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TESTIS IN CELO FIDELIS

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XIV. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1864. No. 39

ROSE TYRRELL. A TALE OF FRUSTRATED REVENGE.

Written for the Metropolitan Record.

In the comfortable, old-fashioned kitchen of an Irish cottage sat a man and a woman, both evidently beyond the prime of life, but one could read in their cheerful, honest faces that time had made very little change in them to each other, however he had marked their decay to the rest of the world. The woman sat knitting a sock, which it needed no second sight to say was for one of the broad, stout feet stretching out before the blazing fire on the hearth, and on that night the breath of a fire was not a blessing of a mid-dling order, for outside the winds seemed to be tearing heaven and earth in their fury. It was no wonder the old couple had closed all the shutters of the room, for the sound of the storm was dreadful enough without adding to it the terror of seeing the tortured elements. If one could only have closed their ears also to the hoarse voice of the gale it would have been a most comfortable spot in that little kitchen, and this idea seemed to have struck the old woman also, for now and then she nodded over her needles, returning each time from her trip to dreamland to find five or six wrong stitches in the sock she was knitting. Finally she slipped her needles into the yarn, and put the provoking piece of work in a bag that lay at her side.

The old man woke up at this moment from some sort of a reverie, and shaking the ashes from the pipe, which had gone out, laid it upon the hob in the corner.

"A wild night for any poor Christian to be abroad," said he, as he drew his chair nearer to the fire, and looked towards the window with considerable concern. The look told him nothing, however, for, as we have said, the shutters had been closely fastened for the very purpose of keeping out the sight of the storm.

"Yes," responded his wife, "I wish Walter was coming home on any other night than this, but the lad is so venturesome it is just such a time as he would select even if he had made no promise to be here this evening."

"Well, it's clear he'll not be here now, since he isn't here before this, so I think it's only wasting the honest hours of sleep to wait up any longer. Besides, Sally, there's no use of fancying misfortune for the boy when he's coming home to marry our daughter. Don't put Rose in widow's weeds before she has worn the bride's blossoms. The poor girl no doubt is in trouble enough without us adding to it with sad forebodings. I would venture a naggin of whiskey now that the boy is as safe as any of us, and just as contented, all but a wee bit out of humor with himself and the sea for not getting here at the time he promised. He's in as good a craft as can be found on this coast, and the man that sails her knows every inch of the ground he travels. Tut! woman," said he, seeing his better half still doubtful in spite of this assurance, and kicking off as he spoke a pair of old brogues that he wore for slippers, "to give emphasis to his words: 'I'd as lief be lying in his hammock as in my own flock bed.'"

"Well, well," said his wife, half subdued into tranquillity at this vehement declaration and half wondering where the man's wits were to make so wild a comparison.

"I may be weak-minded, but you know it is not without cause I am uneasy. There is not another harbor on the coast as dangerous as ours, and on such a night as this nothing but a miracle could save a vessel that did not know the ways of that inlet."

"That's telling me news," said the other rather testily. "One would think I was a stranger to the country, the way you talk. The man that carries Walter here, could course the island with his eyes shut, and where there is a dangerous spot, like the one you allude to, isn't there always some precaution or other to notify voyagers?"

"Haven't we a lighthouse over there on top of the promontory, and there is not a truster man than Jonas Hull, its keeper, in the whole parish?"

At the mention of this name, the wife shook her head, but volunteered no dissent from her husband's opinion.

"Ah," said he, remarking the gesture, "I know you have no good wish for the man, but he's none the worse for that. That silly girl has set you against Jonas with her crazy notions about character. Let one of your women nod or fancies she finds anything astray in a man's reputation, and instantly, like a parcel of crows you all combine to pick it to pieces."

"But you know, John," said his wife, "that nobody likes him, and where everybody is of one mind about a thing, there must be some truth in it."

"That's just what I complain of," said the other quickly, "from the first moment he came here, you all made a dead set at him."

"And what did he come here for?" rejoined his wife, almost sharply, with an indignant flash in her eye. "Was it not to take the bread out of a poor man's mouth, and was he not aware of that when he took the place, and had Walter's father removed whom no body ever found fault with?"

"Well, woman, have it your own way: it seems a woman will always have that," and he threw a fresh sod of turf on the fire, more for want of an answer to this last attack, than because the fire really needed any ailment. "Twas clear he did not care to be referred to this leaf in the life of Jonas, and could say nothing in the latter's defence. He felt he was pushed to the wall, but like many others, endeavored to hide his defeat if possible. A doctor would have taken snuff in such a predicament, and parried the poke with a sneeze. A lawyer would have improved on the pinch, by putting on his spectacles, and plunging into a heap of papers, apparently to assure himself of his opponent's assertion, but really to gain time to answer it. But as the old man was not a professional man, but only a plain farmer, his cunning in getting out of the corner was not quite so artful. It was one of those plain, moral reflections that seem to be made to fill up pauses—like the lurch, it is fashionable to take between meals. 'Tis hard to know the hearts of men," was all he said.

Now this remark was general enough in its application to have let it pass, and in an ordinary conversation it would have passed unheeded; but Sally thought she saw the drift of the words, and she evidently meant to give Jonas not even the mercy of the old adage.

"It's easy enough to read his face, then," she said, "and they say that is an index to the heart. I have no doubt one is as dark as the other is ugly."

"It's not always well to take the book by the cover," he replied; "Jonas, I admit, is not the best looking in the world; but for all that he might have made Rose as good a husband as the youngster we're been looking for to-night. Jonas is rough and tough," said he, unconsciously adopting part of 'Old Joe Bagstock's' eulogy of himself, and, if Sally had ever heard of that illustrious character of Dickens's, she might have might have added 'but devilish shy,' and finished the quotation to her taste, as well as any further parley. As she knew nothing, however, of any of these things, she let her worthy mate go on."

"Rough and tough," he repeated, "but that is only the outside of him. It is the hard kernel that often holds the sweetest nut. Beauty is only skin deep at the farthest, and—"

It is hard to say how many more wise sayings he might have spun out, but just then the storm gave a wilder shriek than usual, imitating with its invisible voice, so exactly the wail of human beings in agony, that both husband and wife involuntarily blessed themselves, and turned their palpitating faces to one another in silent terror.

The argument ceased at that, and both drew a long breath of relief when the frightful noise had died away.

Just then a young girl appeared at a door at the opposite end of the room, and crept hurriedly in, her whole form in a shiver, and her face the picture of the deepest fright. One would have said she had met with something unearthly, so sudden was her entry and so strange her appearance.

"Oh, mother!" she said in a terrified whisper, as she drew near the old woman, and looked imploringly at her, "did you hear that?"

"What, my child?" said the mother, knowing well what the girl alluded to, but not wishing to show that she felt any alarm.

"Oh, this terrible night!" cried the maiden. "I'm sure that was some boat that went down, for I heard such terrible cries this moment that sounded just as if they came from the sea, and as if the voices grew louder in their agony, the storm seemed to get more furious in its efforts to drown them, and succeeded, for the sounds all died away after a few minutes, as if the waves had swallowed them up. Oh, if poor Walter—"

But she failed to finish the boding sentence, and sank into a chair, burying her in her lap.

The two old people looked at one another for a few moments, as if neither were able to offer any consolation to the poor girl, yet each one wishing the other would do it. At length the old man, walking over to the drooping figure of his daughter, took one of her hands in his, and raising her from her slumped attitude said—

"Rose, this is very weak of you. I thought you would be the last girl in the village, to give way to such qualms. 'Rose yourself' and be a woman worthy of the brave boy that perhaps is now battling with the elements to get to you. There no go, to your room, and pray for him that he may come home safe, and let us have no more of this idle nonsense."

"Oh, father," said the poor girl, "if he had only been delayed for a day or two till this gale had gone by, or if he had only come in, in day-

time no matter how stormy it was."

"Why in day time, my child, more than any other?"

"Because—because—" and then as if she could go no further, she broke into a fresh burst of weeping.

"Come, daughter," said the mother, "this will never do, and giving the old man a warning nod as if to question her no further, she led the daughter gently out of the room."

"You will sleep with me the rest of the night dear," said the parent, "and your father can stretch himself on the settee out in the kitchen there till morning, and its not many hours to that now."

"No, no," said the weeping girl, "I feel better now. I shall be better alone. I would only disturb your rest, for I cannot sleep."

"Well, cheer up, dear, all will yet be well with the help of God. Good night."

"What is the matter with Rose," said the old man when his wife returned.

"Why, she is naturally terrified about Walter," responded the dame.

"No," said he, "there is something else that she fears, but was afraid to tell."

The old woman looked mysterious for a moment, and then stooping down near him, uttered in a half whisper, "She fears Jonas Hull."

CHAPTER II.

Let us ascend an hour after this scene in the kitchen into an upper chamber of the cottage. It is tastefully, but plainly furnished, and the single window it possesses takes in a full view of the rocky headland some half mile beyond, and the ocean. On a calm day or evening the scene must have been grand from such a standpoint, but now it was almost a picture of pandemonium. The sea raging at the base of the steep rocks flung up its white foam with every dash it made high in the air, and as the lightning flashed on this, the watery spray assumed all sorts of fantastic and ghostly shapes that might easily suggest the most frightful things to a weak imagination.

