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VOL. XIX.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1869.

No. 22.

NELLIE NETTERVILLE;  
OR,  
ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTED.

By the author of 'Wild Times' 'Blind Agnes,' etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued)

Half an hour before, this had been the hottest and most dangerous position in the church, but O'Moore had well calculated his chances. The real danger now was from the roof, which, having been burning for some time, might fall at any moment. Below, the fire, having rapidly exhausted the light material upon which it had fed its fury, was gradually dying out, and boldly scattering the fagots upon either side as he moved on. Roger made his way up to the only spot in the building from whence escape was possible. Here the floor sank considerably below the general surface, and dashing down a heap of brushwood which still lay smouldering near, he laid bare an aperture effected in the wall itself, and going right through it to the cliff beyond.

Through this he passed at once, carrying Nellie as easily as if she had been a baby, and landing her safely on the other side. The people saw, and with a wild cry of hope rushed forward. Even as they did so the roof began to totter. They knew it, and, maddened by the near approach of death, pressed one upon another, blocking up the way and destroying every chance of safety by their wild efforts to attain it.

In the midst of this confusion, a shower, as of red-hot fire, poured down from the yielding rafters. Then came another cry (oh! so different from the last)—a cry of grief and terror mingled—then a crashing sound and a heavy fall—and then a silence more terrible even than the cry of terror—a glacial, death-like silence, only broken by the hissing and crackling of the flames above and the deep sough of the sea below—and all was over.

CHAPTER XII.

When first O'More unfolded the cloak in which he had brought Nellie safely through the flames, she lay so white and still that, for one brief, terrible moment, he almost fancied she was dead. The fresh air, however, soon revived her, and opening her eyes, filled with a look of terror which afterwards haunted them for months, she fixed them upon Roger, and whispered nervously:

'Where are the rest—the priest and all?—Where are they?'

'They are with their God, I trust,' he answered solemnly. At that awful moment he felt that he could say nothing but the truth, terrible as he knew that truth must sound in the ears of the pale girl beside him. His words, in fact, seemed to cut through her like a knife, and she fell upon her knees, exclaiming, 'I only saved—I only saved! O my God, my God! have mercy on their souls!' Then suddenly remembering that, if she were safe, she owed it entirely to Roger, she added earnestly, 'You have risked your life for mine. How shall I thank you?'

'By helping me once more to save it,' he answered curtly. 'Nellie,' he went on rapidly, 'he knew too well that every moment they lingered there was fraught with peril—' Nellie, you are saved, and yet not safe yet! Your life, however, is in your own hands now, and with courage and good trust in Providence, I doubt not we shall pull safely through.'

Nellie seemed to gather up her mind for a great effort, and said calmly:

'Only say what I must do, and I will do it.'

'The case is this,' said Roger shortly: 'Yonder tower,' and he pointed to the burning pile over head—'yonder tower must fall soon, and, if we linger here, will crush us in its ruins. On the other hand, even if we could creep round to the opposite side of the church, a thing in itself almost impossible, the fanatical demons who guard the gates will probably shoot us down like dogs. The cliff, therefore, is our best—almost our only chance. Nevertheless, I leave the choice in your own hands. Only remember you must decide at once.'

'The cliff, then, be it!' said Nellie, with white lips but flashing eyes. 'God is more merciful than man. He will save us, perhaps; if not His will be done—not mine. I will trust entirely to Him—entirely to Him and you.'

Almost ere she had finished speaking, Roger had undone the rope which he carried round his waist, and was looking eagerly about him for some means of securing it in such a way as to make it useful to Nellie in her descent. Fortunately for his purpose, a thorny tree had planted itself, some hundreds of years before, in a fissure of the rocks so close to the walls of the tower that, old, and gray, and stunted, as it now was, its roots had in all probability penetrated

beneath their broad foundation, and were quite as firmly settled in the ground. Upon this Roger pounced at once, and having tied it sufficiently to make tolerably sure of its powers of endurance, he passed one end of the rope round the thickest and lowest portions of the stem, and made it fast with a sailor's knot. The other end he threw over the cliff, and then watched its fall with a terrible, silent fear at his heart lest it should prove shorter than his need required.—Dow it went, and down, and he stooped over to mark its progress, until Nellie felt sick with fear, and turned away to avoid the giddiness which she knew would be fatal to them both.

At last she heard him say, 'Thank God, it has reached the platform!' Then he turned round and anxiously scanned her features.

'Nellie,' he said, 'this thing is difficult, but not impossible. I have seen you bound like a deer down cliffs almost as steep, if not so high. The great, the only real peril, is in the eyesight. Lot's wife perished by a look. You must promise me neither to glance up nor down, but to keep your eyes fixed on the rocks before you. Hold well by the rope; take it hand over hand like a sailor, (I remember that you know the trick;) and leave the rest to me. There is really a path, though you can hardly see it from this spot; and there are ledges and crevices besides, in which you will easily find footing. You must feel for them as you descend, and when you are at a loss, I shall be below to help you.—Neither will you be quite alone, for I am going to fasten you by this cord, so that if you should happen to let go, I may perhaps be able to support you.'

'My God!' said Nellie, white with terror, as he passed a strong, light cord, first round her waist and then his own, in such a way that there was length sufficient to enable them to act independently of each other, while, at the same time, neither could have fallen without almost to a certainty ensuring the destruction of both. 'My God, I cannot consent to this. Go by yourself; my fall would kill you.'

'But you will not fall—you shall not fall,' he pleaded anxiously, 'if only you will abide by my directions.'

'Go alone, I do beseech you!' she answered, with a shiver. 'You cannot save me, and I shall but ensure your destruction with my own.'

'Nay, then, I give it up,' he answered, almost sullenly. 'We will stay here and die together; for never shall it be said of an O'More, that in seeking safety for himself he left a woman thus to perish.'

'Then, in God's name let us try!' said Nellie; 'only tell me what to do, and I will do it—if I can.'

'Hold fast the rope, that is all. Never let one hand go until the other has grasped it firmly, and leave the rest to me. I will help to place your feet in safe resting-places as we go down. Only trust me, and all will yet be well.'

'I will trust to you, and to God, and our Lady,' said Nellie, unconsciously repeating the password of the morning. Her color was rising fast, and her eyes had begun to sparkle with excitement. O'More seized the propitious moment and, almost before Nellie knew it, she had begun her perilous descent.

'Are you steady now—quite steady?' he asked, in a low voice as if he feared to startle the air with motion by speaking louder. 'Yes! with the natural instinct of a mountain climber Nellie had already found a rough indented spot in which her foot was firmly planted, and he descended a step lower. Thus inch by inch they went, Nellie ever clinging to the rope, and O'More guiding her descent with a success he had hardly looked for, and which he felt to be almost miraculous. His heart at last beat high with hope; for he saw by the distance which they had descended that they must be nearing a sort of platform formed by a sudden bulging out of the lower strata of the cliffs, and he knew that they were safe if they could only reach that spot, the rest of the path being so well marked that, even without his aid, Nellie could easily have found her way from thence to the sands beneath.'

But the surge of the sea boomed louder and louder as she approached it, and at last, fairly forgetting Roger's caution, she turned her head a little and glanced downward. Then for the first time, she became fully conscious of the terrible position she occupied, suspended as it seemed by a very thread between earth and sky, and with the great, deep, awful ocean rolling hundreds of feet below her. Her head swam, her eyes failed her, she had just enough presence of mind left to grasp the rope firmly by both hands, when, feeling as if her senses were utterly departing her, she cried out:

'O my God! I am going! Save me, Roger, I am going!'

'No, no!' he cried, in agony, for he knew only too well the danger of the thought. 'Hold fast—hold on; for Christ's dear sake, hold on!

One step—two steps more, and you are safe.—There!' he cried, in a voice hoarse with emotion, as he felt his own foot touch the platform; and seizing Nellie by the waist, he drew her, hardly conscious of what he was doing, by main strength to his side. There, oh! thank God—thank God, you are safe at last!'

He was just in time. Nellie had that very moment let go the rope, and, if he had not caught her, would inevitably have been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. As it was, he landed her safely and gently on the ledge where he himself was standing, and without venturing to loose her entirely from his grasp, laid her down, that she might recover from her nervous panic.

'You are safe,' he kept repeating, as if it required the assurance of his own voice to make certain of the fact. 'You are safe!' and then with an instinctive yet entirely unacknowledged consciousness on his part, that his own safety might perhaps be at least a portion of her care, he added: 'We are safe now. You can stay here until you are quite yourself again: only do not look up or down—at least not just yet, not until the giddiness is gone. You forgot Lot's wife, or this never would have happened.'

Nellie was not insensible, though she looked so. She only felt as if she were in a dream. She understood perfectly all that Roger said; the shadow even of a smile seemed to pass over her white lips as he alluded to Lot's wife: but his voice tell with a muffled sound, as if it came from a great distance, on her ear; and earth, and sky, and cliff, and ocean, all seemed blending and floating in wild fantasy through her brain. By degrees, however, a sort of awakening seemed to creep over her, but she did not use it at first either to look up or speak. Possibly she felt that words would be powerless to express her thoughts, and was glad of any excuse for silence. Roger did not like to hurry her, and therefore employed the next few minutes in scanning the sea in search of Henrietta. She was there, exactly in the place in which he had bidden her to wait for him; but she was watching the burning tower overhead, and had evidently very little notion that any of its victims had escaped.

From the spot where he was standing, he could easily have made her hear him; but fearing that his voice might rouse up some hidden foe he turned to Nellie for assistance.

'Have you a handkerchief?' he asked, 'or anything of that kind, which you could give me for signal?'

Without answering, without even looking up,

(so obedient had she grown, poor Nellie!) she untied the scarlet kerchief, which, in her harm less vanity, she had that morning thrown over her head and knotted beneath her chin, as the last thing wanting to her costume of a native girl, and gave it into Roger's hand. He waved it for some time without success, but at last Henrietta saw it, and began to row vigorously into shore.

'Now you may look,' cried Roger joyfully helping Nellie to stand up; 'now you may look for you will see nothing but what it is good for you to see. Henrietta Hewitson is waiting for us in the boat below, and the sooner we leave this resting-place the better.'

'Henrietta Hewitson!' cried Nellie, roused effectually to life again by the mention of her name. 'His daughter! How kind, how noble! Shall we not go to her at once?'

'If you are able,' he answered. 'The rest of the way is easy—easier far than the cliffs of Clare Island, which you climbed with me yes terday.'

'Easy! oh! yes, surely it is easy,' cried Nellie wildly. 'O my mother—my mother!' she sobbed, with a little gasp: 'I shall see her once again—and my grandfather! the poor old man will not be left desolate, after all.'

Roger saw that she was growing every moment more and more excited, and he cut the matter short by carrying her down to the beach and laying her in the boat, as if she had been a baby. Henrietta received her with a look of remorse, as if she felt that she herself must seem, somehow or other, responsible in Nellie's eyes for the pain and misery she had been enduring for the last few hours; and while she wrapt her tenderly and affectionately in a cloak taken from her own shoulders, Roger sent the boat, by a few vigorous strokes of the oar, to a safe distance from the rocks near which they had embarked.

This manoeuvre placed them full in view of the burning tower, and he dropped his oar and gazed upon it as if irresistibly attracted by the spectacle. The body of the church was by this time a smouldering heap of ruins, but the tower, wrapt in its terrible robes of fire, still stood bravely up as if in defiance of its coming doom. For a single second it remained thus, unyielding and apparently uninjured, then it began visibly to totter. Another moment, and it was swaying backward and forward like a leaf in an autumn storm; and yet another, and, as if in a last wild effort to escape from the flames that wrathed it, it plunged right over the cliff, the fragments of

its ruined walls crashing and crumbling from rock to rock till they fell with a roar like thunder into the waters underneath. Both girls, at the first symptom of the catastrophe impending, had instinctively shut their eyes; but Roger, on the contrary, looked on as steadily as if he were keeping count of every falling stone in order to set it down in his debt of vengeance against those who had done the deed. Not a syllable, however, did he utter, until the last stone had fallen, and the last fiery gleam disappeared from the cliff; but then, as if unable any longer to endure in silence, he threw up his arms toward heaven, and exclaimed:

'Men, women, and children all sent before their time to judgment! O God! what punishment hast thou reserved in this world or the next that shall be heavy enough for such a deed as this?'

'Curse me not—curse not!' cried Henrietta, with anguish in her voice. 'The doom, God knows, is heavy enough already.'

'Curse you!' said the astonished Roger, 'you, to whom I owe more than my own life a thousand times. Nay, Mistress Henrietta, what madness has made you fear it!'

'I fear! I fear! Why should I not?' sobbed Henrietta. 'The sin of the parents shall be visited on the children, and he is my father, after all!'

'Your father! your father!' Roger muttered, trying to keep down the storm of passion that was choking him. 'Well, well, he is, as you say, your father, and so I must persevere be silent!'

'Alas, alas!' Henrietta pleaded, 'if you did but know the completeness of his religious mania, you would also comprehend how easily a man, merciful in all things else, can in this one thing be merciless.'

'Nay,' said Roger bitterly; 'it needs, I think, no great stretch of intellect to understand it thoroughly. A man, fresh from the siege of Tredagh, where children were dashed from the battlements lest, like nits, they should become troublesome if suffered to increase, will, doubtless, merely consider the holocaust of human life which lies buried beneath yonder ruins, as a whole burnt offering, smelling sweet in the nostrils of the Lord, which he, as his high priest, has been deputed to offer up.'

He broke off suddenly, for a hand was laid upon his arm, and a white face lifted pleadingly to his. 'Speak not thus of her father,' whispered Nellie. 'Speak not thus; see how she is weeping!'

'Her tears are his best plea for mercy, then,' said he in a gentler tone, and seizing the oars, he began to row as vigorously as if he hoped to quiet his boiling spirit by the mere fact of bodily exhaustion. Nellie made no answer, and silence fell upon them all.

The deed just done was not of a nature lightly to be forgotten, and they went quietly on their way, as people will, upon whom the shadow of a great terror still hangs heavily. Just, however, as they entered the harbor of Clare Island, Nellie caught sight of a well-known figure, and uttered a cry of joy. It was Hamish, and, in her impatience, she scarcely waited till the boat was fastened ere she was at his side. But there was no gladness in his eye as he turned to greet her. He was deadly pale, and his left arm hung powerless at his side. Nellie saw nothing of this at first, however, she was thinking so entirely of her mother.

'Is she come, dear Hamish?' she cried. 'Where is she?'

'In Dublin,' he answered curtly.

'In Dublin—and you here?' cried Nellie in dismay.

'Because she sent me,' he replied.

'What is it, Hamish? What is it?' faltered Nellie, struggling with a sense of some new and terrible misfortune impending over her.

'She is sore sick—sick even unto death,' Hamish reluctantly replied. He could not bring himself to utter the terrible truth as yet.

Nellie stood for a moment mute with terror. She read upon her foster-brother's face that worse news than even this was about to follow; but when she would have asked what it was, courage and voice completely failed her. She knew it, however, soon enough. From his seat by the door of the tower, Lord Netterville had caught a glimpse of Hamish, and came down at once to greet him. Excitement seemed for one brief moment to have restored all his faculties, and he cried out eagerly:

'You here, good Hamish—I am heartily glad to see you! And what news bring you from Netterville? How goes my lady daughter? Ill do you say—sore stricken? Nay, man, remember that she is still but young. It cannot surely be an illness unto death?'

'Yes, but it is, my lord,' said Hamish, speaking almost roughly in his agony. 'Death, and nothing short of death, as surely as that I am here to say it.'

'Art thou a prophet?' asked Roger, bending

his dark brows upon him, and half tempted to suspect a snare. 'Art thou a prophet, that thou darest to speak thus confidently of the future?'

'Sir,' said Hamish, driven at last beyond his patience, and hardly knowing how to break his news more gently, 'it needs not to be a prophet to foresee, that the widow of a royalist and a Catholic to boot, shut up in prison and condemned on a false charge of murder, is in danger—nay, said I danger?—and is as certain of her doom as if she were already in her coffin.'

Nellie uttered a wild cry, the first and last that escaped her lips that day, and Lord Netterville repeated faintly, 'Murder!'

'Ay, murder; and in another week she dies,' Hamish answered, now desperate as to the consequences of his revelation.

Nellie turned short round toward Roger.

'I must go!' she said. 'I must go at once.'

'Of course you must,' he answered, in that helpful tone which had so often that morning already reassured her.

'She has sent me hither to conduct you,' Hamish—with some latent jealousy of the interference of stranger—was beginning, when unable any longer to conceal the bodily anguish he was enduring, he uttered a moan of pain, and leaped back against the low wall of the pier.

Then for the first time Nellie looked into his face and saw that he was as white as ashes.

'My God! my God!' she cried in her perplexity. 'What is to become of us, he is dying too.'

'No, no,' Hamish mustered his failing strength to answer. 'It is nothing. They shot at me as I took boat from the beach, and hit me in the arm; but it is not broken, and if only I could stop the bleeding, I should be well enough to start at once.'

But he grew paler and paler as he spoke, and the blood gushed in torrents from his arm, as he tried to lift it for their inspection. Roger shouted to Norah to bring down a cordial from the tower, and he then helped Nellie and Henrietta in their nervous and not very efficient endeavors to check the bleeding with their kerchiefs. Hamish was by this time well nigh insensible, but a cup of wine revived him, and having ascertained that he was merely suffering from a flesh wound, Roger sent back Norah to rummage out some bandages which he remembered were among his soldier stores. With these he stanched the blood, and carefully bound up the wounded arm, assuring Nellie at the same time that her faithful follower was merely suffering from loss of blood, and that in a few days he would be as well again as ever. Nellie must be forgiven if at that moment she had no thought excepting for her mother.

'A few days!' she cried despairingly; 'then I must go back alone, for my mother will be dead by that time.'

Hamish did not hear her. He was leaning back in that half-dreamy state which often follows upon loss of blood; but Roger answered instantly:

she had an escort, was enabled to commence her journey that very afternoon, both she and her companion being mounted upon good swift steeds, which the young English girl had made her scruple of abdicating for the purpose from her father's stable. She had done even more than this; for she had conquered her pride and impetuosity sufficiently to write a letter to Major Orton, in which she entreated him, by the love he once professed to bear her, to do all he could for Nellie, and to procure her every facility for access to her mother. This she had given to Roger, hinting to him at the same time that her correspondent was high in favor of the Lord Deputy, and might possibly be able to induce the latter to commute the sentence of death hanging over Mrs. Netterville into one of fine or imprisonment; even if he could not or would not grant her a full pardon. Of this hope, however, Roger said not a syllable to Nellie, fearful, if it should come to light, of adding the bitterness of disappointment to the terrible measure of misery which in that case would be her portion.

