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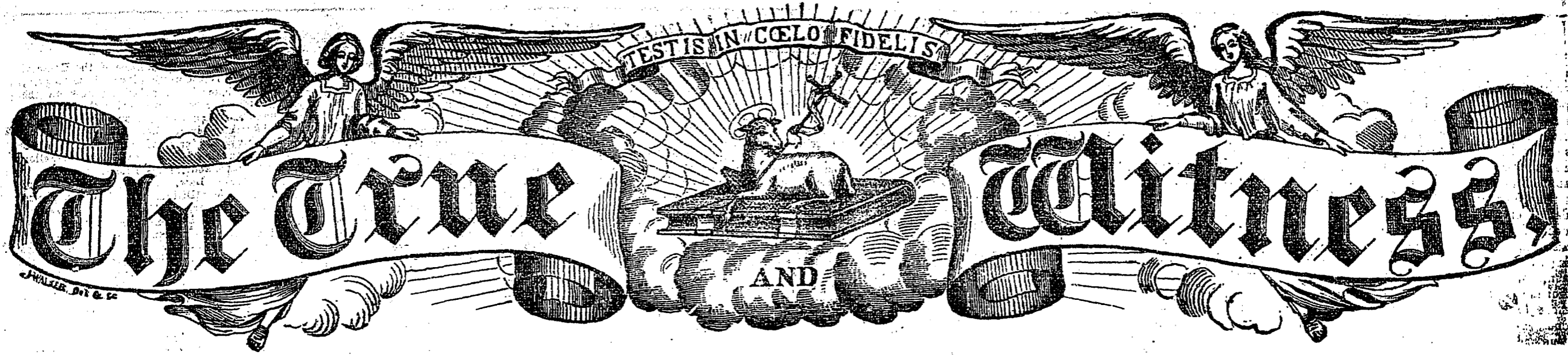
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1865.

No. 48.

ROSE LEBLANC; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF SINCERITY.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

'Ab, my dear Alice!' said her grandpapa, one evening as he walked up and down the terrace leaning on her arm, 'a great many centuries have passed since our ancestors first inhabited this country. It may be weakness to attach much importance to a name that was once illustrious, and to glorious recollections. They are things that are little thought of in these days. Our ancient walls are despoiled, and the noble deeds of the past little thought of. But I did not see that we got on any the better for it. I confess to you, my dear child, that my old heart would rejoice with all the strength and all the life that is left in it, if the dream that I have been cherishing now for a year and more were ever to be realised.'

Alice answered, with some emotion— 'I am like you, grandpapa; I like the past better than the future. Tell me about your youth...' about your brother, added she, with some hesitation. 'When you relate to me your past life, I seem almost to live through it in thought.'

'Well, then, my child, in those fearful days when France was struggling in all the agonies of revolution, my brother and I, as I have often told you, were separated; he followed the bloody phantom called Liberty, while I remained faithful to my father and my standard, and emigrated with him and the rest of our party. Andre soon became a hot republican, and renounced his family and his rank. I never saw him from the day when he left us to take his seat in the assembly Nationale.'

'Never!' said Alice sadly. 'Never!' repeated the old baron who had seated himself on a bench, and was leaning his trembling hands on his gold-headed stick. A thousand sad reminiscences were crowding into the old man's thoughts. He recalled the days when he and his brother played together under the old chestnut-trees which shaded that same terrace. He seemed to see once more that brother whom he had once so fondly loved, with his fair hair falling over his shoulders, and his blue eyes sparkling with pleasure, as he sat on the stone dolphin in the middle of the fountain in the flower garden, and called him with joyful shouts of laughter to come and share his sport. His heart was filled with sorrow when he thought of the wrongs, and misfortunes, and disastrous events that had first cooled their affection, and finally destroyed it entirely. As Coleridge says in those beautiful lines—

'They parted, ne'er to meet again; But never either found another To soothe the hollow heart from pining. They stood aloof, the scars remaining, Like cliffs which had been rent asunder.'

Andre de Vidal had embraced the cause of the Revolution fanatically. He had leagued himself with the chiefs of the so-called Friends of the People, drawn on by party spirit, and also enticed by the beauty of a young girl, the daughter of one of the most frantic of the Republicans. He had ended by marrying her; thus linking himself, by the closest ties, to one who had voted for the death of the king, and the exile of all the priests who remained true to their religion. When his father, Baron Charles de Vidal, heard this fatal news, he cursed the son who had disgraced his family, and stained his name with dishonor. He never saw him again; nor would he allow Andre's name to be mentioned in his presence. And when, two years later, the news reached him that his son had died on the scaffold, by order of the infamous Lacombe, the Robespierre of Bordeaux, he gave no sign of grief, nor shed a tear; but from that day he was never seen to smile. He made no inquiries about Andre's widow, and a son whom he left; and never spoke of them either to his wife, or to his eldest son, who had followed him into exile, and who, like his father, tried for a long time to stifle in his heart all remembrance of his brother. Thus, it was not till many years later that a longing came over him to find among Andre's grandchildren, for his own son had died young, an heir to the name that was so dear to him, and which seemed in danger of becoming extinct. After the death of his wife, of his only daughter, and of his son-in-law, the young Comte de Morlaix, he seemed to have lost all interest in every thing out of the child that his daughter had placed in his arms when on her deathbed. He was already an old man, though sorrow more than years had aged him, when he began a new life as it were, in seeking to make his little Alice happy. He had unexpectedly recovered possession of the inheritance of his ancestors. An old bailiff had bought the castle of La Roche Vidal and the property belonging to it at the time of the revolutionary confiscations, and bequeathed them to him during his stay in England. This

man, although much attached to the Baron's family, and very conscientious, was strongly imbued with the new and fallacious ideas respecting the Rights of Man. He had loved Andre de Vidal devotedly, almost passionately; and it was generally supposed to have been from conversations with him, and from books which he had lent him, that poor Andre had imbibed his revolutionary tendencies. Either from remorse, or from real attachment to a family which had loaded his own with favors, he made a will some months before his death, by which he left to the Baron de Vidal the whole of the property that had formerly belonged to his ancestors. It was just after he had lost, one after the other, nearly all those he loved, that he received the news that his inheritance was restored to him in so unlooked-for a manner. Then the home of his childhood and youth rose before his imagination with an indescribable charm. The idea of transplanting the poor little flower that had budded in a foreign soil to the shadow of those same walls that had sheltered his own childhood, comforted him in the midst of his bitter grief.

'Alice,' he cried, pursuing his reverie aloud, and pressing his grandchild's hand to his breast, with the tenderest affection, 'Alice, I have watched you grow up, my darling, and become daily more beautiful, and the recollections of past ages, like that pretty blue-bell on our old archway. You have taken root in our valleys and mountains.' And the old man pressed her to his heart, whilst she glanced lovingly at the purple moors, and the fields, and hills, and meadows, now gilded by the last rays of the setting sun. 'Well,' my child, continued he, 'whether time changes our ideas, or that sooner or later nature will have its way, for the last year I have had the strongest wish to find amongst my brother's children an heir to the name that is so dear to my heart. I would have them near me, so as to occupy myself in some way or other about their future destiny, and to obtain for them a position in society suitable to their rank, should they be worthy of it. The eldest, they tell me, is married, and lives at Pau. The youngest...' 'Andre?' said Alice, in a low voice.

'Yes, it was that young man whom we saw for an instant. I remember your remarking that he seemed superior to his present position. The Cure of St. Jacques and the Comte de St. Remy were loud in his praises, and Sœur Therese, who is his mother's oldest friend...' 'Spoke of him in the highest terms,' put in Alice quickly.

'I hear he has lately joined the 3rd Regiment of the Line, as a simple private, of course; but in our country, thank God, it is no disgrace to wear a uniform, and the sons of some of the noblest families of France have served as conscripts. However that may be, here are two letters which I shall send by to-night's post.—One is to Andre de Vidal, my brother's grandson. In it I have informed him of our relationship, and have told him to ask for leave, and to come here and stay with us a few days. The other is to his Colonel, who is the son of an old comrade of mine, to beg him to grant his leave, and to send him here, if it be only for a day or two; for I long to make acquaintance with my nephew. And, should he prove worthy of his birth; should his sentiments be lofty enough to match the name he bears—in short, if his character, his disposition... My darling, you must forgive me, for I did not mean to say anything about it, but my secret weighs upon me like a load, and get rid of it I must. Besides, I have got so into the habit of telling you everything... Well then, if this Andre de Vidal should turn out worthy of our esteem and affection;—if his appearance and manners...' 'Should answer your expectations and your recollections, grandpapa,' broke in Alice, 'oh, what happiness it will be for you, and for me, and for everybody. You will have a successor to your name, almost a son, who will lighten all your troubles, and take part in all that interests you. Oh,' she continued, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven, 'I prayed for this on my knees on the mountain of Betharam. My God, I thank Thee for having heard me.'