Rose Tyrrell was not a girl to whom that weakness might be attributed. She was naturally strong-minded, very ardent in her feelings, and of a bounding artless nature, one of those that carries your heart with her even without your consent, and does not think it any particular complaisance to have a pleasant smile or cheerful word always ready for a friend. In the little village in which she had grown up, and beyond which she had never been for a day, she was the pet and pride of every one. This was only a fair acknowledgement of her beauty and good nature; but there were other considerations besides to make people think well of her, especially some of the young men of the neighborhood, who considered themselves captivated enough in manner, or possessed of sufficient influence to make their way into the female heart. Her father was a very successful farmer of the middling class, whose name and influence was no small thing to have in a family. Rose was also the niece of the Parish Priest, and it was rumored that old Father Hanlon had a nice little competence to offer her if she happened to make a match to his choice. This was inducement enough to make most of the young farmers more exemplary characters as well as ardent advocates for the hand of the fair and fortunate maiden. She had already, however, long ago given her heart to Walter McEvoy, the cause of so much anxiety that night in the little cottage. She had known him from a boy; in fact, they had been playmates from childhood, and time had warmed their childish intimacy into youthful affection. The families of the young people had never placed any check upon this feeling which they saw springing up, and the fact grew to be tacitly admitted that Rose and Walter were to be man and wife at no distant day. That was two or three years before our story opens, and Walter's father was then keeper of the light house, and in comfortable circumstances. As has been stated already, he had been thrown out of his situation from some unknown cause, and Jonas Hull had been appointed in his place. The old man took the thing very much to heart, probably piqued as much because his successor was an Englishman as from any regret for the perquisites the place afforded. He grew melancholy and listless, unfit to take up any other labor, and if it had not been for the assistance which Walter afforded, the savings of his late office would have lasted but a short time. From a mere lad Walter had been accustomed to the sea, and had contracted a fondness for it, which constant familiarity with its wildest humors only seemed to strengthen. Some little time before his father had been removed he had secured a situation in some responsible capacity, on board an ocean steamer, and had been making voyages in her ever since. Of late, however, considerable persuasion had been made use of by Rose's mother and father to break him off this inclination, though, perhaps, it was Rose's own pleadings that drew from him the promise to settle

down on his return home the last time he had paid them a visit. He never missed this filial as well as affectionate duty at the end of every voyage always bringing with him some rarity for his betrothed, and not unfrequently some fine thing or other for all the old folks. Not being able to stay long at each visit, he had always notified them punctually when he might be expected, and they never missed meeting him at the time he appointed. This night, however, had put it out of the power of mortal to calculate on anything exactly. Yet it was not the disappointment of not seeing him that evening at supper as alarm at the thought of his tempting the waves in such a storm that created so much confusion and terror in the cottage. If Rose had known he was on land, even exposed to the blast and the pitiless pelting rain, she might have felt more tranquil. But her mind was like one crazed every time she thought of the reality.

So there she sat at her bedroom window gazing out eagerly at the distant waves, and totally unmindful of the chill damp air and the lightning that flung its forked flashes into the room every few minutes.

She was clad simply in a white wrapper, and seemed to be quite unconscious of the fact that she was endangering her health by this night exposure.

"Oh, God," she murmured, raising her eyes to the dark sky, "grant that my fears may be groundless. Watch over Walter, and bring him safe home."

The attitude and the prayer were both in unison, presenting a picture of affliction that many a devotee of art would have given words to copy. As her lips closed on the appealing words the roaring winds without broke into a fierce fit of fury, and the sky was filled with one wild glare across its surface. It seemed for a moment as if the elements were arrayed in conflict. Spears of flame sprang out from opposite sides of the sky, and darted towards one another, followed by deep rolls of thunder sounding like invisible artillery. The girl shrank back out of sight of the terrible spectacle, and was for a short space in a sort of bewilderment. Was that meant as an answer to her prayer? Her mind was just then in that state to take any impression, and her highly dilated imagination gave life and shape even to the sounds and shadows about her. So it was not strange that she took the accidental occurrence as an omen. She arose hastily when she had recovered from the first stun of the surprise, and gazed anxiously off towards the spot where the dark form of the lighthouse was dimly perceptible in the distance.

He said last night that I should never see him," she murmured to herself, "and when I laughed at his threats I little imagined that he had any power over Walter's fate. He looked a very fiend as he walked off from the house, and now I know too well the dark thought in his mind when he made that menace. But he shall never carry out his purpose. The weak girl shall be more than a match for his artifice, and will foil him yet. At least he shall not wreak his demoniac vengeance without a witness."

Going over to a closet, she took a long cloak from one of the shelves, and threw it around her, pulling a hood that hung down behind over her head. Then she went over and knelt down before a small statue of the Blessed Virgin that stood in one corner of the room, and before which she had left her night lamp burning. By the faint reflection from this her features were for the first time distinctly visible, as she raised her face in supplication to the image, and besought the help and protection of her it represented. These were of that class of beauty that owes more to the disposition of the person than to any outward adornment. They were not perfectly regular, but there was a freshness about them that half the artificial damsels of fashion would have gone mad to be able to purchase. But it is scarcely fair to attempt to describe her at such a moment.

Her long masses of dark brown hair streamed about her shoulders in disorder, and her eyes, of the same color, which ordinarily must have beamed with mischief and merriment, were now dim with tears, and the fair skin around them red and swollen. In fact, she was one of those whose heart is in their face, and the anguish of hers was certainly visible in every feature.

A few minutes later the door of the cottage softly opened, though if there had been ten years' rust on the hinges, it would scarcely have been heard on such a night.

A light female form issued forth, and, careless of the storm, hurried off towards the sea shore.

CHAPTER III.

The lighthouse to which reference has been made was situated at the end of a narrow strip of rocky ground that stretched some distance out from the shore. The spot where it was located, though not the farthest point extending into the sea, was the loftest; and from

the top of the tower the beacon shot its red beams out over the surface of the water. There was perched the eyrie-like chamber devoted to the daily wants and nightly duties of the keeper, for the present one being a bachelor needed and reserved as little room as possible for his habitation. It was scantily furnished too. A few stools, some of them seemingly having lost the use of their legs long ago, were scattered through the apartment. A table tried to balance itself in one corner by leaning one foot on a couple of bricks, but the striking feature of the room was the quantity of navigation apparatus which one could perceive around the walls hung up and on shelves; quadrants, compass-boxes, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of sailing, which were probably picked up from the wrecks swept in from the ocean. The knowledge of this not add anything to the charms of the chamber on such a night. One could fancy the sea giving up its dead at such a moment, and image the green and ghostly figures stalking in and claiming what belonged to them.

But the owner of the apartment had no such vagaries. It needed only to look in his hard, weather-beaten face to see that there was very little of the superstitious about him. There was no weakness of that kind in the wrinkles that lined his brow and gathered round his lips; there was a selfishness in his cold grey little eyes that repelled acquaintance, and the very spirit of obstinacy seemed to hide in his bushy eyebrows.

What wonder that Rose should have laughed at the ridiculous proffer of his heart, and questioned if there was such a piece of human anatomy in his bosom, and what wonder that the darling of the village, whom every one loved, should have unconsciously inspired a tender feeling in the old crab, which he had a long struggle with himself before confessing.

The Tyrrell Cottage was one of the few houses that he entered familiarly or was allowed to enter, for the hatred between himself and the majority of those in the neighborhood never relaxed in strength since the time that he first took the place of Walter's father. That this should have been one of his resorts appears strange enough, for the relation between Rose and the son of the old lighthouse-keeper would naturally seem to have precluded the possibility of such an intimacy. But old Mr. Tyrrell was often queer in his notions. He generally liked to differ with people even on the most trivial subjects, and he often carried this eccentricity to extremes as in the present instance. It was not, perhaps, that he had any particular love for the company of Jonas that he encouraged his visits, but more from the little spiteful pleasure it gave him to know he was different from other people. Very likely had the Englishman been a boon companion of everybody else he would have nothing to do with him. How many similar characters are scattered through life.

It was the evening that preceded the one on which we have introduced our characters to the reader. The air was calm and the sky beautiful in its robe of red and blue, fringed with many another color, for the sun was just setting. Not a sign of the storm that raged so fearfully was visible anywhere. Rose had seated herself in a nook of the little garden that ran round the house, a spot to which she was accustomed to resort frequently on days when the weather was fine to do her 'pocket work,' as she called it, and which was generally a worsted stocking, or some similar piece of light handiwork. She had spent considerable time and taste in cultivating round her little boudoir, and it was certainly a very charming retreat. It was made so that the occupant could see everything around and be hidden herself, although the only tressle work about it was composed of the tendrils of some common creeping flowers and bean plants that clasped themselves about the boughs of a couple of old trees.

So it is. The commonest things may be made to appear lovely with only a little taste.

But our pen follows the face of description too fast. Rose was sitting in her little summer house, as we have said, and dreaming of the face and form of a handsome young sailor of twenty or so when she heard a step coming in the direction of herself, and, looking out, what should she see but the short ungainly shape and heavy physiognomy of Jonas coming towards her. "What could it mean? Had he, any news from Walter? This was the first thought that sprung to her mind. But then it occurred to her that he would be the last to bring such a message, for he had always studiously avoided making his appearance at the cottage on the occasions of Walter's return. Rose herself secretly loathed the man, though, perhaps on account of her father's cranky humor she did not dare to show so. But it never occurred to her that his visits, as had anything further to do with herself than bidding her good night along with the rest of the family when he left. He had never ventured on any nearer familiarity, whether this was owing to

his boots, his beautiful nature, that he discovered her poorly concealed aversion.

What was her surprise then to hear him avow his passion for her in his rough, uncouth way, and pledge her all his possessions, with a promise of anything and everything she wanted if she would only consent to add the light of her presence to the lighthouse.

Rose was inclined to be angry at first, and a feeling of pride, a new feeling to her, made her draw up her form for a moment, and a flash came into her eyes.

Indeed, Mr. Hull, she said, with as serious a look as she could call up, 'You have taken me quite by surprise. I never had any anticipation of the honor intended for me, and the little acquaintance we have had leaves me quite lost to know why you should come to me on such an errand.'

It was the first time she had ever used so many words to him at once, and sound of her voice, and the consciousness that she was speaking to him, seemed to make him forget the tone of her answer.

'Rose,' he replied—she started at being called so familiarly by him—'you may get many a finer figure than mine, but there's not many can give you the fortune I can give you.'