The journey to Dublin was a difficult and a long one, and if Nellie had been allowed to act according to her own wishes, she would probably have used up both herself and her horse long before she had reached its end. Fortunately however, for the accomplishment of her real object, Roger took a more exact measure of the strength of both, under the circumstances, she was capable of doing for herself, and he insisted every night upon her seeking a few hours' repose in any habitation, however poor, which presented itself for the purpose.

With this precaution, and supported also in some measure by the very excitement of her misery, Nellie bore up bravely against the insipid fatigues and discomforts of the journey. The horses, however, proved less untiring. In spite of Roger's best care and grooming, both at last began to show symptoms of distress, and they were a long day's journey yet from Dublin when it became evident to him that his own in particular was failing rapidly. Henrietta had chosen it chiefly for its quality of speed, but it was too light for a tall and powerfully-built man like Roger, and more than once that day he had been compelled to dismount, and proceed at a walking pace, in order to recover it self. Night was rapidly closing in, and Nellie, who, preoccupied by her own anxieties, had not as yet remarked the state of the poor animal, ventured to remonstrate with Roger upon the slowness of their proceedings. Then for the first time he pointed out to her the exhaustion of their steeds, acknowledging his conviction that his own in particular was in a dying state, and that two hours more, if he survived so long, would be the utmost measure of the work that he could expect him to accomplish. Nellie was for a moment in despair, and then a bold thought struck her—Why not ride straight for Netterville? They had been for some hours in the country of the Pale, and they could not be very far from her old home now. Every feature in the landscape was becoming more and more familiar to her eyes, and she was certain that in less than the two hours, which Roger had assigned as the utmost limit of his steed's endurance, they would have reached her native valley. Once there, they would not only be in the direct road to Dublin, but they would also have a better chance of finding horses than they could have in a place where they were entirely unknown. Netterville, it was true, was now wholly and entirely, with its fields and stock, in the hands of the Parliamentarians; but she was certain of the fidelity of the poor people there, and as certain as she was of her own existence, not only that they would not betray her, but that they would also do all they could to help and speed her on her way. The plan seemed feasible; at all events, no other presented itself at the moment to Roger's mind, and accordingly, after having done all he could to relieve his horse, and prepare him for a fresh spurt, they struck right across the country eastward toward the sea. Nellie proved right in her conjectures. In even less than two hours from the moment in which they started, they reached the valley of Netterville, reached it, in fact, just in time; for Roger had barely leaped from his horse's back ere the poor animal was rolling on the turf in the agonies of death. Nellie then proposed that they should walk to the cottage of old Grannie, and dismounted in her turn. Her horse was not so exhausted as that of Roger, nevertheless it was even then unfit for work, and would in all probability be still more so on the morrow. Roger therefore thought it better to leave it to its fate than to run the risk of attracting notice by bringing it with them to Grannie's habitation. He hoped, as Nellie did, that they would have a good chance of finding fresh steeds at Netterville next morning; and after carefully hiding the two saddles in a clump of gorse, they set out on their way on foot. The old woman received Nellie with a cry of joy. No sooner, however, did the latter mention the business which had brought her there, than the faithful creature stifled all her gladness at this unexpected meeting with her foster-child, and turned to weep in good and sorrowful earnest over the woe and shame impending upon the house of Netterville, in the person of its unhappy mistress. While Nellie ate, or tried to eat, the simple fare set before her by her hostess, Roger told the latter of the fate which had befallen their horses, and inquired as to the possibility of replacing them by fresh ones. Grannie shook her head despondingly. Royalists and Parliamentarians alternately, she said, had seized upon every available horse they could find in the country, until, as far as she knew, there was not a 'garran' fit for a two hours' journey within ten miles of Netterville. As to Netterville itself, if there were any horses left in its stables, (which she doubted,) they must of necessity belong to the English soldier, to whose lot in the drawing of the debentures, the castle and its grounds had fallen; much, the old woman added with a chuckle, to the disgust of the officer who commanded them at the time of the recent murder, and who, having coveted the place exceedingly

for himself, was supposed to have pressed the matter heavily against Mrs. Netterville for the facilitating of his own selfish wish.

(To be continued.)

### IS THERE NOT A CAUSE?

(From the London Times.)

This pamphlet can well afford to be judged on its own merits; its author need not be indulged from the least partial critics. But our readers will probably agree with us that it derives an additional and peculiar claim to consideration from the facts that it is the production of a clergyman, when we inform them that it is a thoroughly fearless and unspoken exposure of the evils resulting from the maintenance of the Irish Church. Considering what this Church is, may seem a strangely bitter satire upon the clergy to have to praise one of their number merely because he has the caudron to discover, and the courage to expose, its weak points. But the political history of this country too clearly proves that, whenever a question is brought before them which may seem to affect the privileges of their own order, the clergy treat it, not on broad grounds with reference to the claims of justice or the good of the nation, but on the narrowest basis of professional self-interest. We, of course, are speaking of the clergy only as a body. We gladly admit that there are numerous exceptions among them to this general rule. We are even not without hope that, as the spirit of free inquiry gains more and more ground, these exceptions may gradually leave the whole lump, and remove from their order the stigma of being too ready to sacrifice to its own professional interests the public good. On selfish grounds alone—to say nothing of any other the clergy would do well to get rid of this unavoidable reputation. Men who are notoriously ready to defend a cause naturally get less than their fair credit when they happen to be in the right. If the English clergy ever have to fight for their own Establishment, the arguments which they then put forward will lose much of their legitimate weight with the public when it is remembered that the same arguments were used quite as strenuously in defense of such an Establishment as the Irish. The clergy will then find their best allies in those whom they now, perhaps, consider their worst enemies—such traitors in the clerical camp as the author of the pamphlet before us.

The pamphlet is a forcible and thoroughly readable summary of the case against the Irish Church. The author's style is clear and flowing, and controversy is evidently his forte. We have not often met with a writer who showed more skill in turning an adversary's argument round upon him, and using it to prove the reverse of that for which it was advanced. And as Mr. MacColl always singles out the ablest antagonist he can find, this turns for controversy in his pamphlet with a peculiar interest as a curious and instructive repertory of the weak arguments which strong men have been driven by the very badness of their cause, not merely to hazard by way of experiment, on the chance of their being taken for more than they were worth, but to rely upon as towers of strength. Lord Derby, for instance, has made as much of the Coronation Oath as if it put the establishment of the Irish Church beyond even the range of controversy during the life of the present Sovereign, and nothing, can be more effective than the way in which his own arguments are turned round and made to do duty against him by Mr. MacColl. Lord Derby declares that 'the oath constitutes a solemn and personal obligation from which you cannot release the Sovereign,' and that 'it would be violated if Her Majesty endorsed a proposal to disestablish and disendow that which she has sworn implicitly. But, as Mr. MacColl retorts, according to this literal interpretation of the oath the Sovereign has not only already broken it but has actually done so by the advice of the now conscientious champion of the Crown, Lord Derby. The oath binds the Sovereign to 'preserve unto the Bishops and clergy of England and Ireland, and to the Churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them.'

It follows from this that, if Lord Derby's interpretation of the oath is valid, he is himself the first transgressor—the Jacobin who made Israel sin. For his Temporalities Bill, which received the assent of Her Majesty's predecessor, destroyed at one blow two archbishoprics and eight bishoprics, and thereby robbed the Bishops and Churches of those rays of the rights and privileges which by law appertain to them.

Besides, those who choose thus rigidly to interpret the oath, according to the letter must take it all or none; they cannot lay stress upon just what part happens to suit their purpose, and leave the rest, and they have therefore to meet the fact that the oath speaks not only of England and Ireland, but also of 'the territories therein belonging.' From Lord Derby's own point of view, therefore the Jamaica Suspensory Bill of his own Government—to say nothing of the Canadian Clergy Reserved Bill of the Aberdeen Government—is as clear an infraction of the oath as Mr. Gladstone's Suspensory Bill. If every infraction strikes as terrible a blow at the Royal conscience, the Sovereign must by this time have scarcely enough conscience left to be worth all this zeal on the part of her chivalrous champions. But this, we need scarcely say, is not our author's own point of view. He shows, indeed, that even if the words of the oath are taken one by one, 'it simply binds Her Majesty's not to interfere, as some of her predecessors were apt to do, with the temporal status of the Church without the consent of Parliament.' But he prefers to take not the letter of the oath, but its spirit, judged in great measure by the circumstances in which it had its origin, and the object for which, as the whole tenor of our history shows, it was framed:

'I confess I find it difficult to enter into the train of thought which would make the Coronation Oath a perpetual bar to the action of the Legislature on all fundamental questions. If every person in the United Kingdom, the Queen herself included, should come to the conclusion that the dictates of justice and the safety of the Empire demand the disestablishment of the Irish Church, still, according to Lord Derby, the remedy must not be applied during the reigning Sovereign's life, though the consequence should be civil war. We are ready to suppose that the Coronation Oath is intended to act, not as a check on the Royal prerogative, but as a limitation on the free action of Parliament during each successive reign! The two Houses of Parliament are so mischievous of their own legislative capacity that at the commencement of each reign they bind the Sovereign by a solemn oath to refuse the Royal assent to some measure of their own, which they may perchance consider essential not to the stability only but even to the life of the nation! Surely an argument which involves a series of extravagant absurdities refutes itself. The English parliament has, in the course of ages, gradually surrounded itself with a bulkwark of privileges against the encroachments of the Crown; and as each Sovereign ascends the throne of his predecessor he promises the nation, by a solemn oath, that he will rule as a constitutional Sovereign—that is, by the advice of his Parliament. But Lord Derby's doctrine is that the Coronation Oath binds the Sovereign to govern as an absolute despot—to reject the advice of Parliament, and, it may be, even his own sense of what is wise and right! If this be the true

*Is There Not a Cause? A Letter to Colonel Greville Nugent, M.P., on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, with a vindication of Mr. Gladstone's consistency. By the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, K.T., &c. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1868.*

view of our Constitution, it is remarkable that it should have hitherto escaped the observation of all the great men who have devoted their learning and talents to its elucidation.'

Another well-known argument of Lord Derby's, what may be called the private-property argument in favour of the Irish Church is shown by Mr. MacColl to be equally suicidal and subversive of the ground its author has himself before maintained. Lord Derby prives to his own satisfaction that there is difference in principle between Church property and private property, and that the nation has no more right to disestablish the Irish Church than to resume such national gifts as Blenheim and Stratfieldsaye. As Mr. MacColl retorts, 'by what right, then, did Lord Derby suppress archbishoprics and eight bishoprics?'

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In other words, England robbed the Catholics of Ireland of their property, and closed against them all the avenues of knowledge, and shut them out from every honourable enterprise; and because this barbarous policy has borne some fruit, though less than it would have borne among a people less buoyant than the Irish, the two Primates of Ireland adduce that fruit as a reason for perpetuating our injustice. We did our best to degrade the Irish, and when we have in some degree succeeded we cry out, 'See how degraded they are, compared with the Protestants!' Suppose they do succeed in showing which, however, we do not as a matter of fact admit—that the Irish Establishment rests on the same foundation as private property. Their own inference, of course, is that the Establishment should not be touched. But would this necessarily be the inference of all their antagonists? Might not some of them invert the argument, and declare that if the claims of property are on the same footing as those of the Irish Church the former cannot be of much value? 'If, in order to save political abuses,' says Macaulay, 'from that fate with which they are threatened by the public bar, you claim for them the immunities of property, you must expect that property will be regarded with some portion of the hatred which is excited by political abuses.' Besides, this strategem of bolstering up a weak cause by lashing it, no matter how, to a strong one is to stale and worn-out to produce any effect upon enemies, however mischievously it may recoil against friends. There never existed an abuse, were it even so absurd, so repugnant to common feeling and common sense, which was not loudly declared by its champions to be bound up inseparably with all that was sacred and worth preserving in our glorious Constitution. In the recent debate on Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions the Home Secretary quoted a prophecy of Lord Ellenborough that the abolition of the Irish Establishment would 'produce the ruin and overthrow of the political union between Great Britain and Ireland, and the quotation produced for the true great effect. But, as Mr. MacColl points out, the same great authority had predicted even stronger terms the ruin which was to overtake the country if capital punishment for petty thefts were abolished. The punishment, however, was abolished, and England survived, just as she will, not improbably, survive the abolition of the Irish Establishment. The same solemn warnings were uttered, the same irreparable injury predicted to the sacred right of property, when Reformers proposed to alter the law which doomed a man to death for cutting down a cherry tree, and hanged a boy of ten for stealing a pocket-handkerchief.' Mr. MacColl narrates an instance painfully interesting, for which we must refer our readers to the pamphlet itself, of the revolting barbarities to which this 'sacred right' led.

As another illustration of the palpably weak and dangerous arguments to which the ablest controversialists may be driven by a bad cause, we find a defender of Lord Salisbury's weight endeavouring to meet the fatal objection that the Protestant Church of Ireland is the Church of a minority by asserting that if you take Great Britain and Ireland together, as you are bound to do, 'the Church of England will still be the majority.' Yet no one would be quicker than Lord Salisbury, if an opponent ventured to offer him a statement of this kind, in seeing that, 'if you take all the country together,' the Church of England is not a majority. It may, indeed, be a majority so far as the Roman Catholics alone are concerned, but by what right are all other Dissenting sects excluded from consideration? A more dangerous and suicidal theory could not well be put forward by a defender of Establishments as they exist in Great Britain and Ireland, for, if the right of English Churchmen to an Establishment is based upon the fact that they are a majority as compared with Roman Catholics, you have only to compare them with Roman Catholics and Dissenters taken together and their right at once disappears. But, perhaps the strangest of all the arguments singled out for criticism by Mr. MacColl is one advanced by a professed logician of considerable repute—the Archbishop of York. The passage in the Archbishop's speech containing it is as follows:

'One of the strangest things connected with recent discussions on the Irish Church is the sort of judicial blindness which induces its friends to believe that they are defending it when in truth, they are arguing for its extinction. Consider for a moment the legitimate conclusion of the argument which I have here quoted from the Archbishop of York's speech. The Irish Church, he says, 'was never designed as the Church of the majority. It was designed as a mark of the disapproval of the Crown and the rulers of the country of the Roman Catholic religion. It went along with most oppressive measures and it was the outset of those oppressive measures. But it was part of a whole system' which system, his Grace thinks, has been 'altered for the better; and he is very glad that those oppressive measures have been removed.' But the fruitful parent of those 'oppressive measures' is outward and visible symbol of that bad 'system' still remains. To what purpose? To do penance for its past iniquities and by preaching 'the truth in love' endeavor to win the population of Ireland into its despotic temple? 'No,' says his Grace of York emphatically, 'that was not its original design; and it is not its proper work now. The original design, 'tis true, was bad, and the modern idea of making it a missionary Church is impracticable! What remains, then, but that the Irish Church, at least as an establishment, has no design at all, no purpose whatever to serve, but merely acts as a chronic irritant to the Irish people, and a perpetual vexation of spirit to the English Government? As a missionary Church it is, by the confession of its friends, a disastrous failure. As a mark of disapproval of the religion of the Irish nation it is a gratuitous insult and a political blunder of the first magnitude; and I will go so far as to say that the Irish people 'ought not to be loyal in England' while they are thus affronted and outraged in the tenderest and holiest feelings of the human heart.'

This argument of the Archbishop is specially noteworthy as an illustration of the astonishing coolness with which the advocates of the Protestant Establishment can make a right out of their own wrong. Where we should expect to find them doing penance in sackcloth and ashes we find them in the most jubilant, self-complacent spirit of parochial exultation. Lord Cairns, for instance, points with pride to the plantation of Ulster as a glorious instance of Protestant superiority, quoting Sir John Davis to show that 'was before one waste and desolate wilderness became (in Protestant hands) the garden of Ireland.' But why, very naturally asks Mr. MacColl, did not Lord Cairns explain how Ulster came to be this waste and desolate wilderness? The answer is obvious. The desolation was the work of English soldiers, behaving with inhuman ferocity worthy of

Artilla's sparing none, of what Charles I. or Cromwell killing man, woman, and child, male, female, and whatever we could find—'to quote the words of a worthy himself engaged in that plot, Protestant work.' Or take as, perhaps, a still more striking instance of this determination to get right out of wrong—an argument used by numerous defenders of the Establishment, among them two Archbishops. They boast that the Protestants are the 'enterprising and intellectual' portion of the nation, including 'the great majority of the landed proprietors, the merchants, and the skilled artisans, and then ask how you can have the heart to interfere with privileges of such rich and clever people?

"In other words, England robbed the Catholics of Ireland of their property, and closed against them all the avenues of knowledge, and shut them out from every honourable enterprise; and because this barbarous policy has borne some fruit, though less than it would have borne among a people less buoyant than the Irish, the two Primates of Ireland adduce that fruit as a reason for perpetuating our injustice. We did our best to degrade the Irish, and when we have in some degree succeeded we cry out, 'See how degraded they are, compared with the Protestants!' Suppose they do succeed in showing which, however, we do not as a matter of fact admit—that the Irish Establishment rests on the same foundation as private property. Their own inference, of course, is that the Establishment should not be touched. But would this necessarily be the inference of all their antagonists? Might not some of them invert the argument, and declare that if the claims of property are on the same footing as those of the Irish Church the former cannot be of much value? 'If, in order to save political abuses,' says Macaulay, 'from that fate with which they are threatened by the public bar, you claim for them the immunities of property, you must expect that property will be regarded with some portion of the hatred which is excited by political abuses.'

The Irishman makes some characteristic observations on the change of Ministry. It is glad the Tories are out, but sees no reason to rejoice that the Whigs are in, and entertains no sanguine expectations of advantage to the country until the Parliament meets 'within the hallowed precincts of College-green.' It proposes the following three tests by which the people are to judge of the sincerity of the new Government:

'1. Will it instantly repeal the Suspension of the habeas Corpus Act? 2. Will it grant an amnesty to all Irish political offenders, prisoners or not prisoners? 3. Will it decline the services of those who, under Russell, established Protestant ascendancy in the Court of Justice, and bade every Roman Catholic stand aside?'

The following appeared in the *Cork Examiner* of Monday:—'A Rake—It is rumoured here that the O'Donoghue is about to accept an office from the government, and that Sergeant Barry will seek the representation of the borough of Tralee.' Can it be true? It is said that the Irish Junior Lordship of the Treasury is vacant, and that there is a brisk competition amongst Irishmen for the possession of the coveted prize. Mr. O'Donoghue certainly deserves some recognition for his services to Barry at Dungarvan—which services although they did very sensibly assist the 'kicking out' of the 'miserable man,' may very possibly turn out to have not been so very disinterested after all.