The baron was somewhat surprised at her enthusiasm, and said, smiling and taking her hand in his, 'Suppose you should be willing to share everything with him some day.' 'Oh, there must be no sharing or dividing, grandpapa,' she answered quickly. 'You have often told me that your predecessors never alienated their lands.'

'What am I to say? I must speak plainly if you will not understand. Suppose that some day you were to marry Andre.'

'Oh, I do not see that there is any necessity for that,' cried Alice, blushing, 'and certainly it is not what I prayed for.'

'And do you imagine that I should ever consent to disinherit you; you, my own beloved child, my darling, my treasure? And, besides, I am sure that you could never endure the thoughts of leaving the home where your happy

childhood was spent, and where we lived together in the midst of our people, and surrounded by objects that constantly recall the past. No; I would sooner let the name of my ancestors become extinct a thousand times.'

'I will never leave you, never quit these ancient walls and this beloved valley; but, as far as I am concerned, I do not care whether I live in a castle or a hovel; whether I am surrounded by gardens or in the middle of a moor; a cottage on the borders of the forest, with plenty of sun and air, and in sight of the turrets of our dear old house, is all the happiness I wish for on this side of heaven; the poor are everywhere; our church, God's dwelling place, is always open; and what more can we want to make us happy?—You know that I always had a great admiration for the lady S. Francis speaks so much about, his *Madama Poverty*, and so saying she smiled and laid her pretty, fair head on her grandpapa's shoulder.

'That is all very fine, but it is not to the point,' said the baron, trying to frown; 'you know as well as I do that I will never consent to your being deprived of a single rood of this estate, or of a single stone of these ruins; but I confess that if you should approve of my brother's grandson; if he should prove worthy of worthy of the destiny that I hope will be his; and, oh, my darling, if I might one day see my great grandchildren playing on this lawn...' 'Castas in the air, good grandpapa!' cried Alice, pointing to the clouds which were sailing above them.

'Then you refuse to listen to my projects,' said the baron with a sigh. 'Man proposes,' said Alice softly.

'And woman opposes,' rejoined the baron, striking the earth with his stick. 'No, dear grandpapa,' she answered, throwing her arms round her neck, 'but God ordains.'

'May His holy will be done!' added the old man fervently; and putting his arm through Alice's he rose, and they went together towards the castle.

CHAPTER XI.

The Baron de Vidal's letters very soon produced their effect. Andre lost no time in applying for leave, which he obtained without difficulty, started from Bordeaux on a lovely morning autumn with all the delight of a schoolboy going home for his holidays; and, after a few hours' journey, the diligence set him down at the entrance of a village within a short distance of the castle of La Roche Vidal. Here a path was shown him which led straight through the forest to the gates of the park.

Andre had been more surprised than pleased when he received an invitation so unexpected and so flattering to his pride. Hitherto he had lived entirely out of reach of those prejudices of birth and caste which hold persons of a certain class in such complete subjection; and what is very uncommon in these days, he never cared for a high position in society, nor even for the more material employments which riches afford. The natural indolence of his character, which fault was quite compatible with a certain amount of energy which was latent in his soul, a mind somewhat morbidly inclined to melancholy, and a disposition at once ardent and timid, combined to protect him from the petty cares of a vulgar ambition, while they often exposed him to annoyances of another kind. His dreams of happiness, whether at home in his mother's cottage or in the barracks at Bordeaux, had never gone beyond the idea of a peaceful life with Rose in some rural retreat, where he might pursue his studies in perfect quiet, and of some attempts and perhaps successes in literary achievements, of which he did not wish to hear more than the distant rumor. These desires, which were constantly before his mind, made the life of towns and barracks seem hateful to him. A passionate love for the beauties of nature, a spark of the sacred fire which is called genius only when it reveals itself externally, but which does not the less burn in souls gifted with poetic feeling because it does not find a vent in words or action, made him detest the simply practical side of life. He despised its pursuits and useful occupations because he had not yet learnt to discern what is really good and great about them.

On emerging from the forest the young soldier beheld spread out before him a vast plain, bounded on one side by the white line of the sea, and on the other by the snow-crowned tops of the Pyrenees. On the side of the hill, surrounded by magnificent woods which began already to show the warm tints of autumn, appeared the old feudal castle, uninhabited by the relations of whose personal characters, and habits, he had formed so little idea. He felt a little uneasy at the prospect of the first meeting, and began to rack his memory for scenes of a like kind which he had read of in plays and novels, and as he walked along he arranged beforehand what he should say and do when presented by the Baron to his

family. But when once he found himself on the threshold of the castle he was fortunate enough to forget all his set speeches and studied gestures. The sight of the massive porch, of the towers festooned with ivy, and of the walls in which time had made more breaches than the fury of contending parties, made a strong impression on him. The scene appeared a familiar one, though he had never set foot on the spot before. The twittering of the birds as they flew hither and thither over his head, the sound of the wind as it sighed through the long arcades in the court yard, the scent of the wall flowers as the breeze shook them on the walls, combined to plunge him into a fit of abstraction, from which he did not rouse himself till the castle clock struck five, when for the first time he thought of presenting himself at the door. The old serrant, who had been told the name and the relationship of the young soldier who was expected, bowed low, and showed him into a room on the ground floor, whose only furniture consisted of some family portraits, and a few arm chairs, surmounted by coats of arms, for the most part broken. Andre went to the window which looked out upon a garden filled with flowers. The somewhat desolate grandeur of the room, the silence, the complete contrast, in short, with the scenes he had left only that morning, impressed him deeply. He had had much to bear since entering the army, where his tastes, his feelings, and ideas were perpetually chafed and irritated. The refinement of his nature showed itself now, and he felt that he was born to live the life of those among whom he had now come. His reflections were soon interrupted by the Baron, whose voice was heard on the terrace, and immediately after the door opened.

'Where is he? Come here, that I may embrace you, my dear boy.' This was the uncle's reception; a few inarticulate words, which were stifled by this paternal embrace, were the only reply of the nephew. 'Come out of doors,' said the Baron, leading Andre towards the garden; 'we shall talk more comfortably under the shade of these great trees, than with all those grand gentlemen in wigs, and powdered fine ladies staring at us,' added he, pointing to the portraits of his ancestors. As he leant on his nephew's arm, he thought, 'What a nice looking youth, and how like my poor brother!' while Andre, who was delighted at the loving reception his uncle had given him, was saying to himself, 'What a fine-looking man, what a benevolent countenance! The old royalist noble, and former emigrant, and the youth of twenty-two, who till he joined his regiment at Bordeaux, had never left his mother's cottage on the Pyrenees, soon got into conversation. Andre's answers to the Baron's numerous questions showed him to be intelligent and full of good feeling. The good humor and cheerfulness which reigned in his uncle's words and manner soon put him quite at his ease, and it was perhaps the first time that he had ever felt thoroughly so. It sometimes happens, by one of those inexplicable chances which produce the most striking contrasts between persons who have been brought up under the same conditions and influences, that one member of a family finds himself almost a stranger to his own relations as well as to his companions and neighbors. It had been thus with Andre. His good qualities and his faults contributed equally to keep him in a constant reserve with those among whom he lived. He possessed a great deal of tact, which, with an innate good breeding, and a natural and genuine love of the beautiful in whatever form it might present itself, gave a certain shade of seriousness and refinement to his character; and supplied in great measure the defects in his education, which after all did not amount to much more than a certain ignorance of the conventionalities of society; and as to education, he was at least as well informed as most young men in the upper classes. Every now and then, while talking to his uncle, he would let fall some observation which showed how thoroughly he enjoyed the sight of the views that met his eye on every side; the picturesque outlines of the old castle, the thatched roofs of the village, half concealed by luxuriant clusters of ivy and jessamine, the river winding along the valley through the rich meadows, the forests of oak and chestnut, whose tops, gilded by the last rays of the sun, seemed to stretch like a sea of verdure from the mountains to the ocean. The Baron enjoyed the young man's enthusiasm, and said, striking the ground with his stick, 'The De Vidal's have always had the greatest love for this country, and my granddaughter is quite faithful to the traditions on that score. She would not exchange one of these trees, nor one of those cottages, for all the gold or all the palaces in the world.' As he spoke a confused sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and joyous shouts of laughter pealed from the road under the terrace where they were sitting. 'These she is with her troop of brats, I'll wager,' said the Baron, 'they follow her like her shadow.' He was right, and the next instant Alice de Morlaix ap-

peared at the end of the avenue leading to the castle, accompanied by a whole army of children of all sizes, who capered round her with shouts and gambols. This playful and noisy party, these little creatures who pressed round her with their bright colors, their hair streaming in the wind, and their animated gestures, contrasted strongly with Alice's tall and slender figure, her slow and graceful step and delicate coloring. They seemed like a swarm of butterflies fluttering about a stately lily. The elder ones ran on before, the little ones clung to her dress, and all offered her flowers which they had gathered by the roadside.