He tried to throw a knowing wink at her as he said this, but only succeeded in squeezing one side of his face into a horrid contortion.

Rose was ready to laugh outright at this facial effort, but smothered the feeling with the greatest difficulty.

Taking her silence in this regard as an encouraging sign to his suit, he went on: 'I have seen better days than you would suppose. To look at me now, I am not very comely, but that's only the covering, lass. There is a soft spot for somebody somewhere here with all my rough tumbling through life, slapping his heart, and giving another of his facial developments, with a laugh that came from his chest with as rusty a sound as if it had not been disturbed for forty years.'

Rose took advantage of this to let off her suppressed mirth, for it was really becoming painful to keep in any longer.

'Mr. Hull—' She endeavored to say something else, but the words died away in another laugh.

Jonas, taking all this glee as a tribute to his own witty remark, and never suspecting for a moment that the girl was what they call 'making game of him,' actually took a position on one knee at the bench by her side.

'Rose, love,' he said, edging nearer to her on his one knee, 'you are too lovely to throw yourself away upon any of the poor chaps of this place. What could you ever expect from any of them but the same common life that your mother and grandmother have led before you?—But with me,' he said, 'ba, ba, people know little of the old lighthouse-keeper's locker. I did not sail the Sally Ann from Brussels and Bordeaux to this country for five years, never paying a stiver on the cargo, without laying a good bagful by for my old days.'

This was going too far with his vulgarity and impertinence, and the fair maiden felt it. Rising from her seat and drawing herself away from him, she said, while her eyes flashed fire with the speech—

'Mr. Hull, enough of this. What I looked upon at first as amusing, is now verging on rudeness. You mistake me entirely, if you take any encouragement from my manner to continue in such a strain any longer. Now, that I see its consequence, I am sorry that I treated your ridiculous offer with such levity, but I did not spurn it with contempt at once. I hope you have your answer now. Allow me to pass, sir.'

This was said to him as his burly crooked figure filled the entrance to the little summer-seat.

Had the lady before him vanished, or the lighthouse leaped into the air, he could not have been more astonished than he was at this change. But it did not take him long to comprehend the thing, and then as the recollection of how he had been foiled and ridiculed fell full on his mind, his features assumed the look of a demon.

wretch replied, 'but you know the inlet over there is not very easy to enter on a dark night, and if I don't mistake you'll hear a little noise overhead before to-morrow midnight.'

'Well! God will take care of him,' said the young girl more calmly, 'for the lighthouse—' 'Ah! I will take care of that,' said he impudently mocking her, and with that he took his departure.

There was no doubting that the villain meant by these words, and it was with a heavy and sinking heart that Rose passed the rest of the evening.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF VEN. ARCADEAON BARDEEN, V.G.—We (Wexford People) regret to have to announce the death of this estimable and venerated Clergyman, which occurred at his residence, Kinnagh, on Thursday, March 31st, at the advanced age of 72 years.

He was appointed Curate of New Ross in the year 1817; Curate of Tintern in 1827; and Curate of Hook, in 1834. In 1835 he was promoted Parish Priest of Tintern, which parish he resigned in 1862. He was created Archdeacon in 1836, Vicar-Foraig in 1857, and Vicar-General in 1863. His life was marked by the pious zeal ever evinced by him for the salvation of the souls placed under his charge, whilst by his amiable disposition he won the affection of his flock.

OPENING OF THE NEW SCHOOLS OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS, HARRINGTON STREET, DUBLIN.—We are convinced that we bring tidings of great joy to many Catholic hearts when we announce that these new schools are now fully completed.

COADJUTOR BISHOP OF MEATH.—On Tuesday last, at Mullingar, his Grace the Primate presiding, the election of a Coadjutor Bishop of Meath was proceeded with, and the result is as follows:—

THE CATHOLICS OF DONEGAL.—The jury panel for the Spring Assizes of Donegal is before us, and we find it contains 164 names of jurors, summoned for the trial of all issues, civil or criminal (except special jury causes) at said Assizes.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.—A very extraordinary investigation was entered on in Kanturk, on Saturday last, at the Petty Sessions Court.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT FRANKFORD, KING'S COUNTY.—A correspondent of the Tipperary Advocate says:—'The Roman Catholic choir, or Band of Frankford, commenced to play "Patrick's Day" at half-past four o'clock in the morning.

IRISH TENANT-RIGHT.—To the Editor of the London Times. Sir,—Ireland is certainly the country of anomalies. It is moral, and yet it is the only country where murders are fostered by the people on principle.

THE FENIAN SOCIETY.—At the Carlow Petty Sessions, on Monday, a case was disposed of, during the hearing of which some curious statements were made respecting the working of the 'Fenian Society.'

THE CHAIRMAN.—Did you see a book, or was there a book produced? Witness—There was. They were joking at the time. Sure myself did not mind them at all.

THE COURT.—The Court decided on binding all parties concerned to keep the peace, their own in £5 each, and two sureties in 50s. each.—Express.

THE FENIANS.—We have not seen in the Mazzinian and Garibaldian organs in Italy more anti-Christian, anti-Catholic, and anti-social sentiments and language than we have read with horror in Irish newspapers that abet the Fenian and other brotherhoods which have lately sprung up in Ireland.—Weekly Register.

ANOTHER PERSON CHARGED WITH BEING A MEMBER OF AN illegal secret society has been arrested in Gifford, Co. Down, by Head Constable Rankin, of Belfast.

AT THE TRALEE ELECTION, in May, 1863, the distinction was clearly drawn between those Catholics who 'prefer beyond all comparison a Liberal to a Tory administration,' because, under a Liberal Government, those who accord, in sentiment and feeling with the mass of the Irish people, have a fair chance of attaining influence and power.

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AN ARREST OF RODY KICKHAM.—The Fenians don't fight. There was a great opportunity given at Mullinahone the other day to all lovers of physical force to begin the battle that is to free us from the yoke of the cruel-hearted and merciless Saxon.

FOR OBVIOUSLY THE INTEREST OF THE LANDLORD, if he wish to retain power over his own property, either that he may hold part of it himself, or give it, as may be necessary, to improving tenants, is to keep the tenant-right as low as possible.

I would humbly suggest a Bill, extending both to England and Ireland, securing to the tenant repayment, if he is evicted or his rent raised, for all permanent improvements executed with the consent of his landlord, given in writing and duly registered.

THE CHAIRMAN.—Did you see a book, or was there a book produced? Witness—There was. They were joking at the time. Sure myself did not mind them at all.

THE COURT.—The Court decided on binding all parties concerned to keep the peace, their own in £5 each, and two sureties in 50s. each.—Express.

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EMIGRATION.—The tide of emigration flows on with increasing volume from all parts of Ireland. Travellers declare that they have seen whole villages in Connacht utterly deserted, the people, old and young—grandfathers and little children, being met in hundreds on the road, making their way to the emigration ships.

AT THE PRESENT RATE OF EMIGRATION the population of Ireland will very soon be less than it was at the time of the Union.—Dublin Irishman.

MANY OF THE EMIGRANTS who came to Sligo this week were from the county of Mayo, and some of them mentioned a strange circumstance.—'When,' said one of them, 'passing through Erris, we saw houses open and deserted, with the furniture left in them.' And on asking why they did not sell the furniture? The reply was, 'Who would they sell it to; the people about were all gone, and there was no one to buy anything.' We have ourselves heard from a gentleman who has lately been in Belmullet and other portions of Mayo, that whole districts are depopulated.—Sligo Champion.

DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS.—The affecting scenes which we were accustomed to witness on the quays some time ago, when the steamers of the Atlantic Company were plying between this port and the New World, now takes place almost every day at our railway station.

THE GALWAY VINDICATOR says:—A most heinous outrage was committed on Sunday night (3rd ult.) at a place called Poppy-hill, near Kilricke. A man named Healy had made some arrangement with a refractory son of his, and gave him a sum of money to enable him to emigrate to America.

ANOTHER FATAL OUTRAGE.—To the catalogue of fearful crimes which had their origin in intemperance, may be added the murder of Thomas Hanrahan, laborer, Oldtown, near Stoneford, on last Thursday night. The particulars of the melancholy occurrence are briefly these:—Hanrahan, (deceased) Patrick Sullivan, William Shea, and Thomas Fitzgerald, all neighbors of his, went to Thomastown on St. Patrick's Day.

THE FENIAN SOCIETY.—At the Carlow Petty Sessions, on Monday, a case was disposed of, during the hearing of which some curious statements were made respecting the working of the 'Fenian Society.'

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THE COAL FIELDS OF IRELAND. - Coal has been found in seven counties of Ireland, and in each of the four provinces. The names of the counties are - Antrim, Fermanagh, Leitrim, Queen's County, Donegal, Monaghan, Roscommon, Kilkenny, Tyrone, Cavan, Westmeath, Carlow, Tipperary, Clare, Limerick, Kerry, and Cork. ...

Her Majesty's gunboat Maggie on Sunday morning was on her way to Galway with supplies for the Coastguard, steaming slowly along the coast of Clare, the steep cliffs of which are the admiration of tourists. ...

THE FITZGERALD MURDER - Property of Dillane. - At the Petty Sessions of Kilmallock, a man named Callahan, brother-in-law to Matthew Dillane, who was executed at Limerick for conspiring, and having engaged two persons to murder the late Francis Fitzgerald, Esq., applied for license to carry on a retail spirit business in the house occupied by Dillane up to the date of his arrest, and in which he carried on the same trade. ...

INSIPIENT TALENT. - An interesting picture, by a well-known Irish artist, has just come to light. Few collectors of modern pictures are unacquainted with the charming cabinet picture of J. O'Connor, a native of Ireland, who died in London some twenty years since, like many others endowed with brilliant genius, but erratic habits, in deplorable want and misery. ...

GREAT BRITAIN.

