \$14.

THE NEW MONTH OF MARY; OR, REFLECTIONS FOR EACH DAY OF THE MONTH on the different titles applied to the Holy Mother of God in the Litany of Loretto. Principally designed for the Month of May. By the Very Rev. P. R. KERRICK, Price 50 cents. D. & J. SALLIE, Montreal.

ACADEMIC HALL,
BLEURY STREET,
TUESDAY, the 28th of MAY, 1867.

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S DRAMA "THE HIDDEN GEM" will be enacted by the ENGLISH ACADEMY OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.
By kind permission of Major the Hon. S. Mostyn and Officers, the Band of the Royal Welch Fusiliers will be present.
Doors open at Seven o'clock, to commence at Eight P. M.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents—To be had at Price's Music Store, Dawson Bros., and Sadtler's Book Stores.

BAZAAR FOR THE GESU.

THE BAZAAR will be OPENED in the FIRST WEEK in JUNE.

Persons intending to present donations are requested to send them in before the end of this month.

SELECT DAY SCHOOL,
Under the direction of the SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME,
111 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

HOURS OF ATTENDANCE—From 9 to 11 A.M.; and from 1 to 4 P.M.

The system of Education includes the English and French languages, Writing, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Use of the Globes, astronomy. Lectures on the Practical and Popular Sciences, with Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Drawing, Music, Vocal and Instrumental; Italian and German extra. No deduction made for occasional absence. If the Pupils take dinner in the Establishment \$6.00 extra per quarter.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1861.
In the matter of JOSEPH L'ECUYER, Trader, St. Antoine L'Abbe, O.E., Insolvent.

THE Creditors of the Insolvent are notified to meet at the office of the undersigned Assignee, No. 18 St. Sacrament Street in the City of Montreal, on Tuesday the Twenty-Eighth day of May, instant, at Four o'clock, P.M., for the Public Examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby requested to attend.
T. SAUVAGEAU,
Official Assignee,
Montreal, 10th of May, 1867.

THE VERY LATEST NEWS OF IMPORTANCE!
WHERE TO GET THE MOST

GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY!
The Subscriber continues to Manufacture for the Wholesale and Retail Trade every style of

PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE
AT HIS NEW STAND,
Nos. 7, 9 & 11 SAINT JOSEPH STREET,

Where his increased facilities have enabled him to offer inducements to wholesale and Retail Customers not to be obtained elsewhere. His commodious Ware-rooms will at all times be stocked with every conceivable variety of Furniture, embracing qualities to suit every purchaser. His Stock now is one of the largest in the Province, and consists in part of the following sets of fine Parlor, Dining Room and Chamber Sets in Mahogany, Walnut, Oak, Chestnut, &c., richly ornamented; and Gained Sets, with marble and Wood Tops. Parlour Sets, ranging in price from \$90 to \$300, carved in armour, fruit, flowers and shell patterns. Very substantial and graceful in design Dining-room suits from \$75 and upwards, according to design and finish.
Chamber Sets from \$20 to \$300, some of which are entirely new patterns, with a full Stock of every article of Furniture in general use; with 12,000 to 15,000 Gane and Wood Seat Chairs, of 0 different patterns, constantly on hand for the Wholesale Trade, and many Wood Seat Chairs, from 30 cents to \$100; and Gane Seats from \$1 to \$7.

To enumerate my Stock and prices would require such space in City papers, that the small profits at which I have marked my Goods this Spring would not afford to pay; but by following up any old motto of quick sales and light profits, I hope to avoid for the future, as I have in the past, the evil of allowing either Stock or Bills payable to accumulate, which would make a periodical sales and sacrifices necessary, although many pay much higher prices for Furniture at auction than they can buy the same styles and vastly better Goods than are generally sold at auction from me or others in the Trade who do a straight-forward, legitimate business, and put on only such profits as will enable them to give an honest article for an honest price, and to pay one hundred cents to the dollar, with a strictly close application to business.

Such a course at least I have found it necessary to adopt and follow, and am happy to acknowledge the benefits of such a course by an increase of at least fifty per cent to my business yearly, but especially since my removal to my new premises, where I am to be found constantly during business hours to meet the wants of my Customers, and am rewarded by their acknowledgments of the advantages of purchasing their Furniture at least 10 per cent lower at Nos. 7, 9 and 11 St. Joseph Street, sign of the great Eastern Rocking Chair, Wholesale and Retail Chair and Furniture Warehouse.
All goods warranted to be as represented: if not, they can be returned and money refunded.
Terms:—Under \$100, strictly Cash; \$100 to \$500, 3 to 4 months, \$500 to \$1000, 4 to 6 months, by furnishing satisfactory endorsed notes if required.
OWEN MCGARVEY,
PROPRIETOR.
May 8. 4w

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS
KINGSTON O.W.,
Under the Immediate Supervision of the Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely reorganized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages.
A large and well selected Library will be OPEN to the Pupils.
TERMS:
Board and Tuition, \$100 per annum (payable by half yearly in Advance).
Use of Library during stay, \$2.
The Annual Session commences on the 1st of September, and ends on the First Thursday of July, July 31st 1867.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

ADDRESS TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE.—An address to the German people, strongly deprecating war, is being signed in Nantes and throughout Brittany. Similar documents are being signed throughout France.