'Thanks, thanks!' cried she laughing. 'I have got plenty for one day. See, the swallows are going to bed, and so is the sun; you too must be off to your nests, my little birds; and as she spoke she unfastened a door in the garden wall which opened on the village green, and the merry troop bounded towards the village shouting and leaping.

'Here she comes,' said the Baron, in a low voice, as Alice approached the bench on which he was sitting with his nephew. He had just been praising her to Andre; her name was almost on his lips. He could not help speaking of what was next his heart, and could never keep a wish or a project to himself; perhaps he had never tried much to conquer this inveterate frankness, in any case he had not succeeded. As he said, 'Here she comes,' Andre also murmured, 'Here she comes,' for he instantly recognized the young girl he had seen, though but once, in the market place at Pau; and of whom he had so lively a recollection. He had often recalled her kind glance and sympathising words on the day when he was tempted to curse his fate, and had often seen her in his dreams. When meditating on the legends of some saint of the middle ages, or imagining the history of some Christian queen of old, he always seemed to see the face of the beautiful stranger, whose name he had not been able to discover. The adoration which he paid to this transient vision did no wrong, he thought, either to the object of it or to his betrothed; and if any one had reproached him with this ideal and poetical infidelity, or if his own heart had reproved him for it, he would probably have answered in the spirit, if not in the words of Shakespeare,—

'It were all one That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it, she is so above me.'

But now, by one of the strange caprices of chance, or rather by one of the mysterious signs of Providence, he was brought in contact with the vision of his dreams at the very moment when a new future seemed to be opening to him. The Baron made his granddaughter sit down beside him, and with one hand drew her close to him, while he held Andre's hand in the other.

'My children,' he said, in a voice which trembled with emotion, 'at last I am happy! How pleasant it is to wipe out painful reminiscences and thus to renew the good old traditions of the past. We are old acquaintances already, Alice,' added he, pointing to Andre; 'we have been talking for nearly an hour, and we know each other as well as if we had always lived together.'

Andre looked at Alice without venturing to speak to her; but life, which till then had appeared cold and dull and monotonous, now seemed clothed with a thousand bright tints, whose radiance eclipsed the recollections of the past just as the first rays of the morning sun dissipates the vague fancies of a dream. At dinner, and during the evening, the Baron never ceased questioning the young soldier about his family, his studies, his projects, and his hopes. The modesty of his replies, and a certain amount of originality in his remarks, the poetic turn of his ideas, and the refinement of his language, were not unnoticed by Alice, who, though she did not take much part in the conversation, showed by her expressive glances, and by the interest with which she listened, that it was not lost upon her. This sympathy of hers did not escape the notice either of Andre or of her grandfather, and the first evening seemed very short to them all; Andre's week of leave went by very rapidly likewise. A week is soon passed, but often there are days in a man's life, in the life of his soul rather, which tell more upon him than years. During those beautiful bright autumn days, surrounded by grand and sunny landscapes, and in constant intercourse with beings as good and amiable as Alice and her grandfather, Andre learnt something that neither books nor solitary meditation had been able to teach him, namely, the secret of true happiness. Alice would have taught him this lesson in a garret, in a prison, or a desert, anywhere where she could have opportunities of showing forth the gifts with which God had endowed her; but in the midst of riches and happiness, with a cloudless sky above her, and surrounded by all that is beautiful in nature, her character struck the imagination with still greater force. Ah! how many more people might be happy in this world, and how easily

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We beg to remind our Correspondents that no letters will be taken out of the Post-Office, unless prepaid.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 7.

BOCLESTIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JULY—1865.

Friday, 7—St. Margaret, W.
 Saturday, 8—St. Elizabeth, W.
 Sunday, 9—Fifth after Pentecost.
 Monday, 10—The Seven Holy Brothers.
 Tuesday, 11—St. Pius, P. M.
 Wednesday, 12—St. John Gualbert, A. E.
 Thursday, 13—St. Anacleto, P. M.
 The "Forty Hours" Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament will commence as follows:—
 Saturday, 8—La Visitation, de l'Isle du Pads.
 Monday, 10—St. Genevieve.
 Wednesday, 12—St. Anicet.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

The quarrel betwixt Louis Napoleon and his cousin Pion-Plon has not been healed, though efforts have been made to bring about a reconciliation; and excusing himself upon the plea of an injury said to have been caused by a fall from his carriage, the Prince has declined to call at the Tuileries since the return of the Emperor from Algeria. As Prince Pion-Plon represents the Liberal and anti-Catholic party in France, this incident is of more than domestic importance, since it indicates a wide divergence betwixt the views of the French Liberals, and those of Louis Napoleon on the Italian Question.

We have nothing positive yet as to the result of the negotiations betwixt the Sovereign Pontiff, and the King of Sardinia. Many rumors are afloat, and the general opinion seems to be that some kind of understanding will be come to. Yet it is to be feared that no amicable arrangement will be of long duration. Any negotiations that leave to the Pope any real substantial authority, which do not degrade him from the rank of a sovereign and an independent Prince to that of a subject, and which do not place the Church beneath the feet of the swine of the Revolution, will be unfavorably received by that party to which Victor Emmanuel owes all his popularity and all his power. To reconcile himself with the Pope means, in his case, to break with the Revolution; and this he cannot well afford to do unless he is prepared to renounce his position, as King of Italy. The Continental news by the last mails is of very little general interest.

In the United States no events of importance have occurred. The evidence and finding of the Military Commission have been submitted to the President; but the latter, with a return to constitutional sentiment, for which we could scarce have given him credit, hesitates to confirm the proceedings, and manifests an inclination to refer the whole matter to the civil Courts, before which it should have been tried in the first instance. The great political question of the day is "nigger" suffrage, and out of this question no trifling political troubles may yet be expected to spring.

As the reputed organ of Lord Palmerston the utterances of the *Morning Post* are listened to with attention, as in a sort the utterances of the Ministry; and for this reason no inconsiderable importance has been attached to an article that lately appeared in the above named journal, with reference to our Canadian delegates, their mission to England, its objects, and the results.—The entire article, of which a brief and imperfect sketch had previously been conveyed by telegram, is now before us; and we can thence judge, every man for himself, how far the said political mission has resulted in success, or failure.

The *Morning Post* assures us that, in the first place, "the political and commercial relations between the Province and the Mother country have been thoroughly considered, and a conclusion arrived at which is calculated to have a most favorable influence on the future destinies of British North America." This is we fear somewhat vague.

In the second place we learn that "the Imperial Government are prepared in every way to facilitate the carrying out of the Confederation project as soon as all the Colonies have agreed amongst themselves." And further on, the same authority hints at coercion towards the latter, if they cannot so agree, and if they cannot be brought by other means to give their assent to the project. This we look upon however only as a *brutum fulmen*. In the present temper of

the Lower Provinces, any attempt on the part of the Imperial Government to force them into a Union which they disliked, any high handed measures, such as the *Morning Post* hints at, would probably have the effect of throwing them into the arms of the United States. The day when Colonists allowed themselves to be legislated for in Downing Street is past and gone. Whether for good or evil it matters not now, but the Colonies are to all intents and purposes self-governing communities, with privileges in this respect recognised and guaranteed by the Imperial Government, and which therefore the former will scarce permit themselves to be stripped of without a struggle. We dismiss therefore the idea of coercion. Great Britain, in its present relations with the U. States cannot afford to risk a quarrel with Nova Scotia, by far the most valuable of all its possessions on this Continent, since thence alone can it obtain coal for its West Indian squadron.