GARIBALDI'S VISIT TO ENGLAND. - The following excellent letter from Daniel Lee, Esq., appears in the Manchester Examiner and Times of Tuesday, in which paper there is also a long leading article freely commenting on Mr. Lee's able exposure of the plots of the Italian Revolutionists: -

SIR - La Monarchia Italiana, Signor Rattazzi's journal, says that Garibaldi goes to England with a hostile intent to France. If true, it is a grave reason why Englishmen should refrain from joining in the laudations preparing for the Italian revolutionist and South American freebooter, even if their own good sense, overpowered by the fascination of the moment, should fail to warn them of the danger of adopting 'the theory of the dagger,' a principle leading to the destruction of civil authority and social order. ...

The Times cuts down a few palm branches to strew in the way of the red-shirted hero of Aspromonte and expresses a wish that he may be kept in respectable company. The provincial journals, taking up the key note, sing praise in his praise, and consider him 'the foremost of the idols of the popular heart.' If Garibaldi had never cried 'Rome or Death,' if he had not been the tool of royal revolutionists, of Count Cavour, and British ministers, his virtues would have remained undiscovered, and the illiterate, expelled member of the Turin Parliament would have continued notorious by his buccannery expeditions into any portion of the world where the opportunity presented itself. ...

end and aim of the Italian revolutionists is 'the upsetting of every social hierarchy, and at the time they complain of the state for not undertaking great works, they ignorant of the first principles of political economy and administration, enunciate systems opposed to the lessons of experience, and hold in honor the dagger and Carbonarism.' ...

As preparations are being made for Garibaldi's visit to Manchester, I desire to warn Catholics against taking part in any demonstration, or showing an opposition to the illusive movement. It originated in hatred and contempt of the spiritual authority of the Pope, and that illustrious Pontiff has enjoined the Catholics of Christendom to abstain from all recognition of doctrines opposed to faith and morals. ...

Half a century ago a powerful hand raised itself against the temporal power of the Pope, and the mighty Emperor who did it became a prisoner and an exile upon the rock of St. Helena; in like manner a country whose inhabitants give a physical and moral support to revolution and plunder will in its turn become a victim of its teaching and of its practice.

In the words of Monsieurg Manning, I would say to Catholics - 'What matter the rising of a thousand revolutions, or the temporary successes of ten thousand apostates. The kingdom of God is divine, and its victory and glory are sure as the presence of Jesus upon earth.'

Yours truly, DANIEL LEE. Springfield House, April 4, 1864.

MR. KINGSLY'S REPLY TO DR. NEWMAN. - For the first time in the history of controversy good Protestants may experience a lawful and profitable amusement in seeing an English Professor soundly chastised by a Roman Catholic Divine. ...

The Church of England's honor is not involved; the superstitions of the Church of Rome are not at issue; and we leave him with as much amusement to his fate as we should leave Christian himself to his fate in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' if we had caught him using obscene language to the doctory Giant Pope. ...

THE SCOTCH REFORMATION SOCIETY AND POPERY. - The official report of the Scotch Reformation Society declares that Popery is advancing with enormous strides, "while the mass of the people in England seem entirely apathetic on the whole subject. ...

THE ALEXANDRIA CASE IS AT LAST DECIDED, and Government has sustained a final defeat in the House of Lords. It is now decided by the highest court of appeal in the realm that the Chief Baron was right throughout; and the Law Lords, by a majority of four to two, have confirmed the decision of the Court of Exchequer Chamber. ...

THE LAWYER AND HIS CASE. - In a recent 'lunatic' action the counsel for the plaintiff had got to his last witness, whom he was re-examining. The witness being pressed as to a certain instance he had mentioned, said it was a case of downright delirium tremens, but the patient recovered in a night. ...

UNITED STATES.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES' VENERATION FOR HIS MOTHER. His veneration for his mother was very great. His allusions to her contain some of the most beautiful expressions of affection and reverence to be found in English literature. ...

TWO MORE CASES OF INFANTICIDE. - Early on Saturday morning the body of a fine female child was found in East-lane, Walworth. Some laboring men going to their work saw a parcel lying by the side of the kerb, and on picking it up and opening it they discovered the dead body of an infant. ...

THE SWEETS OF TRANSPORTATION. - The case of Sir John Dean Paul, the fraudulent London banker, excited much attention in England some little time ago. A recent copy of the Madras Times gives some curious information concerning him. ...

The Japanese Ambassadors who visited this country last year have published their diary through the bookseller Pousah, at Yeddo. Among other things it is therein said that the people of the west are very little different from each other; the dresses are the same as well as the weapons, through one nation manages them better than another; the French, above all, appear to excel therein. ...

STONES. - All the signs which portend a supreme social catastrophe gather in the air - the passions of political calumny and intolerance creep into every household, pollute the ordinary intercourse and poison the common relations of men. ...

SCENES ON THE CAPE. - Many stirring and some ludicrous scenes have transpired over on the Cape in connection with the Bohemian wreckers and those set to watch them; and some of the incidents develop the means used by the wreckers to secure the plunder. ...

HEROD AND PILATE HAVE MADE FRIENDS. Mazzini is, or has been on a visit to Garibaldi at Mr. Seely's house in the Isle of Wight. This incident means, we think, disabuse the minds of those Englishmen who fancy that Garibaldi has come here only for the benefit of his health, and that his visit has not a revolutionary object, of their hallucination. ...

MR. ROEBUCK AT HULL. - Mr. Roebuck delivered a lecture at Hull, on Thursday, on the science of politics. He said he had been all his life in favor of the extension of the suffrage, but he owned things had lately happened in America that frightened him. ...

THE SPRINGFIELD (III.) REGISTER, speaking of the widespread demoralization of our people and the prevalence of crime consequent upon it, says: - This is one of the legitimate and inevitable consequences of war. ...

HONORABLE DEPRIVATION EXPOSED. - The following letter from General Wistar to General Dix, sets forth some of the sad evils resulting from the system of kidnapping and plundering by the bounty jumpers, who, as recruiting agents, are inhumanly trafficking in white flesh: -

DEACON PETERS LATELY TOOK occasion to administer a reproof for swearing to Joe Mills, a particularly well fellow, but not intentionally 'transgressive'. ...

THE SERPENT AND THE SUTLERS. - A colored preacher within our lines recently felt constrained to preach against the extortion of the sutlers from which his flock had suffered. ...

TWO RUFIANES, who in Venice would be called braves, were hired by a New York merchant to murder another merchant named Anderson, who was designated as the "biggest man" in a certain boarding house. ...

A LETTER RECEIVED from Admiral Porter, pronounces Banks' recent expedition, a most disastrous failure - besides over 30 pieces of artillery, a large quantity of small arms, several hundred wagons and a first class gunboat, the Eastport. ...

THE VALUE OF DEAD HORSES. - There is nothing without its uses, and the carcass of an old horse has its value. As we have had innumerable complaints of the careless manner of bestowing equine burial, we may be doing a great public service by calling attention to a floating paragraph which states, to our astonishment, that large fortunes have been made every year since the commencement of the war out of the dead horses of the Army of the Potomac. ...

WASTERS' BALLAST OF WIND CHANGES. - This machine is a combination of a windmiller for grinding and curing all the usual afflictions in the shape of coughs, colds, and inflammation of the throat, lungs, and chest.

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The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 6.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The doubts that have long been entertained as to the acceptance of the Imperial Crown of Mexico by the Archduke Maximilian, may now be looked upon as disposed of. On Sunday 10th April, the Archduke received the deputation which, headed by M. Gutierrez de Estrada, formally tendered him the Crown, and signified his acceptance of that offer.

From Italy there is nothing to report. From the fact that the Sovereign Pontiff is again able to appear in public and to take part in all official ceremonies, we may conclude that his health has much improved. From the latest telegrams published by the London Times, we learn that on the occasion of his visit to the extra-mural Church of St. Agnes, the Holy Father was "much cheered by the people."

The chief item in the domestic news of England for the past week consists of course in the glowing accounts of the reception of Garibaldi in London on the 11th ult. The entire rabble of the metropolis turned out to meet him. From all the rookeries, from all the haunts of vice and infamy the deizens poured forth to greet the advent of a kindred soul, to do homage to one, whom they intuitively recognised as their leader and representative man.

In spite of all this however; in spite of the fact that one or two of the most prominent of the anti-Catholic members of the aristocracy, and that the members of our Liberal Government, prostrated themselves before the revolutionary idol of the populace, it is clear from the language of the Times that the great mass of the respectability, and of the gentry kept aloof from the ignoble display; and that Garibaldi himself perceived and was mortified by this slight.

In the Parliamentary debates we find another amusing exhibition of anti-Catholic malice, in which our old acquaintance Mr. Newdegate figures as the chief actor. It seems that the late Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, who died in the Oratory at Brompton, made over to that institution, in which he had resided some fifteen years, and by a

will signed three years before his death, a sum of from £4,000 to £5,000—having, during his life time, expended the greatest part of his fortune of £30,000, in establishing ragged schools in the metropolis and in other works of charity. In due time the reverend gentleman, who was a convert and one of the Priests of the Oratory, died and was buried in the private, but duly licensed burial ground of the Oratorian Fathers. But the deceased had a brother-in-law; a Mr. Smee, to whom it seems that he had bequeathed nothing, although Mr. Smee had always behaved himself in the most "brother-in-lawly" manner imaginable; and although Mr. Smee's heart, so yearned towards his deluded and wealthy brother-in-law—that, in spite of the latter's defection from the Holy Protestant Faith, in the words of Mr. Newdegate:—

"The attachment of Mr. Smee to his brother-in-law never failed; at all times, his house was open to receive him, and his family would have been too glad to receive him back. Mr. Smee indeed carried this attachment to his brother-in-law, not to speak of his brother-in-law's money, so far as often to beg Mr. Hutchinson to leave the Oratory and come and take up his abode with him. This the odourate priest refused to do; and as he died without remembering Mr. Smee in his will, he left poor attached Mr. Smee quite a disconsolate brother-in-law, and, if the truth must be told, a very angry brother-in-law. Mr. Smee naturally hastened to pour his woes into the sympathising ears of Mr. Newdegate, who again quite naturally brought the case before Parliament in a most appropriate motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the character and number of monastic institutions in England and Scotland. A warm debate ensued; but upon a division poor Mr. Newdegate was left in a majority of 33, in a House of 193 members. Even the Times commenting on this affair remarks that "it is scarcely creditable to the legislative wisdom of the House of Commons that they should have tolerated such a waste of time on Mr. Newdegate's motion;" of which the object was merely "to discharge a certain amount of loose talk about Jesuitical practices and new aggressions of the Church of Rome."