An Irish Heroine.—Mr. Peter Blair, the quartermaster of the unfortunate ship *Hibernia*, whose total wreck, accompanied with appalling loss of life, was announced last week, gives a graphic and terrible account of the sufferings endured by himself and his companions in an open boat, after the steamer went down. On the second day the supply of fresh water ran out many of the men drank sea water, grew delirious, and threw themselves overboard. A deep and immoveable despondency fell upon the greater bulk of the survivors, and this became more and more evident when the women and children sickened, died, and were flung over to feed the sharks. Blair strove by every means in his power to sustain the sinking spirits of his fellow-sufferers by the sailor's well-known device, spinning yarns. 'One old Irish woman,' he says, 'was indefatigable in her efforts to keep up the spirits of all on board. She would get the women into a line of conversation, and by her drolleries would cause them to laugh heartily. We told her that she ought to wear the "breks" if ever she got ashore, and she replied that she was determined to do so. She would say to the women that they were not to sit there and cramp themselves, but should get up and stretch their legs.' The name of the gallant old lady has not, unfortunately, been preserved; and this is the more to be regretted, as she went to the bottom when the boat capsized, and all but three men perished. I may add that the Rev. John O'Connor, who was accused of having mixed himself up with the London Fenians some time ago was a passenger by the *Hibernia*. He is safe.—[Cor. of Irishman].

Liberated.—Many of your readers will remember Thomas Hayes, who was convicted of treason-felony at the opening of the campaign against the Fenians. Hayes was a wheelwright, and was regarded as a sort of political oracle by his fellow-workmen. No suspicion of his loyalty crossed the intelligent mind of the police, although they were running on every discoverable trail in that wild period of panic and excitement. Inspector Campbell was a lucky man. He was drinking in a public-house one fine afternoon when Hayes entered. The officer being carefully disguised, the latter never suspected him; and, on learning that he was an Irishman, the conversation turned on Irish topics, the irrepressible Fenian question taking the lead. There and then Hayes quietly unbosomed himself to the wily detective. He told his companion that he was head-centre, that he had been entrusted with the organisation of the Cork circles, that the country was preparing to rise, fitting out the foreign garrison, and proclaim a republic. When all this and more had been revealed, Campbell took his confiding dupe into custody. He was tried and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Last Saturday the government sent down an order for his discharge, and after suffering three years' punishment he is once more a free man. In a conversation with Campbell at the time of the trial I remarked that he had behaved badly to a country man. The remark seemed to immensely tickle the inspector. 'Why the —— fool,' said he 'it is not I but himself that's to blame for the trouble he has got into. A nice lot of conspirators you are, surely! You let this or that donkey into your secrets, he goes in for a glass, meets with friend or enemy, and lets out everything. You call yourselves conspirators! You be damned!' Campbell went on to say that by arresting Hayes he had kept forty other men out of gaol. He praised Hayes's sincerity and honesty, but he lost all patience when speaking of his 'garrulous brambl,' which he declared, would hang an archangel.—Cor. of Dublin Irishman.

The acceptance of the Viceroyalty by Lord Spencer, with the assurances which accompany the announcement, has produced a very favorable impression on the public mind. He will receive from the Liberals of Dublin a cordial welcome, and from all classes a tribute of loyal respect. The Freeman observes:—'It is now beyond doubt that Earl Spencer has accepted the Viceroyalty, and we are glad of it. We do not know whether he is familiar with Ireland. Very likely not. He will find Dublin a pleasant capital with a very brilliant society. If he be fond of popularity he can win it on sufficient easy terms. We promise the Earl and Connells a cordial well-welcome. They will like us when they come to know us, and when they leave Ireland they will recall the pleasant days they spent in Dublin and the generous people whom it was so easy to govern, and it was impossible not to love.' The fact that the new Lord Lieutenant has not taken a prominent part in the political struggles of the day will commend him to more general acceptance, and inspire confidence in the fairness and impartiality of his administration.

On December 4, two men named Richard Miles and John Conroy, were arrested by the Malinavat Constabulary, on a charge of having been of a party who waylaid and violently assaulted a man named Patrick Freaney, of Kilbride, whose life was considered in much danger from the treatment that he received. They were brought before Thomas Elliott Esq., J.P., who committed them to the county gaol, to be brought up for examination at the Kilmainham Petty Sessions.

Mr. Vincent Scully was a candidate for the representation of Cashel, and was opposed by Archdeacon Quirk, P.P., as he was a bad landlord. Mr. Scully, at a dinner, endeavored to reply to the Venerable Archdeacon, who rejoins in a letter to the Tipperary

**Naway, Dec. 5.**—A man named Murphy was found dead this morning, on the road at Drumbilly, about four miles from here. Death is supposed to have resulted from exposure and exhaustion.

**The Suspected Murders in Naway.**—The adjourned inquest on John Digney, who is supposed to have been murdered near this town on the night of the 29th ult., when returning home in company with a man named John Murtagh was held on yesterday, and was again adjourned until Tuesday next, the 8th inst. The medical evidence is conclusive that death resulted from injuries to the brain inflicted by another, and circumstantial evidence appears strong against Mr. Magr, who is in custody. Both men were in a state of excessive intoxication when they were quarreling, and there can be little doubt that it was not a premeditated murder.

A petition will be presented in a few days against the return of Mr. Devereux for Wexford, on the ground of informality, and a 'special case' submitted to the Court of Common Pleas for its opinion. The point arises out of the retirement of Mr. Motte after a show of hands in his favor, and a poll demanded, which was not opened, but Mr. Devereux declared duly elected.

The Corporation of Cork has resolved to memorialise the Government for a commission of inquiry respecting the firing on the people out of the house of Mr. Richardson, the gunmaker, on the night of the borough election. They are very much dissatisfied with the conduct of the magistrates in refusing to take information and send the case for trial.

**The Rev. W. MATRIN.** We have received a correspondence in which Mr. Robinson, of Cabra Parade, Phibsborough, calls the attention of the Rev. Mr. Matrin to the phrase—'Condition of Dissenters, Roman Catholics atheist, and other enemies of the Church of Christ,' alleged to have been used by the Rev. gentleman, the other evening in the course of a lecture delivered by him. The Rev. Mr. Matrin, in reply to Mr. Robinson's inquiry, states that he used no such language, and that he could not have used it, as I believe both Dissenters and Roman Catholics to be themselves members of the Church of Christ.'—Freeman's Journal.

During the process of clearing away weeds, etc., in the ancient churchyard at Trim a few days ago, a tombstone, no less than 360 years old, was come upon, which has attracted much interest amongst antiquarians. It bears the following inscription:

'Hic jacet Jobnes Ward, decaturor factor, iustus ecclasticus alius rector, qui obiit xxvi. Feb. Anno Domini MDVIII.' The peculiarities of John Ward as 'decaturor doctor' in connection with the Trim Parish Church appear to be a puzzle to all the parties who viewed the stone.

**Louth Election.**—Mr. Fortescue having accepted the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, will have to come to Louth to be re-elected. We understand that the conservatives would be disposed to oppose him, if they had the power, but it is stated that there will not be a contest.

The notorious 'Captain' P. O'Brien, who succeeded some time ago in effecting his escape from Mallow gaol, where he had been committed on a charge of stealing a gun from the residence of Mr. Justice of Mount Justice of Cork, has been found in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, and has been securely lodged in the local bridewell. O'Brien owes his arrest to his having resumed his old practices. He had gone on Friday night last to a house in the neighbourhood of Moll Garth's bridge and carried away a gun, and by the description given of him by the victim of his depredation the police recognized O'Brien and proceeded to hunt him up. It appears that he had also taken unauthorized possession of a horse from a man named Buckley, and started on horseback in the direction of Musgrave Mountains. Two constables having got on his track, succeeded in coming up with him. O'Brien on seeing the constables endeavoured to escape across country, but neither he nor the animal appeared to be accustomed to that method of progression. He was, therefore, compelled to succumb to the police, who removed him to the car in which they had been traveling. A crowd collected, and O'Brien seeing this appealed to them to rescue him, saying that he was 'Captain P. O'Brien of the Fenian army,' and a relative of O'Brien the 'Mameluke martyr.' The bystanders were only kept in check by the resolute attitude assumed by the constables, one of whom—Constable Quin—stood up in the car and warned the people that he would fire on any man who should attempt to rescue the prisoner, who continued to struggle desperately with the constable. The crowd gradually fell to the rear, and O'Brien, finding that there was no chance of active intervention on his behalf, ceased to struggle with the police. He was taken to Rathcoole police station, and subsequently conveyed to Kilkenny.—[Times Cor.]

**C. M. O'KEEFE IN WORING.**—On yesterday week Mr. Hoey paid a visit to this prison, and had an interview with the prisoner O. M. O'Keefe. He is in tolerably good health. His employment is different from what he was engaged upon last summer. He was then a bricklayer's labourer. He is now at a somewhat more congenial labour for a literary man—doing some small prison clerking. He does not complain much, except of the extreme cold he feels, for he is not allowed any fire where his labours are carried on. He was anxious to know if there was any movement out of doors on his and his fellow-prisoners' behalf, and he wonders that he has been detained so long a prisoner, seeing, as he remarks, that he was nowise mixed up in the Fenian organisation, but merely a literary contributor to the Irish People. He is, of course, sensible that the unfortunate letter which he wrote, and which was found upon Mr. Luby at the time of his arrest, was strong evidence against him; and as excitement and prejudice ran high at the time of his trial, it went far in convicting him. Notwithstanding poor O'Keefe's imprisonment he is still full of literary speculation, and he would gladly accept his pardon on condition of emigrating to America. Many matters were spoken of at the interview, but as they related to matters personal to the prisoner and his affairs, there was not at present in making them public.—Universal News.

**WANTS THE IRISH MEMBERS.**—The Irish elections are all ended, and the country sinks down into apathy, as if it had accomplished all that was necessary for it to perform. The elector thinks when he has given his vote and aided in returning the best of the candidates before him, that his labour is at an end. Such may be his idea, but we and others are of a different opinion. We think it is now, after the elections, that his real work begins, and if he neglects to perform it, the man he has sent into the political field to do his bidding may become a lazy, indolent or careless workman; and instead of performing what he promised, he may commence to violate his pledges, and begin to spoil the business he was sent to perform. When a farmer hires men to cut his corn, he does not leave them to do as they please. He stands near them, or sends his steward to observe how they do their work, and if they act contrary to their agreement they are sent about their business. In the same manner the Irish people should look at how their members may act in London. They should ascertain how they vote; how they perform their promises; whether they concur to quarrel with each other; whether any of them are anxious to become the slaves of the minister; allowing him to treat Ireland as it has always treated; and whether they are resolved to hurl him from office if he shows symptoms of leaving the wrongs of their country redressed. It would be worth while appointing one or two sterling men in London to keep a sharp eye on our representatives, and send weekly or fortnightly reports of their doings to some Dublin journal. Knowing that they were watched by faithful Irish sentinels, who would perform their duties with strict fidelity, most of them, we believe, would

take care not to earn the censure of their constituents. These sentinels are absolutely necessary, because many of our members may prove unable to withstand the allurements of the parties who will beset them in the modern Babylon, whose wealth and grandeur abound, and where an Irish representative may make his fortune, like William Keogh, by proving false to his country. If in O'Connell's day there were not such Irish officers, we may call them so, necessary in London. The great leader himself performed the duty of inspecting the conduct of the Irish members, and if one of them became recreant, his conduct was soon reported to his constituents, and at the next election he was discarded; dismissed from public service, and permitted to stop at home to take care of his private affairs. It was an unpleasant duty for O'Connell to discharge, but he performed it faithfully; and it produced a salutary effect on those trimmers who desired to barter the rights of their country for place, pension or paltry honours. No honest Irish member should feel offended by his conduct being watched. We are all the better of having an 'eye over us'; for most men are weak, and if they are not afraid of punishment they may fall into habits. How often have we seen Irish representatives, when they feared no reproach, acting contrary to their pledges, and in direct opposition to the interests of Ireland? Indeed it may be truly said, that but for the conduct of the men we have sent to parliament for the past twenty years, Ireland would have got the most of her rights before this day. We tell the electors of Ireland, then, that they have not done the entire of their duty by sending a number of men to the English parliament. They have to watch these men; to reprove their errors; to remind them occasionally of their pledges and promises; to urge them on to resume labour for their country's welfare. This course alone will keep the Irish members in the proper path; but to leave them in London for years without a word of reproof, if they deserve it; or the slightest caution to beware of committing a mistake, is just the way to allow them to fall into evil habits; to become corrupt; and, consequently, to have Irish freedom disposed of to the highest bidder. There should be no more such neglect of Ireland's interest by the Irish constituencies. They have done much during the late elections; but they are required to warn their members to perform their duties to their country like faithful and honest men.—[Dundalk Democrat.]

The legal appointments of the new Government, as regards Ireland, are very freely canvassed by the papers. Whig organs are of course, in a state of ecstatic jubilation, and the Tory ones in a severely critical mood. The Observer—which is supposed to be Mr. Gladstone's organ, writing of the appointment of Mr. O'Hagan to the chancellorship, in a strain of warm approval—takes a sly dig at Judge Keogh. It says:—'The appointment of the Obief Baron, Chief Justice Monaghan, Judge Fitzgerald, or Judge Keogh, would be a little more than a shadow of the judicial cards, and, in the case of the last named gentleman, would be very decidedly unpopular. From which, we trust, the eminent judge will take to heart the lesson, that, in doing his work for the British Government in Ireland, it is just possible to go too far—so far as to offend even the delicate susceptibilities of its supporters at the press. The Tory journals regard Judge O'Hagan's elevation with ill-concealed aversion. They throw out dark hints that the new rule of Ireland is to be one of "foreign spiritual domination"; and that, in fact, Cardinal Cullen and Chancellor O'Hagan are to be the real rulers of the country. It is worthy of note, also, that Sergeant Barry's appointment, as Solicitor-General, is hailed by Whig and Tory alike with unabated approbation. Even the Mail says for him that, 'he is not believed to be a mere lay Roman agent.' And from the Freeman to the Cork Southern Reporter, the Whig organs rejoice at the step in advance which their calumnies against Irishmen have earned him from an English Government. In fact, the miserable man is no fool, he can be as "Ultramontane" or as "Liberal" as any man when occasion requires it. He is a lawyer, whose conscience as well as his abilities, are for hire, and he can talk over the Mail man, and "gammom" poor old Dr. Hall with equal facility. Surely, none so fit as he therefore, to serve the British Government in Ireland.—Irishman.

The Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland has pronounced upon the political situation and issued a manifesto embodying its views. A meeting was held in the Orange-hall, York street, on the 9th and 10th ult., and the result of their important deliberations was the adoption of a series of resolutions and an address to the members. The resolutions declared their opinion that the Act of Union is the charter of the rights of Ireland; that the disestablishment and disendowment of the Established Church would be a direct violation of it; and 'would annul, cancel, and render void every article thereof; that the Union could only be maintained thereafter by physical force; and, what is a more formidable consideration, that 'as it is by virtue of the third article of that Act that the Imperial Parliament is constituted and invested with legislative authority, upon the cancellation of that Act their functions as a Parliament would be extinguished.' They further announced that, having regard to the Coronation O-tb, they 'hold that any attempt to pass an Act of Parliament to disestablish or disendow the Irish Church to which the Sovereign cannot assent is an act of disloyalty to the Crown, and as such ought to be resisted by all loyal subjects.' The last resolution fully crowns the series. It is characteristic and reassuring:—'Resolved, That in the event of our beloved Monarch being placed in the trying and difficult position of being called upon to refuse his assent to any measure brought before him, we hereby pledge ourselves to afford to Her Majesty every aid and support in our power.' The address which is appended to the resolutions informs the brethren that we are in most critical times, that from the revolution 'the Protestant religion and liberties of the country were never surrounded with such peril arising from the rapid advance of Popery.' The relations of Church and State and voluntarism and disestablishment are only minor questions; 'the ascendancy of Papal power in this country' which lies underneath is far graver. The Grand Lodge deplore the fact that this question was not clearly seen during the late election, or the result would have been different. The priests 'saw it,' and labored by every means to effect their object in which they have been aided by 'Protestant apathy, blindness, and disunion.' The consequences to be expected are 'the exclusion of all true Protestants from place and power, and the bringing of the judicial bench, the executive government, and the magistracy of Ireland' under the management and control of the Court of Home.' A sample of what is to follow may be seen in the appointment of the Chancellor, between whom and Cardinal Cullen intimate and confidential relations are known to exist. What higher authority can there be for such a statement than the Grand Orange Lodge? What body more likely to be informed on such a delicate subject? They regard this appointment as a direct insult to the feelings of Protestants, and they complain that true Protestants—who never before were claimed as true Protestants—have been passed over. They further account for the increase of power to Mr. Gladstone by the irritation produced in the minds of many of their brethren by the 'one-sided and merciless administration of an unjust law.' Then comes the moral. They 'trust and hope that the eyes of all may be opened so that no Protestant may again fall into such an error,' and they counsel the brethren in the meantime to avoid all disunion, to recruit their ranks, and especially to keep within the law, however unjust.' The address concludes with a pious exhortation to put their trust in God, without, however, the practical hint that in their powder, which formed so suitable a sequel to the advice of their favorite hero. It is signed with due formality by the illustrious name of 'Enziskillen.'—Cor. of Times.

**AN ANGLICAN LEADER.**—The late Dr. Longley, who occupied the see of Canterbury, and was much esteemed by members of the Establishment, has bequeathed to his clergy his matured opinions on the subjects which now agitate them. They relate chiefly to Ritualism and cognate topics. We take them from the *Guardian*, which prints them *in extenso*, and seems to think them creditable to the judgment of the deceased prelate. Yet they are as antagonistic to High Church views, and as deeply tainted with heresy, as anything which has proceeded of late from similar sources. Anglican Episcopal fountains usually pour out muddy streams, at which a Christian would find it difficult to slake his thirst; but we have rarely tasted one of more nauseous flavour than this.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

**London, Dec. 30.**—The new House of Commons met yesterday for preliminary business only. The ministers who were re-elected took the oath of office. Writs were issued for elections to fill the vacant seats, after which the House adjourned until the 16th of February.

When Mr. Bright went to Windsor to take the oaths of office, Her Majesty showed her delicate consideration for the great commonweal in a very marked way. She sent Mr. Helps, the Clerk to the Privy Council, to assure Mr. Bright, if it was more agreeable to his feelings to omit the ceremony of kneeling or kissing hands, he was quite at liberty to do so. Mr. Bright availed himself of this considerate permission, and was very kindly and cordially received by Her Majesty, who took occasion in the most marked manner to express her gratification at meeting him.