On the defence question the *Morning Post* informs us that the following is the substance of the arrangement entered into betwixt the Canadian delegates, and the British Government.—The latter graciously permits the former to undertake at its own expence, the whole of the Western defences; it also grants to Canada leave to maintain, again at its own expence, an efficient militia—though of what use militia would be in actual war against regular and veteran troops such as the Yankees could direct against us, it is not easy to see. Canada is also permitted to deepen and enlarge its own canals, for commercial and military purposes; but here again, seeing that the canals are in some instances built on the wrong, that is to say the Yankee, side of the St. Lawrence, they would still be utterly useless in case of war, no matter to what extent they might be enlarged or deepened.—Finally the Imperial Government, not only permits us to do all these things at our own cost, but it undertakes to supply armaments, and material for all defensive works; and to guarantee a loan for the purpose of constructing the Intercolonial Railroad—which the *Morning Post*, in a spirit of banter we must suppose, informs us is "a very important part of the scheme of defence." Very important no doubt! seeing that in case of war with the United States, it would within twenty four hours lie in possession of the enemy. The Railroad that is imperatively needed in a military point of view, if Canada is to be defended, is a Railroad on the North shore connecting Montreal with Quebec. Any system of defence which does not comprise this North shore railroad, as well as an entire system of canals betwixt the lakes and the ocean, all on the left bank of the St. Lawrence, is sheer buncombe; for as the Official Reports of the Engineer officers especially charged with the task of reporting on the Defence of Canada clearly state, the whole of Canada on the Yankee side of the river would have to be abandoned to the enemy, seeing that it is destitute of all defences natural, or artificial. Under all circumstances the defence of Canada would be difficult, and would involve great sacrifice; but that defence is impossible—and every one not an idiot must admit it to be so, until all parts of the Province are put in communication with one another by means of railroads and canals, all, without exception, and throughout their entire course, constructed on the left or Canadian bank of the St. Lawrence. This is a condition *sine qua non*; and as it is not provided for, or so much as hinted at in the *Morning Post*, we do not see that in a military point of view any good to Canada has resulted from the late conferences betwixt our Ministerial representatives, and the Imperial authorities. The one great obstacle to the Confederation scheme, considered merely as a measure of military utility, and as a measure for facilitating the defence of the British possessions in North America, consists in this:—That the Lower Provinces are separated, or cut off from Canada by the United States, or territory of the only enemy with whom they will ever be called upon to combat; and that the only means of communication betwixt the Provinces so separated, in case of war, and during the cessation of navigation, would have to consist in a long railroad, running parallel and contiguous to the enemy's lines, throughout almost its entire course; and which therefore would be liable to be cut and rendered useless at any moment, by a sudden raid, even if the greater part of the territory through which it ran, were not actually ceded to the invading army. The idea of maintaining military communication in time of war betwixt Montreal and Halifax by means of a railroad on the Yankee side of the St. Lawrence, is so sublimely ridiculous that no military man, that no one with the faintest knowledge of the art of war, and the first requisites of a successful defence of our country, would condescend to notice it.

For let it be remembered that the projected Intercolonial railroad, if built as the means of maintaining military communication betwixt the Lower Provinces and Canada, betwixt Halifax and Montreal, would, in case of war, impose on us the moral and material obligation of fighting in defence of that line of communication, upon

the right or Yankee side of the St. Lawrence; that is to say, of fighting a decisive battle with an enemy immensely superior to us in point of numbers, upon the very ground where, if the choice were left to him, he would most desire to fight us. Does any man outside of a lunatic asylum, seriously believe that with all the troops that Great Britain could spare us, and our militia and volunteers to boot—good enough no doubt for Queen's Birth Day parades and such like fopperies—we would make a successful stand anywhere on the right bank of the St. Lawrence; against the numerous forces that by means of their railroads the enemy could in few hours concentrate against us? Would any experienced military man, would any prudent politician recommend us to run the risk of such a venture?—which if unsuccessful would leave the country open an easy prey to the invader. For Canada could not have many armies in the field, and but few reserves from whence to replace the losses which a great pitched battle would under all circumstances inflict upon her. Under all circumstances, we say, she would have to husband her resources, more especially her men, since these could not easily be replaced; and therefore the first rule to be laid down for the defence of the Provinces is this: That we should never fight except upon ground of our own selection, and when we could fight with advantage of position; that we should never in short subject ourselves to the danger of fighting there and then, where and when it suited the convenience of the enemy that we should fight. But, as we said before, the projected Intercolonial railroad would, in case of war, have either to be abandoned or defended. If abandoned, it, and Confederation with the Lower Provinces, would, from a military point of view, be useless; but if defended, we should be obliged to fight on the wrong side of the river, and under circumstances the most propitious to the enemy, and the most adverse to ourselves; under circumstances that would entail the immediate conquest of the entire Province were we to meet with a reverse; whilst on the other hand, a defeat to the Yankee invaders could by the latter be easily and promptly repaired.

By the above we mean no censure on our Canadian delegates. We firmly believe that they have done their best for Canada, and we are also well convinced that no men could have done more. If extravagant expectations have been raised by their friends of some great advantages to be obtained in a military point of view, they have only those friends to thank for any disappointment that may be felt at the small results of their mission. The fact is that since the defeat of the South Canadian independence of the United States must be maintained by skilful diplomacy rather than by force of arms; for the disparity of strength betwixt the two countries, Canada and the United States, is so great, that without a miracle of levotion on the part of the people of the first named country—which we do not expect to witness, its defence in a military point of view, is almost impossible in Canada. Great Britain might fight our battles successfully on the ocean with her fleet, but in the meantime the enemy would overrun the country.

THE YANKEES AS PAINTED BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.—A horrid murder, accompanied, or rather preceded by a foul outrage, occurred a few days ago in the vicinity of Boston. A Protestant minister, the Rev. Mr. Hepworth of Boston, Massachusetts, preached a sermon on the occasion, in the course of which he delivered himself of the following remarks:—

"The great characteristic of American civilisation is an increase of immorality and infidelity. What are the tidal tendencies of our society? Are they toward heaven? Are our young men growing up in such a way and in such noble proportions that they will be able to bear the burdens now borne by their fathers? Are our young women growing up with the charms of modesty and feminine grace and domestic virtues? I have read our history wrong if this be so. I have looked in vain for those characteristics that will make the generation to come wise, virtuous, and good. And so I go behind the crime which has been committed, and whose deplorable results have called us together, and standing here in the presence of these bereaved people, standing here on the altar of my own church, and with the authority of a minister of our holy religion, I do, in the most solemn manner, impeach the whole community for a lack of religious earnestness, religious principles, and religious faith. Away with all the absurd fashions, follies and frivolities of society, behind which all kinds of vice and crime lurk and conceal themselves. Away with all this infidelity that disgraces our entire civilisation.

"This was the infidelity of the age, for while people worship Mammon before God, as was done now all over the country, murders would increase. Men looked to the dollar rather than to Heaven, and women loved extravagance in dress rather than the Bible, and with this example before them the children of the present day were being brought up. He called on the fathers and mothers present and absent to mark this point, and register a vow in Heaven to educate their children to walk in righteousness, and then, and not till then, they might safely put aside the fear that now pervaded the community, for murder would be unknown."

Now in all sincerity we ask:—Is there one, even amongst the most fanatical supporters of the French Canadian Missionary Society, who would dare stand up at one of the Anniversary Meetings, and deliver himself with respect to Lower Canada, and its Popish inhabitants, as the Rev. Mr. Hepworth expressed himself with respect to his own countrymen, and his own coreligionists of Massachusetts? Is, we ask, the great characteristic of Lower Canadian civilisation, an increase of immorality and infidelity? except there where French Canadians have been brought into contact with the Yankees, as in the case of the murderer Barreau now in jail. Can the Romish community of Lower Canada in short, except in so far as it has been brought under the baneful influence of *Rouges* principles, and of the French Canadian Missionary Society, be impeached for a lack of religious earnestness, religious principles, and religious faith? as is the entire Protestant community of Massachusetts by one of its own flesh and blood, by a minister of its own faith?

We trow not. Lower Canadians are taxed with bigotry, superstition, and fanaticism, with being, or rather with allowing themselves to be, priest ridden; but this very reproach exonerates them from the reproach of religious indifference; whilst the statistics of the Provincial Penitentiary abundantly testify as to the rarity of great crime amongst them, except in the case of those who have been corrupted by intercourse with the community whom, and whose moral tendencies, the Rev. M. Hepworth of Boston so graphically portrays in the above given extract from his sermon.

Where then are the Missionaries needed? And to whom, if love of God, of religion, and morality were indeed the actuating motives of our Protestant Missionary Societies, would they be sent? To the Papists of Lower Canada, or to the Yankees of Massachusetts? We pause for a reply.

We clip the following from the columns of one of our contemporaries:—

ROMISH SUPERSTITION.—The London correspondent of the *Bury Post* relates the following, as illustrating the superstition displayed at Cardinal Wiseman's funeral.

"The widest charity cannot help protesting against the Paganism, for it was nothing better—pure Paganism,—which this funeral brought into play. I might give many illustrations, but will mention but one—it is this:—When the body was lying in state in the chapel, the crowds of poor creatures who passed by, stretched out handkerchiefs, gloves, rosaries, prayer-books, and other similar articles, which were taken by the officials, rubbed against the coffin and then returned to the owners, who devoutly kissed them and carried them away as relics sacred for evermore."