In so far as the Spring campaign in the States has progressed hitherto, the advantage has been on the side of the Confederates. They have inflicted a heavy blow upon the Federals in Louisiana under General Banks; they have sunk and destroyed several of the enemy's gun boats on the Roanoke; they have taken Fort Pillow, and Plymouth; and Newberne is by this time expected to have fallen into their hands. On every menaced point they appear in strength; and not only do they repel the attacks of the enemy, but they seem determined to carry the war into his territory. Never was a righteous cause more nobly sustained in the field, than has been the cause of Southern independence by Lee and his brave companions in arms; and though the odds against them are still enormous, we have every reason to believe, as well as to hope, that their courage and perseverance shall ultimately prevail over all the efforts of the North to subjugate them. Nor is it only in the disasters of the North in the field, that the friends of the South may find grounds for rejoicing. The finances of the enemy are in a most rotten condition, and cannot much longer be expected to bear the strain upon them.—A crash seems inevitable, and when the sinews of war fail, the contest must come to an end.

Latest dates from Europe per steamers City of Washington and Belgium announce the fall of Duppel after a heavy bombardment, and with great loss of life on both sides. The Garibaldi fever was still raging in England. The absence of all the representatives of Foreign Powers, with the exception of those of the American Federal Government and of Turkey, from all the demonstrations in honor of the filibuster was conspicuous, and had been commented upon. It is said that a pressure had been brought to bear upon the Government to compel his departure from England. This is denied by the Ministry; but it can hardly be supposed that the reception given to Garibaldi, the representative of the Revolution and the poignard, and the manner in which his name has been coupled with that of Mazzini, who but the other day was on clearest evidence convicted of a conspiracy against the life of Louis Napoleon, can be looked upon with satisfaction or indifference by the Continental Conservative Powers in general, or by our illustrious ally the Emperor of France in particular. The latter will treasure up these things in his memory; and the shelter and countenance given in England to the Apostle of the poignard, Mazzini, and to his faithful ally and his right hand, Garibaldi, will no doubt have their effect upon the entente cordiale betwixt France and England. "We cannot forget"—said the great working man's Address presented to Garibaldi on his arrival in London—"that there are many who have been associated with you in your glorious enterprises, who are also deserving of our admiration and esteem, especially the illustrious Joseph Mazzini, who has done so much for Italy, freedom and humanity." Were the convicted conspirator against the life of Queen

Victoria to be thus spoken of in Paris, it needs no prophet to say what would be the sentiments of the people of England towards those of France and towards the French Government.—Garibaldi was to leave England for Capraera on the 28th ult.

UNION OF ALL THE BRITISH PROVINCES IN NORTH AMERICA.—Before contracting, or in any manner encouraging any proposition or overtures for, such a Union, the Catholics of Canada would do well to enquire what manner of persons they are, with whom it is proposed to unite them. Perhaps the following, which we clip from that very excellent Catholic paper the Vindicator of Prince Edward Island, will serve as an illustration of what we ourselves might expect, were we to be such fools, or traitors as to lend our aid, or give our assent to a Legislative Union with the Lower Provinces:—

"We have in this country a system of education somewhat similar to that about to be introduced into Nova Scotia, and the result is that Catholics are tyrannized over in the most shameful manner, and the rights of civil liberty, and conscience are trampled under foot. Our whole system is under the influence of bigotry and fanaticism, and Catholics are not listened to in the matter any more than if they were dogs. In a word the whole system is carried on with the most venomous anti-Catholic spirit. Catholics are heavily taxed to maintain a Protestant College, and other Protestant Institutions, while they do not receive a shilling from the public chest for their own educational establishments."

The Vindicator thus sums up the amount of pecuniary injustice inflicted upon the Catholic minority of Prince Edwards Island by their Protestant tyrants:—

"The Catholics of this Colony are compelled to pay annually the sum of about seven thousand pounds towards the support of our common schools in which not one Catholic child can, according to law, be taught a single word of his religion."

These things are published by the Vindicator as a warning to the Catholics of Nova Scotia to resist the efforts now being made in that intensely Protestant Province, to force upon them the same tyrannical system of State-Schoolism as that under which the Catholic minority of Prince Edward's Island groan. We reproduce them, as a warning to our coreligionists here, lest they sanction, or appear even to sanction, any propositions for a Union of Canada with these fanatically and "venomously" anti-Catholic Lower Provinces; as a full and convincing proof of the truth of what we have repeatedly advanced on this head—to the effect that such a Union would be fatal to our Canadian civil and religious liberties; and as teaching us that we should treat all those who propose or favor such a Union, as the worst and most dangerous enemies of our country and of our Church.

Of all the schemes hitherto broached for the crushing out of French Canadian nationality, for the degradation, and spoliation of the Catholic Church on this Continent, that of the Union of the British North American Provinces is the best adapted to secure the object in view.—"Representation by Population" would be bad and ultimately fatal, no doubt; but the Union of all British North America would be sudden death to our best and dearest interests. For—we would ask Catholics calmly, and party feelings cast on one side, to consider it. If against such a preponderance of the anti-Catholic section of the Legislature as Representation by Population would ensure to the Protestants of Upper Canada, Catholics would find it hard to make head, how could they offer any resistance whatsoever to such an overwhelming preponderance of Protestant interests in the Legislature, as the Union of all the British North American Provinces would ensure? And though the danger of such a Union may, owing to the material obstacles in the way of maintaining our communications with the Lower Provinces, appear remote, yet should we, if faithful to Lower Canada, and above all if faithful to the Church, be prompt to discountenance all who favor, or may justly be suspected of favoring, a measure so ruinous to Lower Canada, so pregnant with evil to the cause of the Church, and Catholicity; for it is a measure which alas! too readily commends itself to our scheming, self-interested, and unprincipled politicians. The reasons for this are not far to seek. As every actor on the boards of a provincial theatre pants after a larger stage on which to exhibit himself, and feels assured that to be better appreciated and more admired, he requires but to be better known; so many of our Colonial politicians pine after that broader stage, that wider sphere for the exercise of their talents, and that greater notoriety which a Union, or fusion of all the British North American Colonies, would no doubt assure to them. Besides, what is it that leads most men to take up with public or political life in Canada? Every body knows that the chief inducements are, the distribution of the government patronage, and the handling of the public funds—of which, of course, in the process of manipulation some, and no inconsiderable amount, always manages to stick to the fingers of the manipulators. The larger the sums so manipulated, the larger the amount is of course, that sticks or adheres to official fingers: and the handling of the revenues of a United British N. America would thus yield for hardy perquisites to patriotic officials than does the handling of our Canadian revenues. So also with the patronage. Government appointments would be more numerous, more lucrative because of such a Union: there would be a larger quantity of offi-

cial carriage to distribute among the pack of hungry beggars; and thus the position of a member of the Ministry for the United Provinces would be far more influential, as well as far more lucrative, than that which any one of our public men now occupies. Now, unfortunately, these purely personal and mercenary considerations are, it is to be feared, the considerations which will have the greatest weight with many, only too many of our Canadian publicists, even with some of those who style themselves patriots of the purest water, and are most vociferous in their professions of devotion to "our laws, our language, and our religion." We pray God that we may be mistaken; we devoutly trust that in judging some of our public men by their antecedents, we are judging them unjustly; but, we frankly confess it, that we greatly fear that, when their own personal interests are on one side of the scale, and only the interests of their country and of their Church on the other side, the latter will kick the beam.

And if the mass of the Canadian people, if Catholics whether in Upper or Lower Canada are apathetic or inert upon this great question: if they will not rise above all mere party and personal considerations in this crisis of their fate, they will richly deserve the lot that is surely in store for them, should, through their supineness, their blind confidence in dishonest, and mercenary leaders, the fatal and threatened Union come to pass. To day is our own; to-morrow it will be too late; let us then whilst it is still to-day, plainly give our Lower Canadian leaders and Catholic representatives to understand that what we expect from them is fidelity to the interests of Lower Canada, and of the Church.

In the Montreal Witness of the 12th April, over the signature "T," and under the caption "Another St. Jerome Case," there appeared the following account of the adventures, or rather misadventures of a travelling missionary, for which the writer evidently intends to make the Catholic clergyman of the district, the Rev. Father G— responsible. One passage we have ventured to italicise:—

ANOTHER ST. JEROME CASE.