**Gold in SUTHERLAND.**—No small sensation has been created throughout the eastern district of Sutherland within the last few days by a report that gold had been found in Kildonan Strath, and though it has not yet so affected the public mind as to lead to a 'rush' to the diggings it has raised sufficient interest to justify such an amount of 'prospecting' as will put an end very soon to all doubt on the subject. Meantime, it has been established beyond doubt that gold is to be found there, and the only question for solution is as to the quantity. We believe this, in addition to gold, there has been detected the presence of scarcely less precious minerals in the same locality, and that a very decided impression prevails that considerable quantities of both descriptions may be obtained. No time will be lost in testing the matter. Meantime, the fact of gold being in Kildonan is established by the successful search of several persons, and the report of mineralogists as to the quality of the ore. —Northern Ensign.

Lieutenant Colonel Brockman has addressed a letter to the Editor of the *Rock*, appealing for contributions to a fund to be raised for the purpose of remunerating Mr. Murphy for his past services and of enabling him to carry on his future labors in the defence of Protestantism!

**The Church News (Protestant) says:**—In case of the disestablishment and disendowment of the National Establishment, the Church must infallibly break up. Catholics, miscalled 'Evangelical,' and Standardites will soon separate and take different directions. Instead of Corporate Reunion there will be innumerable individual secessions, leaving only a State sect, infidel in its essence and contemptible in its accidents.

We congratulate the kingdom of Scotland upon the choice which the Sovereign Pontiff has made for the first Archbishop in North Britain since the Reformation. The Holy See chose its men for its most important and trustworthy positions with peculiar tact and instinct. In Scotland there is a large Irish, as well as a large and increasing Scotch Catholic population. Mgr. Eyre is neither a Scotchman nor an Irishman. He is an Englishman of an ancient and honourable Catholic stock, dating from the reign of Edward IV. He is about fifty years of age. He is the third son of Count Eyre, and was educated at Ushaw College. But, though an Englishman, he is connected with Ireland by having been the trusted and well-proved friend and pastor of a large Irish population in New-Castle and its neighbourhood; and, through long residence in the North of England, not far from the border, he has been brought into a closer acquaintance with, and interest in, the Scottish people than could have been acquired by any one who had lived further removed from the Tweed, whether in England or in Ireland. It is not for a journalist to command the powers of administration, the zeal for education, prudence, and devotedness which characterizes any person who is nominated to judge in Israel; but no one can have travelled in the diocese of Hexham without having heard these qualifications identified with the name of Mgr. Charles Eyre, pastor of Newcastle. —[Tablet.]

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—one of the largest and, perhaps, one of the most representative Societies of the Church of England—on Tuesday refused, by a substantial majority, to identify itself with either of the combatants now at war within the Diocese of Natal. Such a result is rendered the more satisfactory and significant by the circumstances under which it was obtained. If the feelings of the conflicting parties were not fully expressed it is no fault of those who were yesterday present in Freemasons' Hall. The speakers more than once designated their Society as a venerable association, but it is questionable whether any one who attended yesterday would have recognized the description. It is true there was an Archbishop in the chair, Bishops, Peers, and Archdeacons on the platform, and grave clergymen and laymen in the body of the meeting. Their presence, however, seemed to inspire no veneration in the assemblage itself. Except at a hustings when nobody expects to be heard, and the only object of each party in the crowd is to drown out the opposing speakers, such a scene as that of yesterday afternoon can hardly have been witnessed. There is indeed, this defect the comparison, that the confusion at the hustings is generally good-humored, whereas the tumult of yesterday displayed an amount of excitement and passion which must have been seen to be believed.

Clerical and respectable looking gentlemen exchanged face to face epithets and accusations which, in former days would have led to very serious consequences. For the first hour it seemed doubtful whether the business could proceed at all. Though the hall was already overcrowded, there were numbers of eager members outside, who did their best by shouting, and even by hammering at the door, to prevent anything being heard or done in their absence. When the meeting had at last wearied itself by ineffectual clamor, five speakers were partially heard, and the Archbishop finally succeeded by exemplary patience in letting it be known what was the issue submitted to the vote. The manner, indeed, in which the last speaker was received was discreditable to a society of clergymen and gentlemen. Dr. Miller of Greenwich, a member of the Standing Committee, rose for a few words of reply after the speaker to the Amendment had been heard. The partisans of the Bishop of Capetown instantly raised a storm of furious noise, and confounded them without intermission for some ten minutes. They shouted, they hissed them, yelled, they stamped; Dr. Miller essayed to leave the chair, and Lord Harrowby vainly appealed for fair play by mute gesticulation. When a vote had at length been taken, Archdeacon Denison characteristically refused to believe that he had been beaten, and, in a spirit which the majority very naturally resented, professed to doubt whether the sense of the meeting had really been expressed. Another stormy scene succeeded; but the majority properly refused to allow their decision to be eluded, and by overwhelming numbers supported the conclusion which the last speaker was received as.

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**An Anglican Leader.**—The late Dr. Longley, who occupied the see of Canterbury, and was much esteemed by members of the Establishment, has bequeathed to his clergy his matured opinions on the subjects which now agitate them. They relate chiefly to Ritualism and cognate topics. We take them from the *Guardian*, which prints them *in extenso*, and seems to think them creditable to the judgment of the deceased prelate. Yet they are as antagonistic to High Church views, and as deeply tainted with heresy, as anything which has proceeded of late from similar sources. Anglican Episcopal fountains usually pour out muddy streams, at which a Christian would find it difficult to slake his thirst; but we have rarely tasted one of more nauseous flavour than this.

Why, Ritualists should think they have lost by the substitution of Dr. Tait for Dr. Longley, we do not understand. Here are some specimens of Dr. Longley's sympathy with Ritualists and their dogmas. If each of them, he says, 'may change, custom and ritual according to his own private opinion,' which he reproaches them with doing, 'anarchy will necessarily be the fruit.' The Ritualists will probably reply that their anarchy is as lawful as other people's anarchy. But Dr. Longley tells them that 700 Anglican bishops have acquiesced in an interpretation of the rubric adverse to their view; a statement which they will find it more difficult to answer. He calls them also 'a noisy but not a very numerous section of our Church,' a sentence of which the first clause seems to us deficient in politeness, and the second in accuracy. And then he comes to their doctrines. Among the practices inconsistent with the principles of the English Church, the late Archbishop of Canterbury considers 'aicular confession the most offensive,' a decision which must be very encouraging to the clergy who accept it, as a division. The Ritualists, he adds, wish to substitute the Mass for the communion, the obvious aim of our Reformers having been to substitute the Communion for the Mass. Here he is as right in his facts as he is wrong in his doctrine. 'The Church of England,' he continues, in language which might excite astonishment if any statement of an Anglican prelate could do so, 'admits of considerable latitude'—in what do our reader suppose? in vestments and ceremonies? no, but—in the views which may be taken of that most mysterious of all mysteries, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. And then he proceeds to show that her members may believe whatever they like about it, provided they do not believe the truth. For they must (1) deny any presence of the Natural Body, (2) refuse all adoration, and (3) reject the notion of its being a sacrifice or satisfaction for man. As to the language of the Fathers, who unfortunately taught the Catholic doctrine, 'well,' they used words poured forth under the influence of excitement; an ingenious thought, which, as everybody perceives, reduces patristic tradition to its true value. Finally, 'the Romish notion' of the Christian Sacrifice, which no one will accuse poor Dr. Longley of favouring, 'entailed the use of the terms altar; a term, as he judiciously adds, which appears nowhere in the Book of Common prayer, and was no doubt omitted 'lest any countenance should be given to the sacrificial view.' With this observation of their late Private we leave the subject to the meditation of our Anglican friends. —[Tablet.]

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AND  
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY  
At No. 606 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, in case the paper be continued, the terms shall be Two Dollars and a half.

To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers. Two Dollars and a half, in advance; and if not renewed at the end of the year, then, if we continue sending the paper, the subscription shall be Three Dollars.

The True Witness can be had at the News Despatch. Single copies 3d.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 8, 1869.

## ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JANUARY—1869.

Friday, 8—Of the Octave.  
Saturday, 9—Of the Octave.  
Sunday, 10—First of Epiphany.  
Monday, 11—Of the Octave.  
Tuesday, 12—Of the Octave.  
Wednesday, 13—Octave of Epiphany.  
Thursday, 14—St. Hilary, B. C. D.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Conference for discussing the threatening Eastern Question, and for effecting if possible an amicable settlement of the differences between Greece and Turkey will, it is said, be held in a few days at Paris, and will be attended by the representatives of all the Great Powers. The Turkish and Grecian governments will it is expected take part therein.

The appointment for the first time since the great apostacy of the sixteenth century, of a Catholic to the post of Irish Lord Chancellor is looked upon as the dawning of a new and brighter day for Ireland. It is rumored that one of the first measures of the new Ministry will be the restoration to that country of *Habeas Corpus*, and the release, under conditions we suppose, of the political prisoners.

There has been more fighting in Spain, and the revolutionists, have, so we learn from telegram, defeated the rebels at Malaga. In a country like Spain where no legal government exists, none to which any man is bound to yield allegiance, it is hard to make out who are rebels, or wherein the crime of rebellion consists. We suppose however, that by the term "rebels" the weaker party is meant.

The London Tablet publishes some interesting details with respect to the General Council to be held this year. The precedents of the First General Council of Lateran, held in 1512, the Popes Julius II, and afterwards Leo X, presiding in person, will be strictly followed. Since then there has been but one General Council, that of Trent, but the Sovereign Pontiff under whose reigns it was held, did not preside thereat in person.

There are in the Catholic Church 12 Patriarchates, 177 Archdioceses, and 905 Bishoprics, 1,094 in all. Of these 1 Patriarchate, 9 Archdioceses, and 102 Bishoprics are at the moment vacant; leaving 992 as the number of Prelates for the present year qualified to assist at the Council. Of these upwards of one tenth, or 110 are Bishoprics or Vicariates within the British Empire; so that that Empire which calls itself Protestant will be well represented at the great assemblage of the Fathers of the Catholic Church.

**THE SEMINARY AND THE POOR.**—We see that urgent appeals are being constantly made in favor of the Catholic poor of our city. Protestants are applied to, and, it is conceded, with success. We do not intend to blame any one, and in ordinary circumstances, or in other localities differently situated we would be the first to urge all Christian and charitably disposed persons to answer favorably all appeals calculated to relieve the sufferings of the poor. But in Montreal, where the whole population whether Protestant or Catholic, English or French, labors to enrich an institution which was expressly founded for the relief of the indigent who might inhabit the island, the property of which was committed to its care for that very purpose, it is idle or unauthorized curiosity to ask whether the enormous income of the Seminary of St. Sulpice is not sufficient to relieve the more pressing wants of our indigent population. Strictly, Protestants who contribute directly by their labor and industry to increase the wealth of the gentlemen of that favored institution might claim a share for the support of their own poor, but, at all events, they ought to have the right to ascertain whether all they give is applied to relieve the wants of anybody. Will some members of our Local Legislature ask for a statement of sums received and how expended by the Seminary of Montreal. Their charter requires from them such a statement, but we have never seen it asked for or published.

The above is a fair specimen of the manner in which the *Witness* without committing himself by any direct statements, contrives to insinuate that the Seminary of St. Sulpice disregards the interests of the poor, and makes an improper and illegal use of its property. We will therefore make a few remarks upon these insinuations, which however we do not expect that the *Witness* will have the honesty to lay before its readers. Firstly, it is not true that the Seminary was founded for the relief of the indigent who

might inhabit the island." The object for which the Institution in question was founded, and upon which it is legally authorized to expend its income, are set forth at length in the Ordinance of 1840—incorporating the Ecclesiastics of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice, and "confirming" not creating, their Title to the Fiefs and Seigniories by them held long before the British flag floated over Canada.

In this document, clause II. "The rights and titles of the members of the said Seminary" to the property by them claimed "are confirmed,"—we quote the words of the Ordinance; which then goes on to determine how and to what extent the said Ecclesiastics shall have, and hold the said property, and to what purposes they shall be at liberty to employ it. We quote the very words of the document:

"The Corporation hereby constituted, shall and may have hold and possess the same as proprietor thereof, as fully, in the same manner, and to the same extent as the Ecclesiastics of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice of the Faubourg de St Germain Lez Paris, or the Seminary of Saint Sulpice of Montreal, according to its constitution before the eighteenth day of September which was in the year one thousand and seven hundred and fifty nine, or either, or both of the said Seminaries, might or could have held, enjoyed, or applied the same, or any part thereof previously to the last mentioned period."

From this it is plain that the Seminarians of St Sulpice in Montreal to-day have precisely the same right over their property, as had the Seminarians of St. Sulpice of Paris on the 18th September 1759; and may apply the proceeds thereof to the same purposes as did the said Seminary, or as the Seminary of St Sulpice at Montreal, were at liberty to apply their revenues to, in the middle of the last century. Besides this the Ordinance of 1840 permits the Seminary of Montreal to apply its revenues to any one, or to all, of the undermentioned purposes:—

"and to and for the purpose, objects and intents following, that is to say the cure of souls within the Parish of Montreal; the mission of the Lake of Two Mountains, for the instruction and spiritual care of the Algonquin, and Iroquois Indians; the support of the Petit Séminaire, or College at Montreal; the support of Schools for children within the Parish of Montreal; the support of the poor Invalids and Orphans; the sufficient support and maintenance of the members of the Corporation, its officers, and servants; and the support of such other religious, charitable and educational institutions as may from time to time be approved and sanctioned by the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, or person administering the Government of the Province for the time being—and to, or for no other objects, purposes or intents whatsoever."

It will thus be seen that the Ordinance is both permissive, and restrictive. It permits the Seminary of St. Sulpice of Montreal to apply its revenues to any one, or to all, of the purposes to which, before the 18th of September, 1759, the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris could apply its revenues; and also to other special purposes carefully enumerated. And it restricts the Seminary of Montreal, in so far as it prohibits the application of its revenues to purposes not legal to the Seminary of Paris prior to the date indicated, 18th Sept. 1759, or not subsequently set forth in the Ordinance of 1840.

Now in so far as the Seminary of Montreal is concerned, we may observe that the general support of the indigent in the island of Montreal, is not one of the objects enumerated. Two classes of indigent, ("Orphans") and ("poor invalids"), are particularized, as legitimate objects of the Seminary's care; not that it is bound by the Ordinance to support even these—only it is thereby permitted to do so, if it so sees fit. And if the Seminary does not, as a rule, care to publish to the world the record of all its noble charities, of the thousands whom it houses, feeds, and clothes, it is because, true to the spirit of their Master, its members do not, as did the Pharisees of old, as do our nineteenth century Pharisees in Montreal, cause to be sounded a trumpet before them when they do aims; as do the hypocrites in the synagogue and in the street "that they may have glory of men."

Still when properly called upon to give an account of their stewardship, the Seminary have no cause to shrink from the ordeal. But the 14th clause of the Ordinance, authorizes only the Governor, or person administering in the name of the Queen, the Government of the Province, to call for such an account; and as we are not aware that Her Majesty has delegated any portion of her authority to the editor of the *Witness*, we do not expect that the St. Sulpicians will pay much attention to his demands.

Will the *Witness*, in justice to those whom he has misrepresented, lay before his readers, a statement of the objects to which the Sulpicians are at liberty to devote their revenues, and which we have quoted from the Ordinance of 1840. We pause for a reply.

\* These two are the only classes of poor to whom the Seminary is permitted to extend its cares.

**CONVENTS v. WORKHOUSES.**—Whether after all, even in a material point of view, society is a gainer by the confiscation of ecclesiastical property, and the breaking up of convents and Catholic charitable asylums, may be seriously doubted, even by the most zealous Protestant who cheers on the Piedmontese and Spanish governments in their hellish work of robbery, and evictions. Even in England, where

for three centuries the experiment has been tried of substituting the agency of the State for that of the Church, in the relief of the poor, and where that experiment has been tried under the most favorable circumstances, it has not eventuated as the Yankees would say, in such a splendid success, as to encourage us to be very sanguine as to the results of similar experiments elsewhere. Far be it from us to insinuate that the people of England are lacking in sympathy for the poor, or indifferent to the sufferings of the sick, the infirm, and destitute, for such is certainly not the case; but it is no less true, that, under the existing system, in spite of the improvements of recent legislation, in spite of our Argus-eyed press, and the checks imposed upon the hard-heartedness of parochial officials by an ever vigilant public opinion, the condition of the poor and destitute in England does not improve, and is perhaps more abject and degraded than that of the similar classes of society in any part of the known world, either in ancient or in modern times.

From time to time some amateur "casual," or some prying newspaper correspondent brings more prominently than usual before the notice of the public some glaring case of neglect and indifference on the part of workhouse guardians: and for a moment there is a cry of indignation and commiseration. But the excitement is soon over, and even before the ink of the Report of the Commissioners appointed to examine the facts of the case, is well dry, the commiseration has subsided, and the workhouse has relapsed into its normal condition of filth, brutality and immorality. Such we fear will be the case with the excitement raised in the late disclosures of the "Poor Law Inquiry at Farnham Workhouse" of last year, and of which the revolting particulars were published in the London Times.

This Farnham Workhouse is a fair type of the average English workhouse, and its system is a fair specimen of the actual working of English Protestant Poor Laws. It is not by any means a model workhouse, neither is it by any means the worst of its class in the country. As the London Times some time ago editorially observed when commenting upon the disclosures of the then pending official inquiry, these reveal no abnormal, or exceptional state of things, but simply, "a radical weakness in our Poor Law system"—a weakness or vice inherent in the system itself: and the Times added:—

"Now that public attention has been fixed on the treatment of sick paupers in rural workhouses, it comes out, as we might have expected, that Farnham by no means stands alone."

It is important to keep this admission in mind, for it is tantamount to admitting that the exposed abuses of Farnham are the abuses, not of a particular set of guardians unmindful of their duty—but the abuses of the Protestant Poor Law system itself, radical, and inseparable from that system. This premised let us raise the curtain as far as it is permitted to us to do so without outraging decency, and see what are the actual workings of that system which Protestantism has substituted for the Catholic Convent, and *Sale d'Asyle*, as exemplified in the typical Farnham Workhouse. Much of course we must do for sake of brevity, and for decency's sake suppress, or keep hidden; but we can from the reports in the Times before us, show enough to satisfy the curiosity of the reader.

One of the most important witnesses examined was one of the officials of the workhouse, Dr. Powell, the medical officer of the establishment. Of the "tramp wards," or places wherein wandering poor are accommodated for the night this witness spoke as follows. We copy from the Times:

"On the question of the confessedly shameful tramp wards described as 'rabbit huts,' the witness said the wards were the sheds stated, with straw for the wretched tramps to lie upon, and he was told by the porter that the men tramps had no food when admitted 'however weary or faint' and the women were only allowed a piece of bread when they had children with them."

Into these vile hovels the wretched paupers are thrust for the night and locked up, with no one to look after them, or to see whether they were alive or dead. Thus the same witness Dr. Powell continued:—

"He knew of the case of a woman being locked up at night in one of these 'wards,' and when the wards were unlocked in the morning, she was found to be in labor, a condition it was said she had been in for four hours. He wrote a letter to the guardians in July last respecting this case, but the same pier was still purposed with respect to the tramps of locking them up."

Another witness, also a workhouse official, Mr. John Boulter, also testified to the condition of these wards which Protestant Poor Laws provide for the relief of the destitute poor. These wards—he said—and the stables were all together "only the stables were better than the tramp wards." He had seen, so he testified, but a few days before he was examined "two men and a girl standing in the rain outside the workhouse. . . . The three persons were dripping wet, and in a few minutes the porter of the workhouse came and took them away to the tramp wards, when they were locked up. During the night the witness heard the young woman screaming for water: and in the morning the following scene presented itself to his eyes, from which the reader may incidentally learn what

kind of morality obtains in a Protestant Workhouse:—

"The next morning when he came again to put his horse up—the ward and the stables it will be remembered are all in one—"he found those persons still in their 'hutches,' and they told him they were waiting while their clothes were dried. He believed they had lain in their wet clothes all night, for the men were bundled up in the straw with a rug, and the girl who had her clothes on was sitting on the edge of the sloping platform on which the men were lying."

In reply to a question put to him, this witness added that he had not complained either to the officials of the Workhouse, or to the Poor Law Board, "for it was equally useless to do so."

The wards for the sick, are described as being filthy and stinking beyond conception, destitute of every article of furniture that respect for humanity and decency would naturally prescribe for such places; but here again we must suppress, or keep back, the hideous facts, as a bare statement of them would be unfit for our columns. All the witnesses testified to the horrid stench of these places, and rendered still more offensive by being in close proximity to open cess-pools, the gases from which filled the wards. In these typhus fever nests, he had seen the wretched "lying with the sun burning on their heads, because there were no blinds. The people used to have bits of rags on their heads to keep the sun off."

And as if the state of these wards was not of itself sufficient to repel the sick and, to keep them far away from this Protestant Asylum, their treatment by the authorities was harsh and brutal. Take, for instance, the case of an epileptic patient, who was set to work to clean out one of the cess-pools. While engaged in this task, so admirably adapted to his condition, he was attacked with one of his fits and fell in. The poor wretch was indeed dragged out, pauper though he was; washed, some time after, with water externally, and internally with gin; but the cess pool had poisoned him, and he passed away in a few hours to another and happier land, let us hope, where tramp wards are not, and where Protestant Poor Laws are unknown. The following evidence was given by the medical official above named:—

"Witness saw an epileptic inmate who was taken out of the cess-pool, into which he had tumbled when sent to work, as it was said, by the late master, to ladle out sewage. Witness was not sent for to attend the patient, but was sent him on making the usual rounds. The man was in one of the dormitories of the house, not in the infirmary, and witness was told by a man as a good joke that a man had fallen into the cess-pool, and the witness was not even asked to go and see him. However witness did go and see him, and found the man had been very sick. On inquiry, witness found that the man had fallen into the cess-pool about 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, and when his visit was paid it was 11. Witness also heard that the man had been bathed, and given some gin; whether a warm or cold bath was given, witness did not know. The information was also given by the nurse or porter, that the man got into the bed in the state in which he had got out of the cess pool, but was taken out and bathed. When seen by witness the man was becoming comatose, and was very cold, and answered questions with difficulty. The man died within 24 hours. In witness' opinion the man certainly died from the effects of falling into the cess-pool."

To this effect also was the verdict of the Coroner's Jury.

The moral condition of the workhouse forms also a subject of investigation, but here, for obvious reasons, we say nothing. The moral and the physical conditions of the establishment seem however to be on a par. We need scarcely pursue the disgusting subject any farther, or dilate upon the filth, the foul smells, the revolting cutaneous diseases under which the wretched children labor—"brought on," as the evidence testifies, "by poverty of blood, unwholesome atmosphere, and want of air and exercise." Still as there are some one or two of our contemporaries who are ever casting reflections on the treatment that abandoned children in Montreal receive from the Sisters of Charity of the Grey Nuns, and the Providence, we may be pardoned for prolonging this article by an extract or two, showing how children are taken care of in an English Protestant Workhouse:—

"These children"—the victims of horrid skin disease, as we have shown—"are under the care of one pauper woman, who is provided with a wooden nail with an iron handle across, and one piece of calico about one yard square, for the washing and drying of these 13 children. In the woman's day-room (the room for women with young children) on a brick floor likewise a most unhealthy room, there are these children, two of whom are on the medical report, for whom there is also provided a wooden nail for washing them in; but no article whatever for drying them in, and the mothers of these children are, as they themselves say, obliged to dry them in their aprons any old rags they can obtain, and in their soiled clothes."

But enough of this. From Protestant sources we see what the Protestant Poor Law system, under the most favorable circumstances, is; and what its results upon the condition of the poor. Any one in Montreal, or indeed in any Catholic country—can on any day of the week convince himself by personal inspection what is the nature of the relief afforded in the Convent, and by the Sister of Charity, and thus draw his conclusions as to the respective merits of the two systems—State Relief, and Catholic Charity. Of these two systems we must have either one or the other; and if we abolish the convent as in England, we must need, for there is no other alternative, accept the Workhouse of which Farnham is a fair average specimen. We do not of course pretend that, even the Convent, that even Catholic Charity can meet every case of pauperism

that arises, and must arise, under our actual social system, of which the direct and constant action is to concentrate wealth in the hands of a few, to

make the rich richer, and the poor poorer; as we see exemplified in England, where in spite of the much vaunted material prosperity, pauperism is on the increase, having as we learn from some late monthly returns of the Poor Law Board attained to the fearful amount of 872,620 for the month of September 1866, being an "increase as compared with September 1865 of 37,615 or 45 per cent." No! in spite of the most fervent charity, and the best administered system of relief, that is to say a system animated, and directed by the precepts of the Gospel, and not by the "Rules of the Board"—there will be so long as men live as they do live, poverty, and wretchedness, and cases of distress which no system can reach. But we do say fearlessly, that never in any country where the spirit of Romanism, as its enemies call it, is still influential, can horrors occur such as are of every day occurrence in Protestant England, and of which the "Poor Law Enquiry at Farnham" gives us a fair unvarnished picture. Let us then pause, ere we pull down the Romish Convent, to build up on its site, and from its ruins, the Protestant Workhouse.

The hardest blows to the Anglican sect are those dealt to it by its zealous, but imprudent champions. Catholics indeed have since its origin in the sixteenth century repeatedly argued against it, that it was nothing more than a State-created society; which in the State had its origin and its being; which, should the State withhold its helping hand, would at once collapse, and return to its original nothingness, even as would the material creation, but for the hand of God the Creator sustaining it.

And now Anglicans not only admit this to be strictly true, but urge it as their palmary argument against the menaced disestablishment of their sect in Ireland. Disestablishment, using the word to denote the repeal of all Statutes, or laws about things ecclesiastical heretofore enacted by the State, would be unjust toward Anglicanism in Ireland—so it is urged—because it would not put them on a footing of equality with their Catholic fellow subjects, but would leave them in a very inferior position.

So argues a writer to the London Times, who over the signature of Bonamy Price thus pleads the cause of Anglicanism in Ireland:—

It seems to me that disestablishment, in the only sense which the word bears, namely, a repeal of all laws made about the Church by the State, a disconnection of the State from the Protestant Episcopalians as real as its severance from the Roman Catholics, is a remedy which goes beyond the disease. For what is the disease? That a Protestant Church is imposed on a Catholic population; that funds which belong to Catholics have been given by the State to Protestants; that this act was carried out by a conquering force, and that its continuance is a perpetual memorial of that conquest. These are the things which the country has resolved to remove. But is it necessary for the accomplishment of this that the residuum of Protestants should be totally disengaged, and their Church, their association, completely swept away? When the Reformation disestablished the Roman Catholics it did not disengage them; it did not leave them a mass of broken-up and shattered individuals, for the very plain reason that their Church, their relations with one another as members of a society, were constructed not by the State, but by themselves. Disestablishment could not and did not touch their organization. Disestablishment, on the other hand, will destroy every social relation of the Protestant Episcopalians. Again I ask is this necessary? Is it equitable, is it political, that the disestablished Catholics in Ireland should be a compact and united society, and that the disestablished Protestants should be made by law a rope of sand?

The bitterest enemy of Anglicanism could not have pronounced against it, a stronger condemnation. Were it by a repeal of existing laws to be placed on a footing of perfect legal equality with the Catholic Church, it would at once be "as a rope of sand;" whilst the other would remain, as it has remained in spite of three centuries of legal persecution, "a compact and united society." The most ardent champion of Catholicity could not have pronounced a more conclusive or emphatic eulogy on the Church of his affections.

For why could not Anglicans, even when disestablished, do what Catholics

the storm of disestablishment to burst over it, and were it to be left to its own resources, is by no means inappropriate:

"And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand;

"And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house: and it fell: and great was the fall of it."

In Ireland then it appears that there are two houses. The one in spite of storms and tempests is still strong, and compact in all its parts: the other, surrounded with legal buttresses, and Parliamentary props of all kinds, threatens, even in the opinion of those who dwell therein, upon the withdrawal of those legal supports to collapse at once into "a rope of sand." Judge then, if ye be wise men—of these two houses, which had the Lord for its builder?

"Even the unbending Pope of Rome has condescended to invite Protestant Christendom to meet him in Ecumenical Council next autumn."—Montreal Witness 30th ult.

Our correspondent is mistaken. The Pope has done no such foolish thing. He has indeed, with that paternal tenderness which characterises him, invited all who under the general name of Protestants are outside of the one fold of Christ, to return thereto as the means of saving their souls; but to invite them to meet him and the other Bishops of Christendom in Council, is a very different matter.

The right of "private judgment," the denial of any living authority competent to determine what is God's revealed truth, and to which therefore all are bound to submit themselves, is the formal principle of Protestantism. But attendance at an Ecumenical Council presupposes the recognition by all who attend, of its competence to determine with certainty all issues on faith or morals that may be laid before it; for it would be absurd for any one to attend a deliberative body, whose competence to do that which it had been convoked to do, he did not recognise. The attendance therefore of the representatives of any religious denomination at the Ecumenical Council would be a recognition of that body as an authority in the matters by it discussed and determined; and would be tantamount therefore to a repudiation of the fundamental principle of Protestantism. To the true Protestant, a General Council is no more an authority than is the Pope; and indeed Protestants of the Anglican sect not only teach that General Councils "may err," but that they "have erred even in things pertaining unto God."—Art. 21.

All the Bishops of Christendom indeed, whether in communion with the Church or in schism, have, without exception, been invited to assist at the coming Council. But as amongst the Protestant sects there are no Bishops, it is clear that they are not included in the general invitation. The schismatics who in spite of their schism have retained valid Orders, have retained also the principle of Church authority. They repudiate the fundamental principle of Protestantism, *i.e.*, the right of private judgment; and acknowledge the Church as a divinely constituted society, or organism by Christ Himself established as the medium for perpetuating, and handing down to all nations the truths by Him made known. There is therefore no analogy between the position of Oriental schismatics, and that of Protestants.

**SMALL POX.**—We find in the Montreal *Herald* some important facts—which we subjoin—relating to this loathsome but unfortunately very prevalent disease. It will be seen that though vaccination does not give a perfect immunity to the person vaccinated it very greatly diminishes the danger in his case of contracting it, and almost always greatly modifies it. These facts should be made known, for it cannot be doubted that the chief cause of the ravages of small pox in Canada is the stupid prejudice which many ignorant persons entertain against vaccination. Though the *Herald* does not give the name of its informant, we cannot doubt that the facts have been furnished by a prominent member of the medical profession of this city, and that they may be relied upon as authentic:

**SMALL POX AND VACCINATION.**—In the course of the year just closed the number of deaths from small pox, as shown by the returns of interments at the Protestant and Catholic Cemeteries, was 463. The following will show the wards, &c., in which they occurred. Wards: St. Mary, 118; St. James, 99; St. Antoine, 58; St. Louis, 41; St. Anne, 29; St. Lawrence, 51; East, 4. Suburbs: Tasernes, 19; St. Jean Baptiste village, 19; Coteau St. Louis, 19; Coteau St. Agathe, 5; Cote St. Paul, 1; Uoto St. Luke, 1; Point St. Charles, (outside the city limits), 7; Hotel Dieu, 8; Prison 1; Grey Nunnerie, 1; General Hospital, 16, Total, 463. Of these 58 took place from January to April, inclusive, from May to August, and 171 from September to the 27th December, the date of the last return. It will be seen by these details that the greatest number of deaths took place in the four summer months. This, as we learn from a statement furnished us by Dr. Brown, one of the vaccinators, was not attributable to the number of cases so much as to the debilitating influence of the season, inducing a general state of health which renders children especially much less able to resist the attacks of this loathsome disease. The cases at present occurring are more numerous, the number having been gradually increasing, and the type is represented to be as a very malignant kind. The effect of vaccination in St. Anne Ward as ascertained by Dr. Brown, the vaccinator for that part of the city, is so striking that it cannot fail to attract attention. Dr. Brown says that in order to satisfy himself as to the value of vaccination he visited every house where a death had taken place from small pox. Out of 29 deaths he found that only four had been vaccinated. One of these, a woman

55 years of age had been vaccinated when an infant in two cases the operation had been performed five years before, and its success was at the time considered doubtful, and in the other, the child before contracting small pox was suffering under diarrhoea, to which more properly its death might have been attributed, the small pox being of a very mild type. In the other 25 fatal cases not one had been vaccinated. Out of the 29 deaths, seven occurred in Barrie Street, a narrow lane between St. Joseph and William Streets. In October he visited the locality and vaccinated 83. Out of these only one had died—a child who was ill at the time. In Murray, Kemp and Colborne Streets the disease was spreading rapidly, but since vaccination has been performed only a few cases have occurred. From other vaccinators we have received reports to the same effect, unaccompanied, however, by the details which would enable us to state such striking facts as those we have now given. All agree that successful vaccination is a safeguard from the attack of small-pox, and even those who are attacked in consequence of the length of time since the operation was performed, rarely suffer more than a slight inconvenience. That so many remain unprotected is not to be wondered at. A very great degree of ignorance prevails on the subject and there is a consequent disinclination on the part of parents to put themselves to the slightest trouble. Had the vaccinators contented themselves with merely doing as the law directs, which is to remain in their offices once a month to attend to those who bring their children, or who come to them selves, the mortality would have been much greater than it has been. The disease, from the testimony of most of the medical men, is very virulent this year, and its ravages threaten to be wide spread. Under these circumstances the vaccinators, partly in compliance with a wish expressed by the Health Committee, but still more from their own sense of the danger that would arise from delay, undertook to make a house to house visitation, insisting, sometimes without effect, on vaccinating those not already protected. In one case a mother persistently refused to submit her children to the operation, although small pox was raging in the court in which she lived. In less than a fortnight both of her children were dead from the disease.

**LIBERAL PATRIOTISM.**—In view of Spanish and Italian revolutions the London *Times* exclaims:—

"Patriots must have places. A generous cause has made them neglectful of their own interests, and if they have liberated their country it is right their country should feed them. So it is in Italy. So it is in Spain."

And so too is it with your Liberal Patriots throughout the world, they "must have places."

**CORRECTION.**—The letter which appeared in our last issue, from Martin A. O'Brennan, Esq., late editor of the *Connaught Patriot*, now travelling in the United States, was addressed to Edward Spelman, Esq., President of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, whose name was accidentally omitted.

The Committee of Management of the St. Patrick's Society with many thanks acknowledge the following donations in aid of their charity fund. Messrs. J. E. Mullin a further sum of \$15 making \$25; M. P. Ryan, M. P., \$10; T. S. Brown, official assignee, \$10; Councillor McGaughan, \$10; Ned Shannon, \$10; J. A. Rafter, \$5; Alex. Shannon, \$5; Richard McShane, \$5; Patton Bros., \$5; Edwd. Spelman, \$5; Fogarty Bros., \$5; Michael Farmer, \$5; P. Donovan, \$5; Thos. Cox, \$5; P. O'Meara, \$2; Chas. Milroy, 1; P. McLaughlin, 1; T. Sexton, 1; Samuel Jackson, 1; cash, 1.

#### REGIOPOLIS COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

On Wednesday evening last, the 31st ult., a musical and literary entertainment, of a highly successful character, was given at the above institution, in honor of the Right Rev. Bishop Horan. His Lordship, who was enthusiastically welcomed upon entering the hall, which was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion, was accompanied by the Very Rev the Vicar General, together with several of the clergy; and among the numerous visitors we remarked J. O'Reilly Esq. Q. C., Dr. Sullivan, President of the St. Patrick's Society, Messrs. O'Neill and Tasse, M.D., Directors of the Penitentiary, Mr. Moore &c. Several popular pieces of music selected from the best composers were admirably rendered by the pupils under the direction of Professor Fleck; and some excellent speeches were delivered by the following gentlemen, also students of the College—Messrs Burke, Macguire, Casey and Walsh. Burke, who was loudly applauded delivered an admirable address upon "Self Culture." Macguire, who followed, was equally successful in a very able review of "The past and Present." Casey selected

"Greece Ancient and Modern" as his subject, in the treatment of which he displayed remarkable ability; and Walsh, who came last, spoke with much grace and effect upon "The Benefits of Liberty." The speakers, who were again and again cheered, reflect considerable credit upon the elocutionary department of the College. At the close of the proceedings His Lordship delivered a short, eloquent and impressive address to the students, expressive of the deep gratification their entertainment had afforded him; and replete with excellent advice and counsel in connexion with their future career. "God Save the Queen" was then given by Professor Fleck, after which the company dispersed.

**DIogenes.**—Our friend improves upon acquaintance. His jokes are good, his illustrations are excellent, and best of all, he keeps clear of personalities. Long may it be so; and as long as it is with him, he will deserve and obtain success.

Perhaps, if he were better posted up in all the facts relative to the three deserted children, to whom he makes allusion, he would revise his

judgment of the Reverend Director of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum. All our charitable institutions, Protestant as well as Catholic, have rules and regulations which must be adhered to; and surely if blame be attributable to any one; it is to the living father of the deserted children. This unnatural fellow should be compelled by law to provide for his own little ones; nor should he be allowed to shuffle off his moral responsibility. Pitch into him *Diogenes!* and you will have the sympathies of all honest men.