"Romish superstition" in London in the XIX. century bears certainly a strong family resemblance to "Christian superstition," as the latter manifested itself at Jerusalem and elsewhere in the first century of our era. Compare the following examples from the Acts of the Apostles, with the above extract from the evangelical journal of the nineteenth century:—

"And believers were the more added to the Lord; multitudes both of men and women. Inasmuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them."—v. 14, 15.

And again:—
 "And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul. So that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them."—xix. 11, 12.

From this it appears that, if belief in the Bible be rational and not superstitious, it is not superstitious but very rational to believe that God does communicate, even to the material bodies of His servitors upon earth, a special and healing virtue. Now in the case of the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, even judging him by his acts, and by the many trophies of his profound learning, and zeal in the cause of Christ which he has left behind him—it is not pretended that God does actually work such special miracles of healing; for no man has the right to anticipate the judgment of the Church, or to take upon himself to declare the actual status in the other world, of the departed. But Catholics do believe that, as God is the same to-day as He was yesterday, so also He may employ as instruments of good to them the material relics of one whom they, not without reason, believe to have been throughout his life on earth a faithful and zealous servitor of the Lord. On this point, even if they err, they are not superstitious, for superstition implies a belief for which there is no basis in reason; and on the other point—to wit, that God does manifest His approbation of His servitors by making even of their bodies instruments of healing, physical and moral—there is the positive testimony of the Bible that such belief is not irrational, but is on the contrary perfectly well founded in fact.

What is apparent from the extract from our evangelical contemporary by us above quoted is, not the superstition of Catholics, but the sceptical or neurological tendencies of their censor. The striking feature or characteristic of the neurological critics is to discredit all miracles, ancient and modern; to consider them as morally impossible, as therefore unsusceptible of proof, and therefore *a priori* incredible except by the superstitious. To the Catholic, on the contrary, a miracle, whether of the first or of the nineteenth century, is an event in perfect harmony with the established or Christian order of things—not a violation, but rather a special or particular application of God's higher laws of which, in our present condition, we know nothing save by revelation. The Catholic therefore does not assert, indeed, that God has, or will work some miracle, or confer upon him some moral or physical good through the instrumentality of a relic of some of His distinguished servitors on earth; but knowing

that such things have been, and not presuming to set limits either to the power or to the mercy of God, he humbly believes that such things may again be. This is the full extent of modern Catholic superstition in the matter of relics, and the virtue by God attached to them; and it is evident from the Bible—that if that book may be believed—a similar belief was generally entertained and acted upon in the days when St. Peter and St. Paul were still in the flesh.

The *Toronto Freeman* gives some particulars concerning the destruction of the Saint Patrick's Church, which give but a sad idea of the state of affairs in that very protesting City. Not only was the fire the work of some scoundrel incited to crime by the mendacious attacks of the *Globe*, but it seems that the firemen when called upon to do their duty by extinguishing the flames, manifested the very worst spirit; and we may thence conceive how unwilling they were to give effective aid to the preservation of Catholic property. We copy from the *Freeman* of the 29th ult.:

"It is with extreme pain and reluctance we feel called upon to refer to the detestable behavior of some of the firemen. With an expression of fiendish delight one of these heroes was heard to exclaim 'there is one dogma mass-hog house; I wish all the rest would go the same way.' Another upon seeing the bell fall, remarked, 'there goes the d—d bell; isn't it a pity the d—d priest is not in there along with it, that he might hear its sound on his way to hell.' Such and similar were the expressions used by several of these men to whom is confided by our municipal authorities the important duty of arresting the progress of fires, and saving property from the flames. It is to be expected that men who are capable of giving utterance to such diabolical sentiments as we have quoted, would make any very earnest exertion to save a Catholic church, or Catholic property from destruction."

The *Freeman* points out that when last winter some dirty blackguard or blackguards obtained entrance into the Orange Hall, and made a mess in it, the City Council very promptly offered a reward for the detection and apprehension of the offenders. But then it must be remembered that the City Council is for the most part composed of staunch Orangemen, and that there is one law for Orangemen and another for mere Papists.

They are certainly a "rum lot" in our Canadian Corporations, as a personage whose name is never mentioned in polite circles remarked of the ten commandments; they are assuredly a "rum lot," and to those who are doubtful as to the merits of democratic institutions afford much matter for interesting study. Amongst the latest escapades of which these gentry have been guilty we find that of Alderman Patterson, of Hamilton, who having been charged with pocket-picking, has suddenly found it convenient to make tracks for parts unknown, thus admitting his guilt.

We say nothing at present, for obvious reasons, and until the investigations be closed, of our own City Fathers; but we see by the *Globe* that in Toronto the repudiation of their debts is seriously contemplated by the Corporation of that city. The *Globe*, who has always an apology ready for every dirty act, whether it be repudiation, or violation of a Constitution, remarks that "it will be objected to the proposition that it involves a breach of faith with the public creditor. This?"—adds our contemporary in a morishing mood—"this is to some extent true; but the fact is our city rulers have broken faith with him already;" and so upon the principle that it is as well to be hung for a sheep as for a lamb, the *Globe* can see no good reason why the Toronto City rulers should not break faith with the public creditor again. A nice man is the editor of the *Globe*, with very nice ideas of honor and morality.

The position of the Princess Dagmar, the betrothed of the lately deceased Czarewitsch, is a peculiar one. She was bred up a Lutheran Protestant, but upon her betrothal to a Russian Prince was immediately put in training to abjure that particular heresy, and to embrace the doctrines of the Russian Church, which, with the exception of the Procession of the Holy Spirit, and the Supremacy of Rome, are in all important respects identical with those of the Catholic Church against which Lutherans protest. But the unexpected death of her intended husband has rendered all these preliminaries for apostasy useless; and the lady it seems must return to her old belief in the Double Procession from the Son as well as from the Father, until such time at least, as a matrimonial necessity for another change of faith shall again present itself.

In this business what is most to be admired, or rather deplored is, not the facility with which a Protestant can renounce one form of religion and adopt another, as if it were a shirt, or a bonnet, but the callousness of the entire Protestant press upon the subject. To the Catholic, the idea of such apostasy as that which is implied in the case of the unfortunate Princess Dagmar is simply disgusting; but the Protestant press discusses it as if it were one of the most natural, and innocent things in the world; and the *Globe* calmly notices it under the heading of "A Necessary Apostasy."

Mr. Galt was a passenger by the steamship *Cuba*, which arrived at New York on Tuesday.

We have received a letter giving an account of the late homicide at Acton, but as the writer does not attach his name thereunto we cannot publish it.

THE CROPS. — We are happy to say that from all parts of the country very favorable accounts of the growing crops are sent to the papers.

BANIM'S COMPLETE WORKS — Tales of the O'Hara Family. D. & J. Sadlier, New York and Montreal.

The Messrs. Sadliers are bringing out a very handsome serial edition of the works of this well known, and highly esteemed Irish novelist.

MACKAY'S MONTREAL DIRECTORY — 1865-66. John Lovell, Printer.

We have to thank Mrs. Mackay for a copy of this very useful, well arranged, accurate and elegantly printed volume.

LA REVUE CANADIENNE — June 1865. — The current number brings with it a continuation of M. de Boucherville's story, Une de Perdue.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH BLOWN DOWN.

The readers of the TRUE WITNESS are earnestly solicited to lend a helping hand to the ladies of the Catholic congregation of Cornwall, who intend holding a Bazaar, on the 26th Dec. next, and three following days, in aid of the funds for the reconstruction of their beautiful new church.

Cornwall, 19th June, 1865.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as agents for the TRUE WITNESS in the undermentioned localities:— Mr. D. Martin for Huntingdon and vicinity.

A number of French-Canadians who lately proceeded to the Northern States from Sorel, for the purpose of bettering their condition, have returned home, and report that owing to the high prices of board and provisions, they could scarcely make a living, although wages were nominally higher.

The frontier force stationed at Windsor, Sarina, and other parts of the frontier, have been ordered home. Capt. Durnho, of the Ballytramon Rifles who was here for the last week on business, left by the boat last evening to take charge of his company.

QUACKS AND QUACKERY. — An eminent member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, has just published an unmerciful exposure of the practices of the principal medical quacks of London.

THE PROGRESS OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES. — For some time past we have been in search of statistics by which our readers could see the real progress Canada and her rival, the American Union, are making in wealth and population.