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Several of the inhabitants of Cote St. Julie, in the Seigneurie of Petite Nation, Parish of St. Andre Avellan, invited a missionary to come and spend a few days with them. Mrs. B— offered her house to as many as would be willing to come and hear. The missionary went to her house on Monday, the 14th March, and found from eight to ten persons there. He was reading and expounding the Scriptures, and all were attentively listening to him, until the Rev. Father G— arrived with about ten sleighs laden with men. Entering the house, he began disputing, and then assailed the missionary in a tirade of low and unbecoming words, calling him nick names, such as, "Yankee Speculator," "Lumber Dealer," "Buyer of oats," and also called him several times a brute. The crowd was now increased to thirty or upwards. The house being small, was full. Words were loud and attitudes threatening. The missionary thought best to leave, and did so, but Mr. B—, the man of the house, went after him, and asked him to return, promising to protect him. When they got in, matters looked worse instead of better, and Mr. B— advised him to go away, as it seemed dangerous for him to stay any longer. One man, who invited the missionary to drive with him, had to escape for fear of the violence of the crowd. Mr. B— went to the stable for the priest's horse, and by this time the missionary got to the brow of the hill, about four acres from the house, when a man on foot overtook him, and two others in a sleigh following, tried to drive them before them down the hill, evidently wishing to get him out of the sight of the people, who were standing looking on from the house in numbers about twenty, all of which were French Canadians, with the exception of one woman. Seeing their intention, he wished to get out of the road, and thus evade them, but he was knocked down and kicked in the face. He then got over the fence, but was followed by this ruffian, where he was again knocked down, and kicked about the face and head, inflicting bruises and cuts, while his companions kept shouting "fesse! fesse!" One of the cuts might be described thus,—a deep gash about two inches long, and the flesh literally torn from the inner corner of the eye and left suspended there, and which can never be brought back to its proper place. They left him exhausted and weak, but, to his praise and credit, a bold resolute Canadian, who had not lost all the finer feelings of humanity, tied up his head, and ventured to escort and assist him to walk about three miles where he would be safe. Though this man knew that he was placing himself in a dangerous position, where he could expect no better treatment from the mob which came with the Rev. Father G— than the missionary had received at their hands, still, he could not bear to see a fellow-sufferer exposed to the mercy of those who had lost all feeling, and extended to him a helping hand in the hour of need. Since then the missionary's lot has been cast among kind friends, who have attended him with all possible care. Dr. L—'s services were obtained, and he has paid 6 or 7 visits, and he thinks that one of his eyes has received an incurable injury, and it is still so feeble that it cannot bear the light, and, doubtless, will be so for a considerable length of time. The above cruel deed was perpetrated in a French settlement several miles from any English inhabitants.

These are a few of the facts concerning this case of inhumanity. You may expect to hear further soon.

6th April.

As one story is good only until another is told, we have waited for another version of the above tale, which in due time came to hand, and which puts the priest's conduct in a very different light from that in which "T" represents it. We also have received from an eye-witness of the entire proceedings, an account of what occurred; and though because of its length we do not insert the whole of our correspondent's communication we give below the essential portions thereof:—premiting that the Mr. T— is a wealthy speculator in lumber, and that the missionary T— is a person whom in one of his business trips to the States, he picked up and engaged to come over to Canada on the missionary's dodge. This pre-

missed we will proceed to deal with the allegations of the Witness, in so far as the priest is concerned:—

In the first place it is false that several inhabitants of Cote St. Julie, and especially a "Mrs. B—" invited a missionary to come and spend a few days with them." The missionary came on his "own hook" as the Yankees say, or rather at the instigation of his employer Mr. T: and on the day in question he forced himself into the house of Mrs. B.—uninvited, and an unwelcome guest. Having thus forced himself in upon the family of Mr. B., the latter sent a pressing message to the priest to come and rid them of the intruder upon their domestic privacy. The missionary also expressed himself anxious for a meeting with the priest.

Yielding to the reiterated invitations of Mr. B., the parish priest did go over to that person's house; not however, as the writer in the Witness asserts with a following of "about ten sleighs laden with men," but alone and unattended. It is however true that in the course of the afternoon some four or five sleighs, and about ten persons did arrive at Mr. B.'s house.

It is false that the priest called the missionary "a Yankee speculator, a lumber dealer, a buyer of oats and a brute." But it is true that, the missionary in question having forced himself into the house of Mr. B. without even announcing himself, his name, or business to the owner, the priest told him that he knew not who, or what he was, or whether he might not be an American speculator. The term "brute" never passed his lips—the priest's—lips.

It is false that there was anything menacing in the attitude of the people present at this discussion. It is also false that the missionary was warned to leave the premises, because he was in danger: but it is true that the owner of the house gave him a hint to be off in pretty plain terms, telling him that if he wished to go no one would interfere to detain him.

If we compare this account given by our correspondent, with that of the Witness, and particularly with the passage which we have underlined—we shall find that it is supported by strong internal evidence. "Mr. B." says the writer in the Witness "went to the stable for the priest's horse." From this it would appear that the priest was an invited and a welcome guest—or Mr. B. would not have taken the trouble to put his horse up in the stable; and consequently we must reject the version given by T to the effect that the priest uninvited and unwelcome drove up with a large retinue to disturb a peaceful religious meeting held in the house of which Mr. B. was the owner. Had the latter looked upon the priest as an intruder he would not have put his horse up for him in the stable. Again it is evident that the missionary must have cleared off before the priest left the house, for T expressly says:—

"Mr. B. went to the stable for the priest's horse, and by this time the missionary got to the brow of the hill, about four or five acres from the house."

So that unless the priest went off without his horse—the missionary must have got a considerable distance from the house before the priest left it. This exonerates the latter from all charge of complicity in the subsequent misadventures of the missionary, of which our correspondent is able to give us no details of his personal knowledge. If any blow was dealt to the said missionary our correspondent deplures and condemns it; but the language of the former was so grossly insulting towards his hearers whilst in the house, that it is exceedingly probable that he met with the violence which he provoked. On these points however our informant has no personal knowledge, and enters into no details. By the account given in the Witness it would appear that the assailants of the missionary were only three in number—"one on foot, and two others in a sleigh following;" and seeing that "from eight to ten persons" are by the same account represented as having formed portion of the missionary's audience to hear the Scriptures read and expounded, and must therefore have been interested in his behalf—it is strange that none of these offered to protect their spiritual teacher from the violence of the other three who assailed him. A fact strongly suggestive that the great majority of those present were averse to any violence being used towards the retreating missionary is also to be found in the statement in the Witness that the three men who are accused of having struck him "evidently wished to get him out of the sight of the people who were standing looking on from the house in numbers about twenty." In the matter of numbers however T is as confused or confusing as our friend the fat knight with his men in buckram. There were according to the former "from eight to ten persons" assembled when the priest with "ten sleighs laden with men" arrived. Allowing only three persons to a loaded sleigh, this gives us at least forty persons present. After that we are told that the crowd continued to increase. One man had to escape: three followed the retreating missionary; and yet only about twenty persons remained out of the original forty, increased afterwards by the crowd that gathered, and from which only four persons seem to have absented themselves. T is at fault either in his arithmetic or his memory; perhaps the latter; and yet he is one of a class who should have good memories.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE. FRANCE.

PARIS, April 1.—The Court of Assizes of the Seine yesterday tried Mazzini, by default, for his share in the plot against the life of the Emperor...

PARIS, April 7.—The Moniteur of this morning says:—According to advices from Miramar, the Archduke Maximilian will receive the Mexican, deputation on Saturday. He will leave for Mexico on Sunday next...

BELGIUM.—They are now making an earnest appeal to their dupes for Liberal Peace, in imitation of Catholic Peter Pence, in order to be enabled to pay their bribery and corruption expenses in the elections...

ROME.—The Correspondance de Rome has the following:—We have often insisted, and with good reason, that an understanding exists between the Government of Turin and the party of action...

THE BATTLE FOR LIFE.—It is a maxim in war to assault the enemy before he has concentrated his strength for an attack. It should be the same in conflict with disease...

The Court then retired to deliberate, and afterwards delivered its judgment in the following terms:—Whereas it is proved by the procedure that Mazzini, in 1863, was guilty of a plot having for its object an attempt on the life of the Emperor...

Let these eighty be separated, organised in groups of three, or at the most of five, under the orders of sixteen heads of groups known to you; let them promise silence, prudence, dissimulation; let them avoid every occasion of collecting together...

Some safe man amongst you should consecrate himself to study, observe the habitation of the general and of the principal officers, heads of the staff, commandant of the artillery, &c., and their habits...

ENGLAND IN ROME.—The Teanebra Offices commenced on Wednesday, and both St. Peter's and the Sixtine were crowded. At the latter there was barely standing room, and the usual pushing and crowding on the part of Viator Britannicus and family was the order of the evening...

A GOOD TIME COMING.—For dyspeptics and those who have been suffering for years with a disordered liver, or weakness of the digestive organs, you will believe this after giving HOFFMANN'S GERMAN BITTERS a trial...

A doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. 'Ah! said he, 'tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium, and water.'

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

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 Balsamic Elixir, let your friends know it that they may also have the benefit of using it.

NOTHING BETTER.—Than Henry's Vermont Liniment for Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Diarrhea, &c. The universal testimony of all who have used it is that they have never used anything else as well.

How to Live.—It is an easy thing for a sick man to drug himself to death with acid mineral purgatives: but it is equally within the power to recover health and strength, resorting to the only cathartic which restores the disordered functions of digestion, secretion, and expulsion to a healthy condition.

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M. O'GORMAN, Successor to the late D. O'Gorman, BOAT BUILDER, SIMCO STREET, KINGSTON.

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THE subscriber, having leased for a term of years that 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.

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Will leave for QUEBEC every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at SIX o'clock, P.M., stopping, going and returning, at the Ports of Sorel, Three Rivers, and Batiscan.

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I have used it myself with the very best success, and now when ever I am troubled with a Cough or Cold, I invariably use it. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who are suffering from a Cough or a Cold, for the Croup, Whooping-Cough, & all diseases tending to Consumption, and to the Profession as a reliable article.

I am satisfied of its excellence beyond a doubt, having conversed personally with the Rev. N. H. Downs about it. He informed me of the principal ingredients of which the Elixir is composed, all of which are Purely Vegetable and perfectly safe.

Sold at every Drug and Country Store throughout Canada. PRICE—25 Cents, 50 Cents, and \$1 per Bottle. JOHN F. HENRY & Co., Proprietors.