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.**—December, 1859. Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal:—

This is a very capital number. The amusing story *Double and Quits*, which is continued, has provoked a strange letter from a Mr. Larpent O'Brien, who resides at Paris, and who is not in the habit of reading *Blackwood*; but whose attention having been drawn to the first part of the story in question, perceived at once that he was being turned into ridicule under the name of Captain Burridge, with which character he was universally identified. To Mr. Larpent O'Brien's threatening letter the Editor of *Blackwood* briefly replies by saying that as he cannot be responsible for the monomanias and intellectual aberrations of all the lunatics loose about the world, so he cannot conduct his periodical so as to avoid occasional collision with them. The other articles, besides that which has provoked the wrath of Mr. Larpent O'Brien, of Paris, are as follows:—*Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.*; *The Sailor; Kinglake's History of the War in the Crimea; Dean Milman; Cornelius O'Dowd; What is to Come of It; Index.*

Mr. David Walker, has kindly consented to act as our Agent, for the County of Victoria.

The Rev. C. Bochet, has kindly consented to act as Agent for this paper, in St Patrick's Hill.

**THE WATER WORKS.**—The engine house is nearly completed, add in the course of a fortnight the engine will be put up. The chairman of the Fire Department and Mr. Lessage visited the works on Saturday and expressed themselves satisfied with the progress made. In order to expedite matters the men engaged are working extra hours.

**CAXTON.**—The Montreal *Gazette* says:—There are not, we believe, many of the United States Bonds held in the Dominion; and this is well, for though we see no immediate danger of depreciation in their value, cautious men will do well to remember that any monetary crisis, any increased pressure upon the tax-payers, would prodigiously augment the number of those who would favour the very obvious means of relief, which a partial confiscation of the interest offers. Foreigners will not forget that repudiation is of American birth, nor is there any reason to suppose that this measure of finance is dead or even sleeping. Nor is the danger at all diminished in the face of an increase of the national debt of the alarming sum of thirty millions of dollars, with an admitted certainty of a decreasing revenue for the year about to commence.

**A FIRE AT LIEUT.-GOVERNOR BELLEAU'S BALL.**—Quebec, Dec. 31.—The Lieut.-Governor's ball was a successful affair. There was about the same number of invitations as last year. Among the guests was a fair representation of the different professions and trades of which our community is composed, and of the different nationalities. The arrangements were good. The ball looked well, and things passed off pleasantly, except as to one incident, thus described by the *Chronicle*.—About 11 o'clock, a dense smoke filled all the room, causing a great deal of inconvenience and inquietude while it lasted. It turned out that the flue had caught fire from the hot-pipe leading from the furnace to the hall, and probably the result would have proved more serious, but for the timely assistance of Deputy Fire Chief Lemieux and men. Several square feet of wooden lining between the floor was burnt to a cinder, and the smoke was caused by water thrown on it. Four hand fire engines had been most fortunately provided during the day, to be used in case they were required.

**BRAZIL ASSAULT ON THE OTTAWA RIVER.**—Since the river was frozen there have been several shanties built, for the unlicensed sale of liquor. These shanties are the most prolific causes of outrage of various kinds. On Wednesday night, about eleven o'clock, a man belonging to New Edinburgh was passing near the shanty of which Daoust is proprietor, when two men who were drinking there, rushed out and attacked, and beat him in a most brutal manner, without, as he says, the least provocation. One of his eyes was completely blinded; and his lip was split, as if cut by a sharp instrument, and he was otherwise severely injured. Daoust was arrested.

Mr. Sergt. Hunter reports that on New Year's day, between 6 and 7 in the evening, Samuel Parker dropped dead at the door of the residence of his brother, 60 Nazareth street. Dr. Tracey was sent for but life was extinct. The Coroner summoned a jury, who returned a verdict in accordance with the facts.

**TRADING IN PROVISIONS.**—On Thursday a respectable dressed woman, named Ann Josephine, who found herself in the city without money, went to Russell's tavern, Bleury street, and called for the best they had. When she had enjoyed everything, she desired they would call a policeman as she had no money. This was done; and when she was brought up before the Recorder, she said that Providence had promised to take care of everybody, and she believed it would.

**USURP AS PRACTISED IN THESE RIVERS.**—A Three Rivers user recently brought an action against a debtor for the recovery of \$18 interest, due on a sum of \$5, at seven or eight months' date! Judge Polette dismissed the suit with costs and gave the rascal a "bit of his mind" in the bargain.

**A SHERIFF AND HIS PRISONER.**—The *Summer-side Journal* publishes the following paragraph, from which it would appear that sheriffs and prisoners are on good terms in Prince Edward Island. The man Hayden was arrested for horse stealing:—Last week the Deputy Sheriff of Queen's County while on his way to Georgetown goal, with Hayden, put up for the night at Adams Hotel, Vernon River. The night was bitter and cold, and the Sheriff took of some warm toddy, sharing it also with his prisoner. They chatted comfortably together until bedtime, when the Sheriff and Hayden turned in, in the same bed—the door locked and the handcuffs removed. Through the night Hayden awoke, and found the kid Sheriff snoring away, and, thinking that now was his chance to escape, he crept quietly out. He dressed himself quickly, leaving the handcuffs. Unlocking the door, he got down to the bar-room, where he levied on four bottles of whiskey, and then getting out, a free man, he made tracks for one of the back settlements. When last heard from he was on the Albany plains enquiring for horses, and as long as the whiskey holds out he will get a hearty lodging from the honest and kind farmers'.

**A BRAVE SEAMAN.**—The timber-laden ship *Harsen*, which recently arrived at Greenock from Quebec, encountered during the greater part of the voyage a succession of heavy gales, and was driven by the daring and hardihood of the captain.

On September 28, while a heavy gale was blowing, a great sea stove in the front of the forecastle, and swept everything movable out of it. On the same day another tremendous sea came on board, filling the deck, washing the water casks and part of the cargo overboard, and leaving eight feet of water in the hold. Captain May, as the only chance of safety, put the vessel before the wind, and kept the pumps continually going. The crew, meanwhile, had been removed from the forecastle, where they were exposed to great danger from the seas, to the cabin. Early in October the gales increased in violence and on the 6th a sea was shipped which, bursting in the long-boat and smashed the bulwarks. Another sea struck the stern of the ship, starting the planking rudder trunks, and making two large gaps under the stern. To stop these gaps was absolutely necessary for the safety of the ship, and the captain himself undertook the perilous task. A ladder was rigged, and, carrying with him quantities of canvas and oakum, he proceeded to stuff the leaks, men on deck being stationed to give warning when the pursuing seas were about to strike. Thirteen times had the captain to be on deck to escape death from the approaching billows; but he succeeded in checking the leak, and with constant pumping the water was kept down. After a long and trying passage, the steamer sent out to seek the vessel met her in the North Channel, and brought her safely to Greenock.

**MR. RECORDER O'REILLY.**—It is with much pleasure we learn, says the *Kingston Whig*, that a Testimonial to the late Recorder, James O'Reilly, Esq., is now in preparation, in the shape of a subscription list to have his Portrait painted by Mr. Sawyer, to be hung up in the City Hall in company with the other Chief Magistrates of the city. The promoters of this Testimonial will have an easy time of it, for no single man can be found in town, who will not subscribe his dollar towards the Portrait.

**SUDAN DEATH.**—A woman, twenty-one years of age, named Smith, living in Campeau street, died suddenly on Saturday night of congestion of the lungs.

From the report of the observation of a number of gentlemen and others who recently visited the Hartford Copper Mine in the Township of Asco, published in the *Sherbrooke Gazette*, we gather some interesting information regarding the working of that mine. The works are under the management of Mr. Adams & Son and employ about 130 men; seventy-five in actual mining, and the remainder in smelting works. The ore is mined at a distance underground of about 370 feet, whence it is drawn to the surface by a railway propelled by horse power; though there are parties working at several depths. The smelting works were in full operation, smelting about 50 tons of ore daily. There is a large steam engine used for blowing the fires and other purposes. The furnaces are constructed on a new principle introduced by Gen. Adams, and require about one-half quantity of fuel to seven-eighths of ore. The furnaces are kept going night and day by relays of workmen, and have been working, except on Sunday, since the 1st of July last. The per cent. tare of rock in the copper is about five per cent, and when manufactured into "matte" or "ruggles" thirty to forty per cent, of pure copper is obtained. It is estimated there are 25,000 tons of copper ore in sight, and doublets more will be discovered as explorations are pushed on. The price of copper is now very low but, should it rise there is another partially developed mine about half a mile from the Hartford mine, which will be worked in connection with it. There are also several other smelting works in the vicinity of the Hartford mine which are likely to prove remunerative.—[Montreal Gazette].

**HALIFAX, N.S., Dec. 26.**—At a lecture delivered by Mr. Howe in Cornwall, last week, one of the audience asked if he had accepted the situation. The local papers say Mr. Howe replied that it was not desirable to introduce politics into social gatherings where the people met for amusement or instruction; but as the gentleman had asked a civil question he would answer him, which answer is as follows:—"Many changes have been rung upon the words 'accept the situation.' When King David's son lay sick unto death, David went grievously, and prayed to the Lord. The child died, then David arose, eat bread and accepted the situation. Many poor fellows in St. John invested their all in one of the banks; the bank failed, their money was gone. Some were reduced to penury. Surely against their will they had to accept the situation; and I have no doubt that many have had at times to accept the situation when they would not have done so had they the power to order events. When vessels are wrecked, dwellings burnt, or lives lost, what could be done but bow to the will of Providence, however full hearts might be of sorrow. In this way we have been compelled to accept of confederation, not because we like it, but because we cannot work miracles, and earthly means have been exhausted. If the gentleman means have I accepted a situation, I answer, No. In August last Sir John A. Macdonald offered me a seat in the Cabinet, with fifteen hundred pounds a year. I not only declined, but informed Sir John that no honourable man on our side of politics couldn't take office until the scheme had been revised and the country satisfied that nothing better could be done. For six months an appointment worth a thousand or twelve hundred dollars a year has been open to me, which I might have taken without any obligation to run and election. I have taken nothing myself or have I solicited any favour or appointment for my friends. I am as free and independent of the Dominion Government down to this hour as I intend to be of the Local."

**REMITTANCES RECEIVED.**

Lachlan; Rev Peter Blaikie, \$2; Dalhousie N. S. Rev J. C. Learoyd 5; Terrebonne, Rev J. Graton, 5; Warden, P. Maheux, 2; Toronto, J. G. Harper, 2; Rimouski, Rev D. Morisset 2; St. Catherine de Fossambault, Rev J. O'Grady, 3; Brechin W. McDonald, 1; Kenorasville J. O'Loglan 4; Miraville, P. Kilburn 2; Picton J. Smith 2; Bristonch, Rev P. J. Saucier, 2; Appleton, E. Dowling J. P. 2; Berthier, J. D. O. McLean 6; Charlevoix, Mass. U. S. Rev G. A. Hamilton 5; Somers, M. Hawkins 7; L'Original, Mrs. J. Grant, 4; Fort William, E. Carleton 2; Streetsville L. Mitchell, 2; St. Theresa de Blainville, Rev W. M. Leblanc, 1; Tamworth, J. Byrne 2; Hawkesbury Mills, P. Rodgers 1; Remsyville, B. Rodden, 2; Picton P. Kipler 2; St. Ferrel, Rev C. F. Cloutier, 5; Toronto, J. McEntee, 2; Parry's Rev. O. G. Fourier, 2; Hochevala, Rev. J. Lester, 2; Yamachiche, Rev. J. H. Dorian, 6.

Per Messrs. D. & J. Sadler & Co., Montreal.—Rev J. Kennedy, Penetanguishene, 2.

Per H. O. G. Trainor; St. Mary's J. Madden, 1; W. Dwyer 2.

Per Rev Mr. Kelly St. Fr. de Fassumption—M. Smith, 0.75; J. Codd, 1.50; J. Fennell, 1.50; J. Ryan 1.

Per J. Killone Seaford—E. Hart, 1.

Per J. Feeney, Bradford—Self, 4; D. Duggan, 3; Mrs. Struthers 1.

Per Rev Mr. L. J. Pinton—Mrs. P. Low, 2.

Per P. Lynch Plainfield—M. Braden, 1.

Per J. Doherty, Peterboro—M. McFadden, 4; J. W. Faunton, 2; P. Ham

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

The aspect of French affairs during the last few weeks has, perhaps, been hardly comprehensible to the public at home. A strong Government, neither unsuccessful nor unpopular, has been exposed to attacks which, in our estimate of such matters, would be utterly insignificant, but which the resentment of the authorities themselves has invested with manifest importance.—We should be disposed to look with profound uneasiness on the proposals for commemorating the death of Baudin, but, the prosecutions instituted in that affair are hardly yet concluded, and what is still more remarkable, the Imperial Government is openly charged by its own friends with doing its work negligently in these very proceedings. All this while there is absolutely nothing on the surface of affairs to account for the commotion prevailing, or to explain the extravagant rumors which have been put in circulation.—Times.

There is no doubt, a great undercurrent of discontent, not only in Paris, but, which is of more importance, in the provinces, hitherto so loyal. Even over the wide agricultural table-lands of Normandy discontent is spreading. And yet there, as in many other parts of France, the wonderful development which the Emperor has given to all the industry of the country, had met with its merited appreciation and gratitude. It would, however, be a very false idea of the present condition of France to suppose a revolution is imminent. Nothing and nobody is ripe for it. The large bodies of workmen that M. Haussmann's great schemes of street improvement have brought into Paris are no doubt a difficult class to govern, and are only safe so long as constantly in full employ. They count by thousands, and the day any number of these are left idle will be a dangerous one for Paris. It is easy to remark, as you pass along the streets when they are returning from their work, and as they elbow you in groups of five or six, that there is a tone of inaudience and daring greater than usual. They seem to be only waiting for the first spark to set light to the train.

Meanwhile, those who are best able to judge declare that the Emperor, with his wonderful foresight, is gradually veering round to a more liberal policy. It is certain he is beginning to feel the necessity of some change, something of a sop to Cerberus. It is even said that he is taking up the great question of social reform; and we may yet live to see him at the head of a movement in that direction, the very importance of which he had till now appeared to ignore. The only doubt is whether he will do all these things in time. The slightest delay will be fatal. Is he conjuror enough once again in his wonderful life to prove himself the right man at the right moment?—Cor. of Tablet.

In spite of differences of creed, the name of Guizot is one which is generally pronounced with respect. He has now reached his 82nd year, and is as vigorous in mind and body as many men of sixty. Last month he left his house at Val-Richer to visit a neighboring parish, where the cure had erected with much zeal and energy a church of considerable beauty. M. Guizot remained to dinner with the good cure and several priests; and in the course of conversation let fall many expressions of sentiment verging on Catholicity. The conversation turned on priests undertaking the construction of new churches with sometimes more zeal than pecuniary prudence. M. Guizot took their part. He exclaimed, with considerable animation, 'You priests have faith, and act by faith. And, in spite of some apparent imprudence, success always follows to justify your attempt.' This is how the Church subsists, happily for France and for the world. No, no! the priesthood does not die out; and the papacy does not fall. Pius IX. has shown great wisdom in assembling a General Council; from whose deliberations will go forth the salvation of the world; for society is very sick. But for great maladies we must have great remedies.'

Baron Haussmann is rapidly putting the tax payers of France out of all patience with him for his wanton waste of money. His latest project is to tear down two bridges across the Seine and replace them with others more in accordance with his symmetrical notions. One of these bridges was only twenty five years old and was good for centuries yet, while the other cost about a million francs and is a substantial and ingenious structure.

Fifteen years ago a young and brilliant pianist named Mlle. Hersilie Rouy disappeared from Paris in a singular and mysterious manner. No trace of her could be obtained. She has just made her appearance again after fourteen years' incarceration in a hospital for the insane where she was detained under a different name. The case is to be brought before the criminal courts.

A series of crimes has just been brought to light at Marseilles which recalls the old series of medieval Italy and the Aqua Tofana. The whole of the terrible drama is reproduced in the French city of to-day, in a shape as 'full and orbicular' as any which De Quincey could have imagined.

About the 20 of August of last year a flower girl named Angelique Jourdan while selling her bouquets in the Cours Saint Louis was accosted by a strange woman who inquired for another bouquet-seller named Miette Marino. When it was found that Miette was not in her accustomed place the woman gave Angelique a message for her which was to the effect that Miette was to look to herself, as her husband had a mistress who longed to get rid of her and intended shortly to do so; moreover, that this mistress had already disposed of her own husband with the assistance of a man named Joye. In order to convince herself of the truth of all this, Miette was to go, accompanied by two witnesses, to Joye's shop and ask for poison to kill Marino. The herbalist would readily accede to her request if she offered money enough, and then Miette was to declare who she was and accuse Joye of his infamous intentions in regard to herself. The startling announcement was duly

communicated by Angelique Jourdan to Miette Marino, and the girl in turn recounted it to her husband. This man, Barthélémy Marino, a journeyman mason, recognized in the woman who had addressed Jourdan one Copello, originally known as Fanny Lamberte, a fortune-teller and notorious bad character. Joye had been resident at Marseilles only for a few months. He was a man of about 40 years of age, and had lately been released from imprisonment at Toulon. At first he took up his quarters in the Rue St. Antoine, a street which ran through one of the worst and least known districts of the old town. Later, however, he contrived to pass the necessary examination, and though still keeping his old room, was settled as an herbalist in the Rue Panier. Knowing what sort of persons these were, Barthélémy Marino was somewhat alarmed at his wife's story, and hurried off to his mistress, a Mme. Ville, who had but recently become a widow, and questioned her on the subject of her acquaintance with Joye and Lamberte. Her replies were so unsatisfactory that Marino determined to sift the matter for himself. Accordingly, he assumed the part of a private detective, and beook himself to Joye's shop. He had heard enough from his wife and Mme. Ville to understand his man, and told him at once that he was Mme. Ville's lover. He also told Joye that he had only done his work by halves; that it was his business to get rid of Mme. Marino just as M. Ville had been disposed of. Upon that, Joye looked fixed at his visitor and said, 'Are you a man?' 'Certainly I am a man,' rejoins the other; 'or I shouldn't be here; but I don't wish that my wife should be banged with and tortured as M. Ville was.' Joye thereupon declared that that stupid business was entirely the fault of the woman Lamberte, who, in truth, was a mere card shuffler, a person having no real knowledge of her art, and utterly incompetent to deal with such a case; but that directly he, Joye, had been called in, he finished him off in a very days with his 'little white powder.' Satisfied to all appearance on this point, Marino made an appointment with Joye at Mme. Ville's on an early day and went back to his mistress to tell her that he knew all, and that any attempt at concealment would be useless. In great alarm she confesses that she did kill her husband, adding that she had first obtained poison from Lamberte, but finding it too slow in its operation, she had recourse to Joye and his white powder. Mme. Ville avowed also that her intention was to kill Marino's wife, and then to have poisoned him also if he refused to marry her. Next day this precious pair went into the country to a small house belonging to Mme. Ville. On the way Marino spoke of the probable consequence of murdering his wife, exhibiting some fear on this head. The lady, however, endeavored to reassure him by declaring that her knowledge under her was not always sound-out—that, notably, the widows Salvago and Gabriel had disposed of their husband in that way and had never been the worse for it. At this Marino seemed to take heart, and no more was said. Next day Joye went to Mme. Ville's house taken with him powder and herbs—aromatic acid and belladonna. He gave Marino some of each, only stipulating that Marino should not make use of them in Marseilles itself. To this condition the mason readily assented, explaining that as he was shortly going with his wife to her native village he could do the business conveniently there. But instead of leaving Marseilles he went straight to the police office, and denounced Salvago and Gabriel, as well as his mistress and her accomplices, Lamberte and Joye.

Mme. Ville, who is described as by no means a handsome woman, 40 years old, was the wife of a man who had risen from the position of a common weaver; he had accumulated a moderate fortune, and retired from business. Mme. Ville herself dealt in porcelain ware. For many years she had lived quite with her husband, but some months before these terrible events happened she fell in love with Marino, a man much inferior to her in position. She appears to have had some suspicion that his affection was purely of a mercenary kind, and in order to find out whether it was so or not she applied to Fanny Lamberte, in her capacity of fortune-teller. Lamberte, following the usual practice of her tribe, tells Mme. Ville what she thinks will be agreeable to her affirming that according to the cards Marino is far more attached to her than is M. Ville. From this point the conversation at different times creeps gradually in a certain direction until one or other of them suggests that the best way to secure Marino's affection for Mme. Ville was to remove M. Ville from this life. An agreement was made to consummate that end, and early in 1868 Fanny Lamberte furnished the poison with which Mme. Ville began to practice upon her husband. The latter, who had previously been in good health, is taken seriously ill, and the wife carries on her operations carelessly that on one occasion she nearly poisoned her servant and herself as well as her husband. M. Ville, who believed his wife with the time to be devotedly attached to him, grew worse and worse, and Dr. A. Martin was sent for. He conceives suspicions, and another physician is called in. They agree as to the symptoms but Mme. Ville is now so cautious that they are unable to verify their suspicion. However, Dr. Martin alarms the prisoner, and she desists for a time. M. Ville grew better at once. But at the end of March he again falls ill, and after much suffering dies on the 19th of May, leaving all his property to his wife. For his services on this occasion Joye received about 3,000 francs. He had supplied the strong poison through Lamberte.

It took nearly five men hours of slow-poisoning to kill the unfortunate M. Ville; but Rosine Salvago had been far more expeditious in the treatment of her husband, Jean Salvago—a rough, drunken fellow. Towards the close of the year 1867 he fell ill, and Rosine got tired of nursing him. Accordingly, she consulted Fanny Lamberte, and the result of the consultation was that Jean Salvago, died within a few days on the 3rd of February; it was at Lamberte's that Rosine Salvago met Mme. Ville and confided to her the manner of her husband's death.

**SPAIN.**

An English gentleman, a member of the English Church, who has resided some years in Spain, writes to a friend in this country:—People in England seem to have gone mad about the revolution in this country, but I do not believe they would be so zealous on the subject if they really knew the truth. Imagining the army and navy of England to have revolted and have got the upper hand throughout the land! Fancy the generals and admirals of these services the real rulers of the nation! Think how it would be if Mr. Bradlaugh and some hundreds like him came to have the power of the country in their hands! A missionary sent out post haste by the Bible Society asked me the other day what I thought of the change of religious sentiment in Spain. I said, what was the simple truth, that those amongst the people who had lost their Catholicism had simply become atheists. Strange to say, the Spaniards believe in becoming what they call Protestants—but really unbelievers—they will induce the Government of England to befriend them. They talk quite gravely of leaving Christianity and becoming Protestants!—[London Register.]

In most of the provinces of the Peninsula, but especially in those of Andalusia, the people at the out-apt for work and arms, and almost invariably obtained both. The employment, which was given either out of charity or for the sake of quiet living, has led to the establishment of the 'Right of Labor,' a right which the mob, with muskets in their hands, deem themselves able to vindicate. You are aware that we have here in Madrid an 'atelier' of 16,000 workmen, of which no one knows how the community will ever be able to rid itself. The Governor of Seville professes to be at his wits' end; he has an equally large multitude to provide for, and his means are exhausted. Hitherto the pretensions of

the working classes—or rather of that proletariat which boasts on work's wages, whether it works or not have been met with excessive leniency on the part of the Government and with adjecte towards on the part of those well-to-do people out of whose fortunes the means for the support of this communism must be supplied. Everywhere the landowners, the manufacturers, the great merchants have either complied with the people's demands, or fled before them; and, upon their disappearance, the people have either in some instances helped themselves to what the wealthy had left behind, the lands themselves, not being always spared, or they have carried their depredations wherever anything of value could be found, not infrequently breaking into the churches and robbing them of their treasures. The outcry at the sacrilegious profanation has been loud and long throughout the newspapers of all parties; and the remedy proposed by the *Notedadas*, that the Government itself should seize on the church plate and jewelry, substituting copper or pewter instead of the gold and silver vessels hitherto used for religious purposes, is hardly likely to be applied without giving rise to even larger and louder clamours. Little as we were aware of it, becomes clear that the worst classes of the populace have been for some time masters of the situation.—[Times Cor.]

The continental nations, particularly those of the Latin race, are such servile imitators of France that it is not surprising there should be men ready to make a Revolution after the French pattern even where the danger of the precedent has been acknowledged. In spite of every warning, the Government allowed the establishment of national workshops for the poor or the idle of Madrid and ever since the revenue of the country has been employed in maintaining a crowd of people working as much or as little as they pleased at so many reals a day. Our Correspondent tells how the authorities, seeing their error and its pernicious consequences are endeavoring to get rid of the national workmen and how they hope to cut down the daily wages by little and little until the recipients betake themselves to some more profitable occupation. But it is difficult to drag the prey from the wolf's mouth. In the first enthusiasm of the Revolution the Government would have been quite strong enough to refuse a daily dole. They have now admitted the theory that the people has a right to wages, and may be held to it more strictly than they expect. It was just such fatal concessions that brought on the struggle of June, 1849, in Paris. When, after four months of unproductive employment in Paris the Government desired to remove a number of the workmen to real labor on public works in the Departments the fury of the populace stroke out. They had been paid for a pretence of labour, and they would not submit to its reality, nor forego the pleasant excitement of a revolutionary capital. At that time the effects on industry were forcibly described by a speaker in the National Assembly. The workmen had been allowed to increase from 13,000, to 120,000. Misery was extending to all classes of society. Very soon not a single manufacturer would be in operation in Paris; the shops would be closed and the contagion would soon reach the provinces. One half of Paris was really relieved by the other half. It would be preferable to destroy the national workshops altogether, and to employ the funds in distributing alms to the indigent. Such an example as this ought to have had its effect on men who remember the events of 1848 as if they were of yesterday. Yet we find the Spanish authorities weekly guilty of the same errors. It will now need all the courage of the Government and all the patriotism of the middle classes to put an end to the system and to restore the industry of the country to a healthy condition.—Times.

**MADRID, Dec 30.**—There was a demonstration at Seville some days ago, and Gen. Caballero de Roda was ordered there with a body of national troops. The people were disarmed before the General's arrival. The country is entirel' tranquil.

**SWITZERLAND.**

Mille. Jeanneret, a professional hospital nurse in Geneva, Switzerland, has been convicted of willfully killing nine patients by giving them belladonna. Her perfect sanity was proven, and no one can imagine what her motive could have been. It has become a subject of psychological discussion in England, France and Switzerland. Various motives are suggested—by some, the mere passion of cruelty, by others a scientific interest in the symptoms of death; by others still, a desire to exercise her power, and by a practical few, a mere wish to get rid of the more troublesome cases. This last suggestion reminds us that a woman was convicted in London, only a few weeks ago, who murdered her husband rather than take care of him in sickness.

## ITALY.

**PISOPORT.**—The peasantry of the Marches and Legations have been nearly all armed; rises at a nominal price having been sold recently at all the fairs and country gatherings, by Mazzinian agents. At Fascoli, at the burial of a Garibaldian officer, the populace paraded the streets shouting, 'Down with the Government! Long live the Republic!' At the theatre of Ascoli the demonstration in a republican sense was so violent that the troops had to interfere, and several of them were seriously hurt. At San Nicolo de Villoldo e di Quarto, near Bologna, a very serious riot took place in consequence of the attempted confiscation of provisions belonging to the peasants by the tax-collectors. The latter took refuge in a house, which the peasants surrounded, armed with pikes, pitchforks, and scythes; and a rescue having been attempted by the troops, the peasants resisted. The soldiers fired, and two peasants were killed, ten wounded, and sixteen arrested, among whom was the curate of San Nicolo and Sant' Egidio. The meal tax takes effect at the new year, and we may be prepared for a serious resistance.

**GARIBALDI.**—An Italian corvette has been stationed at Oporto to watch Garibaldi's movements the last few weeks. His youngest son, Ricciotti, who unites much of his father's fierce spirituality with a considerable amount of physical courage and energy, seems to be in a perpetual state of movement between Liguria and Florence, and is evidently *l'an qui porte les reliques*. He is reorganizing the society of relief for the runaways from the battles of Italy; with a zeal more creditable to his heart than his head, as it is very certain that his protégés will repeat their performance of Mentana on the first occasion.

An eye-witness, who was present in the Chamber at Florence during the debate on the execution of the *Serristori* criminals, writes to us as follows: 'Bixio and Ferrari were like two demons, and the whole Chamber went with them. Menabrea was so nervous and frightened he could hardly speak.' Cavour had at least what the French call 'the courage of his convictions' but conscience makes Menabrea, a coward, and fear makes him violate his conscience. Our correspondent, who has known Italy for twenty years, says that the wickedness of the leading Italian politicians has produced such general disgust among the people, who, in spite of evil example, are still profoundly Catholic, that a counter-revolution in favour of the Pope would have the sympathy of a vast majority.

**CHARACTERISTIC.**—The *Church Review* publishes a note from Admiral Randolph to a clergyman, who had asked his support to some one of the traitorous movements now going on in the Church, in which Admiral R gives the Ritualist a 'bit of his mind.' He concludes—'Admiral R. was bread and brought up in the Protestant Church of England, but in these days he does not enter a church without seeing some similiar signs of Popery. Admiral R. will only mass St. James's, Piccadilly, where a crucifix in the east window. He will willingly give a sovereign to the first man or boy who breaks it with a stone.'

A number of persons styling themselves the 'Workingmen of England' having invited Mr. Revere Johnson to a public dinner, and afterwards finding that his courteous treatment of Englishmen did not please some of the Radicals of America, they were foolish enough, after he had accepted their invitation, to write and inform him that they could not entertain him.

To those who think that improper influence of intimidation is not possible where the ballot is in operation we command the following story from an American paper:—An ironmaster in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, was in the habit of driving his man in a wagon to the polls on election days. He did not trouble them to get out of the wagon, but took their ballots and handed them in, saying 'This is Peter Hammel's vote; this is Jacob Miller's vote; this is Casper Weber's vote' and so on. Then the wagon was sent off for fresh load. Mr. C waiting until it arrived, and handing the ballots in himself, so as to be sure they were on the right side. Suppose the advocates of the ballot system explain how this could have been prevented?

## A VITAL QUESTION!

Involving the bodily health of tens of thousands, is submitted to all who suffer from dyspepsia, costiveness, bilious complaints, general debility, or any other disease originating in the stomach, the liver, or the bowels. Will you accept certain, swift, and permanent relief through the medium of Bristol's Sugar-Coated Pills? a vegetable cathartic which controls disease without depreciating the physical strength, is absolutely painless in its operation, and actually removes that necessity for continual purgation, which all the violent and depleting purgatives create. If you desire to enjoy the blessings of a good appetite, a vigorous digestion, a sound liver, regular excretions, and the mental calm which results from this conjunction of healthful conditions, Bristol's Sugar-Coated Pills will realize your wish. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood or humors, Bristol's Sarsaparilla should be used in connection with the Pills.

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

**A GREAT TRIUMPH.**

Read the following letter from one of our most respectable citizens:

Messrs. Devins & Bolton, Druggists, Notre-Dame St., Montreal:

Gentlemen,—Having suffered severely for four years from palpitation of the heart, and frequent attacks of fever and ague, with loss of appetite and great pain after eating, attended with weakness and gradual wasting away of body, I was induced to try Bristol's Sarsaparilla, and found from the first bottle considerable relief, and before I had finished the sixth, found my malady completely removed, my appetite good and my body vigorous and strong. I feel it my duty gratefully to acknowledge my cure, and to remark I had previously been under the first physicians in Toronto, Chicago, Cleveland, and Toledo, without receiving any permanent or even satisfactory relief.

Yours truly,  
ALFRED TUCK,  
Soap and Candle Maker,  
Craig Street, Montreal.

May 10, 1868.

No. 453.

Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamploch & 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.

T. SAUVAGEAU,

Official Assignee.

Montreal, 9 Dec. 1868.

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**PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.**  
District of Montreal, } In the Superior Court.  
In the matter of JOSEPH OCTAVE MERCIER, o  
the City of Montreal, Insolvent.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Insolvent has filed in my Office a deed of composition and discharge, executed by the proportion of his creditors as required by law, and that if no opposition is made to said deed of composition and discharge within six judicial days after the last publication of this notice, said six days expiring on Monday the fourth day of January next the undersigned Assignee will act upon said deed of composition and discharge according to the terms thereof.

LOUIS G. ST. JEAN,  
By RIVARD & TAILLON  
His Attorneys ad litem.

Montreal, Nov 22, 1868.

2m16

**PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.**  
Dist. of Montreal, } In the Superior Court.  
In the matter of LOUIS G. ST. JEAN, Tracer, o  
the City of Montreal, Insolvent.

Notice is hereby given that, on Monday, the twenty second day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon as Counsel can be heard the undersigned will apply to the said Court for discharge under the said act.

LOUIS GAUTHIER & HENRI GAUTHIER,  
By their Attorneys ad litem.

Montreal 23rd of October 1868.

2m-11

**PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.**  
Dist. of Montreal, } In the Superior Court.  
In the matter of JOSEPH POITRAS and HENRI GAUTHIER heretofore co-partners with the late Jean B. Brousseau a lime maker, at Montreal under the name and firm of Brousseau Poitras and Gauchier, and the said Joseph Poitras as well as co-partner aforesaid as personally and individually,

Insolvents.

ON the twenty sixth day of December next,

## CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, May, 1867.  
THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443, Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part of FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, PORK, HAMS, LARD, HERRINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c.

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

Consignments respectfully solicited. Prompt returns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Gillespie, Moffatt & Co. and Messrs. Tiffin Brothers.

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

June 14th, 1868. 12m

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864  
District of Richelieu, IN THE SUPERIOR COURT  
In the matter of FRANCOIS REMI TRANCHE-  
MONTAGNE, of the Town of Berthier, Mer-  
chant,

an Insolvent.  
The undersigned has filed a deed of composition and discharge executed by his creditors, and on the thirteenth day of January next (1868) he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation thereof.

FRANCOIS REMI TRANCHE-MONTAGNE.  
By his Attorneys ad litem, BONDY & FAUTEUX.  
Montreal, 23rd October, 1868. 2m-11

JOHN ROONEY,  
IMPORTER OF PIANOS  
359, NOTRE DAME STREET, 359  
(Gibb's New Building)  
MONTREAL.  
PIANOS EXCHANGED, REPAIRED, TUNED, &c.

ROBERT B. MAY,  
PLAIN AND FANCY JOB PRINTER,  
CARDS, CIRCULARS, HAND-BOOKS, BILL HEADS  
LABELS, &c., &c.,  
EXECUTED IN THE NEATEST STYLE.  
NO. 21 BONAVENTURE STREET,  
Nearly opposite Albert Buildings,  
MONTREAL.

COUNTRY ORDERS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO  
Post-Office Address—Box 5081.

JOHN LILLY,  
AUCTIONEER,  
18, RUADE STREET, UPPER TOWN,  
(OPPOSITE THE FRENCH CATHEDRAL),  
QUEBEC.

SALES every evening at 7 o'clock of Dry Goods, Jewelry, Plated Ware, General Merchandise, &c., &c.  
Remittances to Consignees promptly made day after Sale.  
Commission 1/4 per cent.  
Nov. 12. 4w14

F. W. J. ERLY, M.D., L.R.C.P.S.,  
OFFICE—29 M'CORD STREET,  
MONTREAL.  
October, 1868. 12m10

CANADA HOTEL,  
(Opposite the Grand Trunk Railway Station,)  
SHERBROOKE C.E.

D. BRODERICK, PROPRIETOR.  
A First Class LIVERY STABLE is attached to the above Hotel.

Conveyances with or without drivers furnished to ravelers at moderate charges.  
Sherbrooke, Jan. 23, 1868. 12m

M. O'GORMAN,  
Successor to the late D. O'Gorman,  
BOAT BUILDER,  
SIMCOE STREET, KINGSTON.  
An assortment of Skiffs always on hand.

CARS MADE TO ORDER.  
SHIP'S BOATS' OARS FOR SALE

SARFIELD B. NAGLE,  
ADVOCATE, &c.,  
No. 50 Little St. James Street.  
Montreal, September 6, 1867. 12m.

BELLS! BELLS! BELLS!

THE Old Established  
TROY BELL FOUNDRY,  
Established 1852. Church  
Bells, Chimes, and Bells of  
all sizes, for Churches, Factories,  
Academies, Steam-boats, Planations, Loco-  
motives, &c., constantly on  
hand, made of Genuine  
Bell Metal (Copper and Tin,) hung with PATENT  
ROTARY MOUNTINGS, the best in use, and  
WARRANTED ONE YEAR,

to prove satisfactory, or subject to be returned and exchanged. All orders addressed to the undersigned, or to J. HENRY EVANS, Sole Agent for the Canadas, 468 St. Paul Street, Montreal, Q., will have prompt attention, and illustrated catalogues sent free, upon application to

JONES CO., Troy, N. Y.  
June 6, 1868. 12m.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT  
TREMENDOUS REDUCTIONS  
AT THIS SEASON

In every description of  
READY MADE CLOTHING  
ALL MADE FROM THE  
NEWEST AND CHOICEST MATERIALS,  
AT  
NO. 60 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET  
ACKNOWLEDGED BY ALL TO BE  
The Cheapest House in the City.  
NOTE THE PRICES OF GOOD JACKETS!

Pea Jackets at \$5  
Pea Jackets at \$6.50  
Pea Jackets at \$8

NOT TO BE EQUALLED FOR CUT, MAKE AND  
QUALITY.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC!  
THE ECLIPSE PANTS AT \$4 EACH,  
READY MADE or MEASURE

are only to be obtained at

NO. 60 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

Juvenile Department

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' OVERCOATS in great variety,  
at \$4, \$5 and \$6, in every style

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SKATING JACKETS at \$3,  
\$4 and \$5

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SCHOOL SUITS, from \$6  
[the largest stock in the city]

BOYS' KNUCKERBOCKER SUITS, from \$4

AT  
J. G. KENNEDY'S,  
60 St. Lawrence Main Street.

G. & J. MOORE,  
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS

or

HATS, CAPS, AND FURS

CATHEDRAL LOCK,

NO. 269 NOTRE DAME STREET

MONTREAL.

Cash paid for Fur Furs.

THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY.

The Whole Dominion should buy their Teas of the  
Importers,

THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY,

6 Hospital Street, Montreal.

Our Teas, after the most severe tests by the best  
medical authorities and judges of Tea, have been pro-  
nounced to be quite pure and free from any artificial  
colouring or poisonous sub-tances so often used to  
improve the appearance of Tea. They are unequalled  
for strength and flavour. They have been chosen  
for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health,  
economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.  
We sell for the smallest possible profits,  
effecting a saving to the consumer of 15 to 20 per  
lb. Our Teas are put up in 5, 12, 15, 20 and 25 lb  
boxes, and are warranted pure and free from poison-  
ous substances. Orders for four 5 lb boxes, two 12  
lb boxes, or one 20 or 25 lb box sent carriage free to  
any Railway Station in Canada. Tea will be for-  
warded immediately on the receipt of the order by  
mail containing money, or the money can be col-  
lected on delivery by express man, where there are  
express offices. In sending orders below the amount  
of \$10 to save expense it would be better to send  
money with the order. Where a 25 lb box would be  
too much, ten families clubbing together could send  
for four 5 lb boxes, or two 12 lb boxes. We send  
them to one address carriage paid, and mark each  
box plainly, so that each party gets their own Tea.—  
We warrant all the Tea we sell to give entire satis-  
faction. If they are not satisfactory they can be  
returned at our expense.

BLACK TEA.

English Breakfast, Broken Leaf, Strong Tea, 45c,  
50c, 55c, 65c; Young Hyson, 50c, 60c,  
65c, 70c; Fine do 75c. Very Fine 85c.; Superfine  
and Very Choice, \$1; Fine Gunpowder, 85c.; Extra  
Superfine do.; \$1

Teas not mentioned in this circular equally cheap.  
Tea only sold by this Company.

An excellent Mixed Tea could be sent for 60c.  
and 70c., very good for common purposes, 50c.

Out of over one thousand testimonials, we insert  
the following:—

A YEAR'S TRIAL.

Montreal, 1868. The Montreal Tea Company:

GENTLEMEN.—It is nearly a year since I purchased the  
first chest of Tea from your house. I have purchased  
many since, and I am pleased to inform you the Tea  
has in every case proved most satisfactory, as well as  
being exceedingly cheap. Yours very truly

F. DENNIE.

Montreal Tea Co.:

GENTLEMEN.—The Tea I purchased of you in March  
has given great satisfaction, and the flavor of it is  
very fine. It is very strange, but since I have been  
drinking your Tea I have been quite free from heart-  
burn, which would always pain me after breakfast.  
I attribute this to the purity of your Tea, and shall  
continue a customer.

Yours respectfully

FRANCIS T. GREENE,  
54 St. John Street, Montreal.

Montreal, April, 1868.—To the Montreal Tea Com-  
pany, 6 Hospital Street, Montreal: We notice with  
pleasure the large amount of Tea that we have for-  
warded for you to different parts of the Dominion,  
and we are glad to find your business so rapidly in-  
creasing. We presume your teas are giving general  
satisfaction, as out of the large amount forwarded  
we have only had occasion to return one box  
which we understand, was sent out through a mis-  
take.

G. CHENEY.  
Manager Canadian Express Company

House of Senate, Ottawa.

Montreal Tea Company:

GENTLEMEN.—The box of English Breakfast and  
Young Hyson Tea which you sent me gives great  
satisfaction. You may expect my future order

Yours, &c.,

S. SKINNER.

Beware of peddlars and runners using our name,  
or offering our Teas in small packages. Nothing less  
than a cattie sold.

Note the address:—

THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY,

6 Hospital Street, Montreal.

July 24th 1868.

C. F. FRASER,  
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor

in Chancery,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.

BROOKVILLE, C. W.

• Collections made in all parts of Western  
Canada.

Rawnsons—Messrs. Fitzpatrick & Moore, Montreal

M. P. Ryan, Esq., " " "

James O'Brien, Esq., " "

ESTABLISHED 1859.

Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with Fresh and  
Pure Drugs and Chemicals.

Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with Accuracy  
and Dispatch.

Physicians' Preparations scientifically dispensed  
and forwarded to all parts of the city.

All the new remedies kept in Stock.

HENRY R. GRAY.

Dispensing and Family Chemist.

145 St. Lawrence Main Street

Country Physicians supplied cheap for USE.

Hospitals and Charitable Institutions supplied on  
favorable terms.

STREET DIALOGUE.—Mr. D. (meeting his friend  
Mr. E.) Well Mr. E. What success in your applica-  
tion for that appointment?

Mr. E.—I am happy to say that the place was of-  
fered to me and that I have accepted it.

Mr. D.—How did you manage it?

Mr. E.—I previously called on Mr. Rafter, and  
presented myself to the Manager, in one of his Grand  
Trunk Suites.

HOUSEKEEPERS SAVE YOUR MONEY—  
MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP. By using Hart's  
celebrated CONCENTRATED LYE you can make  
capital Soft Soap for one cent per gall. 10, or a pro-  
portionate quality of hard Soap, of a much superior  
quantity to what is usually sold in the shops. For  
sale by respectable Druggists and Grocers in tow-  
ard and country. Price 2c per tin

CAUTION.—Be sure to get the genuine, which has  
the words "Glasgow Drug Hall" stamped on the lid  
of each tin. All others are counterfeits.

WINTER FLUID.—For chapped hands, lips, and  
all roughness of the skin, this preparation stands  
unrivalled. Hundreds who have tried it say it is  
the best thing they ever used. Gentlemen will find  
it very soothing to the skin after shaving. Price  
2c per bottle.

HOMOCOPATHY.—The Subscriber has always on  
hand a full assortment of Homeopathic medicines  
from England and the States; also, Humphrey's  
Specifics, all numbers. Country orders carefull  
attended to.

J. A. HATTE, Licentiate Apothecary,  
Glasgow Drug Hall 25 Notre Dame

Montreal Feb. 4th, 1868

Perhaps no one medine  
is so universally re-  
quired by everybody as  
a cathartic, nor was ever  
any before so universally  
adopted. It is in  
every class and among  
all classes, as this mild  
but efficient purgative  
*Pill*. The obvious reason  
is, that it is a more re-  
liable and far more effec-  
tual remedy than any other.  
Those who have  
tried it, know that it cures them; those who have  
not, know that it cures all, and that it does once it does always,  
and that it never fails through any fault or neglect of  
its composition. We have, and can show, thou-  
sands upon thousands of certificates of remark-  
able cures of the following complaints, but such cures are known in every neighborhood, and why  
should we publish them? Adapted to all ages and  
conditions in all climates; containing neither  
alkalies, nor acids, nor salts, nor any other injurious  
substances to any body. Their sugar coating pre-  
serves them even fresh, and makes them pleasant to  
take, while being purely vegetable no harm can  
arise from their use in any quantity.

They operate by their powerful influence on the  
internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it  
into healthy action—remove the obstructions of the  
stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the  
body, restoring the irregular action of health, and  
by cleansing them, and its action, such derange-  
ments are the first origin of disease.

Minute directions are given in the wrapper on the  
box, for the following complaints, which these  
*Pills* rapidly cure:—

For Diarrhoea or Indigestion, Lassitude,  
Langor and Loss of Appetite, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach and restore its healthy tone and action.

For Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpi-  
tation, Bilious Headache, Sick Headache,  
Jaundice or Green Sickness, Bilious  
Colic and Bilious Fevers, they should be judi-  
ciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For Dropsey and Tropical Swellings they  
should be taken in large and frequent doses to pro-  
duce the effect of a diuretic purge.

For Suppression a large dose should be taken  
as it produces the desired effect of sympathy.

As a Remedy take one or two *Pills* to pro-  
mote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and  
bowels into healthy action, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often ad-  
vantageous where no serious derangement exists.

One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose  
of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better from  
their cleansing and renovating effect on the inti-  
mate apparatus of the stomach and intestines. In  
such cases where a cathartic is required, which we cannot enumerate here, but they suggest themselves to everybody,  
and where the virtues of this *Pill* are known, the  
public no longer doubt what to employ.

# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

JAN. 8, 1869

WILLIAM H. HODSON,  
ARCHITECT,  
No. 59, St. Bonaventure Street.  
has designed a new Bridge, 174 ft.  
long, and 20 ft. wide, with a  
span of 120 ft., to be erected at  
Montreal, May 28, 1863. 12m.

THE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE  
COMPANY.

OF THE

CITY OF MONTREAL.

DIRECTORS:

BENJ. COMTE, Esq., President.

E. A. R. Hubert, Esq. Andre Lapierre, Esq.  
Robert Pare, Esq. J. B. Horner, Esq.  
Narcisse Valois, Esq. Naz. Villeneuve, Esq.  
J. E. Mullin, Esq. Ferdinand Perrin, Esq.

The cheapest Insurance Company in this city is  
undoubtedly THE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. The rates of insurance are generally half  
less than those of other Companies with all desirable  
security to parties insured. The sole object of this  
Company is to bring down the cost of insurance on  
properties to the lowest rate possible for the whole  
interest of the community. The citizens should  
therefore encourage liberally this flourishing Com-  
pany.

OFFICE—No. 2 St. Sacrement Street.  
A. DUMOUCHEL  
Montreal, May 21st 1868. 12m.

**OWEN M'GARVEY,**  
MANUFACTURER  
OF EVERY STYLE OF  
PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE

Nos. 7, 9, and 11, St. Joseph Street,  
2ND DOOR FROM M'GILL STREET,  
MONTREAL.

Orders from all parts of the Province carefully  
executed, and delivered according to instructions,  
free of charge.

**ROYAL  
INSURANCE COMPANY.**

FIRE AND LIFE:

Capital, TWO MILLIONS Sterling.  
FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Advantages to Fire Insureds.

The Company is enabled to direct the attention of  
the Public to the advantages afforded in this  
branch:

1st. Security unquestionable.  
2nd. Revenue of almost unexampled magnitude.  
3rd. Every description of property insured at mo-  
derate rates.

4th. Promptitude and liberality of Settlement.

5th. A liberal reduction made for insurances ef-  
fected for a term of years.

The Directors invite attention to a few of the ad-  
vantages the "Royal" offers to its life Assureds:

1st. The guarantee of an ample Capital, and  
exemption of the assured from liability of Partner-  
ship.

2nd. Moderate Premiums.

3rd. Small Charge for Management.

4th. Prompt Settlement of Claims.

5th. Days of Grace allowed with the most liberal  
interpretation.

6th. Large participation of profits by the assured  
amounting to TWO-THIRDS of their net amount,  
every five years, to policies then two entire years in  
existence.

H. L. ROUTH,  
Agent, Montreal.

February 1, 1866. 12m.

THE GREAT SPRING AND SUMMER  
MEDICINE.

ESTABLISHED 1832.

**BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA**

IN QUART BOTTLES



THE BEST PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD

Are you afflicted with Boils?  
Purify the Blood.  
Have you Ringworm or Tetter?  
Purify the Blood.  
Have you an Abscess or Ulcer?  
Purify the Blood.  
Have you an Old Sore or Tumor?  
Purify the Blood.  
Have you Scrofula or King's Evil?  
Purify the Blood.  
Are you a martyr to Salt Rheum?  
Purify the Blood.  
Are you annoyed with Foul Eructions?  
Purify the Blood.  
Have you Syphilis or Venereal Disease?  
Purify the Blood.  
Are you suffering with Fever and Ague?  
Purify the Blood.  
Are you troubled with White Swellings?  
Purify the Blood.  
Are you the victim of the excessive use of Calomel?  
Purify the Blood.

**BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA**

IS THE ONLY SURE AND SAFE

PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD.  
IT NEVER FAILS

CONTAINS NO MINERAL,  
And is safe for Infants and Delicate Persons.

Full directions how to take this most valuable  
medicine will be found around each bottle.

Devins & Bolton, Picault & Son, H. R. Gray,  
Davidson & Co., John Gardner, Lyman, Clare &  
Co., Druggists.

Also by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in  
Medicines.

May, 1868.

## NEW BOOKS.

FOR SALE BY D. & J. SADLER & CO.  
Acts and Decrees of the Second Plenary Council of  
Baltimore. Gilt, \$3 25.  
Inner Life of Lecordaire. By Rev. Pere Ghocarne.  
1 vol. Svo. Cloth, 2 25.  
Reason and Revelation. By T. S. Preston. 1 vol.  
12mo. Cloth, 1 13.  
Comedy of Convocation in the English Church.  
25 cts.  
Rome and the Popes. By Dr. Carl Brandes. 1 vol.  
12mo. Cloth, 1 00.  
Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine. 1 vol. 12mo.  
Cloth, 1 50.  
Plain Talk about the Protestants of To-Day. From  
the French of Mgr. Segur. 50 cts.  
Memoir and Letters of Jenny C. White Del. Bil. By  
her mother, Rhoda E. White. 1 vol. 12mo.  
1 50.

Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna. British  
edition. 00.  
Glories of Mary. From Latin of St. Bernard. 1 vol.  
18mo. Cloth, 50 cts.  
None's Meditations for every day in the year. New  
edition. 2 00.  
Life of St. Alcysis Gonzaga, edited by Ed. Healy  
Thompson. 1 13.  
The Clergy and the Pulpit, by Abbe Mullois, 12mo.  
1 13.  
Christianity and its Conflicts, by Dr. E. A. Marey,  
12mo. 1 50.  
Miss Starr's Poems, 12mo Cloth bevelled, 1 50.  
Manual of Lives of the Popes, from St. Peter to Pius  
IX. 1 00.  
Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, 12mo, cloth  
1 75.  
Tales from the Diary of a Sister of Mercy, 1 13.  
Devotion to St. Joseph, 75 cts.  
The Irish in America, by John Francis Maguire,  
2 00.  
The Blessed Eucharist, our Greatest Treasure, 1 13.  
Prayer of the Key of Salvation, 1 13.  
British Catholic Poets, 1 13.  
St. Ignatius and his Companions, 1 13.  
Life of the Blessed Peter Claver, 75 cts.  
Paulist Sermons for 1864, new edition, 1 13.  
Questions of the Soul, new edition, 1 13.  
St. Columba [Columbkille] by Montalembert, 1 90.  
Catholic Girl's Library, 12 vols in box, 1 75  
do Boy's do do do 1 75  
A Sister's Story, 1 vol. 12mo, 2 00.  
Nellie Netterville, 1 vol. 12mo. 1 13.  
The Banquet of Theodore new edition, 75 cts.  
White's Confutation of the Church of England, new  
edition, 1 00.  
New Illustrated Sunday School Library, 12 books in  
a box. [1st Series] 4 50.  
New Illustrated Sunday School Library, 12 books in  
a box. [2nd series] 4 50.  
Problems of the Age, by Rev. A. F. Hewitt, 1 50.  
The Choice of a State of Life, by Father Rossignoli,  
S. J. 60 cts.  
Fate and Fortunes of O'Neill and O'Donnell, 2 00.  
Epistle of Jesus Christ, 75 cts.  
The Catholic Crusoe, 1 13.  
Intentions for Mass and Holy Communion, 60 cts.  
Three Phases of Christian Love, by Lady Herbert,  
12mo, 1 13.  
Purgatorial Consoler, a manual of Prayers, from 75  
cts to 2 75.

Legends of the Wars in Ireland, 1 00.  
Mitchell's History of Ireland, 3 00.  
New Illustrated History of Ireland, 4 00.  
History of my Religious Opinions, by Newman, 2 00.  
England and Christendom, by Manning, 3 50.  
Malone's Church History of Ireland, 2 50.  
Newman's Lectures on Catholicism in England, 2 25.  
Faith and Reason, by Abbe Martinet, 1 75.  
Monastic State, 2 vols, 2 00.  
Religious Orders, 1 50.  
Practical Meditations for Every Day in the Year, 2  
vols 3 00.  
The Bible, its Use and Abuse, 75 cts.  
The Church of the Bible, by Canon... 1  
Catechism—Doctrinal, Moral, Historical and Liturgical,  
by P. Power, 2 50.  
Church of the Fathers, Newman, 1 50.  
Charity in Conversation, 75 cts.  
The Sister of Charity, by Mrs Anna H. Dorsey, illus-  
trated, 75 cts.  
Christian Reflections, 1 00.  
The Spiritual Director, 50 cents.  
Prayers of St. George cents.  
Catholic World, from 1866 to 1868, 6 volumes cloth,  
16 00.  
History of the Church in England, by the Very Rev  
Canon Flannigan, 2 vols, 5 00.  
Brownson's Review, from 1853 to 1860, 7 vols, cloth,  
15 00.  
General History of the Catholic Church, by M. L'Abbe  
Darras, 4 vols, 9 00.  
Sheil's Sketches of the Irish Bar, 2 vols, 2 25.  
Barrington's Sketches 1 25.  
The Life of John Philpot Curran, 1 25.  
The Convent Flower, 75 cts.  
Paganism in Education, 60 cts.  
Churches, Sects, and Religious Parties, or some mo-  
tives for my conversion to the Catholic Church,  
by Master of Arts, 1 00.  
Legends of Mount Leinster, 75 cents.  
Geraldine; a tale of Conscience, 1 25.  
In the Snow. A tale of Mount St. Bernard, 1 25.  
The Two Bishops. A tale of the 19th century, 75  
cents.  
The Banks of the Boro; a Chronicle of the County of  
Wexford, by P. Kennedy, 75 cents.  
Practical Meditations for every day of the year,  
the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the use of  
Religious, 1 50.  
Legends of the Commandments of God, 1 00.  
Dolorous Passion of our Lord, by Sister Emerich,  
1 00.  
The Sisters of Charity, by Mrs Anna Dorsey, 2 vols,  
1 1, illustrated, 75 cents.  
Afternoons with the Saints 50 cents.  
Sermons for the different Sundays and principal Fe-  
festivals of the year, 2 50.  
The celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonnas, by Rev  
J. Spencer Northcote D. D., 2 00.  
Long Resistance and ultimate conversion, 2 00.  
Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts, by Patrick  
Kennedy, 2 50.  
Poems, by Frederick Wm. Faber, D. D., 2 25.  
A Search into matters of Religion, by Francis Wal-  
shingham, 2 50.  
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