GOVERNMENT PRESERVATION.—The *Moniteur* of April 28 says: 'At the time when the late incidents relative to Luxembourg gave rise to certain apprehensions for the maintenance of peace, the French army, in consequence of the reductions effected in 1865, had fallen below its normal effective. On the other hand, the Corps of Occupation in Mexico had left in America 7,000 horses, 3,000 of these being draught horses, which it was indispensable to replace. It was, therefore, the duty of the Government to take precautionary measures. These have consisted in purchasing a certain number of horses, and placing the frontier fortresses in a state of defence. The pacific intelligence which has transpired within the last few days has determined the Emperor to take no further measure, in order not to furnish any pretext for agitating the public mind, and not to discourage the hopes of peace. Thus the number of horses to be bought will be limited to what is strictly necessary, and the soldiers on furlough, who were to be ordered to rejoin their regiments, will be allowed to remain in their homes.'

PARIS, May 14.—The President of the Corps Legislatif officially announced to that body that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed.

Orders have been sent to the various military depots and headquarters throughout the empire, to disband the reserves which had recently been called into service.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—A consultation of physicians has been held to consider the condition of the Prince Imperial. He is very delicate, and it is feared that he may fall into a consumption.

Paris has not the monopoly of strikes, they are spreading to the provinces, and the journeyman tailors of Macon, yielding to the exhortations of their brethren of the capital, and emboldened by their example, demand an augmentation of 20 per cent. on the present rate of wages, and refuse to make any concession, or to accept the 10 per cent. advance offered to them.

A Marseilles letter in the *Phare de la Loire* says:—The situation of the workmen does not seem to be improving in this neighborhood. The laborers at the mines of Fuveau are now on strike. A meeting of the working tailors of this city is about to be held at the *Cafe du XIX. Siecle*, with the object of raising pecuniary resources to send to the tailors on strike in Paris. A note published in the journals invites the workmen of other trades to aid them in carrying out their views.

Outraged enough, the most energetic adversary of workmen's coalitions, Proudhon, who had made such questions his study, observes in his *Contradictions Economiques*, published not long before his death,—

That every working man should have individually the unrestricted disposal of his person and his hands may be admitted; but that hands of workmen should, without regard to great social interests, pretend, by means of coalitions, to do violence to the liberty and the rights of employers, is what society should on no account permit. To employ force against contractors and proprietors, to disorganize workshops, to arrest labor, to put capital in danger, is simply to conspire for the ruin of all.

There is no right of coalition any more than there is a right of extortion, of swindling, of theft, or more heinous offences. No reasoning, no definition, no convention, no authority can ever make such things lawful.

That the appropriation, by force or by fraud, of a neighbor's property can be assimilated to that which is gained by labor is what the Legislative Body has implicitly recognized by its reserving certain cases where this pretended right should be considered as abusive—that is to say, where the coalition should appear such as it has already appeared, mischievous and wicked. Every producer, whether he be a working man or a master, every trader, has the right to obtain for his produce, labor, or merchandise a remunerative return; and reciprocally, every purchaser or consumer has the right not to pay for the produce or service of others more than the price it will fetch.

The observation of this rule is one of the conditions of public happiness. In the present state of society the right to an equitable remuneration by the producer or by the consumer can only be exercised in one way—commercial liberty. In other words, the only guarantee of sufficient price or wages offered to all, whether sellers or buyers, is unrestricted competition. Thus, against the arbitrary exaggeration of the price of merchandise the consumer has for guarantee the competition of producers; against the exactions of the employer, the master or the contractor has the competition among masters; against the cupidity or stinginess of masters, the workman has the competition among masters and his own, as it is in the power of workmen to associate together and compete with their masters.

What is the object of coalition? Precisely to destroy commercial liberty, to annihilate competition, and for competition to substitute constraint;—constraint, when, by the engrossing of merchandise and the connivance of the holders, commerce, hitherto free, is changed into monopoly; constraint, when, by a private understanding between the contractors, the workmen, too numerous, pressed by necessity, submit to a reduction in their wages; or when, by the turn-out of their workmen, the masters have to submit to their demands. In all these cases there is a violation of commercial liberty—a suppression of the economical guarantee. I regret, for the Parliamentary reputation of M. Emile Ollivier to have to say it. I regret it for the Legislative Body and the Government; I regret it for my country and democracy; but the law which authorizes coalitions is essentially anti-judicial, anti-economic, opposed to all society and to all order.—Every concession obtained by its influence is an abuse and null in itself.

It is curious to see the author of *La Propriete, cest le Vol* advocate the interests of society; but it is evident that the law on coalitions requires to be completed by a law establishing the right of meeting for all alike, and which would be a guarantee against the pressure of coalitions by one class only of society.

THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.—The world is beginning to learn the marvellous results of this establishment, results which, in their way, are unsurpassed in the annals of the Church. The congregation of the Little Sisters was founded twenty six years ago by the Abbe le Pailleur, vicar of Saint Sarran (Ille-et-Vilaine), in concert with two young girls of the parish, humble workwomen, and has since extended its ramifications through France, Belgium, England and Spain. It receives and tends several thousands of aged persons, with no other funds but those derived from the charity of the faithful, and the indefatigable devotion of the sisters is its sole aid.—The society numbers at present one hundred and one houses. The hundredth house is now in process of foundation, either at Toulon or at Jaen, in Spain (for it is not known which of the two will be established first); and on this occasion Father le Pailleur, the Superior General, has addressed a Circular to all the members of his community. The following is a short extract from it:—'La Tour Saint Joseph, March 22, 1867. My Little Children.—Your good Mother General and I are astounded at the marvels of Providence that has brought so much out of nothing.—Six and twenty years ago, a little garret, which sheltered two poor and infirm old women, was all we possessed. We shall shortly number one hundred houses, and already we are receiving upwards of ten thousand aged poor. And yet we are as poor as we

were the first day we began; and then, so now, we have no revenue, no certain fund, no fixed resources. God has so willed it, that it may be manifest to all that it is He alone who works all these wonders; and that the glory may be His alone.' Accordingly, my children, I exhort you all to glorify God for the foundation of our hundredth house. I exhort you to render a thousand thanks to that Almighty God who has produced the family of the Little Sisters out of nothing, who preserves, sustains, and blesses it, and who causes it to increase and multiply in so wonderful a manner for the manifestation, of His name, and the welfare of so many poor. Moreover, I invite you to rejoice with me in the Lord. We ought to celebrate the establishment of our hundredth house with grand rejoicings. It is my wish that every house should hold its festival, and that you should invite all our kind benefactors. Choose what day you like, and let the aged enjoy a banquet as upon our most solemn feasts. I accord the liberty of recreation on that day. And inasmuch as all this joy should revert to the Lord, it is my desire to obtain from our bishops the privilege of a solemn benediction in the evening.—*Univers*.

CONVERTING FRENCH PAPISTS.—A society of English pietists have gotten into their heads a notion that the Universal Exhibition offers a favorable opportunity for converting benighted papists and other 'outsiders' to the Protestant faith, and their agents roam round and about the Palace distributing little tracts and fragmentary translations of the Scriptures. Hence the rage of the Ultramontane papers. The biblical translations are said by Don Basilio and Co. to be 'false and inexact,' the little tracts are denounced as containing 'insinuations' against orthodoxy, and England is reproached with requiring the cordial hospitality of France by underhanded attempts to propagate heresy and schism. This is much to be regretted. 'Can't you let it alone?' Lord Melbourne was accustomed to say to over-zealous papists. Couldn't the Evangelical gentlemen have left 'Flee from Babylon,' 'Oh, you Poor Sinner,' and 'The Washerwoman of Finchley Common,' alone for one brief summer, and in a foreign land? The excellent British and Foreign Bible Society have doubtless a distributing agency in Paris. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts probably maintains a missionary in this yet unconverted region. Would it not have been better to leave the task of gathering the stray sheep into the fold to the accredited shepherds than to bother people with tracts at a bazaar?—*Telegraph*.

The French are extremely amused and interested by the display of English newspapers published in England and the colonies during the past year.—They seem somewhat astonished at the immense number of our political, literary, artistic and industrial reviews, magazines and periodicals, expressive of every shade of political feeling and opinion. It is with feelings of admiration, not unmingled with envy, that the contributors to the French press cast longing glances at these productions, by the intellect of a free people, unshackled by the dread of what Messieurs les Benseurs may say or think.

Evangelical lesure has been put upon the English exhibitors in Paris to induce them to cover up their wares on Sunday. The great majority have declined to accede to the request, saying that, unless the Roman Catholic, Jewish, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Russian, Buddhist, Brahmin, Lutheran, and Calvinistic exhibitors do likewise, any such profession of over-righteousness on the part of England would only expose the country to ridicule, and might seriously embarrass the Imperial Commissioners. Already a good deal of bad blood has been created by the ill-timed activity of English dispensers of tracts, who are vigorously cultivating the opportunity afforded by the dissemination of these feeble and offensive broadsides.

Our Madrid correspondent says (April 26, 1867) that the Government has granted an amnesty to the corporals and private soldiers who took part in the two last military insurrections. They amount to about 2,900; an important item now that the army is to be increased. They are for the most part half-starving in Portugal. The outbreak in Oporto, which occasioned some alarm here, has been suppressed. No troops took any part in it. It was occasioned by over taxation, and many may be expected in other parts of Portugal. If any important outbreak should take place in Portugal, Spain would at once interpose, as she did in 1846. The Spanish Government has again closed the Fertilia—a much frequented middle-class club. The daily prints are violent against England, on account of the humiliating end of the dispute about the captured English smuggling vessel, *Queen Victoria*. The Pope's consenting to the diminishing of the number of Spanish religious festivals, which are numerous, is treated as an important economical boon. In the Cortes the Marquis of Sandoval, a young Deputy, made a maiden speech reproaching the conduct of the Ministry for having dismissed all the Judges who had voted for the opposition. The Ministry proved that every Spanish Cabinet had done the same thing. The debates on the Ministerial Indemnity bill begin the day after to-morrow.

ITALY.—If the *Piedmontese Gazette* can be trusted Garibaldi has renounced altogether any intention of sitting in the Italian Parliament at present. In the Chamber of Deputies at Florence the question of the Convention with France respecting the apportionment of the debt charge upon the Roman States came on for discussion on Wednesday. As the Revolutionary Government has robbed the Pope of four-fifths of the States of the Church, it would, of course, be intolerable to charge the remaining one-fifth with the payment of the whole of the Pontifical debt and the interest thereon. But as the Holy Father was not in any way a party to the Convention of the 15th September, 1864, and had not even been consulted about it, nor apprised of its existence until the day before its promulgation to the world, and as, moreover, his Holiness has not ceased to denounce and condemn in the most formal manner all that has been done to the detriment of the Holy See and of the Church since 1860 by the Piedmontese usurper, he could not in decency have been asked by the parties to the September Convention to take any part in the negotiations for the apportionment of the Old Roman public debt which the spoliation of the Church had rendered imperative. The matter was, therefore, taken in hand by the French and Florentine Governments alone, and a Convention was some months since agreed upon between them by which it was stipulated that 'Italy' should henceforth bear her proportion of the Roman debt, and indemnify the Pontifical Exchequer the excess of interest it has paid since the annexation of the Pontifical States to the realm of Victor Emmanuel. It was the approval of this latter Convention that occupied the attention of the Florentine House of Commons Wednesday. Its adoption was vehemently opposed by the infidel and republican factions in the Chamber, who maintained, and not without reason, that the payment of the stipulated proportion of the Roman debt is a renewed renunciation of Rome as the capital of a re-nationed Italy. Some *Italianissimi* also denounced the financial Convention as derogatory to the independence of Italy, which, in this matter, was manifestly acting in subservience to French dictation. This was strongly denied by Signor Minghetti, the reporter of the committee on the Bill for ratifying the Convention, and Visconte Venosta, and the bill was ultimately adopted by the House. It was but common decency that the despoiled Sovereign Pontiff should be relieved by the despoiler from the payment of debts contracted and secured upon the entire revenues of the Holy See when in the possession of the whole of its territories; but it is hardly necessary to add that the sanction of the Pope to the sacrilegious robberies from which he suffers is not in the least implied or

involved in his Holiness' assenting in accordance with a convention between France and Italy, to bear the whole burden of the old Roman debt. Even under the Franco-Italian Convention the Roman Exchequer will still have to defray much more of the interest of the Roman debt, contracted before 1860, than should properly fall to its share; for the revolution has stripped the Holy See of the richest and most productive portion, more than heads and horses ought to have been taken into the preliminary calculation.—*Weekly Register*.

Rome.—Appropos of the many tales which have been told respecting Protestant congregations in Rome, the *Catholic Telegraph* (Oincinnati, United States) writes that an official communication has been received from Minister King, in which he says there is no truth in the statements that the American chapel had been removed, by direction of the Papal authorities; outside the wall of Rome; and that the American Minister, assenting to the arrangement, had hired a villa where services were to be held. A letter from Mr. Kemball, however, says that a Protestant congregation were required to close their place of worship in Rome, and accordingly sought accommodation outside the walls. This congregation appears to have been an English one, and as there was no English diplomatic representative in Rome, it was not on the premises of an embassy or consul, and under the protection of the flag of Great Britain, as in the American chapel under the protection of that of the United States.

Rome, April 12.—The following proclamation from the Roman Party of Action has been distributed throughout the city and affixed to the doors of the church of San Luigi dei Francesi:—

ROMANS.—The situation imposed upon Rome for the last seven years is unparalleled in history. While the whole of Italy arose to regain her nationality, by overthrowing the thrones of her tyrants, Rome was implored for love of the nation still to endure the tyranny of the Pope-King. While Italy declared that Rome was her capital, the Romans were still told they must continue patiently to endure the yoke of the priests. A constitution did not suffice to secure the sovereignty of the Kings of Naples; the council under the banner of the Holy Office was able to preserve the despots of the Vatican from fall. The Thousand of Marsala planted their flags upon the walls of Capua, but the 40,000 of Castelfidardo halted at Ponte Corrae. A Roman General, the captain of the people, received at Caprera the grand cordon of the annunziata for the liberation of Naples, but he was greeted with a bullet: at Aspromonte for attempting release Rome from the priests. And all this happened because between Rome and Italy, between the rights of the Romans and the crimes of priestly rule, there stood a flag of France, which fought with us in Lombardy for the freedom of Italy.