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READ These Certificates: Montreal, April 8th, 1860 Messrs. Henry & Co. Your Vermont Liniment has cured me of a Rheumatism which had settled in my limbs and for which blessing you may well suppose I feel grateful.

South Granby, C.W. Mr Henry R. Gray, Chemist, Montreal. Sir—I am most happy to state that my wife used Henry's Vermont Liniment, having accidentally got a needle run under her finger nail. The pain was most intense; but by using the Liniment, the pain was gone in a few minutes.

Montreal, Dec. 12th, 1860. Messrs. Henry & Co. Having, on various occasions, used your Liniment, I am happy to say that I have always found it beneficial. I have frequently used it for Bowel Complaint, and have never known it to fail in effecting a cure.

Testimony from Hon. Judge Smith: Montreal, Feb. 5th, 1862. I have used Henry's Vermont Liniment, & have found great relief from it.

PRICE—25 Cents per Bottle. JOHN F. HENRY & CO., Proprietors, 303 St. Paul Street, Montreal, C.E., and Main Street, Waterbury, Vt. Jan. 22, 1864.

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ON and AFTER MONDAY, the 1st of JAN., TRAINS will leave as follows: BONAVENTURE STREET STATION as follows: EASTERN TRAINS. Passenger for Island Pond, Portland and Boston, (stopping over night at Island Pond,) at 3.15 P.M. Night Passenger to Quebec (with Sleeping Car) at 8.00 P.M. Mixed for Sherbrooke and Local Stations at 8.00 A.M. WESTERN TRAINS. Day Express for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, London, Detroit and the West, at 7.45 A.M. Night ditto (with Sleeping Car) at 6.30 P.M. Mixed for Kingston and Local Stations 10.05 A.M. Mail Trains will not stop at Stations marked thus on the Time-bills, unless signalled.

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There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last named, and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue.

Montreal, C.E., Oct. 20, 1858. S. W. Fowle & Co., Boston—Gentlemen—Having experienced the most gratifying results from the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, I am induced to express the great confidence which I have in its efficacy.

St. Hyacinthe, C.E., Aug. 21, 1856. Messrs. Seth W. Fowle & Co., Gentlemen—Several months since a little daughter of mine, ten years of age, was taken with Whooping Cough in a very aggravated form, and nothing we could do for her seemed in any way to relieve her suffering.

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FROM A HIGHLY RESPECTED MERCHANT AT PRESOTT, C.W. I with pleasure assert that Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, is, in my belief, the best remedy before the public for coughs and pulmonary complaints.

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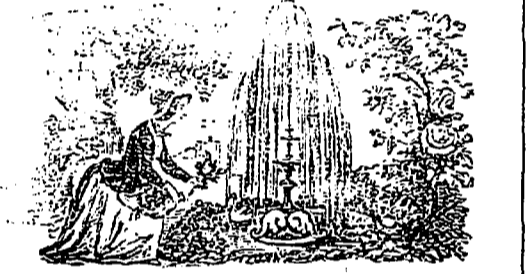
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 Montreal, April 21.

NOTICE.
 THE FABRIQUE of the Parish of Montreal intends commencing the exhumation of the remainder of the corpses in the Old Catholic Cemetery in the St. Antoine Suburbs, on the Second day of MAY next. Proprietors of Lots in the above Cemetery are requested to remove the mortal remains of their friends and relatives; and to transport them to the Lots in the New Cemetery of *Noire Dame des Neiges*, which, on application to the said Fabrique, will be assigned to them in exchange for those which they now hold in the Old Cemetery.
 The process of exhumation must be brought to a close in the course of the month of October next.
 Montreal, 8th April, 1864.
 E. A. DUBOIS, Agent.
 3m.

LUMBER.
 JORDAN & BENARD, LUMBER MERCHANTS, Corner of Craig and St. Denis Streets, and Corner of Sanguinet and Craig Streets, and on the WHEAR, in Rear of Bonsecours Church, Montreal.—The undersigned offer for Sale a very large assortment of PINE DEALS—3-in.—1st, 2nd, 3rd quality, and OULLS good and common. 2-in.—1st, 2nd, 3rd quality and OULLS. Also, 1 1/2-in PLANK—1st, 2nd, 3rd quality. 1-inch and 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.

The Leading Perfume of the Age FROM FRESH-CULLED FLOWERS.



MURRAY & LANMAN'S CELEBRATED FLORIDA WATER.

THIS exquisite Perfume is prepared direct from the most fragrant TROPICAL FLOWERS, of surpassing fragrance. Its aroma is almost inexhaustible;—while its influence on the SKIN is most refreshing, imparting a Delightful Buoyancy to the overtaxed Body and Mind, particularly when mixed with the water of the Bath. For
 FAINTING TURNS,
 NERVOUSNESS,
 HEADACHE,
 DEBILITY,
 AND
 HYSTERIA,
 it is a sure and speedy relief. With the very elite of fashion it has for 25 years maintained its ascendancy over all other perfumes, throughout the West Indies, Cuba, Mexico, and Central and South America, and we confidently recommend it as an article which, for soft delicacy of flavor, richness of bouquet, and permanency, has no equal. It will also remove from the skin
 ROUGHNESS,
 BLOTCHES,
 SUN BURN,
 FRECKLES,
 AND
 PIMPLES.
 It is as delicious as the Otto of Roses, and lends freshness and beautiful transparency to the complexion. Diluted with water, it makes the best dentifrice, imparting a pearly whiteness to the teeth; it also removes all smarting or pain after shaving.
 COUNTERFEITS.
 Beware of imitations. Look for the name of MURRAY & LANMAN on the bottle, wrapper and ornamented label.
 Prepared only by
 LANMAN & KEMP,
 Wholesale Druggists, New York.
 Devins & Bolton, Druggists, (next the Court House) Montreal, General Agents for Canada. Also, Sold at Wholesale by J. F. Henry & Co., Montreal.
 For Sale by—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, and H. R. Gray. And for sale by all the leading Druggists and first-class Perfumers throughout the world.
 Feb. 20, 1864. 12m.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.
 A Neglected Cough, Cold, An Irritated or Sore Throat, if allowed to progress results in serious Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic Diseases, oftentimes incurable. Brown's Bronchial Troches reach directly the affected parts, and give almost immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and Consumptive Coughs, the Troches are useful. Public Speakers and Singers should have the Troches to clear and strengthen the voice. Military Officers and Soldiers who are exposed to sudden changes of climate should use them. Obtain only the genuine. Brown's Bronchial Troches having proved their efficacy by a test of many years, are highly recommended and prescribed by Physicians and Surgeons in the Army, and have received testimonials from many eminent men.
 Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine in the United States and Canada, &c., at 25 cts. a box.
 Feb. 5, 1864. 3m.

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, HAVE AND DO 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, Swing of the Head, Hurried 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 RUM OR WHISKEY, And Can't make Drunkards, But is the Best Tonic in the World.
 READ WHO SAYS SO:

From the Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N.Y., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia:—

I have known Hoofland's German Bitters favorably for a number of years. I have used them in my own family, and have been so pleased with their effects that I was induced to recommend them to many others, and know that they have operated in a strikingly beneficial manner. I take great pleasure in thus publicly proclaiming this fact, and calling the attention of those afflicted with the diseases for which they are recommended to these Bitters, knowing from experience that my recommendations will be sustained. I do this more cheerfully as Hoofland's Bitters is intended to benefit the afflicted, and is 'not a rum drink.'—Yours truly,
 LEVI G. BECK.

From the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Pastor of the 10th Baptist Church:—

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commendations of different kinds of medicines but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above cause.
 Yours, very respectfully,
 J. H. KENNARD,
 Eighth below Coates Street, Philadelphia.

From Rev. Warren Randolph, Pastor of Baptist Church, Germantown, Penn.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir—Personal experience enables me to say that I regard the German Bitters prepared by you as a most excellent medicine. In cases of severe cold and general debility I have been greatly benefited by the use of the Bitters, and doubt not they will produce similar effects on others.—Yours truly,
 WARREN RANDOLPH,
 Germantown, Pa.

From Rev. J. H. Turner, Pastor of Hedding M. E. Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir—Having used your German Bitters in my family frequently, I am prepared to say that it has been of great service. I believe that in most cases of general debility of the system it is the safest and most valuable remedy of which I have any knowledge.—Yours, respectfully,
 J. H. TURNER,
 No. 726 N. Nineteenth Street.

From the Rev. J. M. Lyons, formerly Pastor of the Columbus [N. J.] and Milletown [Pa.] Baptist Churches.

New Rochelle, N.Y.
 Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir—I feel it a pleasure thus, of my own accord, to bear testimony to the excellence of the German Bitters. Some years since being much afflicted with Dyspepsia, I used them with very beneficial results. I have often recommended them to persons enfeebled by that tormenting disease, and have heard from them the most flattering testimonials as to their great value. In cases of general debility, I believe it to be a tonic that cannot be surpassed.
 J. M. LYONS.
 PRICE—\$1 per Bottle; half dozen, \$5.
 Beware of Counterfeits; see that the Signature 'C. M. JACKSON' is on the WRAPPER of each Bottle.

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, O.E.
 Jan. 14, 1864. 12m.

M. BERGIN,
 MERCHANT TAILOR,
 AND
 MASTER TAILOR
 TO THE
 Prince of Wales' Regiment of Volunteers,
 137 No. 78, McGill Street, (opposite Dr. Bowman's)

WILLIAM H. HODSON,
 ARCHITECT,
 No. 43, St. Bonaventure Street.
 Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at moderate charges.
 Measurements and Valuations promptly attended to.
 Montreal, May 28, 1863. 12m.

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.

THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L.,
 ADVOCATE,
 Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St.