THE INQUEST AT ACTON. — An inquest on the body of the late Martin Dromgole was held at Acton on Monday afternoon. The following is a statement made by Dromgole after being shot: "I was at the funeral of Miss Loxter and was standing about 8 feet behind Oliver Loxter's house; felt something piercing my abdomen; heard the report of a pistol; I looked up, and saw David Light heart with a pistol in his hand, in the act of re-cocking it; I begged of him not to shoot again; David Light heart made no reply that I heard; I went through the house from the back door to the front of the house, and lay down on the grass—(Screed)—Martin Dromgole." The evidence against David Light heart was quite strong, and the jury, after a brief consultation, returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against David Light heart. He is still at large.—Guelph Advertiser.

FROM THE GOLD MINES. — We have seen a sample of the Canadian gold sent from the Chaudiere mines by a young man who left Paisley this summer. He gives an encouraging account of the prospects there. He and his comrades were just commencing on their claim, and the sample of gold sent was obtained in the gravel. Two claims alongside were doing well. On the day he wrote several nuggets were obtained from one of them, the smallest worth \$3, and the largest weighing a little over half an ounce.—Paisley Advocate.

A single comparison — Upper Canada, in ten years, increased her population from 952,004 to 1,456,681—an increase of 53.01 per cent. New York, including the metropolis, whose rapid growth, the Globe truly says, has been considered almost unprecedented, during a like period increased its population from 3,097,494 to 3,880,735—an increase of only 25.29 per cent.

ROBBERIES. — For some time past thefts of jewellery, money and articles of value, have been committed. It was seldom that clothing or anything bulky was taken, the plan of the gang being apparently, to carry off only what might be easily disposed of.

MURDER AT ACTON. — On Thursday afternoon about two o'clock, a horrible affair took place in the village of Acton at the funeral of a young woman named Lighthouse. It appears that a man named Threadgold had been in company with the woman Lighthouse, and had illicit communication with her. About a month ago she died. After her death the brother of the woman told Threadgold that he must not come to the funeral or "it would be dangerous for him." Not heeding these threats he went to the funeral, and on entering the door of the house from whence it was to proceed, he was shot by Lighthouse and was killed.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, July 7, 1865. Flour—Pollards, \$3.55 to \$3.90; Middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.20; Fine, \$4.25 to \$4.50; Super., No. 2, \$4.50 to \$4.55; Superfine \$5.00 to \$5.35; Fancy \$5.00 to \$5.70; Extra, \$5.80 to \$5.90; Superior Extra \$6.10 to \$6.20; Bag Flour, \$3.00 to \$3.00.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. GEOLY. A Drama in Three Acts. By the REV. ALBANY CHRISTIE, S.J. London: Published at the Office of the "LAMP," 37 Davies St., Oxford St., W.

JUST READY, FIRST SERIES OF FIRESIDE "READING S," CONTAINING (COMPLETE TALKS): Honor O'More's Three Homes. Cecily's Trial; or, the Secret. Grandamma's Rosary. Honey-Broth. Uncle Walter's Story. The Crown that never fades. The Two Sisters. All Play and no Work. &c., &c., &c.

Birth. In this city, on the 4th inst., Mrs. T. McKenna of a daughter. Died. In this city, on the 3rd instant, Mr. Edward Coyle, aged 61 years. May his soul rest in peace.

JUST RECEIVED, The First and Second Numbers of THE BROTHERS BANIM, ("THE O'HARA FAMILY"), THE DISTINGUISHED IRISH NOVELISTS. D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Montreal, C.E.

THE DIRECTOR AND TRUSTEES OF THE ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM. RESPECTFULLY INVITE the Officers and Committees of the following Societies:— The St. Patrick's Society, The Temperance Society, The St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, and The Catholic Young Men's Society.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs leave to inform his Customers and the Public that he has just received, a CHOICE LOT of TEAS, consisting in part of:— YOUNG HYSON, GUNPOWDER, Colored and Uncolored JAPANS, GOLONG & SOUCHONG.

THE question arises, whether we have not got the precious fluid in some of the valleys or streams of our County. A suspicion has long existed in the minds of many that there was some substance of a peculiar nature still hidden deep in the valleys or marsh lands quite adjacent to the town.

THE prospects of a fair crop at least are now good and with a few genial showers as the season progresses, an abundant harvest is certain.—St. Thomas Dispatch.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that an action for Separation as to Property (separation de biens) has been this day instituted in the name of Dame Mathilda Celina Derouin, of the Town of Sorel, in the District of Richelieu, wife of William McNichols, alias William Kelly, Trader, of the same place, against her said husband, under No. 652, and will be returnable before this Court on the TWENTY-SECOND of June instant.

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

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word.

MISS LAWLOR'S DAY SCHOOL. MISS LAWLOR respectfully informs the public that she still continues her SCHOOL on the Corner of M'CORD and WILLIAM STREETS. She sincerely thanks the public for their kind patronage towards her, and hopes by her strict care and attention to her pupils to merit a continuance of the same.

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

RHEUMATISM CURED

Read the following letter, received by Mr. H. R. Gray, Druggist, St. Lawrence Street, Montreal.

Sir,—I have suffered severely from Rheumatism for a length of time, and have been under the treatment of different medical men without any benefit.

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

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER — If the price of an article were always the measure of its value, we might suppose that this exquisite perfume and cosmetic was inferior to some foreign scents of which a fourth of the quantity contained in one of the Florida Water bottles, is sold at four times the price.

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



THE MOST IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT SINCE THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE,

Is that of Mr. GARVEY'S determination to REDUCE THE Price of his entire STOCK FIFTEEN PER CENT.

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his Friends and Customers for the liberal patronage extended to him during the last 15 years, wishes to inform them of the extension of his SHOW ROOMS and STOCK during the past winter, in order to supply the increasing demands of his business, and especially his removal to the new buildings, notwithstanding the reports that some of his rivals in trade have endeavored to circulate of his having been sold out and left the place.

The Circulation of the Blood is justly esteemed the greatest ordination of Divine Providence; by that bearing engine, the heart, it is driven to all parts of the system, giving vigor and strength to the complicated machinery of man. This living flood, whether we sleep or wake, sallies briskly through the arteries, and returns softly through the veins. How necessary that it should be kept free from all impurity, and yet how negligent many are respecting this great essential to the enjoyment of perfect health.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

ARE the most perfect purgative which we are able to produce or which we think has ever yet been made by anybody. Their effects have abundantly shown to the community how much they excel the ordinary medicines in use.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS.—If you are a temperance man, don't be ashamed to acknowledge your principles boldly before the world. If you experience any benefit or relief from the use of Down's Vegetable Balm...

NOTHING BETTER.—Than Henry's Vermont Lintment for Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cholice, Diarrhoea, &c. The universal testimony of all who have used it is that they have never used anything they liked half as well.

IT CONCERNS THE SICK TO READ THESE FACTS.—To over thirteen hundred editors of leading papers in the United States sample packages of BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS have been presented, with the request, that each editor should state the effect the medicine may have had in his own family, or on his sick friends.

Now ready, price \$3 per Annum, Volume I. of THE MONTH, Containing Contributions from His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Very Rev. Dr. Newman, Henry James Coleridge, D.D. Very Rev. Dr. Russell, Aubrey de Vere, Barry Cornwall, Denis MacCarthy, Julia Kavanagh, Ellen Fitzsimon, Bessie Rayner Parkes, and other well-known Writers.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

ADDRESS TO THE INHABITANTS OF MONTREAL.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to thank you for the great amount of support and patronage you have hitherto so liberally bestowed upon me, and trust by my continued care and attention to secure the same in a still larger degree.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular.



RICHELIEU COMPANY.



DAILY ROYAL MAIL LINE

Between MONTREAL AND QUEBEC, And Regular Line between MONTREAL and the PORTS of THREE RIVERS, SOREL, BERTHIER, CHAMBLEY, TERREBONNE, L'ASSOMTIO, and other Intermediate Ports.

ON and after MONDAY, the 1st May, and until otherwise ordered, the STEAMERS of the RICHELIEU COMPANY will LEAVE their respective Wharves as follows:— The Steamer MONTREAL, Capt. Robt. Nelson will leave Richelieu Pier (opposite Jacques Cartier, Square) for QUEBEC, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at SEVEN o'clock P.M., precisely, stopping going and returning at the Ports of Sorel, Three Rivers, and Batiacan.

THE LAMP.