An end was at last put to this unnatural condition by the September Convention. Thereby diplomacy acknowledged the right of the Romans to decide upon their own rulers. From that day forth they have been masters of their own destinies. They entered into possession of this right upon the 15th December, when the last Frenchman quitted Italian soil. Why did we not rise then? Why did we not show the world that nothing but force could retain us in slavery to the priests and separated from Italy. Because we Romans did not understand when boldness would have been prudence; because we did not perceive that the solution of the Roman question depended upon us alone, and that the power of the priestcraft must gain strength with every delay.

New situations require new systems and new men. In consideration of this, we have undertaken the duty imposed upon us by our friends, and we now appeal to all our fellow citizens who are willing to join us. Are you desirous of overthrowing the rule of the Pope and uniting Rome to Italy as her capital? This is the only question we address to our allies.—We intend to hasten the moment when Rome, while respecting in the Pope the Head of the Catholic Church, casts down its temporal rule. It would be a crime to delay insurrection when its result is secure.

The insurrection in Rome will be supported by other simultaneous risings in the provinces, which are still governed by the priests, and where centres allied with us have already been organized. A Provisional Government will be appointed as soon as the insurrection succeeds. Its functions will be—firstly, to protect order, property, right, and justice; secondly to complete the national unity by joining the remainder of the States of the Church to Italy. The Provisional Government will make the fitting arrangements for this last object, will conduct the plebiscitum and regulate the form of voting by majority.

Romans.—In 1849 a general, clothed with authority by your Government, left Rome with part of the army. He did not capitulate. He faithfully retained his commission, and fought everywhere for Italy and for us. This general of ours, the only man we recognise as such so long as we are not Italian slaves, and is ready to combat and die for us. His name is Joseph Garibaldi. We send this our programme to him, counting upon his assent, nay, upon his assistance. The persecution of the priests has scattered our brethren all over Italy and foreign lands. They must be united under one leader, that they may all contribute their utmost to the salvation of the country. The leadership belongs to General Garibaldi; we invite him to exercise it through men he may appoint.

Brethren within and outside of Rome:—Let us forget jealousy, strife, and suspicion; let us unite ourselves and our strength for the overthrow of the temporal dominion. Many of us staked our lives for the freedom of Sicily from the Bourbon, and Lombardy and Venice from the Austrian. Shall it be said that the Romans fear the *sbirri* of the Pope? Let us unite. Will is strength. Let us exert our will and the Papal realm must cease to exist; and the flag of Italy will hail Rome as the metropolis from the summit of the seven Hills.

(Signed)
THE CENTRE OF THE INSURRECTION.

The same party also publishes the following letter from General Garibaldi:—
Gentlemen,—I am proud to call myself a Roman General. Gratefully do I acknowledge the commission you offer me, and I hereby communicate the names of the Romans who are to organize the centre of the emigration at Florence. I am firmly convinced that the whole Roman emigration will join this centre in which I place the fullest confidence equally as I trust in you.—Yours for life.

G. GARIBALDI.

The *Univers* gives the following abridgment of the Allocation delivered by the Pope in St. Peter's on Holy Thursday:—

'My dear children.—At this season, one at which I exhort you all to meditate upon the Passion of Jesus Christ, I see myself surrounded by a crowd of good Christians who ask my blessing, and although I admit that it is a labour for an old man (they call me that) the old man of the Vatican by which I mean that the Pope is old and can no longer endure much labour, still I am very glad of this toil, and I feel great comfort at seeing you gathered around me. I hope that you come here, one and all, for the Spirit, and in a good spirit. But few there are now—days who think of the Spirit; men pay too much heed to matter. The spirit of faith is the thing to have, and I hope that in this spirit you will assist at the ceremonies of Holy Week, and receive the benediction of the Pope. Many Protestants there are who possess not the spirit of faith, and who choose nevertheless to assist at these functions—who, choose to bear certain words. I am always praying the good God to give them the spirit of truth. There is but one faith, one baptism, one God; and I hope that a time will come when the whole world will acknowledge the same faith, the same baptism, and the same God. I must remind you that one should not live solely for material science, speculation or riches. The world has almost consigned the spiritual to oblivion, and has devoted itself

to the material. By this world of which I speak, I do not mean myself; I am not of the world; nor do I mean you; you are an assembly of Christians; it is the world that is large that has greatly forgotten the spirit; in its attention to the body, it is, however, allowable to be industrious, to apply oneself to business, and to speculation up to a certain point; a father of a family should work to maintain his family; but it is wrong to make such pursuits the sole aim of life. And for this reason I hope that when you leave Rome, which they call the Holy City, you will carry away with you something good, something which may touch your hearts, and may confer upon you a benefit, but not a material one. Remember, I beg of you, that the sole object in our being here below is that we may go to God; and that our only business is to render ourselves holy. To sanctify the Spirit we must reflect on the end of our life; we must reflect that we shall all 'have to appear before God on the day of our death; and give an account of our acts. Remember, my dear children, I implore you, that you have a soul. You must pay more attention to your souls than to wealth; to speculation, to railroads and all such miserable trifles. It is not forbidden to give them a thought, provided it be done in spirit of justice and moderation, but remember, I say again, that you have a soul which has been created after the image of God, and which must appear before Him; which must render an account of all her actions—an account of a life of sixty, ninety, nay, even a hundred years—an account of all I think well on this, my children, and recollect that spirit is of more importance than matter. Take then, this, my benediction on all your intentions. I bless you; my dear children, I bless you all, in the name of the Father, who has created you; of the Son, your Saviour, who has suffered in order to redeem you with the price of His blood; of the Holy Ghost, whose light will come down on you in order to imbue you with the spirit of faith, to teach you the truth; Benedictio Dei omnipotentis, Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, descendat super vos et maneat semper.

PRUSSIA.—The work of strengthening the fortifications of this city, on which the garrison had for some time past been actively employed, has been discontinued by order of the Prussian commandant at the post.

BRUNN, May 14, eve.—The Crown Prince, Frederick William, will leave for Paris during the present week to attend the international Exposition.

AUSTRIA.—Everything promises that the Emperor of Austria will soon be at the head of a well united and a powerful Empire. This was the effect which we hoped for and expected from the appointment of Baron Beust as chief Minister of the Kaiser. As long as one of the old subjects of the Empire was at the head of affairs, a thorough reconciliation with Hungary would always remain abortive, under an old Austria Minister, the indispensable task which the late Saxon Premier has so admirably accomplished. What regenerated and united Austria now wants is peace; to develop her vast resources, improve her commerce, extend her manufactures, adjust her finances, and husband her strength. We are much pleased, therefore, to learn upon good authority that if the arrogance of Prussia should force France to draw the sword the Austrian Government mean to hold a neutral position. As we observed last week, Austria owes no obligation to Prussia, and but very little to France; and whatever course she may think fit ultimately to take, she will be guided solely by her own interests. In no event will she draw the sword in favour of Prussia, except upon conditions the mere offer of which would be evidence of the utter collapse of that aggressive state; and if she should be induced to take part with France, which is not impossible, it will be upon terms which will not only restore her pre-eminence in Germany, but recoup her for all she has lost through Prussian violence and capacity from the commencement of Seven Years' to the close of the Seven Days' wars.—*Weekly Register*.

VULGAR WORDS.—There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts, as there is between the thoughts and the words—the latter are not only the expression of the former, but they have power to re-act upon the soul and leave the stain of corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use profane or vulgar words has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends the spot and inflames it; by indulgence it will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words as well as your thoughts. If you control the tongue so that no improper words be pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind and save it from corruption.

IRISH DROLLERY.—An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Bristol, is related by one of the British press. Having to appear for a plaintiff in a case at Clonmel, he 'let into' the defendant in no measured terms. The individual inveighed against not being present, only heard of the invectives.—After Barrington, however, had got back to Dublin, the defendant, a Tipperary man named Foley, lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and covered with sweat, arrived before Barrington's residence, in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the bridle of his smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and opening the street door, beheld the apparition of the rough-coated Tipperary fire eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleek sticking to his bushy whiskers.

'Is your master up?' demanded the visitor in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

'No,' answered the man.

'Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley—he'll know the name—will be glad to see him.'

'The valet went up stairs and told his master, who was in bed, the purport of his visit.

'Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life,' said Barrington, 'for it is not a hare nor a brace of ducks he has come to present me with.'

The man was leaving the bedroom, when a rough, wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said, 'by your leave,' and at the same moment Mr. Foley entered the room.

'You know my business, sir,' said he to Barrington; 'I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it's not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body, and at the same time he cut a figure of eight with his shillelah before the cheval glass.

'You don't mean to say you would murder me in bed,' exclaimed Daines, who had as much honor as cool courage.

'No,' replied the other, 'but get up as soon as you can.'

'Yes,' replied Daines, 'that you might fell me the moment I put myself out of the bed.'

'No,' replied the other, 'I pledge you my word not to touch you till you are out of bed.'

'You won't?'

'Upon your honor?'

'Upon my honor.'

'That is enough,' said Daines, turning over and making himself comfortable, and seeming as tho' he meant to fall asleep; 'I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the castle guard.'

The Tipperary visitor looked marvellously astonished at the pretended sleeper, and soon Daines began to snore.

'Halloa!' says Mr. Foley, 'aren't you going to get up?'

'No,' said Daines, 'I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up again. In the meantime Mr. Foley if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will soon be here, but be sure and air it before reading; for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold as reading a damp journal; and Daines insisted to go to sleep.

The Tipperary man had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel; 'Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of bed, I have not the pluck to hurt so droll a heart.

The result was that less than an hour afterwards, Daines and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assaulting a dish of smoking chops.

MANNERS AND LAWS.—Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then; manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or depress, or barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady uniform, insensible operation like that of the air we breathe. They give our lives their whole form and color. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them or they totally destroy them.

A bachelor is a fellow who cuts himself off from a great blessing for fear of a trifling annoyance. He rivals the wisacre who secured himself against corns by having his legs amputated. In his selfish anxiety to live unencumbered, he only subjects himself to a heavier burthen; for the passions, that appertaining to every individual the load he is to bear through life, generally say to the calculating bachelor, 'As you are a single man you shall carry double.'

Justice consists in doing men no injury; decency, in giving them no offence; politeness, in making all our acts agreeable; philanthropy, in doing good in an agreeable, decent, and just manner.

There are hundreds that want energy for one that wants ambition; sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds as virtues in others.

So idle are dull readers, and so industrious are dull authors, that puffed nonsense bids fair to blow unpuffed sense out of the field.

The spoiled children of fortune, like those of the nursery, are apt to be very empty, very arrogant, and very offensive.

Circus.—A circus comes to town, and everybody knows how the music and the grand tent and horses set all the boys agog. Quarters of dollars and shillings are in great demand; and many a choice bit of money have the circus riders carried away which was meant for better purposes.

A little boy was seen looking around the premises with a great deal of curiosity.

'Halloa, Johnny,' said a man who knew him, 'going to the circus?'

'No, sir,' answered Johnny, 'father don't like 'em.'

'Oh, well, I'll give you money to go, Johnny, said the man.

'Father don't approve of them,' answered Johnny. 'Well, go in for once, and I will pay for you.'

'No, sir,' said Johnny; 'my father would give me the money if he thought 'twere best; besides, I've got twenty-five cents in my strong box—twice enough to go.'

'I'd go, for once; it's wonderful the way the horses go,' said the man, 'your father needn't know it.'

'I shan't,' said the boy.

'Now, why?' asked the man.

'Cause,' said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, 'after I've been, I couldn't look my father right in the eye, and I can now.'

If the mind is not laid out and cultivated like a garden, it will be overgrown with weeds.

The late comet was a good deal like the productions of some of our voluminous story-writers—a long tail from a small head.

UNITED STATES.

EXTRAORDINARY STATEMENT.—We take the following from the *New York Times*:—The extraordinary losses experienced by fire insurance companies since the termination of the war demand more attention than they have yet received. It is not simply that they tell of an enormous destruction of property, though in the present financial and business condition of the country this is a consideration to which we ought not to be indifferent. The fact which more than all others requires notice is the exhaustive drain which these losses have entailed upon the means and credit of insurance companies, and the extent to which they indicate fraud on the part of parties insured. Mr. Barnes, the Insurance Superintendent of this State, was recently reported to have said that a repetition of the history of the last two or three years in relation to fires would produce the bankruptcy of half the insurance institutions of New York. The statement is at least probable, when we remember that from 1859 to 1864, inclusive, the average losses by fire in the United States were about \$18,000,000 per annum, while in 1865 they rose to \$43,000,000, and in 1866 to \$100,000,000. Such an increase is not susceptible of explanation by any known application of the doctrine of probabilities on which all insurance is founded. It is too arbitrary and exceptional to be attributed to the ordinary accidents or chances of business or life. It is intelligible only when viewed in connection with the tendency to incendiarism which always attends periods of business depression and with the prevalence of incendiarism which the past eighteen months have notoriously developed.

New York, 11th.—The Post says: Sir Frederick Bruce has called the attention of our government to the Fenian outrage on the British schooner *Elk* at Cleveland. The U. S. District Attorney will prosecute the offenders for whatever crime they may be deemed guilty.

A GRAND FENIAN EXPLOIT.—On Sunday says the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, as the British Schooner *Elk*, Captain Gubbons, was lying opposite Sturtevant & Co.'s lumber yard, with no one on board excepting the captain two boys and an old man, she was boarded by about 30 Fenians. The captain was decidedly 'taken back' at the surprise party, and still more astonished when they ordered him to pull down the British ensign, that floated at the mast head.—He refused whereupon the colors were pulled down in spite of his remonstrance. The Fenians were orderly, and left after accomplishing their object.

WORKS OF NATURE.—In a state of health the intestinal canal may be compared to a river whose waters flow over the adjoining land, through the channels nature or art has made, and improve their qualities; so long as it runs on smoothly the channels are kept pure and healthy; if the course of the river is stopped, then the water in the canals is no longer pure, but soon becomes stagnant. There is but one law of circulation in nature. When there is a superabundance of humoral fluid in the intestinal tubes, and costiveness takes place, it flows back into the blood vessels, and infiltrates itself into the circulation. To establish the free course of the river, we must remove the obstructions which stop its free course, and those of its tributary streams. With the body, follow the same natural principle—remove the obstructions from the bowels with BRANDRETH'S PILLS, which never injure, but are always effectual for the perfect cleansing of the system from foulness or disease. Remember, never suffer a drop of blood to be taken from you. Evacuate the humors as often and as long as they are degenerated, or as long as you are sick.

See that B. BRANDRETH is in white letters in the Government Stamp.

Sold by all Druggists. May 10, 1867.

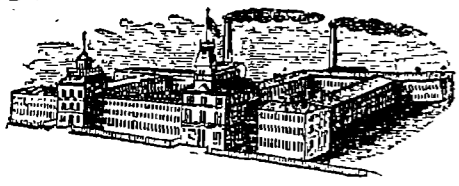
WHO IS MRS. WINSLOW?

As this question is frequently asked, we will simply say that she is a lady who, for upwards of thirty years, has unflinchingly devoted her time and talents as a Female Physician and nurse, principally among children.

Be sure and call for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." All others are base and dangerous imitations.

WANTED.

BY a young Lady, provided with a Diploma from the Normal School, capable of teaching both languages a Situation as TEACHER.



A CARD FROM THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY OF WALTHAM, MASS.

THIS Company beg leave to inform the citizens of the new Dominion of Canada that they have made arrangements to introduce their celebrated Watches to their notice.

They commenced operations in 1850, and their factory now covers four acres of ground, and has cost more than a million dollars, and employs over 700 operatives.

The difference between their manufacture and the European, is briefly this: European Watches are made almost entirely by hand.

HOW AMERICAN WATCHES ARE MADE. The American Waltham Watch is made by no such uncertain process—and by no such incompetent workmen.

ARE FULLY WARRANTED by a special certificate given to the purchaser of every watch by the seller, and this warrantee is good at all times against the Company or its agents.

ROBBINS & APPLETON, 132 Broadway, New York. ROBBINS, APPLETON & Co., 108 Washington St., Boston. ROBERT WILKES, Toronto and Montreal.

BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, ASTHMA,

And all disorders of the Throat and Lungs, are relieved by using 'Brown's Bronchial Troches.'

'I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and found no relief until I found your 'Bronchial Troches.'

O. H. GARDNER, Principal of Rutgers' Female Institute, N.Y. 'Almost instant relief in the distressing labor of breathing peculiar to asthma.'

It gives me great pleasure to certify to the efficacy of your Bronchial Troches, in an affection of the throat and voice, induced by public singing.

When somewhat hoarse from cold or over-exercition in public speaking, I have uniformly found Brown's Troches afford relief!

Sold by all Dealers in Medicines at 25 cents a box. April, 1867.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—It may be fairly doubted whether

The many-tinted flowers that shed Their perfumed leaves on Eden's bed, lent a purer fragrance to the atmosphere, than fills the dressing room or boudoir in which a flask of this odoriferous toilet water has been opened.

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

AN IMPORTANT CANADIAN TESTIMONIAL.

Gentlemen—This is to certify that my son William has been troubled with Scrofula for nine years, and has been under the treatment of a number of physicians, (at great expense to myself) but received no benefit thereby.

He commenced taking the Sarasparilla, and the result has been, after taking seven bottles, and also five bottles of BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS, four of the running sores have disappeared, and the fifth is now healing rapidly.

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

WHAT IS YOUR AILMENT?—A hundred varieties of disease may be traced to the stomach. For each and all of them, common sense suggests that the medicine which restores that organ to its full vigor, is the true remedy.

They are put up in glass vials, and will keep in any climate. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood, BRISTOL'S SARAPARILLA should be used in connection with the Pills.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

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WANTED.

A MALE TEACHER, with a diploma, to teach an Elementary School. Apply St. Columban, County Two Mountains, Canada East. WILLIAM HART, Sect.-Treas.

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS

OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, WILLIAMSTOWN (NEAR LANCASTER) C.W.

THE system of education will embrace the English and French languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, and every kind of useful and ornamental Needle Work.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR, TEN MONTHS.

Board and Tuition in the English and French languages, \$5.00 Music, 2.00 Drawing and Painting, 1.50 Bed and Bedding, 0.50 Washing, 1.00 Bed and bedding, washing, may be provided for by the parents.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money.

S. T.—1860.—X.—The amount of Plantation Bitters sold in one year is something startling.—They would fill Broadway six feet high, from the Park to 4th street.

SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. The Mexican Mustang Lintment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar."

IN THE GENTLEMEN'S Ready-made Department, Full Suits can be had of Fashionable Tweeds and Double-width Cloths at \$9, \$12, and \$15.

WHAT DID IT?—A young lady, returning to her country home after a sojourn of a few months in New York, was hardly recognized by her friends.

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LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming is required.

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BY the School Commissioners of St. Sylvester South a FEMALE TEACHER, having an Elementary Diploma, and capable to Teach both languages.—Salary, \$120. Testimonials required. Apply, pre-paid, to PATRIK OULLINAN, Sec.-Treasurer.

May 9, 1867.

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The large demand for this delicate, lasting and refreshing Perfume proves that it has already become a favorite with the public. No lady of beauty or fashion should be without a bottle on her toilet table.

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Gentlemen about ordering Suits are notified that the New Importations just arrived are extensive, very select, and the charges extremely moderate.

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