J. P. KELLY, B.C.L.,
 ADVOCATE,
 No. 6, Little St. James Street.
 Montreal, June 12.

CLARKE & DRISCOLL,
 ADVOCATES, &c.,
 Office—No. 125 Notre Dame Street,
 (Opposite the Court House),
 MONTREAL.
 H. J. CLARKE. N. DRISCOLL.

HUDON & CURRAN,
 ADVOCATES
 No. 40 Little St. James Street,
 MONTREAL.

NOTICE.
 Montreal, March 29, 1864.

IN consequence of having (this day) taken into Partnership Mr. JAMES SKELLY, the Business of my Establishment will henceforward be conducted under the name and Firm of T. TIFFIN & CO.
 Returning my sincere acknowledgments for the proofs of confidence with which I have heretofore been favored, I trust that the same will be continued to our new Firm.
 THOMAS TIFFIN.
 4t.

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.
 March 31, 1864.

TO LET,
 DEPOT FOR THE SALE OF THE CELEBRATED
VARENNES WATERS.

THESE WATERS, as a Curative agent in a great number of diseases, are highly efficacious, and are recommended by the most skillful Medical practitioners. As a summer drink, they are most pleasant, salubrious, and refreshing.
 A Lease for the exclusive right of keeping a Depot for the Sale of these Waters, in the principal Cities of the Province, will be granted on liberal conditions, and for any time that may be desired, to commence on the First of May next.
 Application to be made on the spot to the Proprietors, the Grey Nuns of the Hospice Lajemmerais at Varennes.
 March 31, 1864.

CAUTION.

I, the undersigned, Cultivator, of St. Denis, and County of Kamouraska, notify all persons in business, and the public generally, that I will be in no manner responsible for any debts that may be contracted in my name, without the production of a written order signed by myself, in the presence of two witnesses, and recognised as authentic by a Justice of the Peace.
 HYACINTHE GAGNON.
 St. Denis, Co. of Kamouraska,
 24th March, 1864.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

[Established in 1826.]
 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. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a circular. Address
 E. A. & G. R. MENEELY, West Troy, N. Y.

INFORMATION WANTED,
 OF JOHN, MARY and ELIZA KELLY, formerly of the Parish of Brimlin, County Roscommon, Ireland, who emigrated to this country in the year 1845 or '46. They sailed from Liverpool in the ship *Virgin*, bound to Quebec. Any information respecting them will be thankfully received by their brother, Patrick Kelly, New Lexington, Perry County, Ohio, U.S.—Canada papers please copy.

M. 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.
 Manufacture and Keep Constantly on hand:
 Baths, Beer Pumps, Hot Air Furnaces, Showers, Tinware (scales), Water Closets, Refrigerators, Voice Pipe, Lift & Force Pumps, Water Coolers, Sinks, all sizes.
 Jobbing punctually attended to.

WANTED.
 A PERSON, holding an Elementary School Diploma from the Catholic Board of Examiners of Quebec, wishes to obtain a Situation as Tutor or Schoolmaster. Can furnish good references, if required.
 Address, A. B. C., True Witness Office, Montreal.
 April 28, 1864. 2m.

BRISTOL'S 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.



(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.

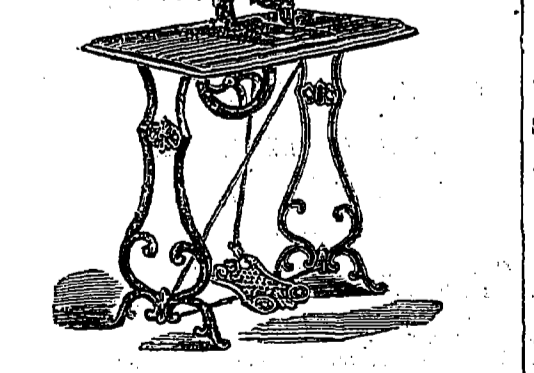
These Pills are prepared expressly to operate in harmony with the greatest of blood purifiers, BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA, in all cases arising from depraved humours or impure blood. The most hopeless sufferers need not despair. Under the influence of these two GREAT REMEDIES, maladies, that have heretofore 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,
 PILES.

For many years these PILLS have been used in daily practice, always with the best results and it is with the greatest confidence they are recommended to the afflicted. They are composed of the most costly, purest and best vegetable extracts and Balsams, such as are but seldom used in ordinary medicines, on account of their great cost, and the combination of rare medicinal properties is such that in long standing and difficult diseases, where other medicines have completely failed, these extraordinary Pills have effected speedy and thorough cures.

Only 25 Cts. per Phial.
 J. F. Henry & Co. 303 St. Paul Street, Montreal, General agents for Canada. Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, A. G. Davidson, Picault & Son, and H. R. Gray.

C. W. WILLIAMS & CO'S UNEQUALLED DOUBLE THREAD



FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
 (MANUFACTURED IN MONTREAL)
 Prices ranging upwards from
Twenty-Five Dollars

BETTER MACHINES for Dress-making and family use have never been made. They are simple, durable, reliable and warranted, and kept in repair one year without charge. First-class, city references given if required.
 Manufactory on PRINCE STREET, Office and Salesroom No. 29 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
 Agents Wanted in all parts of Canada and the Provinces.
 G. W. WILLIAMS & CO.,
 Montreal, Oct. 15, 1863. 12m

BENJAMIN CLEMENT, CARPENTER & JOINER,
 54 St. Antoine Street.
 Jobbing punctually attended to.
 Oct. 9.

NOTICE.
 J. FOURNIER & CO.,
 242 St. Paul Street,
 MONTREAL.

BEG to inform their customers and the public in general that, notwithstanding the damage sustained by them in their Stock, on the 15th instant, they are prepared to meet the demands which may be made to them for Wines of every description—Brandy, Ornamental Glass, &c.
 The whole of the Stock damaged by fire, smoke or water will be disposed of in a SALE by public AUCTION during the course of next week, and will not form any part of the new Stock which Messrs. Fournier & Co. possess, and which at present are deposited in the cellars of Messrs. Freer & Boyd, No. 16 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.
 Messrs. Fournier & Co. also beg to inform the public that a choice collection of Wines, Brandy, Ornamental Glass, Zinc Ware, &c., is expected by them from Europe.
 The Sale of the damaged goods will be advertised beforehand, so as to afford parties living in the country full time to repair to it.
 The Stock about to be disposed of will consist of Gin, Whiskey, Rye Whiskey, Scotch Whiskey, Sherry, Cognac Brandy, French and Spanish Wines, together with Port and Burgundy Port, which are very little damaged by the late fire.
 TERMS LIBERAL:
 Parties desirous of tasting the Wines may do so any day before the Sale, from 8 o'clock in the morning to 6 in the evening. Purchases may also be made in Bond, if required.
 J. FOURNIER & CO.
 Orders, however extensive, promptly executed.
 March 24. 12m

COE'S SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.
 MR. COE has received the following letter from the Reverend Mr. Papineau, of the Bishop's Palace, Montreal:—
 Montreal, March 2nd, 1864.

Sir,—Having been appointed Superintendent, last Spring, of the garden attached to the Bishop's Palace Montreal, I applied to our esteemed Seedsmen, Mr. Evans, for a few pounds of Coe's Super-Phosphate of Lime, in order to judge personally of its fertilizing effects as a manure, and to satisfy myself whether it really deserved the high reputation in which it was commonly held. [I generally distrust the reliability of widely advertised articles.] But now, Sir, I deem it my duty to assure you that the success of the Super-phosphate greatly exceeded my anticipations, and that I believe it to be superior even to its reputation. I planted a piece of very dry, hard and barren land with potatoes and Indian corn, manuring a portion with stable compost, another portion with common kitchen salt, and the remainder with the Super-Phosphate of Lime. The crop gathered from the plot manured with this latter substance was far more abundant, and was taken out of the ground fully ten days earlier than the crops manured with compost and salt. I have used the Super-Phosphate with equal success on onions, cabbages, beans and peas. The Super-Phosphate of Lime, in my opinion, is one of the most powerful and economical fertilizers known for the cultivation of gardens. It does not force all sorts of noxious weeds into existence like stable manure, but on the contrary, imparts rapidity of growth and vigor to the useful herbs. I cannot recommend it too highly to gardeners and others, convinced as I am that they will be well pleased with it.
 Allow me to thank you, Sir, for the powerful fertilizer you sent me, and believe me to be, Sir, Your very humble servant,
 T. V. PAPINEAU, Priest.
 For sale by Law, Young & Co., Lyman, Clave & Co., and Wm. Evans, Montreal.

BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA
 IN LARGE QUART BOTTLES.



The Great Purifier of the Blood,
 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 King's Evil, Old Sores, Boils, Tumors, Abscesses, Ulcers,
 And every kind of Scrofulous and Scabious eruptions.
 It is also a sure and reliable remedy for
 SALT RHEUM, RING WORM, TETTER, SCALD HEAD, SCURVY,
 White Swellings and Neuralgic Affections, Nervous and General Debility of the system, Loss of Appetite, Languor, Dizziness and all Affections of the Liver, Fever and Ague, Bilious Fevers, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague and Jaundice.

It is guaranteed to be the PUREST and most powerful Preparation of
 GENUINE HONDURAS SARSAPARILLA,
 and is the only true and reliable OURE 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.
 The afflicted may rest assured that there is not the least particle of MINERAL, MERCURIAL, or any other poisonous substance in this medicine. It is perfectly harmless, and may be administered to persons in the very weakest stages of sickness, or to the most delicate infants without doing the least injury.
 Full directions how to take this most valuable medicine will be found around each bottle; and to guard against counterfeits, see that the written signature of LANMAN & KEMP is upon the blue label.
 Devins & Bolton, Druggists, (next the Court House) Montreal, General Agents for Canada.—Also, sold at Wholesale by J. F. Henry & Co., Montreal.
 Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray, and Picault & Son.

Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray, and Picault & Son.
 Montreal, Oct. 15, 1863. 12m