Conducted by the Author of 'Eastern Hospitals,' 'Tyborne,' &c. Among the contributors are:— Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Cecilia Caddell, Right Rev. Monsignor Manning, D.D., Arthur Skelceley, Bishop of Northampton, Viscountess Castlerosse, Rev. Canon Oakley, Bessie Rayner Parkes, Rev. Canon Morris, Lady Charles Thynne, Rev. Canon Dalton, John Charles Barle, Rev. Henry Forby, Herbert Sorrell, Rev. Francis Golda, Author of 'St. Francis,' &c., Charles Hemans, R. Curtis, Armour of the Police Officer, &c. And other eminent writers. Illustrations by Westlake, Linton, and other celebrated artists. Published every Saturday, and Sold by Burns and Lambert, and E. J. Farrell, London. Agents for Canada—Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

SADLIER & CO'S

NEW PUBLICATIONS AND BOOKS AT PRESS. New and Splendid Books for the Young People BY ONE OF THE PAULIST FATHERS. THE COMPLETE SODALITY MANUAL AND HYMN BOOK. By the Rev. Alfred Young. With the Approbation of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., late Archbishop of New York. Suitable for all Sodalties, Confraternities, Schools, Choirs, and the Home Circle. 12mo., cloth, 76c.

OWEN McGARVEYS, Wholesale and Retail Furnishing Warehouse, Nos. 7, 9, and 11, ST. JOSEPH STREET, Continuation of Notre Dame Street, 2nd door from McGill Street.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

It is a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes. — Don't say a word about it, wife, the least said is soonest mended.

There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman: one when she wonders who she shall have — the other, when she wonders who will have her.

When you offer oats to a horse he may say neigh, but he don't mean it.

REMOVAL. THE SUBSCRIBER begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has REMOVED from his Old Establishment, known as "Goulden's Hotel," to his new three story Stone Building, on the Corner of Sussex and Bolton Streets, within three minutes' walk of the Steamboat Landing and Railway Station.

THE DIRECTORS: BENJ. COMTE, Esq., President. Hubert Pare, Alexis Dubord, Thos. McCreedy, Andre Lapierre, Esquires.

THE Directors of this Company are happy to call the attention of their fellow-citizens to the fact, that persons whose properties have been insured mutually, since its Establishment in October, 1859, have saved large sums of money, having generally paid one half only of what they would have paid to other Companies during the same time, as it is proved by the Table published by the Company, and to which it is referred.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY. FIRE AND LIFE. Capital, TWO MILLIONS Sterling. FIRE DEPARTMENT. Advantages to Fire Insurers.

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.

THE Directors Invite Attention to a few of the Advantages the "Royal" offers to its Life Assurers: — 1st. The Guarantee of an ample Capital, and Exemption of the Assured from Liability of Partnership.

GET THE BEST. MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. The most exquisite and delightful of all perfumes contains in its richest degree of excellence the aroma of flowers, in full natural freshness.

THE HANDKERCHIEF, THE TOWEL, AND THE BATH. MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. THE MOST AGREEABLE AND REFRESHING OF ALL PERFUMES.

Devin's & Bolton, Druggists, (next the Court House) Montreal, General Agents for Canada. Also, Sold Wholesale by J. F. Henry & Co., Montreal.

For Sale by—Devin's & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, H. E. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham; and for sale by all the leading Druggists and first-class Perfumers throughout the world.

DYSPEPSIA, AND DISEASES RESULTING FROM DISORDERS OF THE LIVER, AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Are Cured by HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, THE GREAT STRENGTHENING TONIC. These Bitters have performed more Cures, GIVE BETTER SATISFACTION, Have more Testimony,

Have more respectable people to Vouch for them, Than any other article in the market. We defy any One to contradict this Assertion, And will Pay \$1000

To any one that will produce a Certificate published by us, that is not genuine. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, Will Cure every Case of Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a disordered Stomach.

Observe the following Symptoms: Resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Headache, and Difficult Breathing.

Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of the Head, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

REMEMBER THAT THIS BITTERS IS NOT ALCOHOLIC, CONTAINS NO BUM OR WHISKEY, And Can't make Drunkards, But is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO: From the HON. THOMAS B. FLORENCE. From the HON. THOMAS B. FLORENCE. From the HON. THOMAS B. FLORENCE. Washington, Jan. 1st, 1864.

Gentlemen—Having stated it verbally to you, I have no hesitation in writing the fact that I experienced marked benefit from your Hoofland's German Bitters. During a long and tedious session of Congress, pressing and onerous duties nearly prostrated me. A kind friend suggested the use of the preparation I have named. I took his advice, and the result was improvement of health, renewed energy, and that particular relief I so much needed and obtained. Others may be similarly advantaged if they desire to be.—Truly your friend, THOMAS B. FLORENCE.

From the Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church. Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I feel it due to your excellent preparation, Hoofland's German Bitters, to add my testimony to the deserved reputation it has obtained. I have for years, at times, been troubled with great disorder in my head and nervous system. I was advised by a friend to try a bottle of your German Bitters, I did so, and have experienced great and unexpected relief; my health has been very materially benefited. I confidently recommend the article where I meet with cases similar to my own, and have been assured by many of their good effects.—Respectfully yours, T. WINTER, Roxborough, Pa.

From Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reformed Church, Rutatown, Berks County, Pa. Dr. C. Jackson—Respected Sir: I have been troubled with Dyspepsia nearly twenty years, and have never used any medicine that did me as much good as Hoofland's Bitters. I am very much improved in health, after having taken five bottles.—Yours, with respect, J. S. HERMAN.

From Julius Lee, Esq., firm of Lee & Walker, the most extensive Music Publishers in the United States, No. 722 Chesnut street, Philadelphia: February 9th, 1864. Messrs. Jones & Evans—Gentlemen—My mother-in-law has been so greatly benefited by your Hoofland's German Bitters, that I concluded to try it myself. I find it to be an invaluable tonic, and unhesitatingly recommend it to all who are suffering from dyspepsia. I have had that disease in its most obstinate form—flatulency—for many years, and your Bitters has given me ease when everything else had failed.—Yours truly, JULIUS LEE.

From the Hon. JACOB BROOM: Philadelphia, Oct. 7th, 1863. Gentlemen: In reply to your inquiry as to the effect produced by the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, in my family, I have no hesitation in saying that it has been highly beneficial. In one instance, a case of dyspepsia of thirteen years' standing, and which had become very distressing, the use of one bottle gave decided relief, the second effecting a cure, and the third, it seems, has confirmed the cure, for there has been no symptoms of its return for the last six years. In my individual use of it, I find it to be an unequalled tonic, and sincerely recommend its use to the sufferers.—Truly yours, JACOB BROOM, 1707 Spruce Street.

Beware of Counterfeits; see that the Signature 'C. M. JACKSON' is on the WRAPPER of each Bottle. PRICE—\$1 per Bottle; half dozen, \$5.

Should your nearest Druggist not have the article do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory—No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA. JONES & EVANS, Successors to C. M. JACKSON & Co., PROPRIETORS.

For Sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. John F. Henry & Co., General Agents for Canada, 303 St. Paul Street, Montreal, C. E. March 1, 1865.

ESTABLISHED 1859. PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

Carefully prepared and forwarded to all parts of the City. The greatest care and attention is paid to the Dispensing Department, and every Prescription is prepared under the immediate superintendence of the proprietor, whose experience in one of the largest Dispensing houses in England and the large Dispensing trade which he has acquired during the last six years in Montreal, is sufficient guarantee that all Prescriptions will be accurately and scientifically prepared.

HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing and Family Chemist, (New Number) 144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

IMPORTANT. Good Japan Tea, at 2s. 9d. per lb. Mixed Tea (Green and Black), at 2s. 6d. Bright Sugar, 5jd. Coffee, 1s. Dried Apples, 5jd. Raisins, (first quality), 6d. With a general assortment of Fresh Groceries at equally low rates.

ALSO, The choicest brands (imported) of Brandy, Gin, Irish & Scotch Whiskey, Port, Sherry, Champagne, Claret, and GUINESS PORTER, (bottled by Burke) all kinds of Montreal Ales and Porter, constantly on hand. BURY & HAYES, No. 144 McGill Street, Next door to Messrs Evans & Co, Clothiers, Montreal, June 5.

S. MATTHEWS, MERCHANT TAILOR, CORNER OF ST. PETER & NOTRE DAME STS. Montreal, Sept. 1, 1864.

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT, No. 59, St. Bonaventure Street. Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at moderate charges. Measurements and Valuations promptly attended to. Montreal, May 28, 1863.

O. J. DEVLIN, NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE: 32 Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

B. DEVLIN, ADVOCATE, Has Removed his Office to No. 32, Little St. James Street.

J. J. CURRAN, ADVOCATE, No. 40 Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, Has opened his office at No. 32 Little St. James St.

L. DEVANY, AUCTIONEER, (Late of Hamilton, Canada West.) THE subscriber, having leased for a term of years a large and commodious three-story out-stone building—fire-proof roof, plate-glass front, with three flats and cellar, each 100 feet—No. 159 Notre Dame Street, Cathedral Block, and in the most central and fashionable part of the city, purposes to carry on the GENERAL AUCTION AND COMMISSION BUSINESS.

Having been an Auctioneer for the last twelve years, and having sold in every city and town in Lower and Upper Canada, of any importance, he flatters himself that he knows how to treat consignees and purchasers, and, therefore, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

I will hold THREE SALES weekly. On Tuesday and Saturday Mornings, FOR GENERAL HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, PIANO-FORTES, &c. &c. AND THURSDAYS FOR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, &c., &c., &c.

Cash at the rate of 50 cents on the dollar will be advanced on all goods sent in for prompt sale. Returns will be made immediately after each sale and proceeds handed over. The charges for selling will be one-half what has been usually charged by other auctioneers in this city—five per cent. commission on all goods sold either by auction or private sale. Will be glad to attend out-door sales in any part of the city where required. Cash advanced on Gold and Silver Watches, Jewellery, Plated Ware, Diamond or other precious stones.

L. DEVANY, Auctioneer. March 27 1864.

LUMBER. JORDAN & BENARD, LUMBER MERCHANTS, corner of Craig and St. Denis Streets, and Corner of Sanginnet and Craig Streets, and on the WHARF, in Rear of Bonsecours Church, Montreal.—The undersigned offer for Sale a very large assortment of PINE GRABS—3-in.—1st, 2nd, 3rd quality, and OULLS good and common. 4-in.—1st, 2nd, 3rd quality and OULLS. Also, 1 1/2-in PLANK—1st, and 3rd quality. 1-inch and 1 1/2-inch BOARDS—various qualities. SCANTLING (all sizes) clear and common. FURRING, &c., &c.—all of which will be disposed of at moderate prices; and 45,000 Feet of CEDAR.

JORDAN & BENARD, 35 St. Denis Street. March 24, 1864.

GLASGOW DRUG HALL, OPPOSITE "WITNESS" OFFICE. 396 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

BUGS! BUGS! BUGS! MAY has come and so have the BUGS!—Now is the time to get rid of them, which can be effected at once by using HART'S EXTERMINATOR. A certain remedy. Price 25 cents per box.

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER. The Subscriber is receiving twice a week fresh supplies of this celebrated Mineral Water, which is pronounced by the leading Physicians of Canada to be the best in use. Sent free to all parts of the City. SEEDS! SEEDS!

All kinds of Garden and Flower Seeds, Bulbous Roots, Mushroom Spaw, &c., &c., warranted fresh. Concentrated Lye, Horsford's Yeast Powder, Fresh Cod Liver Oil, &c., &c. J. A. HARTE, Druggist. May 11.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA. TRAINS NOW LEAVE BONAVENTURE STREET STATION as follows:

CENTRAL & WESTERN DISTRICTS. Accommodation Train for Kingston and intermediate Stations, at 6.45 A.M. Day Express for Ogdensburg, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West, at 9.10 A.M.

Night do do do do 9.00 P.M. Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate Stations, at 5.00 P.M. EASTERN DISTRICT. Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate Stations, at 9.00 A.M.

Express Train for Quebec and Portland, 2.00 P.M. Night Express for Three Rivers, Quebec, River du Loup and Portland, at 10.10 P.M. Express Train to Burlington, connecting with Lake Champlain Steamers for New York, at 5.45 A.M. Express Trains to St. Johns connecting with Trains of the Vermont Central Railway for Boston, New York, and all places in the Eastern States at 9.30 A.M. and 3.30 P.M. O. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. June 27, 1865.

TERMS FOR SUPPLYING ICE DURING THE YEAR 1865. To be delivered daily (two deliveries on Saturday for Sunday's use) from the FIRST MONDAY IN MAY TO THE FIRST OF OCTOBER:

10 lbs per day for the season.....\$ 4 00 20 lbs do do do..... 6 00 30 lbs do do do..... 8 00 40 lbs do do do..... 10 00 18 lbs do for one month..... 1 00 20 lbs do do do..... 1 50

Ice will be delivered during the month of October to parties requiring it at an extra charge as follows:— Season Customers, 20 lbs per day,.....\$1 50 Do do 10 lbs do..... 1 00 Monthly do 20 lbs do..... 1 50 Do do 10 lbs do..... 1 00

During the month the ice will be delivered three times a week. Complaints against the drivers for neglect or any other cause will be promptly attended to. Payments as usual—Cash in advance. Hotels, Steamboats and Public Companies supplied by contract on liberal terms. Subscribers are requested to send in their names as early as possible. LAMPLOUGH & CAMPBELL, Apothecaries Hall, Cathedral Block. May 10, 1865.

M. O'GORMAN, Successor to the late D. O'Gorman, BOAT BUILDER, SIMCO STREET, KINGSTON. An assortment of Skiffs always on hand. OARS MADE TO ORDER. SHIP'S BOATS' OARS FOR SALE

KEARNEY & BROTHERS, Practical Plumbers, Gasfitters, TIN-SMITHS, ZINC, GALVANIZED & SHEET IRON WORKERS DOLLARD STREET, (One Door from Notre Dame Street, Opposite the Recollet Church) MONTREAL, AGENTS FOR LIFINGWELL'S PATENT PREMIUM

GAS-SAVING GOVERNOR. It positively lessens the consumption of Gas 20 to 40 per cent with an equal amount of light. Jobbing punctually attended to. HEYDEN & DEFOE, BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery, CONVEYANCERS, NOTARIES, AND TORONTO AGENTS. OFFICE—Over the Toronto Savings Bank, No. 74, CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

L. S. HEYDEN. D. M. DEFOE. August 25, 1864.

C. F. FRASER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROOKVILLE, O. W. Collections made in all parts of Western Canada. REFERENCES—Messrs. Fitzpatrick & Moore, Montreal M. P. Ryan, Esq., " James O'Brien, Esq., "

A. & D. SHANNON, GROCERS Wine and Spirit Merchants, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, 38 AND 40 M'GILL STREET, MONTREAL.

HAVE constantly on hand a good assortment of Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Spices, Mustards, Provisions, Hams, Salt, &c. Port, Sherry, Madeira, and other Wines, Brandy, Holland Gin, Scotch Whiskey, Jamaica Spirits, Syrups, &c., &c. Country Merchants and Farmers would do well to give them a call as they will Trade with them on Liberal Terms. May 19, 1865.

MR. F. TYRRELL, JUN., Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c., MORRISBURG, C. W. Nov. 29, 1864.

MATT. JANNARD'S NEW CANADIAN COFFIN STORE, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, MONTREAL.

M. J. respectfully begs the public to call at his establishment where he will constantly have on hand COFFINS of every description, either in Wood or Metal, at very Moderate Prices. April 1, 1864.

BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA IN LARGE BOTTLES.



The Great Purifier of the Blood! It is particularly recommended for use during SPRING AND SUMMER, when the blood is thick, the circulation clogged and the humors of the body rendered unhealthy by the heavy and greasy secretions of the winter months. This safe, though powerful, detergent cleanses every portion of the system, and should be used daily as A DIET DRINK, by all who are sick, or who wish to prevent sickness. It is the only genuine and original preparation for THE PERMANENT CURE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS AND CONFIRMED CASES OF Scrofula or s Old Sores, Boils, Tumors, Abscesses, Ulcers, And every kind of Scrofulous and Scabious eruptions. It is also a sure remedy for SALT RHEUM, RING WORM, TETTER, SCALD HEAD, SCURVY, It is guaranteed to be the PUREST and most powerful Preparation of GENUINE HONDURAS SARSAPARILLA, and is the only true and reliable CURE for SYPHILIS, even in its worst forms. It is the very best medicine for the cure of all diseases arising from a vitiated or impure state of the blood, and particularly so when used in connection with

BRISTOL'S (Vegetable) SUGAR-COATED PILLS. THE GREAT CURE For all the Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Put up in Glass Phials, and warranted to KEEP IN ANY CLIMATE.

These Pills are prepared expressly to operate in harmony with the greatest of blood purifiers, BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA, in all cases arising from depraved humors or impure blood. The most hopeless sufferers need not despair. Under the influence of these two GREAT REMEDIES, maladies that have heretofore been considered utterly incurable, disappear quickly and permanently. In the following diseases these Pills are the safest and quickest, and the best remedy ever prepared, and should be at once resorted to.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION. LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, DROPSY, and PILES. Only 25 Cts. per Phial. FOR SALE BY J. F. Henry & Co. 303 St. Paul Street, Montreal, General Agents for Canada. Agents for Montreal, Devin's & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Davidson & Co. Picault & Son, H. E. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicine.