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THREE PICTURES AND ONE PORTRAIT.

(From Putnam's Magazine.)

But often as I saw the Countess, and long and freely as we conversed together, she scarcely ever made even the slightest allusion to her past life. Once, when I made some remark about her name of Feodora, she said that she had not always borne it. 'I was received into the Greek Church on my marriage,' she said, 'and was then baptized by that name.' On another occasion, when I spoke of her fondness for art and literature, she answered, 'They were my only solace during many years,' and then instantly changed the conversation. Once, too, while she was displaying to me some drawings by Gustave Dore, she pointed out one which she said had been designed by him at her order. 'I call it my portrait,' she added, with a faint smile.—The drawing, though small, was wonderfully spirited, and the singularity of the design, combined with the excellence of the execution, caused it to make an indelible impression on my memory. It represented a veiled female figure extended on a couch. Around above her fluttered a host of little weeping Cupids, each bewailing some mishap that had befallen their weapons, some trying to sharpen their blunted arrows, while others strove to fasten their broken bow-strings. In striking contrast to these airy forms, a mocking fiend stood beside the lady. With one hand he upheld the veil from the left side of her bosom, while the other pointed with clawed and hideous forefinger at the dark void hollow visible beneath the shapely bust. There was no heart there.

The winter passed away; the warmth and brightness of an Italian Spring returned to gladden the earth; but the health of the Countess did not improve with the change of season, as she had hoped and expected. Her breathing was much oppressed, and her voice at times became utterly inarticulate. Still, though always suffering, she never seemed to be really ill, and she always spoke of her recovery as certain, though unaccountably delayed.

One evening as I was about to enter the Villa Mancini, I found Dr. Leverrier, Madame Orloff's physician, in the act of cutting it. I at once resolved to know the truth, respecting her health.

'Doctor,' I said, 'may I speak a word with you?'

'You may, if the word is a short one and briefly said, for I am in a great hurry,' answered the solemn looking Frenchman, drawing on his gloves as he spoke.

'Is the Countess dangerously ill?'

The Doctor looked fixedly at me for moment.

'If you have any influence over her?' he said, 'persuade her to send for her relatives or friends for she has not long to live. Her disease is not of the lungs, as she fancies, but an affection of the heart of the worst type. I cannot tell her of her condition, for the agitation attendant upon such an announcement would kill her instantly. But, in any event, she will die suddenly, without a moment's warning, before many months—nay, it may be before many weeks elapse.'

He left me; and I, rushing wildly from the house, fled to the deserted sea-shore, and there, prostrate on the sands, I wept out the agony that possessed my soul. It was then, in that moment of supreme anguish, I realized that I loved the Countess—I, the poor, almost unknown artist, loved her—but with a passion as vain, as hopeless, as unrequited, as ever filled a hapless soul with despair.

Time passed on; the spring days grew brighter, sweeter, longer, and the health of Madame Orloff seemed visibly to improve. She was stronger, suffered less, and her rare, sweet smile hovered oftener upon her lips. So marked was the change, that I sought Dr. Leverrier again, in the hope of hearing a reverse of his former opinion; but he merely reiterated what he had already said; and I left him with my new-born hope dying in my heart.

I was after this interview had taken place that I came to the desperate resolution of avowing my love for the Countess. I was perfectly well aware of the social gulf which existed between us, and which separated so widely the wealthy widow of Count Orloff from the poor and almost unknown artist; but I was half-frenzied at the idea of the woman I loved dying alone, among strangers, and tended only by menial hands. 'She may hearken to me,' I argued; 'and in that case I gain the right of a husband, or of a betrothed lover, to watch over the last days of her life, and to soothe the sufferings she may yet endure.' A strange, sad prospect for a young lover, was it not? yet such was my last, my fondest hope.

One beautiful evening in April, I sought her presence, with the avowal of my love trembling upon my lips. I found her, as usual, in the reception room, seated in a half-reclining attitude

on a low couch covered with scarlet satin. A volume of Victor Hugo's poems lay open before her, but she was not reading; her clasped hands rested on the open page, and the vague fixedness of her glance betrayed that her thoughts were far away. She started when I entered, as though aroused from her reverie, but smiled and welcomed me with all her customary courtesy and grace. We conversed for some little time; but her answers were vague and 'distracted,' and, at last, she said:

'I am but a dull companion this evening, Herr Meissner. My thoughts have wandered to the past; and, do what I will, I cannot induce them to return.'

'Shall I leave you, then, gracious Countess?' I stammered, half rising; 'I fear that my presence annoys you.'

'No, oh no! Remain with me, for I would fain speak to you of many incidents whose memory haunts me.' She remained for a few moments as if lost in thought. 'Alice has been a checkered life,' she resumed, 'and cursed with granted prayers. I have been ambitious; but I never formed a wish to wildly aspiring to be rich; and each wish, in its fulfilment, brought a curse. I had youth, beauty, genius; I staked them all in one desperate game, and I won—what! The right to choose the spot where I shall die, and the power to wear such baubles as these,' and she touched with a light, disdainful stroke one of the great solitaire diamond earrings which she habitually wore.

'Are you ill, gracious Countess?' I inquired, anxiously; 'your relations—your friends—'

She interrupted me with a smile.

'I have no relations,' she said; 'and, like Schiller's Mary Stuart, though I have been much loved, unlike her, I have never loved—never; so I have no friends—unless it be yourself, my kind Franz.'

It was the first time she had ever so called me by that name. I would have spoken; the confession of my love was on my lips, but she went on without heeding me.

'Come to me to-morrow,' she said; 'I feel that I am still far from strong, and I must rest. But to-morrow I will tell you the story of my life; and you shall advise me how to repair the errors of the past, and how to live more wisely and less selfishly in future. Ah, I have much to do!—much. I pray that God may grant me length of days.'

'Countess! I cried, rising—'

'Nay, not another,' she said, smiling. 'I am too weary to converse further to-night.—Good-bye, and come to me at noon to-morrow.'

She extended her slender, semi-transparent hand, and I pressed it respectfully to my lips.—Then I left her, but as I passed through the door I turned and looked back. Madame Orloff had sunk back among the scarlet cushions of her couch. Against that glowing back-ground, her pale, beautiful face, dark shining eyes, and glossy hair, shined in the soft lamplight, with a peculiar and picturesque effect. She smiled a farewell to me, and I departed, to dream of her—and to dream, too, that life was worth the living, for that she loved me.

The next morning I reached the Villa Mancini punctually at the appointed hour, but was told by the servants that Madame Orloff had not yet quitted her room.

'Strange!' I exclaimed; 'for I am here at this hour by appointment.'

The servants consulted among themselves; and, at last, Mile. Eulalie, the waiting maid of the Countess, volunteered to go in search of her.

'Perhaps she is still sleeping,' she said; 'for, as she did not ring for me last night, I suppose she sat up half the night reading, as she often does.'

She went, but instantly returned, white as death, and wringing her hands.

'She is not there; her bed has never even been touched! Oh, my mistress—my poor mistress—where is she? What can have happened to her?'

A sudden and terrible fear shot through my heart.

'Seek for her there!' I cried, pointing to the door of the little reception-room.

The door was thrown open. I was the first to enter; and my worst fears were realized.—Pale, lifeless, but still most beautiful, she lay there, just as when I had quitted her; her cold hands still resting on the open volume, and her parting smile yet lingering in unfading loveliness upon her lips. She had died as the doctor had predicted, instantly, without a struggle and without a pang. Ah me! the struggle and the agony were all left for me.

I saw her once again. She lay in her coffin, then, almost concealed by the profusion of flowers with which she was covered. Perfectly beautiful she looked; but her features were calm, with the solemn serenity of Death, and the smile had faded from her lips—those lips whose promised revelations I was never to hear—whose touch, even in death, I was never to know!

The husband's family claimed the remains, and caused them to be transported to Russia, and laid in the family vault. Not even her grave remains to me. All that is left to me of my dead love is the resemblance that smiles upon me from the canvas of Vandyke.

Friends, was I not right in saying that my story was the saddest of the three? To you, Herr Halm, and to you, Herr Keller, the chances of Fate may yet restore your lost ones. Roschen and Ida doubtless yet live. But against me the one decree of Destiny, which never can be reversed, has been pronounced—the woman that I loved is dead!

His voice sank into silence. The last story was ended, and the three thus strangely united, were now to separate. They rose from the table, and Halm extended a hand to each of his guests.

'We may never meet again,' he said; but, from my heart, I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me and in each other, as well as for the friendly sympathy and solace you have given me. One glass more at parting, friends—and so, farewell!'

They parted, and no suspicion of the real bond which united them crossed their minds; that Roschen and Ida Rosen, and the Countess Orloff, were one and the same person. Yet so it was. The last line of each romance was written by the finger of Death, in the cold dust that mouldered in the stately-burial vault of the Orloffs.

AMERICA IN ITS RELATION TO IRISH EMIGRATION.

Almost magical as seem the resources of the painter's art, its power of depicting the subtle beauties, as well as the wonders and the glories of the external world, and representing not merely the actions, but the passions and emotions of men and women, whether they played their part on the great historic stage, or in the drama of domestic life,—still the capability of art is limited and circumscribed. Thus, for example, if a painter take for the subject of his picture a battle, in which miles of country are occupied with contending armies, and whole legions are engaged in active conflict, he can do little more than illustrate the fierceness of the strife by a group in the foreground, on which he lavishes his utmost skill and patience; while the mass of combatants are conveniently enveloped in the dust of charging squadrons, and the smoke of belching batteries; and only by a few vague outlines and dexterous touches are indicated the remote fortunes of the field of carnage, involving, possibly, the liberty of a people, or the supremacy of an empire. I employ this mode of representing the vastness of the subject comprehended within the title of my theme, and to explain the course which I must of necessity adopt on this occasion. Had I a dozen opportunities such as the present, I still could do no more than offer a series of sketches, limited in their scope and imperfect in their detail; so many, so boundless, are the subjects for consideration which America—as the home of millions, and the hope, I regret to say, of millions more of our race—suggests to the mind. I am, at least, in a position not only to appreciate the magnitude of the subject, but my inability to do it the remotest justice; so, therefore, as the painter seeks to fix the attention of the spectator on the prominent group in the foreground, must I confine my attempt and your attention to a few leading points, which, if not most interesting to you, would, in my judgment, be most useful to my countrymen—whom I now address through this assembly.

But, before I consider America as a home for the emigrant, I may, in justice to my convictions, if not to my consistency, answer the question which probably suggests itself to the minds of those who bear me—am I an advocate of Emigration? I am not. Possibly I may be looked upon as shortsighted and unwise, and not capable of taking that large and enlightened view of this great question taken by your mere cold-blooded theorist; but I regard such a migration as that from the shore of Ireland as a national calamity, and a grievous national wrong. Without in any way committing myself to the estimates put forward, and under no mean authority, as to the natural resources of this island, whether developed or latent, and its capability of supporting a far larger population than ever existed on its soil, I can have no doubt whatever that were these natural resources, of which we have been hearing so much, fairly developed, and the native energy of our people stimulated by the best of all incentives—the certainty of reward—this country could, at the very least, support seven millions of human beings in comfort and independence. Our population is now but five millions and a half, and we must look forward to a time, and that by no means remote, when our census returns will exhibit a still more striking decrease in what is considered in all other countries of the world the primal element of a nation's wealth, strength, and power. Far smaller coun-

tries than ours boast of a relatively larger population; and yet from this little island, a mere speck on the world's map, there has poured out a wondrous stream of human life, in a volume and density unparalleled in the annals of the human race, influencing the progress and civilization of other lands to an extent which is simply beyond calculation. From this island has gone forth an amount of human energy, capable of achieving the grandest results; and these it has achieved. It has penetrated the recesses of the forest, subjugated savage wilds, conquered and banished sterility by the magic of industry, dug canals, constructed railroads, erected ocean wharves, and built up cities rivaling in splendor the greatest capitals of the old world. This mighty human power, which so many, even Irishmen, treat with indifference, or regard with contempt, has amazingly assisted the development of the British Colonies, and done more for the United States of America—their progress and civilization—than has been effected for them by any other contribution which that vast continent has as yet received from the teeming lives of Europe. It has hitherto been the blind and fatal policy to get rid of the Irish race as speedily as possible, as incapable of being applied to any useful purpose in their own country; whereas the same physical power—the same power of brain and heart, bone and sinew, strength and endurance—that has achieved so much in other lands—that has created so much wealth for other states—might have been turned to profitable account in the country to which it naturally belonged, and which, to an ordinary mind, would appear to be the legitimate sphere of its operation.

But, unhappily, when emigration seemed to be so easy and so economical a mode of solving a difficult problem, statesmen, or those who were styled such, took little heed of what would have rendered emigration unnecessary, or seriously diminished its annual flow; and thus, to this very hour, we witness a state of things, affecting the far greater portion of the population, which offers but little inducement to our people to remain at home, and is not calculated to counterbalance the attractions that America holds out to the hopes of the young, the ardent, and the adventurous. Special circumstances, principally owing to the vicissitudes of trade and commerce, consequent upon revolution and war, may for the time influence the tide of emigration from Ireland; but considering that so many millions of our people are at the other side of the Atlantic, and that, as a rule, every Irish family at home has at least one member in that land whose name is a household word, and a harbinger of hope, in the remotest cabin, or glen, or mountain side, it is too probable that an exhausting stream will still continue to flow from our shores, unless some potent styptic be applied, and promptly too, to check this fatal waste of a nation's life-blood. This, at any rate, is not a matter of sentiment, but of national existence or extinction; and I can now only express an earnest hope, that our people may be so dealt with, so justly and so wisely governed, that this vital current may be arrested before it be too late,—ere the pallor of utter exhaustion banishes for ever the bloom of health and life that still flushes the fair face of our dear motherland. But to check emigration, or confine it within safe and natural limits, the public sentiment respecting its use and value must be changed; and those who exercise influence, whether for evil or for good, must be brought to understand that its people are a nation's wealth; that labor is capital; that human energy is so much creative power; and that every emigrant ship that steams out of an Irish harbor with three or four hundred sorrowful yet hopeful young men, and tearful but blooming and strong-hearted women, robs Ireland, their God-given home, of so much capital, wealth, and power. We have too often had occasion to pray that Heaven might change the hearts of our rulers. We should rather pray that the hearts of Irishmen should be changed, and their minds enlightened to the truth,—that a certain class of landlords and agents should abandon their hateful and unchristian theories, which are not only inconsistent with the history and experience of mankind, but opposed to the mercy and wisdom of Divine Providence. We must look no longer to Emigration as the solution of a great State problem; we must seek for it rather in the natural and beneficent results of justice and fair dealing between nation and nation, people and people, man and man.

From what I have said, I need scarcely add that I am not an advocate of Emigration. I, however, know it to be inevitable; and therefore I deal with it as an evil which I cannot prevent, but which I would render as little evil as possible.

That the vaguest and most extraordinary notion, should be entertained by our people of America, as a field of adventure and ultimate home for the emigrants, ought not to be a matter of surprise to those who give the subject a

moment's thought. Separated from this island of ours by nearly three thousand miles of tempestuous ocean, but few, comparatively, of those who leave Ireland with the intention of settling in America, return to it again; and among those who do return—to revisit old scenes and once familiar objects, to behold their relatives or the friends of their youth, or to lay their bones in the sacred graves of their kindred—the greater number have been more or less fortunate in the battle of life, and love to boast of their honorable success, and praise the country which rewarded the perseverance of their industry, or the prudence of their speculations. Then, for nearly half a century—more remarkably for the last quarter of a century—there has been received in this country from America an annual tribute richer than that which conquered nations poured into the exchequer of ancient Rome; and this wondrous heart-offering of the exiled to parents and kindred in the old country, has naturally imparted to America a kind of golden splendor, when beheld through the bright medium of youthful hope, or the sanguine anticipations of the needy and the reckless. Yet, if one could see how the money thus sent across the Atlantic was worked for, toiled for, slaved for—how much of it was taken from comfort—nay, denied to absolute necessity—the sight would tend much to remove false impressions, and dispel dangerous delusions. The Irish are a people of singular natural refinement and delicacy of feeling; and however low we go down in the social scale, we find among them an exquisite tenderness for the susceptibilities of those on whom they confer a gift, or for whom they make a sacrifice, which is not to be found to the same degree in any other race. Thus, though the five, or the ten, or the twenty dollar draft has been saved from the scanty earnings of the young adventurer,—oftentimes a mere boy or girl, whom a hard fate or an enterprising spirit sent from home at a tender age,—or though it may have been pinched from the wants of a growing family, there is no accompanying word of grudgingness, no suggestion of self-sacrifice, to diminish the value of the gift, or mar the enjoyment by enhancing the obligation of the recipient; and the sympathizing neighbors estimate the wonderful prosperity of Mary, or Bridget, Pat, or Maurice, by the liberal remittance sent at Christmas and Easter to the old people at home. Many such offerings are made from abundance, but many more are consecrated by the keenest privation and the most exalted self-sacrifice.

I myself have seen, in Eastern and in Western cities of the Union, the day-laborer enter the money-broker's office, accompanied by his humbly but decently clad wife or sister; and I soon learned, through a few questions put to them, in a friendly and respectful spirit, that affection, not prudence, justified the largeness of the remittance which, with a heart's blessing and a pious "God speed," they forwarded to Ireland—to cheer the poverty of the father or mother; to keep the roof over the old people in their failing years; or to help a young sister or brother, until big enough and strong enough to cross the ocean, and commence the world on their own account.

I was told of hundreds and hundreds of incidents connected with these remittances to Ireland, as full of tenderness and pathos as a poem of Longfellow's; and while I listened to the recital of these deeds of modest heroism, I knew not which to admire most—the lavish generosity of the frequent gift, the beautiful affection that inspired it, or the sublime self-sacrifice through which it was laboriously hoarded up—denied not merely to the promptings of youthful vanity and the allurements of pleasure, but to the requirements of health, and even the cravings of hunger. It is true, passage-money and pocket-money, and money for the payment of the rent, and the purchase of clothing for the family at home, are sent by the fortunate settler on the land, when he converts the surplus produce of his farm into gold or currency; it is true that the prosperous trader is not forgetful of those whom he left after him in that land which is ever bright in his memory; but the bulk of what is sent is contributed by those who live in towns, and the majority of whom are employed in the rudest labor and the humblest drudgery. But every dollar that is received in Ireland, come from whom it may, earned how it may, given at what cost of discomfort or privation—every dollar strengthens the conviction that there is nothing in America but prosperity, and that the simple act of crossing the ocean is all that is required to endow the successful traveller, who lands safely on any part of the soil of the New World, with the purse of Fortunatus, and unlimited command of the luxuries as well as the enjoyments of life. To deal honestly with this fond delusion, is a duty due to those whose destiny is to cross that mighty waste of waters which has long since become a highway rather than a barrier.

As a home for the emigrant, of whatever country, America offers an unfailing and unlimited resource. It is humanly impossible to

estimate the prodigious vastness of the United States, not speaking of the British Provinces of North America. We may form some vague notion of the gigantic whole by referring to a single State as an illustration, and comparing it with what is most familiar to our own mind. If we look to California—that State whose golden sands are washed by the Pacific, and in which the Irish emigrant has marvellously thriven—we find that the quantity of land, or millions of acres, yet unsurveyed, exceeds in extent the entire area occupied by England and Scotland, Ireland, and the Channel Islands. America is capable of receiving, without inconvenience, the surplus population of the Old World; and possibly in the desig of Providence, it may be her destiny to do so. Everything belonging to America is on a scale of grandeur unknown to European experience. Her rivers, flowing for thousands of miles from their source, and passing through various climes; here reflecting the hardy pine in their clear waters, there sweeping through the region of the cotton and the sugar cane, and whirling along in their impetuous current masses of rich soil, teeming with the exuberance of tropical vegetation—her lakes, inland seas, on which tall ships are wrecked, and over whose storm-swept surface a mighty stream of traffic and commerce is continually borne, and compared to which our most boasted lakes are as the ornamental ponds in a gentleman's park—her plains, to cross which in safety is at once a peril and a triumph, and to which the railway, with its comfort and its speed, is almost as necessary as the Cunard or the Inman steamship is to the Atlantic—its forests, seemingly limitless, through which, in many districts, one may pass for an entire day without seeing aught beyond an occasional shanty, or the first rude outline of a future town, ere long to become the busy lair of man; forests, presenting a strange semblance to the economy of human life—youth occupying the place of age, vigor of decay—the sturdy tree of yesterday's growth, with spreading limbs and head crowned with leafy splendor, shooting up amidst the gaunt frames and blanched crests of withered old age—its iron treasures disdaining, as it were, to lie hidden in the bowels of the earth, and lifting themselves above the soil with the bulk and elevation of a mountain—its coal-fields by many times exceeding those which Europe lights her myriad furnaces, borrows her wondrous motive power—one may say the very breath and life of her civilization and her power—and derives the cherished comfort of the domestic hearth. Nor are the people of America unworthy of the country they occupy, or unequal to the destiny that manifestly awaits them.

Perhaps there is no people in the world with a stronger faith in the power of human energy, and as a consequence, a truer conception of the dignity of human labor. The Americans do not despise—far from it—the reflected lustre of a staid ancestry, nor the distinction transmitted through the statesman or the patriot, the warrior or the poet; but they are not ashamed to admit—rather, they glory in proclaiming—that the hand now wearing on it the most delicate kid of Paris, was once horny with honest toil; or that the sturdy shoulders on which glisten the finest broadcloth of the looms of Yorkshire, were once protected from the cold of winter by the rude garb of the day-laborer. This respect for industry, and reverence for the skill of the brain, the cunning of the hand, and the sweat of the brow, should put to shame the miserable snobbery of the Old World; in which contemptible weakness we Irish—and I acknowledge it with profound humiliation—share far too largely for our credit and our country's advantage. For skill in invention, readiness of resource, perseverance in industry, boldness in enterprise, courage under difficulty, no people surpass the Americans.

But there is something more grand and striking in the American people—which will shed the brightest glory on their annals, and which I witnessed with astonishment and admiration,—how, almost instantaneously after the boom of the last hostile gun was heard on their stupendous battle-fields, the sword was turned into the ploughshare; and how soldiers, bronzed in war, and hardened in well-nigh ceaseless conflict, laid down their animosities with their weapons, and quietly and without ostentation, resumed the profession, the trade, the industry, from which the shrill maadate of the trumpet had summoned them to the dangers and the glories of the camp. And of the various nationalities that in their aggregate constitute the population of America, there were none who, under both flags—Union and Confederate—fought with more splendid valor or more desperate heroism, or who, when the deadly strife was at an end, desired more earnestly to bury its bitter memories in patriotic and Christian oblivion, than those of our own race and blood.

You would naturally pronounce that man mad who ventured to sea in a vessel without a rudder or helm to guide her course. Scarcely less demented is he who rushes to America without having a distinct object and purpose in view. The sea in its anger is not more fatal to him who is unprepared to brave its storms, than is America to the emigrant who is unskilled to fight his way against difficulties, or who carries his special aptitudes or distinctive qualifications to the wrong place, or to the pursuit or employment for which he is unfit, or not prepared by previous training. To this want of proper forethought, this luckless selection of the wrong place and the wrong pursuit, more than to any other cause, must be traced, not only the thousands of disastrous wrecks of hope and energy that are to be perpetually witnessed in the great cities of America, but the discredit which is so often brought upon the Irish name and character. It would appear almost idle to repeat that which everybody knows—that Ireland is an agricultural country; that the bulk of her population have been born amidst green fields; that the grateful sounds of nature and the pleasant scenes of rural life, were those which first arrested their attention; that the plough and the harrow, the spade and the sickle, were the implements most familiar to their hands; that the cultivation of the soil—not the most ancient and most dignified, certainly the most useful of all human occupations—was that to which they had been unconsciously trained, as well by the necessary operations of the revolving seasons, as by the example of those who went before them. In their own country, the thoughts and feelings of the Irish are centred in the soil. The strongest passion of the heart of the Irish peasant is his love of the land on which his fathers lived and toiled; his most ambitious hope is to be able to transmit, not even its possession, but its occupation, to his children and his children's children, an inheritance only less sacred than that of his faith. Nor in other countries does

his love of the land desert the Irishman; for whenever he becomes possessed of what he so much covets at home, he clings to it with a desperate tenacity—roots himself into it, and becomes, as it were, incorporate with the very soil. The American will coolly surrender to the readiest bidder his farm, whether wholly or partially cleared, and push on to a new scene of action, which affords a wider field for his energies, or a more favorable provision for his family; but the Irishman—Irish-born—will never voluntarily relinquish the land he has redeemed from the wilderness, or purchased with his hard-earned savings. He will add to his farm, if he can; if frugality and thrift and stern self-denial will accomplish his object; but give it up, even to a good buyer and pass on in search of a new home, he will not. How, then, comes it that a rural people, a people whose love of the land is a passion at home, do not, when they emigrate, turn instinctively to the land—to the limitless plains and forests of the New World, that woo and wait for the sturdy energy of a vigorous and hardy race? Why is it that they rush to the cities, whose population they unduly swell, and whose resources, of labor and employment, they strain far beyond their utmost capacity? There were many causes—some of them independent of his own wishes or action, some to which he too easily yielded—that controlled the movements and influenced the destiny of the Irish emigrant in times past, yet not remote. I can but barely enumerate, not describe, some of these many causes to which I am owing what I—in common with very many of the best and wisest of our kindred, who have spoken to me in America, or who had written to me since on this special subject—regard as a calamity inexplicably sad and grievous. Enormous masses of our people were driven across the ocean, either by the pressure of poverty, or the resistless logic of the road of starvation, or the circumstances under which they left their own country, and the little means they possessed on landing in America, and which rendered the impossibility of their making their way to places where they were most required, and where their labor would have yielded them the best return, it is not to be wondered at that too large a proportion of them stopped in the towns and cities, and were absorbed in their populations. Even where the emigrant possessed both money and enterprise, fraud, in too many instances, succeeded in robbing him of the one, and paralyzing the other; for fraud, in various cunning guises, but ever inspired by villainous greed, dogged the footsteps of the emigrant in the streets of Liverpool, followed him in the steerage of the crowded sailing ship, met him with smiling face and friendly accents on the wharves of New York, pursued him to his lodging-house, and, with the bogus railway or steamboat ticket, and false money, struck him the last blow as he strove to make his way to the land, and escape from the temptations and perils of the city. Then the ready employment to be had where houses were being built, and works of various kinds were constantly in progress; the facility of attending his place of worship, and of educating his children; with the love of the Irish for association and fellowship—these causes and others, including the natural fascinations of a town life to the mind of the simple peasant, let to that habit so fatal to our countrymen, and—I say it in solemn seriousness—so disastrous to the honor of our name and country. No doubt, many of those who were thus thrown on the American seaboard, and whose power of pushing on to the land was denied by poverty, or crippled by fraud, found a home and made a fortune in the great cities. These were, however, the fewer in number; and they owed their success to good conduct, patient industry, indomitable perseverance, and not a little to specially favorable circumstances. But the greater number became, what they still remain, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water; while too large a proportion of those whose lot was henceforth that of hard toil and scanty recompense, affected materially by depression of business, panic in trade, and even the inclemency of the seasons—fell lower in the social scale, and were to be heard of most frequently in the haunts of vice and dissipation; until at length, broken in health and lost in character, they flung themselves as a dead weight on the public charities, or became absorbed in the worst or most dangerous class in the community. It is true, there is scarcely a town in America—in the British Provinces or the States—in which are not to be found prosperous Irishmen, many of whom came out poor as Job, their only capital being health, strength, and willingness to work at anything that offered an honest employment. In no few cities of America the Irish possess considerable wealth, and exercise much influence; and in every profession, business, pursuit and occupation, they take a prominent and creditable place. There was not a place in which I stopped for a day in which the property owned by Irishmen, and humble Irishmen too, was not pointed out to me with pride by a countryman—the 'lot' just purchased, and certain ere long to be twice its then value—or the lot whose value had been amazingly enhanced by the rapid growth of town or city. It is true that prosperous and independent Irishmen are to be met with everywhere in America, and that a vast number of them enjoy an honorable and even distinguished position in their adopted country; but it is equally true that many, many thousands, are socially and morally wrecked in the foul waters of the great cities—lost, utterly and irremediably lost, through the first and fatal error of not having sought the right place for their industry.

Nothing is more natural than prejudice of race and country. This exists in America as it does in Europe—as it does in these countries. And when the American sneers at the Irish, from any motive—possibly one of party, possibly one of religion—he thinks only of those who are not a credit to their race; while he gives no consideration to that noble army of patient workers, to the multitudes of good and useful citizens who, by their virtues and their industry, add to the greatness of America, and reflect lustre on the country of their birth. Now, I would, if possible, prevent that which, more than any cause of which I am aware, tends to lower the Irish in the esteem of the American; by counselling those who will emigrate, to seek the right place for their industry and capacity; and imploring my countrymen in America who possess influence, to employ it in inducing those still capable of freeing themselves from the allurement of a town life, and who have the heart to face the temporary trials and difficulties incidental to making a home on the land, to do so without loss of time.

And not only in the great cities of America, but in the great cities of England and Scotland—in mines, and factories, and workshops, as on wharves and highways—employed in the rudest and most precarious labor—are myriads of Irish who, had they, or those of them who could have done so, at once turned their faces to the forests and plains of America, instead of crossing a narrow channel, and contenting themselves with a miserable lot, would now be in independent circumstances, with a brighter prospect for their old age than the cold charity of a parish, or, more probable still, eventual transmission to their native union, there to moulder away in a workhouse-ward, and rot in a pauper's grave. If I would advise any of my countrymen to emigrate, it would be those to whom I now refer—who, having abandoned the healthful labor of the field, sought ungenial employment, amidst unsympathizing communities. I have seen Irishmen in America who had the resolution to quit Glasgow, or Liverpool, or Manchester, or London, where they had no chance of doing any permanent good for themselves and their families, and who went bravely out on the land in search of a home—I have seen them contented and prosperous, respected for their worth and industry; and I have heard them bless the hour they listened to those who counselled them to their fortunate change of scene and occupation. Were it possible for men to do so, I would take my countrymen

from where their virtues are unappreciated, their manners are derided, and their simplicity of character suffers rapid and fearful deterioration. I would inspire them, in the midst of their rude and thankless toil, with the sustaining hope of social redemption. I would urge them to save and hoard in preparation for this great venture—and though a few of those who tried the experiment might falter or fail in the attempt, I feel satisfied that the majority would succeed in creating an independence for themselves, and laying the foundation of prosperous families. No doubt some resolutions are necessary for a humble working man to venture on so great a change; but where there is the will there is also the way; and that way has led to the good fortune of hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, who were as poorly furnished with the world's wealth as those of their class who now live from hand to mouth in the cities and great towns of England and Scotland. To them, as to their brethren similarly circumstanced in America—that is, those who were born on the land, and trained from their youth to its cultivation—I would say, in God's name, and for the sake of your own and children's happiness, shake the dust of the city from your feet and turn your footsteps to the homes which you can make yours by little more of toil or trial, or suffering, than you had to endure in occupations which have left you small recompense, and no hope for the future.

I do not assume to myself the responsibility of advising my countrymen, who are bent on emigrating, where they ought to go. I but desire to impress upon them the danger—nay, the disastrous consequence—of not going to the right place. There is no difficulty whatever in obtaining land in America. It abounds in all directions. It is to be had everywhere—in every State, in every county, in every district. There are farms to be had, either partially or wholly cleared; farms too small for the necessity or ambition of their proprietors; or farms which their owners consider exhausted, but which the Irishman knows how to bring back to condition. Then there are Government lands, to be had at the lowest prices or on the simplest conditions—to be had, in fact, for their mere occupation; and lands in the possession of railroad companies, or less moderate terms, but with the advantage of facilities for the transit of agricultural produce. In every State the settler will meet with a friendly welcome. States now vie with each other in representing their rival attractions and advantages. Southern States, I know, ardently desire some share of that priceless stream of human wealth which is enriching other portions of the Union. They long for some of that fresh energy which is driving back the forest, and carving civilization into the depths of the wilderness—that is building up cities and forming thriving communities thousands of miles from where the wave of European emigration first touches the eastern shores of the New World. I do not venture to indicate the State to which the emigrant should direct his steps, nor the description of land which he ought to select. I simply say, any State, any land—anything, or anywhere, rather than the city, its dangerous fascinations, its deadly contamination—anything, or anywhere, for the Irish peasant who leaves his own home with the bloom of health on his cheek, and a simple purity of the country in his mind and heart, rather than the precarious occupation of a day-laborer in a crowded city, and the costly occupation of a garret or a cellar in a tenement-house. Some will recommend prairie land; others timber and prairie; others forest. The medium appears to be the best. But let the emigrant face the gloomiest forest that ever shrouded the earth with its leafy horror, and with his bold eye open its recesses to the sunlight; and the sturdy pioneer of civilization will in a few years have a result—home and independence—such as the longest and hardest life of toil in city or in town could never achieve for him. To any one who has the means of living in his own country, I say do not go across the ocean in search of a home; but to those who are bent on going, and who will go, and whom no advice or prayer can influence to remain, I say—push on bravely, and do not linger a moment more than necessary in a city lodging-house. If he is to go, let it be at the right time, when the soft breath of Spring is freeing the earth from the shackles of the rigorous Winter, and agricultural servants are at a premium. If he land at New York, as he most likely will, he may learn, at the office in the Castle Garden, where there is a demand for labor such as has been accustomed to; and if he is without money to push on at once to the place of his ultimate destination, a few months' saving of his pay as a farm-hand will enable him to go further, until he reaches the spot that he finds to suit him, or which he has marked out in his own mind as the scene of his future exertions. I repeat where there is the will, there is the way also to be the way.

The path of the modern emigrant may still be rough, but it is no longer encumbered with the difficulties that beset his predecessor of fifty, or thirty, or even twenty years since. There are facilities of travel in every direction, of steamboat and of rail; and no emigrant whatever by his creed, need now fear that in any part of Canada or the States he will be far from the reach of the ministrations of his church. In former times, many a humble Irishman trudged his ten and twenty miles through forest track—frequently with a child by his side or on his back—to listen to the voice of his clergyman on the Sunday; and in former times too, the priest or the minister had to make periodical circuits of hundreds of miles to teach and console his scattered flock. It is only in a very rare instance that such a state of things, or anything approaching to it, is to be met with the present day; for let the emigrant turn his footsteps where he may, he is almost certain to find a church, a pastor and a congregation, within easy reach. Education also follows the march of the pioneer; and there is little fear that the youth of the country will grow up without that knowledge which, aided by the holler teaching of his home, fits him for the duties of citizenship, and prepares him for the battle of life. Thus there is no excuse for the agricultural emigrant to linger in the city, and risk the influence of its contagion.

I have seen the Irishman who came out a peasant, with nothing whatever but his strength and his acquaintance with rural life—who manfully faced the forest with his axe, and with his own hand erected the first shelter with the branches of the tree that fell beneath his sturdy blows—I have seen him in the midst of modest affluence, surrounded by his children and his grandchildren, not a few of whom had been educated in colleges of repute, and were filling positions of credit, or preparing for a learned profession. I have beheld this venerable Irishman in his American home, crowned with the simple dignity of the patriarch, and honored by his offspring, who were proud of his worth, his energy, and his success; and as I viewed this picture of the happy lot of the Irishman who made the wise selection in the supreme moment of his destiny, I thought to myself, what would have been his fate and theirs, had he remained in the city, instead of having gone into the country, for which he was fitted by habit and by sympathy?

While the main purpose of this address is to appeal to the agricultural emigrant, and, so far as voice and counsel of mine can do so, to guide him to the proper place for his special industry, I must not omit a word of advice to a class of adventurers who have to encounter even greater peril than have those whose only capital is their physical strength. I would earnestly caution those who leave their home in search of situations, and who, with the sanguine credulity of youth, believe that there are to be had for the mere application in any of the great cities of America, against the terrible danger of delay. I would warn them against exhausting what little money they possess, in their search for what they consider would most suit their talent or capacity; or indulging in the Mieswether policy—waiting for something to turn up—while their clothes are wearing out at the elbows, and whitening at the seams, and their boots are

falling alike in upper and in sole. My solemn advice—based upon a multitude of cases, many full of sorrow, many full of comfort—is that they should grasp at any employment rather than wait on from day to day, rising in the morning with declining hope, and lying down at night with sickening despair. Clothes will become shabby, so will boots, so will hats, almost as rapidly as the last dollar will melt into the last cent; and then what is to become of the helpless stranger, far away from home and friends? For the respectable, tenderly reared young Irishman, I can conceive nothing more sad or terrible than to be caught in such a dilemma as this. Let him rather accept any employment, however rude, however foreign to his taste or repugnant to his pride—anything that, being honest, will give him the means of living, and thus of waiting in safety for the right time and favorable opportunity. I have the pleasure of knowing Irishmen in various parts of America, holding excellent positions, and standing well in public esteem, who had to put their native pride under foot, and do work of which they never dreamed themselves capable until the necessity for doing it became inexorable. They drove carts, trundled barrows, rubbed down horses; they attended mechanics; they worked with the spade and crowbar; they earned and saved the punctually-paid dollars, and were ever on the watch to do better—to rise out of their lowly position, and assume that for which they were slowly by education and previous training. Nor did they watch in vain; for they now enjoy an independence, not the less sweet, nor the less honorable, because of early trial and momentary humiliation.

To the striver, and the man with small capital, I would suggest, whether it might not be more prudent to turn towards the new States and rising cities, rather than crowd the places in which competition is keener, and chances are necessarily fewer. What the famous cities were some years ago, rising cities are at the present day; and with 'lots' to be still had on favorable terms, but which must increase enormously in value with the progress of the city and the district—are, in my judgment, best for the adventurer; unless as may possibly be the case, work, or the opportunity of investment awaits him in one of the old places, where he has friends who are willing to assist and help him. I know many wealthy Irishmen who were fortunate enough to pitch their tent in the midst of a rising city, and whose silence is mainly owing to their judicious selection and wise forethought.

But there is one class to whom America can only afford a shameful grave—drunkards. Let the drunkard remain at home, where sorrowing relatives will throw the veil of family affection over his errors, and a compassionate people will speak tenderly of his madness. Let him seek the shade amidst those who know him in better days, and die amidst the prayers of those who tried in vain to wean him from disgrace. But let him not bring his shame to America, or add to the number of those who bring discredit to the name of Irishman. He can do no good in America, but much evil. No one will trust him, or employ him; and so surely as he ventures amidst strangers, with his miserable infatuation, he will find himself spurned, despised, walked over—trampled into the mire of the most abject poverty and degradation. For the sober, self-respecting Irishman, America has everywhere a welcome; but for the drunkard, there is nothing but scorn and contempt, failure and despair. If he cannot cure himself at home, let him remain there; let him not do dishonor to his name and race in a new country.

I have now done my task, with what imperfection of manner no one can be more conscious than I am. I might possibly have sought to enliven this address with illustrations of a humorous and cheerful nature; but I confess I was too much in earnest in my intention, and the subject is also too grave for mere amusement. I brought no stronger impression with me from America than that which I have sought to communicate to my hearers; and I do not regret to have done so with greater solemnity by the worthiest and most distinguished of my countrymen, from the day I landed in Halifax, to the day I left New York, than that of warning those who were yet to leave Ireland from the dangers of overcrowded cities, and advising them, to push on to the land, as people of other nationalities have done, and continue to do, with system and success. The Irish have done much for America, as America has for the Irish race; but the Irish could do much more for America, and infinitely more for their own fame and honor, if those whose youth was spent amidst the green fields and beautiful hills and valleys of their native home, would turn with strong and grateful hearts to the new lands which Providence has prepared for their reception, and has specially fitted them to conquer, cultivate, and enjoy.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN ON THE PROPOSED COLLECTION FOR THE FAMILIES OF THE FENIAN PRISONERS.

The following letter appeared in the Freeman's Journal of Saturday 13th ult. V. Rev. BRETTEN—A notice has just been sent to me by the honorary secretary of a body called the Central Amnesty Committee, that they propose to make a collection at the doors of all the Catholic churches in Ireland in favour of the lately released Fenian prisoners and their families. The secretary adds that he is instructed to ask for my co-operation in carrying out this humane act in the diocese on St. Patrick's Day, a request which has surprised me as no one inquired whether I approved of this undertaking or not. In reply to the request, conveyed to me in the name of the Amnesty Committee, I beg you will announce to your flock, if you think it necessary, that I will take no part in this movement, and that I will give no permission, direct or indirect, for the proposed collection at our churches. You all recollect that within the last eight years I repeatedly exhorted the Fenians, in season and out of season, to withdraw from the evil course on which they had entered, and cautioned them against the dangers to which they were exposing themselves, their families, and the country. I often informed them that they could not be admitted to the sacraments unless they renounced Fenianism, and that if they remained in the brotherhood they would incur the same censures as Ribbonmen, Freemasons, and members of all other secret societies, and that, like them, they would be cut off as rotten branches from the Church. And here I must bear testimony to the zeal with which you, rev. brethren, co-operated with me in preventing the spread of condemned societies, and to the charity with which you laboured to preserve every member of your flocks from danger or destruction. Thanks be to God, you have not laboured in vain. Your children, in general, listened to you in a spirit of docility and obedience, and hence you had the happiness of observing that the revolutionary contagion spread very little among them. However, there were some who displayed a different spirit; deluded by a false patriotism, or carried away by the revolutionary spirit of the age, they disregarded the paternal exhortations of their pastors, set at naught their counsels, and put at defiance the censures of the Church. Every one knows what sad consequences followed. Some misguided people were induced to take up arms and to assail the public forces, but the scenes which took place in the neighborhood of Dublin, at Tallaght, and elsewhere, soon proved that they had not the remotest chance of success, and an opportunity was given to the enemies of the country to taunt the Irish with being fools, ready to embark in a hopeless enterprise, and onwards prepared to fly as soon as the first shot should be fired. All this is now passed, the clouds that menaced the country have been dissipated, and Ireland is in so peaceful a state that those who had been sentenced to a long and painful imprisonment happily have been, or are about to be, liberated by the clemency of Her Majesty's Government. Prudence, in my opinion, ought to have suggested to their friends to allow those whose fathers had been struck off to pass quietly through the

world, to turn to some useful occupation, to endeavor to retrieve past losses by attending to industrial pursuits. The liberated prisoners being very few in number, could easily have provided for themselves. It was not to be supposed that there were in immediate want, for the Amnesty Committee is said to have allotted to each of them a sum of money sufficient to meet present emergencies, and besides, it was stated in the public papers some time ago that large sums had been sent from America, for the use of their families. On one occasion I recollect having seen in a single acknowledgment that a thousand pounds had been received for the same purpose. However, some friends, apparently very indiscreet, not satisfied with all this, have determined to undertake a collection in all the churches of Ireland, and they have fixed on St. Patrick's Day for holding it in this diocese. I am always unwilling to oppose anything tending to relieve human misery and purporting to be in the name of charity; but I cannot look on the present movement as coming from the pure spirit of charity. In the first place, the small number of liberated prisoners, scarcely forty in all, who are in want of assistance, forbids us to suppose that a general collection through all Ireland is intended as a mere measure of relief. It seems rather to be a political stratagem to obtain from the country a mark of approbation of the conduct of the released prisoners, and an admission to the cause for which they suffered. Perhaps there is something more in it. Is it not an attempt to stultify the Catholic clergy by making them identify themselves with Fenianism, which they have constantly opposed for many years, and inducing to sanction secret societies, repeatedly denounced from their altars, as under the anathemas of the Church, and most dangerous and destructive. Besides, as charity is disclaiming, it is to be remembered that in this city there are tens of thousands of widows and orphans, distressed artisans, traders unsuccessful in business, sick and indigent roomkeepers, all pining away in direful misery, brought on, not by their own faults or crimes, but by the uncertain course of human events or the calamity of the times. Should not the claims of those classes so worthy of compassion, be preferred to the demands of others who blindly have rushed into danger, and despising the counsels of friends and the authority of superiors, have brought ruin and misfortune upon themselves? These few observations appear to me, Rev. Brethren quite sufficient to mark out for us the course which we ought to follow in reference to the course of which we are now treating. Before I conclude you will allow me to add that at present we congratulate the country, though it has still much to suffer, on being free from crime and from secret and illegal combinations. The measures proposed by the Prime Minister for the welfare of Ireland, if adopted by parliament, will improve our condition, and largely contribute to spread contentment and produce harmony among all classes. Still, to assist in obtaining so important an object we must be watchful lest the cockle should spring up again, and it will be useful to remind our flocks from time to time that all who enrol themselves in secret societies tending to overthrow the true Church or civil society, such as Fenians, Ribbonmen, and Freemasons, are condemned by the Church and subjected to excommunication and other ecclesiastical penalties. It will be also well to inculcate on your hearers that the best patriots are those who properly discharge the duties of their state of life, who live in a Christian manner, and who, when seeking for the redress of the many grievances of their country determine to avoid every thing injurious to their neighbor, or contrary to the law of God.—Wishing you every blessing, I remain your faithful servant.

† PAUL CARD. CULLIN, Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin, 12th March, 1869.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

March 8.—The circumstances under which the Monaghan Assizes have been suddenly wound up have excited very general dissatisfaction, and will probably form a subject of inquiry in 'another place.' It is stated to be the first instance on the circuit in which a challenge to the array on the ground of partiality in the Sheriff has been offered, or, at least, sustained. The fact that another prisoner belonged to the opposite party had been acquitted made the friends of the prisoner on whose behalf the challenge was taken more vigilant and suspicious. McKenna the accused, was indicted for a murder committed on the night of the polling at the county Monaghan election. The deceased was an Orangeman, and the society of which he was a member took an active interest in the prosecution. The grounds of challenge were, in substance, that the panel had been partially prepared and unqualified persons put on by the High Sheriff and Sub-Sheriff, who were alleged to belong to the Orange Society and to be subscribers to the funds. Counsel for the Crown traversed all the grounds, except the statement that the Sub-Sheriff was an Orangeman. As the Sub-Sheriff is the officer who really prepares the lists, the fact is suggestive. The two persons appointed to try the challenge were the first who answered to their names from the jurors' list and happened to be both Catholics. In stating his objection to the panel Mr. Butt, Q. C. relied chiefly upon the disproportion of Catholics to Protestants. He remarked that official returns prove that the Catholics of the county number 30,000; while the Protestants of all denominations number only 30,000. With a panel of 230, if the Crown chose to exercise its right the prisoner's privilege of challenge would be of little avail. The jury would generally be selected from the first 70 names, and here the names had been so arranged that there were only seven Catholics in the first 70. A still more remarkable feature in the panel was that the jurors were selected from a low class of farmers, the most likely to be influenced by party prejudice. The district master and another member of the Orange Society were examined and swore that the High Sheriff was not an Orangeman, but the Sub-Sheriff was. There were about 30 lodges in the county, but they knew nothing of any subscription to carry on the prosecution. The attorney for the defence deposed to the facts stated by Mr. Butt. Captain O'Connell, the High Sheriff, swore that he was not an Orangeman or subscriber to the funds of the society. Mr. Mitchell, the Sub-Sheriff, explained that 'it was purely by accident' that so few Catholics were in the first 70 names. He could not tell how many Orangemen were on the panel, but could not swear that there were not 100. Mr. Justice Morris, in charging the jury, observed that discrepancy in the proportion of Protestants as Roman Catholics was not a matter of inquiry. A stupid Catholic should not be summoned because he was a Catholic, nor a stupid Protestant because he was a Protestant, merely to preserve the proportion, and he saw no reason to complain that the panel was large. He also told them that would form no disqualification for their respective offices if the Sheriff or Sub-Sheriff was a member of the Orange Society. The finding of the trial in favour of the challenge excited no little interest, and will afford ample grounds for further comment upon the theory and practice of jury picking in Ireland.—Times Cor.

THE COUNTY MONAGHAN JURY PANEL.—There is considerable interest among the ascendancy party in the county Monaghan. The game of years has been spoiled. The long panel prepared for the assizes has been quashed. Some persons say it was packed to convict the Catholics, but we will not go to that extent. At all events it has been quashed. Two respectable men have declared on their oaths that they were not impartially arrayed. Major O'Connell, the High Sheriff, declared that the fault was not his. Mitchell, the sub-sheriff, also pleaded not guilty. He declared himself an Orangeman, and said he had been one for many years. He thought, however, that forty-eight Catholics and two hundred and two

testants was a fair panel in a Catholic county Mr. Reilly, when sub-sheriff, had man for man. But Mr. Mitchell would not agree to that agreement, and so he went back to the old system, and made up his panel with four Protestants to one Catholic. It has been a nice business altogether, and not creditable to Mr. Mitchell. But worse than all is the fact that the first ten names on the panel did not embrace that of one Catholic; and of the first seventy names only about seven were those of Catholics. Another glaring defect in it was, that it only contained the name of one magistrate belonging to the county. Magistrates are supposed to be intelligent men, and intelligent magistrates, although possessing strong religious and political feelings can act impartially as jurors. But all were passed over, with one single exception; and men's names were placed on the list, some of whom, we fear, would convict in direct opposition to credible evidence of innocence. Many of them, it is probable, were like the elector who spoke to Dr. Gray, in 1852, when he was a candidate for the county Monaghan. "Doctor," said this ferocious big, "wouldn't it be right for any service to the Papists?" "I have no doubt," the Doctor replied, "that it would serve every man who has a farm of land." "If that be the case," said the enlightened elector, "I will not vote for Dr. Gray." It is probable that many such characters as this were on the panel prepared by Mr. Mitchell, and that McKenna would have little chance with a jury composed of such persons, if they were told to give the benefit of a doubt to the prisoner. It was no wonder that Mr. Butt and Mr. Heron were brought down specially by the Catholics, or that the first effort of these talented men was to have the panel quashed, and the little Orange baby-house scattered on the winds? Nor can we be surprised that the two respectable men, who were sworn to try the question, when they heard the evidence, and saw four Protestants to one Catholic on the list of jurors, pronounced the panel improperly arrayed.—The whole affair was too glaring, and could not stand the test of truth or fairness. Most of our readers are not aware of the qualities of a county Monaghan Orangeman. Perhaps in the whole world most of the 'brethren' of that county are unmatched for devilish malignity. Their wicked party feelings surpass those of the Orangemen of Armagh, Down, Antrim or Derry. There are, we have no doubt, some generous men of the class to be found in the counties we have named, but, to our knowledge, there are not a dozen in the entire county Monaghan. Somehow or other they have succeeded in trampling on the law, and making it almost totally impossible for a Catholic to escape from the dock, or an Orangeman to be convicted. We happened to be in Monaghan court house, a good many years ago, whilst an Orangeman was on his trial for murder, and we saw and heard the prisoner's son prompting a witness, before the court, the jury and hundreds of spectators. He actually put the answer to a most important question into the witness's mouth, and because a Catholic uttered one word he was put into the dock!—Dundalk Democrat.

DEBILTY, March 12.—The requisition to Mr. Edward Cecil Guinness, requesting him to allow himself to be put in nomination as the Conservative candidate for the city, was presented yesterday and complied with. It is stated that in three days it received the signatures of more than 2,000 electors.

DEBILTY, March 31.—The Dublin Synod met at the St. Patrick's Cathedral to-day, and elected delegates to the Conference on the Irish Church Question.

A ball in the service of the Earl of Leitrim was shot dead on Saturday in Donegal, it is said in mistake for another ball who was in company with him at the time.

Baron Deasy, in opening the Assizes for Tipperary, commented upon the increase of crime in that county.

Mr. Cecil Guinness will be the Conservative candidate for Dublin, and Sir D. Corrigan will contest the seat in the Liberal interest.

David Baird, John Baird, and John Clarke have been acquitted at Monaghan of the charge of murdering Hughes on the 13th of July last.—Times Cor.

The Protestant Declaration, with its 1,000 signatures, may be dismissed with the remark that it advances nothing new, not one additional reason for any further tampering with the peace, perhaps the safety of the empire.

A party of 20 men, with their faces blackened, attacked the house of Mr. Kernan, in the Killenalee and Ballinacorney police districts, county Tipperary, on Friday night, and carried off a double-barrelled fowling-piece, a pistol and £10 in cash. A lady who was on a visit in the house was struck a severe blow in the face by one of the Whiteboys.—Times Cor.

A CREDITABLE EXAMPLE.—It redounds very much to the credit of the employer and the employed, that we are enabled to state that Mr. J. F. O'Brien has resumed the position of trust which he occupied in the establishment of Messrs. J. Clery and Co., previous to his imprisonment for the political offence of which he was found guilty.—Cork Herald.

Crime has become more frequent in some parts of Ireland. In Tipperary an armed and masked band have been searching houses for arms. The Mullingar stationmaster had died, and his murderer remains as yet undiscovered. Other servants of the railway company have been threatened, and it has been deemed prudent to remove them from the station.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting of the Irish National Association on Wednesday, a resolution was carried, on the motion of the Very Rev. Monsignor Moran, approving of Mr. Gladstone's bill, save in some details. Another resolution was adopted, requiring that the cathedrals to be maintained as national monuments shall be preserved not for any favored sect, but for the nation.

The Derry papers report an atrocious attempt to blow up a house near Raphoe. A tenant had been dispossessed, and the new-comer received warning that he would be visited with serious consequences if he entered into possession, and he obtained the protection of a body of police. A few nights ago they were alarmed by a tremendous explosion, and on going out to ascertain the cause found that a barrel of gunpowder had been placed near the house, and fired by means of a fuse. Fortunately no injury was done.

LOYALTY OF THE CHURCH PARTY.—The Conservative press terms with letters, all of which, from the bellicose threat of the northern parson, that he will arm his congregation for the protection of 'his little lot,' down to the archdeacon's mild suggestion of a repeal of the Union, evidence the purchaseable nature of the loyalty England has so long relied on, but not one of which contains a single argument that could for a moment stay the judgment of an impartial arbiter. These are the people for whom the English nation has cast aside the friendship and good-will of the whole Irish race. Who can say whether it be not too late to regain them?

A circular has been issued to all the tenants on the Earl of Derby's Ballykisteen estates on Saturday relative to a recent murder, which contains the following passage:—"It is the interest of all that craves of such magnitude should not go unpunished; and I desire to impress on you what I fear is not sufficiently understood in Ireland, that he who, by shielding a murderer, encourages the crime, is only one degree less culpable than he who commits it. You all know that I never ejected a respectable and deserving tenant, but you must not be surprised if I do not allow any one to continue in the occupation of my land who, by concealing or misrepresenting facts within his knowledge, shall be found to have done his best towards frustrating the ends of justice, and making himself virtually an accomplice in the crime of murder.

IRISH PROTESTANT REPEALERS.—In the pages of some of our Conservative contemporaries, the Nation writes, there is at present exhibited a remarkable

outburst of sentiment in favour of a Repeal of the Union. Protestant clergymen and laymen of influence, landed proprietors, magistrates, deputy-lieutenants, and others of the same social rank, are pouring letters into those papers, declaratory of their resolve to the regard the destruction of the Church Establishment as a violation of the Act of Union, their readiness thereupon to agitate for a total abrogation of that compact, and their strong preference for the rule of an Irish Legislature rather than that of the Imperial Parliament with the Irish Church disestablished and disendowed.

A robbery and savage attempt at murder were committed on Friday morning at Killyleagh, county Down. A man named Heaney effected an entrance through a window in the house of Patrick Moore, a farmer, who had gone with a manservant to Belfast, leaving a female domestic, named Marshall, at home. After rifling the drawer in which Moore kept his money, he was endeavouring to make his escape, when the woman overheard him, and, rushing out to a neighbour's, tried, to raise an alarm. Heaney, fearing detection, attacked her furiously with the handle of a pickaxe and a reaping hook, inflicting some dreadful wounds, and also attempted to cut her throat. She crawled to the house of a neighbour, who sheltered her, obtained medical aid, and sent the police in pursuit of Heaney, who formerly lived as a servant on the farm. It is hoped that the woman will recover.

The Galway election trial had a sequel which shows that the fighting spirit of the West has not died out. During the trial a quarrel arose between Captain Blake Forster, J. P., and Mr. O'Flaherty. Hostile communications were exchanged and finally it culminated in a challenge given and accepted. Seconds were appointed, Mr. Anthony O'Kelly for Mr. O'Flaherty, and Mr. F. Tobyn for Captain Forster, and preliminaries were in course of adjustment, when somehow an inkling of the intended affair occurred, and Mr. Greene, the resident magistrate, hearing of it, had Captain Forster brought up before Mr. Justice Keogh, who obliged him to enter into recognizances, himself in £1,000, and two sureties in £500, each to keep the peace for 12 months. Mr. O'Flaherty was not to be found. Judge Keogh recalled a characteristic incident of the olden time, observing that his father and Captain Forster's once fought a duel. Captain Forster has risen immensely in the estimation of the populace since the discovery of his intended encounter.

The popularity which Earl Spencer is acquiring in Ireland is resented by certain sections of the Protestant Irish with characteristic spite. The Dublin correspondent of the Daily Telegraph informs us that 'his Excellency is very much liked by every one with whom he has come into contact,' and that such journals as the Daily Express consider the fact a reproach to the Conservative party. That journal disavows the gentry from attending St. Patrick's ball, and breaks forth in the following impressive declaration:—"Let the empty halls of Dublin Castle show what the feelings of true Irish patriots are on the wholesale robbery proposed by a party reckless of everything but their own aggrandizement." Mr. Disraeli is badly served by such instruments, but they are, perhaps, good enough for the cause which they espouse. Alas! for a nation of which these are the 'patriots!' It was surely not too soon to destroy the 'ascendancy of such pestilent seditious mongers. To live with them at all must be a dismal lot, but to live under the debasing influence of their tyranny is a calamity which Ireland may well desire to escape. Has she not endured it long enough?—Tablet.

The executive committee of the Central Protestant Defence Association met on Saturday, and passed a series of resolutions to the effect that the urgency of the present crisis demands immediate action for the purpose of securing an adequate representation in the House of Commons to call meetings of the Protestant parishioners, first giving notice to elect two or more lay representatives, and that the parishes should as soon as possible invite the incumbents to give notice of such meetings. The members of the branch associations were urged to assist in carrying out these suggestions. A form of short petition was also agreed upon praying the House of Commons to reject the Bill. No further evidence is needed to show the utter want of preparation on the part of those who profess to be the friends of the Establishment. In some places rural societies are meeting, in others branches of the lay and clerical associations are being formed. Some propose diocesan synods, others a general conference; some special vestries, others the usual vestries; some will have the lay representatives nominated by the clergy, others insist that they shall be selected by the laity only. Opinions are divided as to the numbers to be chosen, the votes they should have, and the course they should adopt when, if ever, they meet. And so without a commander or a helmsman competent to guide her, the old ship, with the flag of 'No surrender' at her mast-head, is drifting on to the rocks.

STORY OF THE IRISH CHURCH MISSESS. By Rev. A. Dallas, Rector of Winston, Hert. London: Fatchard. The Story of the Irish Church Missions, by the chief actor and promoter of that iniquitous scheme to rob Erin of her faith, will be a welcome volume to the Priests whose parishes have been overrun by the emissaries of the Society of which Mr. Dallas is the honorary secretary.—The author has chosen a singular time to publish his 'Story,' rightly so called, for it shows the weakness of the Irish Establishment far more clearly than either the Premier or any of his most enthusiastic adherents will be able to do, during the ensuing debates on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. The Report of the Society for last year, now lying before us, with that for 1864, show that the friends of Mr. Dallas have been compelled to withdraw their Scripture readers from various parishes. Among them we may mention Cushendall, in the Glens of Antrim, where Superstition has been totally and completely routed. Mr. Dallas tells us, with truth, that Ireland is England's difficulty, and 'obstetism.' And she will so continue till the auspicious morning that ushers in the fall of that incubus 'the Establishment.' Ireland is England's 'obstetism' because she has 'sown the wind, and must reap the whirlwind.'—England has long felt that Ireland as a thorn in her side—because she has endeavored to foist opinions on her sister country—which her Catholic instinct at once rejected and spurned. A real history of this movement (superstition) is also necessary; and we here are long to witness its publication. It will bring to light many facts not generally known, and expose the absurdity of Dr. Bernard's assertion, that children would wade up to their necks in water, to visit the buildings, where the Anglican service was being used.

The first fruits of Mr. Gladstone's 'disestablishment' are an overwhelming outburst of sedition from the Tory journals. If it were only sincere, we should rejoice, but we fear it is only a weak attempt to intimidate Ministers into modifying their Church abolition scheme somewhat. But we have strong hope that they will yet come to really see that we can ourselves better rule our country than strangers. They now talk of 'Repeal,' by-and-by they may go farther, and advocate 'Separatism'—or, in plain terms Fenian doctrines. The Daily Express and Irish Times are the most outspoken of the Tory journals. We hope soon to have them as rivals in preaching the doctrine of Nationality. The Daily Express in a leading article published on Monday last, says:—"The spirit which even in '68 induced Protestants to reject the allurements of the English Government and refuse to be made the instruments of English tyranny over their own countrymen, is abroad amongst us, and growing in intensity every hour—and why should it not—are we not all Irishmen, 'neither Saxon nor Dane'?" The Express adds, that if 'certain landmarks are removed'—meaning, we presume, amongst others, the Church Establishment

—they (the Protestants), may yet 'do something worthy of their traditions in the cause of Ireland and of freedom.' A correspondent of the same journal, who signs himself 'An Irish Resident Proprietor and J. P. and D. L.,' bursting with indignation, asks why should they any longer support 'the English connection,' when every article of the Act of Union they most value is to be swept away as a tiling of yesterday? Why, indeed? He asserts, also, that 'the spirit of '62 is not yet dead, and that it never burned stronger than it does at present.' He says, also, that there is one great bond which should be common to the Orangemen and Catholics—'hatred of perfidious England.' 'Let the Union be repealed but totally,' he cries, 'send back to us our nobles and gentry who spend their wealth in luxurious London.' Our country is wasted and our people starving, and we must be 'free!' A Protestant Clergyman of the County Meath, in the same paper, hopes soon to have a 'Parliament in Gullage-green.' The Irish Times asserts that the great middle classes, the landed gentry, and educated men of all professions do not 'at present' seek separation from England, but may do so if 'coerced,' and that many men, holding influential positions now, do not hesitate to avow sentiments which heretofore would be thought to 'avour of sedition.' The Evening Mail thinks that protests are useless, that 'protest and go about your business' is the motto of Englishmen; and that the model of a free legislature might advantageously be borrowed from protestant Canada for Irish uses.—Dublin Irishman.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Military expenditure in the Colonies during the current year will be £2,587,886, while the repayment to the British Exchequer will amount to only £252,000.

Between 200 and 300 people are at work at the Sutherland gold diggings. Some of the miners earn from 5s to 12s per day. The average earnings, however, are not more than three shillings per diem.

The good people of Linlithgow, Scotland, were recently in high revolution because the Department of Woods and Forests threatened to reduce the number of swans on the lake. An ancient tradition states that these swans all disappeared on Cromwell's coming to the throne, but returned immediately after the restoration.

A diabolical attempt to blow up a non-unionist saw-handle maker named Martin, was recently made at Sheffield. At about one o'clock in the morning a stone bottle filled with combustible material was thrown at the window of the gret where it was supposed the man slept; but fortunately its contents did not explode. Martin, who has been a non-unionist and non-unionist by turns, had lately gone to work for a master whose men were on strike.

The area of London, as defined by the registrar-general, and including extensive suburbs, is about 78,000 acres, or nearly 123 square miles. On this area stand over 400,000 inhabited houses with an average of nearly eight persons to a house, giving a mean density of 40 persons to an acre. The estimated population at the present time is 3,125,000. The county rate assessment of 1866 placed the annual value of property in London at £15,261,909.

INCOME OF GREAT BRITAIN.—From a parliamentary return which was published last week it appears that the total income of the United Kingdom for the year ended on the 31st of December last was £1,800,077 12s 8d, while the expenditure exceeded that amount by £221,602 12s 9d. The report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue for the year ending March 31st, 1868, was issued at the same time. The amounts were as follows:—Excise, £20,173,298; stamps, £9,461,010; taxes, £3,459,318; and income tax, £6,184,166, making a total of £39,268,782 as against £39,159,781 for 1867.

The London Herald refers to Mr. Gladstone's measure for the spoliation of the Irish Church in the following terms:—"The moral and legal effect of Mr. Gladstone's victory will be to release the Irish people from all obligations to obey the laws of the United Kingdom. He will, in effect, repeal the Union, and bring about all the consequences arising from a state of anarchy. He will destroy the only legal power the Parliament of the United Kingdom has of legislating for Ireland, and cannot replace it. We doubt if he can frame any clause in any act of Parliament that can authorize the commission he proposes to appoint, to receive the tithe-rent charges from any of the persons who now pay it."

A very scandalous case of mismanagement of charitable funds, has just been brought to light in the case of Dulwich College, an institution founded in 1619 for the maintenance of poor scholars; and for the relief of the poor in certain parishes. During the last ten years this establishment has received an aggregate income of £132,131. Out of this £40,410 has been paid away on pensions, and of the residue of £91,721 no less than £41,931 has been wasted in the expense of management, &c. Had anything of the sort been brought to light in France, or Spain, or the United States, how we should have read the delinquent long lessons upon the commandment: 'Thou shalt not steal' in all our newspapers and our public speeches. As it is hardly any one seems to think the little robbery worth noticing.

ADULTERATION.—Lord Edward Cecil asked the House to resolve that Government should bring in a Bill for the more effectual punishment of adulterations, and the use of false weights and measures.—Mr. Bright refused to agree, declaring that many convictions for false weights are merely for inadvencencies, and that till the standards were made more accurate it would be unjust to strengthen the law. Adulteration arose from extreme competition, was promoted by the ignorance of customers, and would disappear when they knew better. In spection was objectionable, for if traders were to be tracked by inspectors in their private businesses every hour of the day, he should advise them to emigrate. The speech is pure old Whiggery, a perfect illustration of the great art 'how not to do it.' Nobody was asking for inspection of food, or any such folly. What is wanted is a law empowering a customer to bring the seller of adulterated goods before a magistrate, to be heavily fined on conviction, and his name published like that of a bankrupt. The harmlessness of some adulterations has nothing to do with the matter. Let anybody sell plaster of Paris instead of flour if he likes, or put salt water in his beer, but let him say so. On what principle does Mr. Bright object to the adulteration of the coin?

ACCUSERS' ERRAS.—The testimonial presented to the Archbishop of Anzurba on the 3rd instant, in the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, prior to his departure for Glasgow, was a deeper significance than sometimes attaches to such a memorial. It is not only an acknowledgment, by those who can best appreciate them, of past services, but an augury of the success which it is hoped will attend his Grace's labours in a higher sphere. The progress of religion in Scotland of late years has been extremely rapid. Already the Catholic, but lately a mere handful, form one-tenth of the hole population. Bitter as are the prejudices of Scotchmen, and fierce as is their self-esteem, they are conspicuous for keen intelligence, and are beginning to form a truer judgement of the human religion bequeathed to them by their so-called reformers. The day of grace has come for them also, and we trust that the Archbishop, who has so long and so diligently cultivated another field, is about to reap in a land where he has not sown. There are no better Catholics in the world than the Scotch, and we are persuaded that the Apostolic Delegate will find in their loving co-operation a reflection of his own zeal and charity. His Grace arrives in Scotland at a critical moment, when a dangerous educational measure will claim his immediate attention, in order that he may successfully contend with party which threatens to rob Catholic children of their birthright, if the mischievous design be not thwarted by timely resistance.

The question of the Irish Church is very considerably complicated with that of national education. The Irish Catholics have always demanded a denominational system of education, upon the ground that the English have it, and they see no reason why they should not. The Imperial policy hitherto has stood much in the way of their claims and it will be a matter for serious consideration whether this policy shall be persisted in now that the Empire repudiates its jealousy of the creed itself. Of course, there is still another alternative. It is that the national education of this country, too, shall be deprived of its present denominational character. If it is distinctly and decidedly recognized that the English national system is denominational, and that every respectable denomination in this country may demand its full measure of State aid, then it follows that the Irish Catholics, will be deemed on an equality in this as in other respects. We conceive, however, that the true spirit of the Government measure before the nation is not in this direction, and that we are not going to strengthen and extend our religious establishments, whether they be called Churches or Schools.—Times.

A DEADLY PLANT.—A few years ago there was, in the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, a specimen of probably the most poisonous plant ever introduced into England. It was the jatrophaurens, the properties of which are so noxious that its possession is positively dangerous. Mr. Smith, the curator of the gardens, was one day reaching over it, when its fine bristly stings touched his wrist. The first sensation was a numbness and swelling of the lips; the action of the poison was on the heart, circulation was stopped, and Mr. Smith soon fell unconscious, the last thing he remembered being cries of 'Run for the doctor!' Either the doctor was skilful, or the dose of poison injected not quite, though nearly, enough; but afterwards, the man in whose house the plant was placed, got it thrust into a corner, and would not come within arms length of it; he watered the plant with a pot having an extremely long spout. In a short time, however, the plant disappeared altogether, and another specimen of the genus jatropha, which was afterwards introduced, vanished in the like mysterious manner. It was presumed that the attendants were secretly determined that such plants should not be retained in the houses, to cause the possibility of an accident such as that which had happened to the curator.—(World of Wonder for March.

Mr. Disraeli has announced that he and his party will continue to oppose Mr. Gladstone's measure for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, in spite of the verdict pronounced by the nation at the late elections. No one does Mr. Disraeli the injustice to imagine that he has really any personal sympathy with what he once called the 'alien Church,' or that he has the least doubt as to the injustice and immorality of maintaining any longer an institution condemned by all Europe, and by nearly all England. Set as the head of a political party he must have a 'cry,' and this one will serve his turn as well as another. Such tactics do not inspire respect for modern statesmanship, but not many public men of the nineteenth century care to appeal to so an unprofitable an emotion. The Conservative party, then, is pledged to maintain, if it can, an abuse for which it is impossible to allege even a decent pretext, and which the conscience of mankind has condemned. They avow the shameful purpose. The old spirit of George III. and Lord North, cast out everywhere else, still lives in them; that spirit which kindled in Americans the hatred and resentment which time has not yet healed, and which has made Ireland the angry and reluctant associate rather than the cordial ally of England. The policy of Mr. Disraeli is, to call things by their proper names, both stupid and criminal; stupid, because its failure is inevitable; and criminal, because it could only succeed by justifying the rebellion which it provokes. In England so much loved abroad that she can afford to inspire hatred at home?—Tablet.

THE CONVENT CASE. The following extracts from two Protestant journals are so remarkable and so different from the tone adopted by nearly the whole of the Protestant press of this country, in commenting upon this case, that we gladly call the attention of our readers to them:—"The Sun" says, the Court Circular, 'affords certainly one proof that the inspection of convents is unneeded. Had such officials been in existence, that lady would hardly have claimed their interference, for she desired to remain where she was, and the powers with which it is proposed to arm these functionaries would only have reference to the liberation of unwilling inmates. It is a great matter for congratulation that in the recent proceedings not a single act or word has been suggested affecting in any way the good fame of the establishment. To the shame of those who ought to set an example to the society, the Court was crowded day after day by the curiously puerile' in the hope that their appetites would be fed with immoral details. Happily this was not the case, and the defendants, though defeated, may still be grateful that through them an unwarranted suspicion has been removed from the minds of many.—The Weekly Dispatch criticizes Miss Saurin with much severity:—"Here is a vestal virgin, whose sacred fire is the 'magnificent peroration' of a Solicitor-General. She has renounced the world, indeed, but not her action of battery. She is a bride of Heaven, no doubt, but her bridal suit is a suit of law. She has registered her sacred vow of poverty, but must have £5,000 damages; her vow of obedience is due to her spiritual mother, but first she must show her that she has got a daughter of spirit, rather than a spiritual daughter. She seeks a convent for the consolations of religion, but she goes to a jury of her country for a solatium to her wounded feelings. We can understand a worldly woman seeking a worldly remedy for a wrong. We can even conceive of a pious and devout person looking to material interests in the affairs of this life—while she is in the world being also of the world. But the very essence of her case is religion. It is 'a babe of grace' and this mother in the Lord who are the parties. It is purely their spiritual lives that constitute the cause in action; and yet the wise virgin trims her lamp to throw a light on trover, assault, and conspiracy! The uncle priest goes to law to recover dower and damages, and Sister Scholastica finds a melancholy satisfaction in rendering a religious life odious, and doing her best to make her faith ridiculous."

BABY FARMING.—Last evening, at a meeting of the Social Science Association at the Adelphi, Dr. Farr in the chair, Mr. J. Brandon Cargiven read a paper on baby-farming and proposals for the registration of nurses. The speaker stated that the term 'baby farming' was only invented a few months ago, but the subject had long been before our social reformers, as was proved by the fact that the Harveian Society several years since debated the matter at some length, and made suggestions to the Government for repressing the evil. He described the present condition of the evil, baby-farms being kept by ignorant and, generally, depraved persons, who take but little care of the children, and the consequence was that infants speedily passed away, the mortality of these children rising as high as 90 per cent, whereas the mortality of other children was only between a fourth and fifth. Some of the nurses were perfectly reckless of life, they were ready to permit the children to die of neglect and it was known to the medical profession that many of the mothers of the infants sacrificed their lives owing to the ignorance and unscrupulousness of these nurses. He proposed that all the people who 'adopted' children for money should be registered and reported upon by proper officers from time to time, so that it would be impossible for a person to keep such baby farms as were described in the British Medical Journal a few months since, when it was shown that women took children off hand from the parents for a small sum, and kept the poor children in improper dwellings on improper food, the consequence of which was that

death speedily ensued in most cases. He drew attention also to the vast mortality in workhouses, and he advocated a view put forth some time since that these children should be placed out in the families of working men and taught in every day life the blessings of industry. Mr. Theobald spoke at some length, and urged that as these baby farms were illegal places they would be legalized by being recognized through legislation. Dr. Kendle urged that the evil should be struck at the root by encouragement being given to marriage, for, he said, people, and respectable chapel and church-going people too, encouraged their children to remain single by which the evils complained of chiefly arose. He said it was well known that the children born in one month were expected to die, and generally were made to die, in the next in certain districts, and every one in the neighbourhood was aware of the presence of unwelcome children. The discussion was continued at great length, and the usual vote of thanks to the reader of the paper closed the proceedings.—Times.

UNITED STATES.

The remains of eight persons lynched at different times rest in a single cemetery in Indiana.

A Louisiana paper has the following:—"A mother and her child were accidentally ground up in Boggs' sugar-cane mill last week. We regret the accident, as the quality of sugar furnished at this place has been very good."

The New York Times says:—"Prosecutions, both crimina and civil, are to be instituted by the passengers of the horror ship 'James Foster.' The consignees will be sued for damages, and those of the officers who are still alive, will be sued for homicide or cruelty. It is certainly true there was some penalty for the outrages often perpetrated upon emigrants in passenger ships. Besides the captain and mate, nine of the unfortunate passengers have died from the effects of starvation on the passage to New York of the horrible ship."

BAD FOR JOE.—An exchange says Brigham Young's son Joe 'smokes cigars, drinks liquor, gets tipsy, plays poker, licks his wives and preaches the gospel.' Whereat the Lebanon (Ohio) Patriot remarks that Joe ought to remove to some Northern State where the radicals have a majority, or, with carpet-bag in hand, migrate to Dixie and become a radical member of Congress: for he has all the requisite qualifications. No, no. Joe evidently has sins enough already to answer for without adding a heavier burden than all.

FISH ON FIGHT.—The Tribune fulminates over the New Dominion of Canada and the insubordinate Province of Prince Edward's Island in such a fashion as may well sour all the milk and spoil all the beer between Labrador and the Saskatchewan. It is all, 'too, about fish. The philosopher of Graham beard is smitten with a cod's tail in the house of his friends. The trips of the brahman of Ohspagna are cast in his face by them of his own household. The Tribune has discovered (it is always making such discoveries) that 'a high civilization is, in a marked degree, due to variety and abundance of food.' Also, it has learned (we fear a little late in the day) that fish goes to the making of brain. Wishing, therefore, to become highly civilized and to make for itself brain, the Tribune demands fish. It roars for fish, indeed, as fiercely as John Hook, in the famous speech of Patrick Henry 'bawling hoarsely through the American camp, 'Beef! beef! beef!' What has all this to do, you will ask, O reader, with the New Dominion and with Prince Edward's Island? Much. The Canadian waters and those of Prince Edward's Island are prolific of fish, of 'fish needed,' so the Tribune assures us, for 'the progress of that large portion of North America which is governed by the United States.' The people of Prince Edward's Island having been visited last summer by a Congressional Committee, with B. F. Butler at its head, are so horribly scared at the notion of a return of their fearful guests that they are quite willing to let us have all the fish we can catch in their waters. But the New Dominion is more plucky and less liberal. Canadian fish, it appears, are not to be caught with any but a 'reciprocity' bait. This the Tribune, dazed by its habitual lucubrations on the subject of the 'balance of trade,' declines to let the New Dominion have. It prefers to fight for its fish. It informs the Canadians that, while the rights of nations are 'seen to be proper' and do not contravene the rights of humanity, they may 'be respected; but that when they cease to be such,' then it is time for the weaker to go to the wall and their 'rights' to become 'technical.' It is a right of the Canadian nation to say who shall fish in their waters. But it is a right of mankind, the Tribune thinks that people who live in New York who lack brain and need 'brain food,' should go and take it whether or no. This doctrine is equally beautiful and simple, and it is susceptible of a general application with the happiest results to private and to public affairs. The rights of property, for example, will be found, in accordance with this doctrine, to be perfectly respectable until they contravene the rights of humanity. It is a right of property in a Third Avenue baker to keep his loaves on his own shelves till they are bought and paid for. But it is a right of humanity in Jack Cade, being an hungry and penniless, to march into the said baker's bakery, and knocking him down with a stove of one of his own flour barrels, to make off with a handsome quarter. The baker's 'rights' then become 'technical.' In the present state of our national affairs, however, and under the existing pressure of the National debt, we hope the Tribune will not insist upon its creed too strenuously. We shall be delighted to see the Tribune supplied with 'brain food,' but we really do not think it was particularly fond of fish, 'believing, what many persons say, that it is more digestible than other food.' But he also adds that he never ate fish in conjunction with flesh, thinking the two 'would agree ill together.' We fancy Montaigne was right. Let the Tribune get fish and eat fish, but forbear to mix flesh with it, even though it be, fee, fan, fam, the flesh of an English man.—[New York World.

(From the Detroit Tribune, March 10.)

We present herewith a copy of the will of the late Bishop LeFevre. The vast power of the Bishops is well illustrated by the enormous amount of property, at least \$3,000,000, conveyed by this will to Bishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, and Kenrick, of St. Louis. Our laws forbid the creation of trusts for the benefit of property, so that the conveyance is absolute but the property will of course be put into the hands of Bishop LeFevre's successor for the use of the church. He left no property of his own.

(Extracts.)

First I hereby constitute, my Vicar Generals the Very Reverend Peter Kindickins and the Reverend Peter Hennert, and the survivor of them, executors and executor of this my last will.

Second. After payment of all my just debts and funeral expenses, I do bequeath all the estates whether in possession or expectancy, which at the time of my demise shall be within the United States, to which, I shall, at the time of my decease be entitled, or if which I shall die possessor, to the Most Rev. John E. Purcell, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cincinnati, and the Reverend Peter Richard Kenrick, Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Louis.

And further. Although for the purpose of avoiding litigations I have hereby bequeath all my estate, to my said two devisees, yet, being myself a Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church and attached to the Diocese of Detroit, of which diocese I am the acting Bishop, it is my hope that my said devisees will as soon as may be after my decease, over to and vest in the person who shall, become the Bishop or the acting Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Detroit, all the estate that may or shall under this will, accrue to the said devisees.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1869.

ECCLIESIASTICAL CALENDAR.
APRIL—1869.

Friday, 9—St. Vincent Ferrer, C.
Saturday, 10—Of the Immaculate Conception.
Sunday, 11—Second after Easter.
Monday, 12—St. Leo P. O. D.
Tuesday, 13—St. Hermenegild, M.
Wednesday, 14—St. Tiburtius and Comp., MM.
Thursday, 15—Of the Blessed Sacrament.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We have nothing this week to report as to the progress of Mr. Gladstone's Irish measure.—From the Continent of Europe there is little of interest to record.

Winter still holds its own, and gives the lie to the Almanac, which tells us that we are now well on in the month of April—though to judge from the thermometer, and the aspect of the country, one would think that we were in the middle of January. Still even a Canadian winter must come to an end; and we may hope therefore that in a few weeks more it shall have yielded to the breath of Spring.

EASY LESSONS IN IRISH HISTORY,
FOR THE USE OF THE "MONTREAL WITNESS."

In our last we showed on Protestant authority, that down to 1641 the Catholic Irish had been guilty of no acts which can be qualified as "massacres;" that though for nigh a century they had been crushed beneath a cruel Penal Code, which made the exercise of their religion a capital crime, they had done nothing but what in the opinion of Hallam, they had a natural right to do: nothing but what upon far less provocation English and Scotch Protestants have done: and that the rebellion of 1641, with all its horrors, was the "consequence" of the cruel penal laws, and the tyrannical spoliations exercised upon the ancient landed proprietors of Ireland, by the English government.

In 1641, the Irish could bear it no longer.—England was ripe for revolt: Scotland was taking up arms against its king: and it seemed that the day of Ireland's opportunity had at last dawned. With grievances far more serious than those of either the English or the Scotch, the Irish rose in arms against the aliens who had robbed them of their lands, and imposed on them a religion which they hated. The great rebellion of 1641 broke out; and as Hallam says, its primary "cause"—mind that word Mr. Editor of the *Witness*—are to be found:—

"In the penal laws as to religion which pressed on almost the whole people, and in the systematic iniquity which despoiled them of their possessions. They could not be expected to miss such an occasion of revolt."

This revolt broke out with a furious onslaught on the Scots and English, in Ulster, in which a large number of these intruders, and spoilers of the Irish, were, so it is said, put to the sword. The numbers so slain in a moment of fury, by a long persecuted race are very uncertain. According to the Protestant historian Warner, quoted by Hallam as one "who may perhaps, upon the whole, be reckoned the best modern authority," twelve thousand Protestants are the "almost" that can have lost their lives during the first two years of the rebellion, except losses in war—and of these "only one third," or say four thousand, by murder or massacre. Catholic writers contest the truth of Warner's statistics: and contend that though there may have been, and probably were isolated acts of bloodshed, there was no massacre, properly so called at all: but it may readily be admitted—that in the hour of their power the long persecuted, and dispossessed Irish Catholics of Ulster may have in some measure retaliated upon their Protestant persecutors and alien spoilers, and given the latter to taste of the bitter chalice which for nigh a century had been forced down their throats. But without hazarding any opinion of our own on the disputed point—whether there were any massacres properly so called; and for the sake of argument admitting that in the first two years of the rebellion some 4,000 Scots and English who had dispossessed the Irish of Ulster of their property, were murdered or massacred—we contend that it was not the work of Catholics generally; and that the inciting cause was not religious fanaticism, but the firm determination of desper-

ate men, made landless and homeless by alien adventurers, to recover possession, at any cost, of the property which rightfully belonged to them and of which they had been wrongfully dispossessed.

The massacre was not general. It was confined to Ulster, and to those other districts in which the legitimate proprietors had been dispossessed of their lands, and driven forth to starve. For remember; that in some parts, "the native Irish were not to be admitted as tenants" even upon the lands belonging to them, and to their fathers before them. It was, to use a slang phrase of the day, an agrarian, rather than a religious crime, and was loudly condemned by the body of the Irish Catholic population. Again we quote from Hallam:—

"It was certainly not the crime of the Catholics generally: nor perhaps in the other provinces of Ireland are they chargeable with more cruelty than their opponents."—Hallam's *Const. Hist.*

For Leland, quoted by Hallam, refers to original depositions in Trinity College, Dublin, whence it appears that the Scotch soldiers "in garrison in Carrickfergus sallied out in January, when the rebellion was at its height, and slaughtered a few families of unoffending natives in Lale Magee."

And again in the foot notes to the chapter of the *Const. Hist.* from which we are quoting we are told on the authority of Leland and of Warner, both Protestants, that:—

"The Catholic confederates spoke with abhorrence of the Ulster massacre."

And that:—
"They—the Irish—behaved in many parts with humanity; nor indeed do we find frequent instances of violence except in those counties where the proprietors had been dispossessed."

This is the testimony of their enemies, and fully establishes our thesis that the "massacre" of 1641, was not a Catholic crime: that it was not general all over Ireland, but was limited to Ulster and the other districts in which the rightful proprietors had been lately dispossessed of their lands; that it was condemned by the Catholic body: and that it must therefore be classed under the category of agrarian, rather than of religious crimes.

And this too, is the solitary crime, with which after a century of Penal Laws, the Catholics of Ireland can be reproached even by their most embittered enemies. The annals of no other oppressed nation, of no other persecuted people are so pure, or so free from bloody reprisals against their oppressors.

But it is not our object to defend, or palliate the rebellion, and the so called massacre of 1641. Our thesis is—that this, the one massacre which preceded the cruel legislation of the post revolutionary period, was itself not the cause, but the consequence of the still more ancient Penal Laws; and cannot therefore be urged by any one except a dunce, or a knave, as an excuse for their imposition. For, in the words of Hallam, the rebellion of 1641, in which the Ulster massacre was an episode, was the consequence of,—
"the penal laws as to religion, which pressed on almost the whole people, and the systematic iniquity which despoiled them of their possessions."—*Const. Hist.*, c. 18.

The atrocities of Cromwell are of course apologised for by the English on the grounds of the great rebellion of 1641, and its concomitants. But no such plea can be urged, or ever was urged by statesmen, for the Penal Laws of the post revolutionary period, and which were enacted subsequent to the conquest of Ireland by the Anglo-Dutch, and to the Treaty of Limerick: laws which it would be a waste of time to abuse, and of which Hallam speaks in these terms:—

"To have exterminated the Catholics by the sword, or expelled them like the Moriscos of Spain would have been little more repugnant to justice and humanity, but incomparably more politic."

The only excuse that could have been urged for this cruel code, for the violation of the express stipulations of the Treaty of Limerick, would be that the Irish Catholics themselves had first violated its provisions: or had, by their acts of violence towards Protestants, absolved the latter from the obligations it imposed on them as towards Catholics, and furnished valid grounds for a rigorous course of legislative repression. But this excuse cannot be urged; for from the day of the signing of the Treaty down to the rebellion of '98, the Irish never furnished the slightest pretext even for the cruel legislation of the eighteenth century. This in the most emphatic language Macaulay asserts:—

"A rising of the Irishry against the Englishry was no more to be apprehended than a rising of the women and children against the men."—C. 17, vol. 4. *Hist. of England.*

To this in a foot note is appended the testimony to the same effect of Swift, writing at the very time when the Penal Code was in force, and was daily receiving additional articles. "If we" the Protestant clergy, so wrote Swift in 1708 on the Sacramental Tests—"were under any real fear of the Papists in this kingdom—*Ireland*—it would be hard to think us so stupid as not to be equally apprehensive with others, since we are likely to be the greater and more immediate sufferers; but on the contrary, we look upon them to be altogether as inconsiderable as the women and children."

Not only, therefore, is it evident that from the

* That the Treaty was violated Macaulay admits in a note to c. 18, 4th vol. of his *History of England.*

Revolution to the latter end of the XVIII. century there was no real danger of a rising of Irish Papists; but it is also evident that amongst Protestants in Ireland, and even amongst those who by their peculiar position as members of the dominant church were most clearly marked out as the objects of Papist hostility, no dread even, no apprehension of any massacre, rising or rebellion of the Irish Papists was ever entertained. It is therefore manifestly false to pretend, as does the *Witness*, that the Penal Laws of the eighteenth century were imposed in dread of a repetition of the sanguinary events of the first half of the seventeenth century.

The *Witness* will please notice that in replying to his attempted palliation of the Penal Laws we have advanced nothing of our own: but have contented ourselves with quoting verbatim from Protestant historians—relying on whose testimony, we contend, without fear of refutation—1st. That the Penal Laws preceded—and were the cause of any acts of retaliation of which the Irish may have been guilty against their oppressors in the seventeenth century: and 2nd, that the Penal Laws imposed on Catholics in the eighteenth century, were not so imposed as a measure of protection to Protestants, or from any fear or apprehension of a rising, or massacre of Protestants by Irish Papists—for no such fears or apprehensions existed even amongst the Protestant clergy in Ireland.

The *Montreal Witness* of the 1st inst., alluding to the emigration from Lower Canada to the United States, asks, "What do the clergy think it is that their people are fleeing from?"

How any one can ask such a question who has eyes in his head, and knows how to use them—who will look around him on our snow-covered fields, on our ice-bound rivers and streams, in this month of April, when the earth should be clad in verdure, and the air redolent of the sweet perfumes of flowers—is to us incomprehensible. From what is it that in all ages men have fled, when they have streamed from the cold inhospitable regions of the North, to the more fertile and genial plains of the South? From what did the Norsemen flee, who long centuries ago, descended from their fields of almost eternal ice, and snow, to the garden lands of Europe?

It is a law of nature, which in vain can we hope to resist or to repeal, that the tide of emigration will flow from the cold to the warm climes; from North to South in the Northern Hemisphere, and from East to West on the Continent of America—where, as they recede from the Atlantic, the isothermal lines steadily advance to a higher latitude. It is from the long winter, from the desolation of ice and snow, that Canadians flee to more favored lands; where the winters are shorter, the summer longer, where spring opens earlier, and where the cruel blasts of an Arctic winter are not felt till later in the autumn. This is what, most reluctantly, French Canadians are fleeing from; for they for the most part dearly love their native land, and above all its social and religious institutions.

But alas! the daily increasing difficulty of earning therein their daily bread, a difficulty which is the result of Canada's unfortunate climatic conditions—compels the sons of the soil to abandon the homes of their youth, their fathers graves, and the parish church, the sound of whose bells they so dearly love—to seek in lands to the south and west of them, the means of sustenance. Nor is this process of emigration peculiar to Lower Canada. It is at work in the North Eastern States of the Union, from which for years past, there has poured a steady stream of emigration towards the more favored districts of the West. This emigration does not attract so much attention as does that from Canada, because it does not involve such a rupture of national, social and religious ties, as does that of the emigration of the Catholic French Canadian to the Protestant United States; but it is none the less real for all that, and already its effects are noticeable in the diminution of the native Yankee population.

Besides, in Lower Canada, where the practice of feticide has not been raised to the dignity of a national institution, as it has been in the United States, the population increases in a far greater ratio than it does amongst the Yankees. Canadians marry earlier than do the latter, and their unions are also more prolific; and in consequence, on the already too minutely subdivided soil of Lower Canada, there is no place for this natural increase of their numbers. Agriculture as a rule, is but a poorly remunerative occupation in such a climate as ours; and of other industries or manufactures we have but few, because, owing to the exclusive tariff of our neighbors, there is no market for their products.

In these, our physical conditions which no legislation can modify, and in these alone, are to be found the causes of the emigration from Lower Canada; for our moral conditions, wherein they differ from those of the United States, are far superior to those of the latter. Life, and property, and the liberty of the individual have here stronger guarantees. Judge Lynch has not yet, thank God! deposed the ministers of justice appointed by our Queen; and though we have amongst us crime enough to

make us huddle as before God, yet when we contrast our moral condition with that of the United States, we have abundant reasons to be thankful that we are not as our neighbors are, and to be loyal to our institutions. The physical advantages of the United States we admit: their moral advantages we altogether deny.

What is sauce for the goose is not always, according to Protestant philosophy, sauce for the gander. Godless education, or education in which all distinctively Christian doctrine is ignored, is a bad sauce for the Hindoo, but a first rate one for the Papist.

Godless education is bad for the Hindoo; so at least we find it stated in an article copied by the *Montreal Witness* from another Protestant paper, the *Christian Advocate*, in which the following passage occurs:—

Some thirty years ago the Indian Government, under the auspices of Lord Ellenborough, established a series of godless institutions, in which young men were thoroughly educated and in which Christianity was entirely ignored. Their minds were gifted and logical; they could speak English with elegance and precision; they went to Europe for the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Bolingbroke, and Hume, and imbibed their principles, and became propagandists of their infernal doctrines. Seldom in the world's history has it ever read such a lesson of the effects of godless education as in the recent history of India. That incarnate fiend, that Satanic hero of the massacre of Gwalpore, Neka Sahib war, upon the best authority, educated upon this principle. He had all the refinements of the most finished and elegant gentleman, but he had the heart of a demon; and to-day the blood of women and innocents cries out from the dust of India's palmy plain against the dread folly of divorcing intellect from conscience.—[*Christian Advocate.*]

On the other hand, Godless education, or education in which the distinctive doctrines of Christianity are ignored, is just the thing for Ireland and Canada, where there is a mixed population of Catholics and Protestants. That which in India is loudly denounced as the "dread folly of divorcing intellect from conscience," is in the case of the first named countries extolled as the noblest product of modern philosophy.

Why this contradiction? Why should that be desirable in Canada, which has produced such fatal effects in India? How shall we account for this strange inconsistency in the utterances of our Protestant contemporaries?

The inconsistency is rather apparent than real; the solution of the enigma is this.

Whilst in India, the object of the Government is to give such education to its Hindoo subjects as shall make them docile British subjects, the great object of the promoters of State education, whether in Ireland or in Canada, is to pervert Catholics. But to make the Hindoo a docile British subject, it is necessary to convert him to Christianity, and therefore in his case education should be religious. On the other hand, it is enough if the Catholic be so trained as to throw off his faith, though of course infidelity, or the total rejection of Christianity, is the inevitable consequence; and therefore Godless education, which generally leaves its subjects infidels, is an admirable sauce for cooking the Catholic gander without, though it by no means suits the Hindoo goose.

As the devil is popularly held to be able to quote Scripture for his purpose, so can Protestants imitate very closely the language of the Catholic Church, when their interests are at stake. Betwixt the denunciation by the *Christian Advocate*, as quoted by the *Montreal Witness*, of "Godless education;" of "the dread folly of divorcing intellect from conscience"—and the condemnation by the Catholic Church of the same educational system, as "altogether dangerous to faith and morals," there is no substantial difference. The evangelical editor is in theory, at one with the Pope, and Romish Bishops as to the effects of such an education, of such a divorce: and if in the case of mixed communities such as those of Ireland, and of Canada, he refuse to carry his theories into practice, and insist upon the adoption of the Godless system, of a system "in which Christianity is entirely ignored," it is not from any intellectual defect on his part; not from any doubts as to the consequences of such "divorcing intellect from conscience;" but simply because the consequences which in the case of Hindoos he deprecates, are those which he aims at in the case of Romanists. Proselytism, no matter what its advocates assert to the contrary, is the great object of all Protestant supporters of State Schoolism; and if in India their object is to make Hindoos Christians, it is enough for their purpose if in Canada they can transform Papists into infidels.

The Education Bill for L. Canada has passed. Whether its authors have not been a trifle too liberal? is a question that presents itself to many of our contemporaries; but as we have no wish to offer opposition to our local government, which, if not perfect, is better probably than any government that would replace it—we simply accept the measure in the hopes that it may work well; that it may remove any jealousy of the majority, that the minority of Lower Canada may have hitherto entertained: and that it may promote and perpetuate peace and good will betwixt Protestants and Catholics. Should it accomplish this, we shall readily overlook its other defects.

We do not expect however that the great liberality of a Catholic majority towards a Protestant minority in this Province, will have the least effect in Upper Canada, or that it will in any manner tend to induce the Protestant majority in that section to act with liberality, or justice towards the Catholic minority. In this opinion Protestant members of our own local legislature coincide with us; for we see that the Hon Mr. Ross, in his remarks upon the motion for the second reading of the Bill, expressly asserted that:—All knew that in Upper Canada the Roman Catholics were not treated with the same liberality as Protestants in this Province.

Still, because the Protestants of Upper Canada are illiberal and unjust, that it is no reason why we, Catholics of Lower Canada, should refrain from doing what is right. This, and perhaps a trifle more, M. Chauveau has done; and hoping that our Protestant fellow-subjects will accept the measure in the same liberal spirit as that in which it was conceived, we flatter ourselves that all causes of discord betwixt the several elements of our mixed community are now, and for ever removed.

The *Daily News* is eloquently indignant with Mr. Gladstone's Bill for disendowing the Irish Protestant Church, and asserts in the most unqualified terms the sanctity of ecclesiastical endowments. This would come with a better grace from our Protestant contemporary if he had shown himself equally indignant at the spoliation perpetrated upon the Church in Italy by the Piedmontese government, and by the revolutionists of Spain upon the convents and religious establishments of the last named country. Disendowment in the eyes of the *Montreal Daily News* appears wrong only when directed against Protestant ecclesiastical property: and though by no eloquence "can it be made to appear that the British Government have any moral right to divert to other purposes the proceeds of property bequeathed for the maintenance of the Church," no argument at all appears necessary to prove the right of the revolutionary government of Spain to divert to secular purposes the religious endowments of that country.

The *Daily News* seems to forget that the rights of private property are recognised by Mr. Gladstone, in dealing with the property of the Irish Protestant Church. Not only does he propose to leave it in undisturbed possession of the fabrics—the churches and cathedrals built by Catholics—and much of the property which was iniquitously bestowed upon it by the State out of the plunder of the Catholic Church: but he leaves it in possession of all that it has since certainly acquired by private endowments. Of the property accruing from the latter source, actually held by the Establishment, there are reasonable doubts as to the purport of the donors: and therefore, as it was necessary to lay down some fixed rule for the application of his principle.—Mr. Gladstone has assumed that all private endowments since the date of the Restoration of Charles II. were undoubtedly designed for the support of the existing Protestant church. Of all these endowments therefore he proposes to leave it in undisturbed possession: and only in those cases in which the intentions of the original donors are obscure, does he propose to secularise any portion of the Protestant ecclesiastical property accruing from private endowments. How wide the difference betwixt the tender treatment of the Irish Protestant church which the *Daily News* so fiercely denounces—though the greater part of its property was stolen from the Catholic Church: and the spoliation of the Church in Italy and Spain by the Liberals whose acts however, the *Daily News* contemplates with bland approval.

What about the latest born of England's Penal Laws against Catholics—the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill? In the analysis of Mr. Gladstone's measures for establishing religious liberty and religious equality in Ireland, we have not seen any allusion to this very important question.—And yet it is evident that it must be dealt with in one way or another. As usual three courses or modes of dealing with it present themselves. Mr. Gladstone may retain the law on the Statute Book as it stands: or as a second course he may extend its penal provisions so as to make them applicable to all Protestant ecclesiastics assuming territorial titles—as for instance "Archbishop of Dublin," or "Bishop of Cork." Or as his third course he may repeal the law in the case of Ireland, in which case he will be soon obliged to repeal it in the case of England.

No doubt the question will be discussed when Mr. Gladstone's Bill is before the Committee; and no doubt all the Catholic members of the House will insist that as before the Law, Catholic Bishops in Ireland shall in every respect, be put on an equal footing with the Protestant Bishops: that if the State tolerate, or recognise the assumption of territorial titles in the case of the latter, it shall tolerate and recognise in its official acts the assumption of similar titles by the former, or Catholic Bishops. If this be not granted, Mr. Gladstone's Bill will be but a delusion, a mockery, and a snare: Protestant As-

endency will still flourish as insolently as ever: State Chûrism will still be rampant, and the era of religious equality before the State, without which there can be no religious liberty, will be as remote as ever.

CONVENT OF THE CONGREGATION.—An interesting ceremony, consisting in the reception of twelve postulants, and the profession of five nuns, occurred in the Chapel of the Convent of the Congregation, on the morning of Thursday, the 1st inst. The Rev. M. Lenoir, Director of the College of Montreal, assisted by the Rev. M.M. Tambareau and Primeau, officiated. We subjoin the names of the newly received Sisters of the Congregation:—

Miss Cole, who received the name of Sister Ste. Constance; Miss Bayle, that of Ste. Lydie; Miss Keogh, that of Ste. Marie Patrick; Miss Primeau, that of Ste. Honore; Miss Lenoir, that of Ste. Marie Aretæa.

The names of the young lady postulants who received the religious habit were as follows:—Madlle S. Mercier, in religion Ste. Marie de la Misericorde; Madlle Chatillon, Sister Ste. Denis; Leblanc, Sister Ste. Jean de Matha; Michaud, Sister Ste. Irene; McDougall, Sister Ste. Ida; Leclair, Ste. Stanislas de Jesus; Serre, Ste. Antonette; Dumouchel, Ste. Hermine; Leroux, Ste. Lea; Lafard, Ste. Solange; Simond, Ste. Zozime; Lacasse, Ste. Victorie.

On Sunday next, in accordance with instructions from the Very Reverend M. Truteau, Vicar General, will be celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the elevation to the Priesthood of His Holiness Pius IX., now gloriously reigning over the Church of Christ upon earth.

Tidings have arrived from Newfoundland of the death of His Grace the Archbishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Mulloch.

PLAGIARISM.—If we could suspect so grave and reverend a Seigneur as the late Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury of jocularly we should certainly hold him guilty of the sin of plagiarism or pilfering from Dickens. Over the signature C. Cantuar the late respected office holder in the Anglican Establishment writes to another gentleman who styles himself Bishop of Illinois, who it seems took part in the solemn farce lately enacted with great applause, and amidst roars of laughter at Lambeth, by G. Cantuar and his brother Protestants, under the title of "A Pan-Anglican Synod." In this letter, published by the Protestant press, the following passage occurs with reference to a once amusing, but now quite forgotten document called an Encyclical, which the Synod published. Of this document "C. Cantuar" writes:—

"The Encyclical, as I have heard from good authority, is considered a very serious matter by Roman Catholics, English and foreign; and some of them have said that the Church of Rome has never received such a blow since the Reformation."

What is this but a feeble imitation of Dickens' humorous description of The War Correspondent of the N. Y. Rowdy Journal; and of that gentleman's firm conviction, "that the aristocratic circles of England quailed before the name of Jefferson Brick;" just as the Pope and Cardinals quail before the comical Encyclical of C. Cantuar.

TRICHINOSIS.—There has been much excitement in Montreal about a serious case of wholesale poisoning by the trichina, or vermin that frequently infest the flesh of swine, and from which so many fatal accidents have occurred both in Europe and in America. Several of the boarders at a house in College Street had partaken of a piece of ham for dinner, and were all attacked soon after with the well known signs of trichinosis—vomiting, diarræa, and intense pains in the muscles. Suspicion as to the cause of this outbreak having naturally been aroused by the symptoms, a portion of the ham in question was submitted to careful microscopic examination by Messrs. Edward and Howard: when the presence of the deadly trichina was at once established, and the sudden and horrid malady of the inmates of the College Street boarding house was also fully accounted for.

The loathsome vermin which finds its appropriate, if not exclusive home in the flesh of swine—the trichina spiralis—has not long been known to the world: but since the microscope has revealed the existence of the hideous thing, many a death amongst swine-flesh eaters has been traced to it. It is said that cooking at a very high temperature will destroy the filthy parasite, and that pig meat so cooked may be eaten with impunity; but so long as the flesh of the unclean beast is habitually used as an article of food, we may expect that, in spite of all precautions as to cooking, fatal accidents will be of frequent occurrence. Total abstinence from such flesh, and indeed from all unclean meats, is the best way of avoiding the danger: and we believe that if men—not of course from religious, but simply from hygienic motives—were to adhere strictly to the Mosaic Law with regard to eating and drinking, many loathsome diseases to which are subject the transgressors of those admirable sanitary precepts, would soon disappear from amongst us.

The Montreal Daily News, speaking of the Lower Canada Education Bill just passed by a Catholic majority, says:—

"Suffice it to say that it appears to be considerably further in the path of concession than the act in force in Ontario respecting the Catholic minority."

A NEW COMPENDIUM OF SACRED HISTORY, Prepared for the use of Schools, by the Christian Brothers:

This is a very well arranged compendium of sacred history, and bears on its title page the approbation of His Grace, the Archbishop of Quebec. This is a sufficient recommendation, and establishes for the little work the right to claim a place in our Catholic schools. A useful chronological table, and an explanation of the meaning of Scripture proper names, form a valuable and appropriate appendix to a book which deserves the favorable notice of the public of Canada. We trust that ere long it will not be necessary for us to go to the U. States for our school books, which are often too political in their tone, and too extreme in their nationality; for us amongst pupils who should be trained up in sentiments of loyalty to their legitimate rulers. The Christian Brothers in Canada have given evidence of their ability to compile excellent works for the instruction of Canadian children: and both in Quebec and in Montreal we have printing establishments capable of bringing them out in very excellent style. Let us in the matter of school books then patronize our native products.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW—January, 1869. New Series. Messrs. Sadiers, Montreal. Price \$6 per annum:

And six dollars well bestowed, for the Dublin Review is a publication of which the Catholics of the British Empire may well be proud. In the number of April we are promised a rejoinder to Mr. Ffolke's recent attacks upon the Catholic Church, which alone will be worth the year's subscription. The contents of the current number are as under:—Senior's Irish Voyages; 2. Theories on Development of the Faith; 3. The Jesuits in Canada; 4. Principles of Catholic Higher Education; The Church and Napoleon I.; 6. Church Music, and Church Choirs; 7. The Orthodoxy of Pope Honorius; 8. Ireland and the New Ministry; 9. Notices of Books.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE—February, 1869. Messrs. Dawson Bros., Great St. James Street, Montreal:

The number for this month opens with the sequel of the very amusing and well told tale, of Doubles and Quits, part iv. To this succeed articles on the following subjects:—On Army Organisation; Cornelius O'Dowd; In Life and in Death; The Chinese Mission to Christendom; The Pulpit of the Olden Time; O Why Should a Woman Not Get a Degree? Vapors, Fears, and Tremors; Mr. Gladstone and Disestablishment.

EDINBURGH REVIEW—January, 1869. Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal:

The contents of the current number are of more than usual interest. We give a list:—1. Spain under Charles II.; 2. Lord Kingsdown's Recollections of the Bar; 4. Cæsarism Rome; Treach's Realities of Irish Life; 5. The Legend of Tell and Rulli; 6. Government Telegraph; 8. Hunter's Annals of Rural Bengal; 9. General Ulysses Simpson Grant; 10. Mr. Bright's Speeches

STUDIOUS WOMEN.—From the French of Mgr. Dupanloup. Translated by R. M. Phillimore. Patrick Donahoe, Boston:

We can recommend the careful perusal of this work on female education to our readers of both sexes. It is an admirable vindication of the right of women to receive an education to fit them for their important duties.

The Daily Witness is wonderfully moved at the fate of four Indians of the Lake of the Two Mountains, who have been committed to gaol by the Judge of Sessions. They only menaced a priest, and, therefore, they should have been let go at large. Unfortunately, the administration of criminal justice is not in the hands of the editor of the Daily Witness, or, we presume, intimidating a priest would be looked upon as a harmless amusement. The Daily Witness does not consider that Mr. De La Ronde's accusations are in any way contradicted. There is, we believe, only one of his assertions that may not be admitted, namely, that the prisoners were treated with cruelty. This one, however, is formally contradicted, and it is totally unfounded. The case is a very simple, and we regret to say, not now a very uncommon one. A band of Indians burst into the parlour of the mission house, threatened the priest, and gave him notice to quit. The priest lodged a complaint, and the ringleaders were arrested and called upon to give security to keep the peace, and in default of security they were committed. This is an everyday proceeding, and one can hardly suppose that so learned a person as the editor of the Daily Witness should be ignorant of the law in this respect. But it is intimated that it is the fault of the magistrate that the Indians could not give security. Why have they no land? it is asked. We hardly think this can be a question for the magistrate, but if the Witness really does not know, we may tell our contemporary that it is because the unfranchised Indian has no right of property in the land he holds. His title is vested in the Superintendent of Indian Affairs and consequently to give security on such a qualification would be simply absurd. The Imperial policy with regard to the Indians may be very bad; but its badness is certainly not demonstrated by the fact that some turbulent members of a tribe are sent to gaol, they having failed to find security to keep the peace. Had it been desired to treat these Indians with rigour, the priest's affidavit would have justified the Judge of Sessions in committing them for riot and forcible entry.—[Evening Telegraph 29th ult.

NAZARETH BLIND ASYLUM.—A soiree was held on the night of the 31st ult., in the Asylum, St. Catherine street, and was well attended, the room being filled with a highly respectable company. The exercises were open with a discourse by the Rev. Mr. Martineau, upon the subject of Charity, temporal and spiritual. Six or seven little blind girls then recited pieces of poetry in French, which they did in a very acceptable manner. Miss Jacques then sang very effectively, a song upon "charity." She was accompanied on the piano-forte by Mr. Boucher. Rev. Mr. O'Farrell delivered a very able address upon the education of the blind, showing that many persons thus afflicted had risen to positions of eminence. Two little girls read with much taste and apparent ease, selections from English and French, sacred authors. Mr. Boucher gave two comic songs with much humour. Several songs were rendered by the blind children and others, who seemed to have derived much benefit from the instruction given. At the close of the exercises a little girl, four years of age, thanked the audience for their attendance, and the interest they had taken in the Nazareth Blind Asylum

Weekly report of the St. Bridget's Refuge, ending Saturday, the 3rd inst.: Males, 365, females, 203; English, 75; Irish, 433; Scotch, 20; French Canadian, 35; total, 568.

THE TRICHINA QUESTION SOLVED.—We [Gazette] observe that Dr. Edwards informs an evening contemporary that he has found some good specimens of Trichina in the pork submitted to him and said to be a portion of the ham a part of which was eaten by the family in College street. The doctor intends to have these specimens photographed. They have, we understand been seen by a number of medical gentlemen. We have heard it stated that Dr. Baker Edwards is not the only one who has discovered trichina in this case.

A MONTREAL 'SWELL' IN THE FAR WEST.—A correspondent of the Toronto Daily Telegraph writing from the Far West says:—"I will give you an incident:—A young man, a clerk in a wholesale store in the city of Montreal, and who I had noticed several times while there putting on a great deal of 'sogony' around Dion's Billiard Rooms, came out here a few months ago with one of those stunning seal skin caps, skin tight pants and everything to denote him as one of the dry goods clerks of Montreal. In all probability he had his golden anticipations like the rest of us; but alas! the fond hopes he had cherished, the airy castles he had built, and the grand schemes he had laid out for the future, were dashed to the ground by the Fates, without a thought of him. A few days after, having occasion to go over to a stone building, in course of erection for a Round House, I espied my brave Canadian boy wheeling bricks and sand, mixing mortar, and performing sundry other tasks equally agreeable, and denoting him to be nothing less than a mason's labourer, his skin tight bespattered with mud; and his seal skin in a bad shape for a dry goods clerk!"

Quebec, April 2.—Col Gagy, of Quebec, delivered a lecture in the Music Hall to-night, before an audience of some eight hundred people, on "The future of the Irish race in Lower Canada." The lecturer was very bitter against the French Canadians and Roman Catholic clergy—denouncing the denomination of one, and the uncalced for interference of the other, in matters secular, and characterised the local Parliament as a moccasin parliament and the Premier as narrow minded and contemptible, and urged the necessity of British organizing, for mutual defence with an action in event of not receiving full justice. He also indulged in force invectives against Sir John A. Macdonald for assisting in bringing about the present system, and praised the liberal party as the only true friends of the country. The audience, with few exceptions was English-speaking, and frequently and justly applauded the speaker. We sincerely trust that the prospect of Colonel Gagy's tirade in the Quebec Music Hall on Friday night, which we published in our telegraphic columns on Saturday was exaggerated, although from the character of our correspondent, we fear that it was not. Oratorical flourishes, so thoroughly devoid of foundation, may tickle the ears of the groundlings for whom they were doubtless intended but cannot have any weight with that larger and more sensible class of men, who are aware of and recognise the value of the enterprise which now exists and has existed between the two races for the past ten or fifteen years. Of course bigots and fanatics, not to speak of mischief makers, may always be found in every mixed community, but so far as Canada, or at least this Province is concerned, we are glad to say that their day is past, never, we sincerely hope, to return. Colonel Gagy's charges against Mr. Chauveau's Ministry should have been preferred, if at all, four or five weeks ago, for, as it is, they are singularly mal a propos after the very liberal stand the Administration took upon the vital subject to Protestants—the Education question.—[Mont. Gazette.

THE RECENT INCREASE OF THE QUEBEC INDEMNITY.—Le Canadien says Government has announced that it intends to prorogue the Legislature on Monday. It is very probable that between this and then the members will manage to secure the passage of an Act amending their indemnity to \$300. By making the calculation it will be seen that they will receive more than two pounds a day for each day's work. The increase of the indemnity naturally extends to the honorable legislative councillors. Mr. Bellerose, the economist in 'trunks at three and sixpence, sacrificed himself without hesitating. The indemnity had to be increased, it would appear, in order to prove that the local members were in no wise inferior to the Ottawa ones. All the members who hold two seats were of this opinion except Messrs. Joly and Tremblay. In fact Mr. Bellerose of Ottawa is not inferior to Mr. Bellerose of Quebec. This argument ad hominem convinced the House, and Mr. Bellerose pockets his twelve hundred dollars a year like the others. This is economy. The public is naturally jubilant. In their turn and in order to establish the superiority and importance of the Federal Legislature the Ottawa members should increase their indemnity too \$300. Next year the local members acting on the principle which guided their vote a few days ago should propose a further increase to a similar amount, etc., etc.

The Quebec Legislature was finally prorogued yesterday, after sitting from the 12th of January to the 10th of February and from the 16 February to the 5th April, the adjournment having been necessitated by the precarious condition of the Treasurer's health. During this long period the Legislature passed upwards of a hundred bills, many of great importance, and has otherwise left its impress, in broad and durable characters, upon the institutions of the country. The Governor of this District held an inquest at Wollaston on the 25th on the body of Nazaree Paquette, a respectable farmer of about 40 years of age. It appears from the evidence that Paquette was, on the 15th, attacked with symptoms of pleurisy and congestion of the lungs. Dr. Duplessis, of Halifax was called, who gave medicine accordingly. At the second visit on Saturday, he told them to be particular to send for him if any change occurred. He was not called upon again, but other means used for the recovery of Paquette. The Jury found in substance, that Dr. Duplessis was not to blame for the death of Paquette, and that they regretted that the practice of charms and secret remedies was not wholly discountenanced by this community.—[Three Rivers Telegraph.

A man named Joseph Pitron died in the Three Rivers hospital a few days ago at the age of 103 years and one month. He was born in Flanders, left for America during the French Revolution, was taken prisoner and detained seven years, finally making his way to Three Rivers, where he leaves a family composed of eight children, forty-seven grand children, and eighteen great grand children. The Times upon confederation says:—If one thing

be clearer than another, it is that Confederation renders the United Provinces not more but less dependent on the Mother Country. It is no secret that from the Imperial point of view, the project was favourably entertained in connexion with the policy which throws upon Colonies the main responsibility for their own defence. Henceforward, if British North America becomes stronger for the purposes of repelling aggression, it will be in spite of large reductions in the British garrison, and solely in consequence of her own increased efforts for self protection. It is worse than idle to represent this country as having established the Dominion of Canada to serve as a bulwark against the United States. Though encouraged by the Imperial Government, the Confederation movement emanated from the Provinces more free than ever to dispose of themselves as they please. If the mass of the people should hereafter desire to enter the American Union, of which there is no proof or symptom, England, will assuredly not lift a finger to prevent it, and, unless the mass of the population should desire it, the United States can have no wish to receive them. Whether they gravitate in that direction by a natural law, and are destined one day to obey the centrifugal force, we are not concerned to inquire. At present, they prefer Confederation under the British Monarchy, and they ought to know their own interests. Nova Scotia, especially, has profited by the short-sighted fiscal policy of the United States, and has not suffered what she apprehended from the Protectionist tendencies of Canada. It is possible that her coal trade may at some future time attract her towards the American Union as much as her ship-building trade now repels her from it, but she is inhabited by much too business-like a population to annex herself 'for an idea.'

THE TUNSPICKER MAN AND THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—A good story is told of a canny old Scotchman, near Ottawa, who keeps the Billings Bridge toll gate for the Gloucester Road Company. It seems a few days since His Excellency and Lady Young took a drive out in that direction, and after passing through the toll gate were stopped by the 'heights' and 'balloos' of the said gate keeper as he frantically rushed after the sleigh demanding his toll. Whereupon His Excellency explained to him that being Governor General he was not subject to charge. To which Sandy replied,—"Ah! weel it might be sae, but I'll just take the toll this time!"

A WINEYARD SELLERS DODGE.—The Toronto 'Telegraph' says: The proprietor of a saloon on King street west has adopted a very ingenious ruse for the evasion of the Saturday night law. He retains a demoralized member of the medical fraternity, who issues certificates to all applicants for drinks, to the effect that they require stimulants on account of ill health. As the law provides, a medical certificate shall authorize the sale of liquor at any hour, the saloon keeper is enabled to sell openly, and without restriction, and does a roaring business.

Writing of the Nova Scotian gold fields and their development, the Halifax Express says:—"Confederation, on the other hand, had, as might have been expected, a beneficial effect upon the development of our mines. This has been retarded, it is true, by causes mentioned above; but they were unable altogether to keep out the influx of speculation and enterprise, which came down upon us from Ontario and Quebec. This is the real Canadian invasion, of which Anti-Union writers are fond of holding up a bogus image, and the aggressive army would have numbered many more legions had the spoil been more easy of access, and the tenure of its enjoyment more secure. These are invaders whom all true lovers of their country will gladly welcome, and meet with extended arms, as a portion of what we stand most in need of, while the apathy of plenty saps the active energy of our native capitalists!"

The Halifax Express is not at all inclined to take a gloomy view of political and commercial prospects:—"It requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell that from all the elections, in Haunts, Richmond, and Yarmouth, an unmistakable voice will be heard warning the Local Government of its approaching demise; and, as its political death means renewed life and vigour to Nova Scotia, the beginning of more prosperous days will open, and the flood of capital be fairly turned on to our mining industry."

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Oscoola, D Gorman, \$4; Odessa, J McConnell, 4; Fort William, J McDonald, 2; Barrie, C Cashman, 2; Smithville, J Quinlan, 2; Kingston, A B McDonnell, 1; Duncannon, H Boyle 2; Marysville, T Lee, 2; Penetanguishene, M Quinon, 2; Stockwell, M Patinaud, 2.25. Per J McCarthy, Ennismore, Self; S McCarthy, Bridgenorth, 7. Per P Lynch, Allumette Island—J Cunningham, 6. Per J McGuire, Cobourg—B Lilly, 2; J McKeany, 2.

Died.

On the 5th inst., Jane Amelia Perry, wife of P. S. Murphy of this city.



AN ADJOURNED ANNUAL MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, will be held in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on FRIDAY, 9th inst., for the election of officers for the coming year and other business.

The secretary will be in attendance at 7 p. m. to receive monthly and other dues. Every member is expected to be present. Chair taken at 8 p. m. sharp. By order, P. J. COYLE, Recording Secretary.

WANTED.

BOARD for two respectable young men, in a private family where no other boarders are kept; must be within five minutes walk of Post office. No objection to pay a moderate figure, if board be suitable. Address—"B. S." Office of this paper. Montreal, April 9th, 1869.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of Jean Baptiste Metrier, Trader and contractor of the City of Montreal.

An Insolvent. The Creditors of the Insolvent are notified that he has made an assignment of his estate and effects under the above Act to me, the undersigned Assignee, and they are required to furnish me, within two months from this date, with their claims, specifying the security they hold, if any, and the value of it; and if none, stating the fact; the whole attested under oath, with the vouchers in support of such claims.

T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. No. 19, St. Sacrament Street. Montreal 27th March 1869. 2x35

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS. In consequence of continued ill health I have been compelled to retire from business and have taken this opportunity of returning my sincere thanks to my customers generally for the very cordial and liberal support which I received and trust that the same which was accorded to me will also be given to my successor in the business John Burns who was in our employ about four years and for whom I would bespeak a favourable trial. I Remain Yours, &c., JOHN BURNS, Plumber, Gas and Steamfitter, Tin & Sheet Iron Worker, &c., No. 675 CRAIG STREET, 675, (Two Doors West of Bligny,) MONTREAL. JOBBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

JOHN BURNS, (Successor to Kearney & Bro.) PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAMFITTER, TIN & SHEET IRON WORKER, &c., No. 675 CRAIG STREET, 675, (Two Doors West of Bligny,) MONTREAL. JOBBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE CLERGY AND TO THE RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES.

The Testamentary Executors of the late JOSEPH BEAUDRY, desiring to close the business of the Estate on the first of May, 1870, take the liberty to inform the Gentlemen of the Clergy, and the Religious Communities, that they have still on hand, a large assortment of ARTICLES for the CHURCHES and the OLRGRY, on which a great reduction has been made.

They invite the Gentlemen of the Clergy, and Reverend Sisters in general, to avail themselves of this rare opportunity of procuring such articles as they may require in that line. Montreal, 2nd April, 1868. 2m34

THE REV. FATHER BARKWELL'S SERMON ON THE MISSION OF IRELAND.

GIVEN by him, in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, on St. Patrick's Day, 1869. published in pamphlet form, by J. Lovell. Enormous numbers have been sold in Montreal, and as only a certain number have been printed, persons residing in other parts of the Dominion, should procure copies immediately. Price, 12c. cents, and postage one cent. Ten copies sent to one address for \$1.00. Address, H. P. KIRLY, 38, St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864

In the matter of Oyrille Poirier, Trader, of St. Vincent de Paul District of Montreal.

An Insolvent. The Creditors of the Insolvent are notified that he has made an assignment of his estate and effects under the above Act to me, the undersigned Assignee, and they are required to furnish me, within two months from this date, with their claims, specifying the security they hold, if any, and the value of it; and if none, stating the fact; the whole attested under oath, with the vouchers in support of such claims. T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. No. 19, St. Sacrament Street. Montreal 27 March 1869. 2w35

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864

In the matter of Louis Ledoux, Trader of the parish of Belœil, District of Montreal.

An Insolvent. The Creditors of the Insolvent are hereby notified that he has made an assignment of his estate and effects under the above Act, to me, the undersigned assignee, and they are required to furnish me, within two months from this date, with their claims, specifying the security they hold, if any, and the value of it, if none, stating the fact, the whole attested under oath with the vouchers in support of such claims. T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. St. Sacrament Street, No. 18. Montreal, 18 March 1869. 2w34

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of George Lafayette Perry, Trader of the City of Montreal.

The Creditors of the Insolvent are hereby notified that he has made an assignment of his estate and effects under the above Act, to me, the undersigned assignee, and they are required to furnish me, within two months from this date, with their claims, specifying the security they hold, if any, and the value of it, if none, stating the fact, the whole attested under oath with the vouchers in support of such claims. T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. St. Sacrament Street, No. 18. Montreal, 23 March 1869. 2w34

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of P. Jules Godin, Trader, of the Parish of St. Eustache, District of Terrebonne.

An Insolvent. The Creditors of the Insolvent are hereby notified that he has made an assignment of his estate and effects under the above Act, to me, the undersigned assignee, and they are required to furnish me, within two months from this date, with their claims, specifying the security they hold, if any, and the value of it, if none, stating the fact, the whole attested under oath with the vouchers in support of such claims. T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. No. 18, St. Sacrament Street. Montreal 17 March 1869. 2w34

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of Moise Paquette, of Montreal.

An Insolvent. The Creditors of the insolvent are notified to meet at the office of the undersigned Assignee, No 18, St. Sacrament Street, in the City of Montreal, on Wednesday the fourteenth day of April next at three o'clock P.M. for the public examination of the said insolvent and for the ordering of the estate generally. T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. Montreal, 22 March 1869. 2w34

CANADA. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

Province of Canada, District of Montreal. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. In the matter of JOSEPH OTTAVE MEROIER, of the City of Montreal, Trader, An Insolvent.

And TANOREDE SAUVAGEAU Official Assignee. NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the office of this Court a deed of composition and discharge, executed by his creditors, and that on Saturday, the twentieth day of March next, at ten of the clock, in the forenoon, or as soon as Counsel can be heard, he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected in his favor under the said Act, and also for the discharge of the said Assignee. Montreal, 13th Jan. 1869. JOSEPH OTTAVE MEROIER, By: DURAMEL & DROLET, his Attorneys ad litem. 2m24

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, March 27.—The Gaulois newspaper says that the Emperor Napoleon has demanded an explanation of the King of Prussia in regard to the recent mobilization of troops in the western provinces.

The leading organ of the French democracy, the Opinion Nationale, weighs all the arguments for and against the probability of war growing out of this difference, and concludes in favor of peace. To annex Belgium and make it a French province would not, perhaps, be very difficult. Prussia has several times made the offer to France. England would, indeed, be dissatisfied, but she would not stir a step. By this act, however, there would not be a particle of glory for France, not a musket shot would be fired. It would be simply an abuse of force, a violation of treaties, one of the results of which would be to strengthen in aggrandized France the liberal and municipal spirit which the conquered provinces would bring with them. But, suppose that it is not only Belgium, but the Rhens provinces that are proposed to be annexed. In that case it would be war, and a terrible war, with the whole of Germany led by Prussia, which could not terminate but with a Jena or a Waterloo. It is not possible for any Sovereign, not impelled by absolute necessity, to deliberately run the risk of such a disaster. It is to be better prepared for so gigantic an undertaking that, as we are told, it is sought to obtain the alliance of Austria and Italy. With regard to Austria, little need be said except that it is by no means proved that her populations, who so much need peace, would hail with joy the prospect of another war. As regards Italy, it is certain that before she gave her adhesion she would make her terms, and the price she would require is the possession of Rome. In case of war this would inevitably happen; but how would the French clergy regard that transaction?—They would amply revenge themselves in the general elections. There is an objection of another kind, which is not without its weight. In case of war, who would command in chief? Is the Emperor's health such as to admit of his undergoing the fatigues of campaigning? Could he remain in the saddle 12 or 15 hours at a stretch, and day after day? Which of the Marshals, Niel, or Bazaine, or MacMahon, would have sufficient authority over his colleagues? And, moreover, in case of success, would he not become a personage of too much consequence, and would not the conqueror of the Rhens provinces throw into the shade the Imperial authority? He would have the profit of the victory without relieving the Emperor from the responsibility of defeat. It is, indeed, sometimes said that the Emperor is lucky in such games; but when a man has gained one of the first thrones of the world he is not likely to set it on the cast of the die. These are some of the reasons which justify hopes of the maintenance of peace.

PARIS, March, 15.—If there are people who cling to the illusion that the Parisians (I need say nothing of the provincial populations) still cherish the war like tastes which characterized them in other times, I would recommend them to pay a visit to one of the public meetings called 'Conferences' which are getting into fashion, and indeed may be said to be 'acclimatized' in this capital. I do not allude to the gatherings of the Redoute, the Salle Molere, and Rebut, to which its patrons have giving the imposing name of 'Salle de la Revolution and Progres,' where socialist and communist doctrines of the most Republican description are preached, and which are carried on in such confusion and tumult as to require the interruption of the Police Commissary, who ends in dissolving them in a storm of invectives and insults. In these the oratory is pretty much the same we heard in the lowest clubs of the Revolutionary period; and the language is so outrageous as to induce the suspicion that it is meant to justify the interference of the authorities. A Democratic Deputy M. Garnier Pages, member of the Provincial Government of 1848, lately hinted in the Legislative Chamber that the secret police had something to do with them, and that agents called 'Provocateurs' stimulated these violent declamations, doubtless for the purpose of bringing into discredit the newly acquired right of meeting. Be this as it may, the 'Conferences' I particularly allude to are of quite a different character. The attendance is always numerous, and is composed of the bourgeois class, and of working men, the latter in considerable number, and the topics treated by the lecturers are literary and social, and distinct from socialist.

The Spectator is of opinion that if the Emperor Napoleon intends any attack on Belgium it must be because he has reason to believe, or thinks he has reason to believe, that Great Britain would not comply with a Belgian demand for aid, that the whole work would be left to North Germany and the Continental Powers. He either deems England indifferent or considers that our policy for the time is fixed—to abstain from war unless directly menaced or attacked. Is this, the Spectator asks, our policy or not? If it is not, then we are acting very foolishly in suffering Napoleon to believe it is. It is a repetition of the old blunder with respect to the Czar Nicholas. We then talked peace so loudly that he at last believed the haughtiest nation in Europe would return thanks for blows, that we had forgotten how to fight, and under that belief pressed on till retreat had become impossible either for him or for us. Trusting in English indifference, the Emperor of the French might easily take steps from which it would be impossible to recede without humiliation, but which he would never have taken had he but understood the latent feeling of Great Britain.

FRANCH ELECTIONS.—Mgr. Dupanloup, Pere Hyacinthe, and Mgr. Bauer, are spoken of as probable candidates. The former and Thiers, are invited by the electors of Marseilles to replace Berryer. From all I can learn, the republican opposition will be very strong Raspail, Barbes, and all the ultras of '48, having resolved

to contest the towns; and the Legitimists will prefer supporting them to the Government candidates, exacting, however, pledges as to Rome and the Church in France itself. The prestige of the Empire is thoroughly broken, and the principle of centralization is being most energetically combated at Marseilles, Bordeaux, and above all Lyons. The well-known and able late editor of the Gazette de France, finding its proprietors did not give him sufficient scope for his religious and political convictions, has founded a new and most excellent journal at Lyons, the Decentralization, which is supported by all the Catholics of the city and province, and whose leaders are in talent equal to any political writing in France. M. Garnier has succeeded in swamping the Gallican local press, and in giving the great Catholic city an organ worthy of its traditions and the part it has played in French history.—[Tablet.]

M. Henri Rochefort, of Lanterne notoriety has been invited by more than five hundred electors of Paris to put up for one of the districts of that city. M. Rochefort communicates this fact to the Avenir National, and says he shall accept the invitation.

M. Julien, a merchant of Paris, has petitioned the French Senate to impose a special tax upon bachelors of thirty years and upwards. The old grenadier from whose flask Napoleon the First drank at Ratisbon during the memorable campaign of 1805, and who, on that occasion, uttered the naive words, 'After you, sire,' which caused Napoleon to burst into a fit of laughter, died on the 9th of January at the Hotel des Invalides, in his eighty-fifth year.

SPAIN.

The fact is, that the present rulers have taken a leaf out of Isabella's own book. They rely too much on material strength, and too little on moral influence; on the army rather than on the nation. We hear every day of the glorious conquests of the Revolution; of the unbounded liberties which the people have won for themselves. The real truth is, however, that the people have not yet been made to see the reality of the blessings which they are said to have obtained. There is but little like equity or legality in the liberty which we here enjoy. The rule has been 'woe to the conquered,' and the partisans of the late Government have fared no better at the hands of the Liberals than the latter used to do at the hands of the late Government. In the midst of all these reprisals, in the gratification of these rancours, it is but little that the cause of justice or of true liberty can gain. It is still passion that rules the country, and abuse of power naturally suggests and almost sanctions appeal to violence. The Spaniards are a superlative race. Nothing but the most transcendent success, nothing but the most unlimited liberty, the most unlimited proclamation of all liberties, will satisfy them. You can judge of their disposition of mind from the proposals now laid before the Cortes. Abolition of military and usual conscription, of the penalty of death, of the salt and tobacco monopoly—of everything that is objectionable, and the establishment of everything that is desirable. All this would be admirable if the people would only begin at the beginning; if one would reckon upon anything like security for person or property, or upon a fair administration of the law in open court. But what is grievous to say, is that justice in Spain, good or bad as it may be, still stuns the light of day. Of that too famous assassination at Burgos not one word has appeared in print. A court-martial has sat many days, sentence has been pronounced, four or five wretches have been condemned, there has been a commutation of penalty in behalf of the worst offender, but barely the names of these obscure malefactors are known. The cry is everywhere, 'Hit him! he is a Bourbonist! he is a Carlist!' It does not in the least signify whether he be really one or not; at any rate, it seems to be perfectly unnecessary to prove that he is. The brothers Yillalada have been for weeks or months in prison, and their offence has not yet been clearly defined. Senor Muzquiz has been in dungeons for a still longer period, and the dark conspiracy in which he was supposed to be implicated appears now extremely likely to turn out mere moonshine. The policy is neither wise nor generous, truly, and the present rulers will soon be made aware of its hollowness. Those who wish to be free should begin by being just. Reactionary partisans, when unfairly dealt with, find warm advocates in the ranks of the Republicans. In the division respecting the motion for a general amnesty the minority mustered no less than 94 strong, more than 30 of the ordinary supporters of the Government having walked over to their adversaries.—[Times Cor.]

The same decay of religion, honour, and virtue which alarms even the revolutionists of Italy, is attesting the success of their brethren in Spain. We noticed some time ago that the Government which professed to have inaugurated liberty of the Press, makes no scruple to imprison journalists who refuse to be its partisans. Here is another example of the kind of liberty which the revolution bestows upon its victims. Senor Muzquiz, a royalist, was elected deputy to the Cortes by 19,000 votes. The Government immediately incarcerated him! Senor Vinador, supported by Senor Figueroa, a republican deputy, moved that he be permitted to take the seat to which he had been elected by universal suffrage! The proposition was rejected by a vote which had the support of Serrano, Prim, and Topete; and Senor Muzquiz is still in prison, in spite of universal suffrage. If the people of Spain love the rule of these ignominious impostors, their friends need not complain if they continue to enjoy its benefits.

THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT OF PAUL INDICATED.—It turns out that Romero Ortiz's foul column in the Cortes against the Society of St. Vincent of Paul in general, and three of its members in particular, as implicated in the murder of the Governor of Burgos, had no other foundation than that one of the persons who most conspicuously censured the decree of ecclesiastical confiscation did actually belong to that society. That was all his guilt, for which, in this season of liberal liberty, he has been condemned to pine away in chains for twenty years! Not a word of the process has been published as yet. What an eloquent negative justification of the clergy!

CIVIL MARRIAGES.—Three dozen such marriages have already been celebrated in Reus, and the evil example is gradually being imitated in other parts of the country. In Istacion, in the province of Almeria, the Alcalde pretends to marry all couples that apply to him, and charges 6s. for giving his blessing! The liberal paper, El Universal, avers that the revolution is dead without the legal establishment of civil marriage.

March 30.—The new Spanish Constitution fixes the reign of the King for life, and the Crown descends to his heir, whose majority is fixed at 18 years of age. An outbreak occurred at Xerez de la Frontera, in opposition to the military conscription (a levy of

25,000 men being proposed by the Government)—Sarracides were formed, which were attacked and taken by the troops. The fighting was renewed yesterday. Bodies of Carlist partisans are also in the field. The Republicans in the Cortes have denounced these outbreaks and have pledged their support to the Government for the maintenance of public order.

MADRID, April 2.—Troops are going forward to the Pyrenees to prevent parties of Carlists from crossing the frontier into Spain. Serrano informed the Cortes yesterday that orders for the holding of the elections had been sent out to Cuba, and deputies from that island were expected at an early day.

Don Carlos has very recently signed a contract for 14,000 rifles with a large Belgian manufactory, which bodes but little good for the tranquility of Spain, and if known, will throw some obstacles in the way of the new proposed loan.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—The world knows by this time that the revolution has given to Italy neither liberty, nor peace nor prosperity. It possessed all three in a very ample measure, under its former princes; and only a counter-revolution, as even the Italians begin to understand, can restore them. But, if Italy has lost these material blessings, she has to lament, with a still deeper sorrow, losses of another kind. The increase of crime and immorality in the peninsula reminds one of the effects of the so-called Reformation, the true source and origin of all subsequent revolutions. The 'Reformers' were perpetually bewailing the disappearance of virtue which accompanied their new doctrines, and the revolutionary organs of Italy are now uttering similar lamentations. The Opinions records, with real or affected horror that the number of crimes committed annually in Italy is already 4 times greater than in France. But this statement is founded upon the judicial statistics of 1866. Italy has made rapid progress since then, and the disciples of the revolution are proving more and more worthy of the new teachers whom they have chosen. When the English journals applaud, as they do every day, the triumphant success of that revolution, do they consider the phenomena alluded to by the Opinions one of its encouraging proofs?—[Tablet.]

ITALY OF CONVENTS AND ITALY OF PRISONS.—A great work is in progress in Italy, that of converting convents into prisons. A few days ago the Minister of the Interior, Cantelli, caused to be distributed among the deputies a proposal for voting 122,000 lire for adapting to prison purposes the late monastery of San Tommaso in the city of Noto. Cantelli begins his address with an imprecation against the 'detested dominion of the Bourbons,' which left many convents in the two Sicilies and a great dearth of prisons. The gentle Government of the Menabreas and Cantellis has found it needful to enlarge two existing prisons in Avessa, and to open a new one in Naples in the heretofore convent of Sant' Eframio Nuovo, and are now planning similar works in other suppressed convents: some being already in course of execution, as in the late convent of the Mission in Lecce and of San Domenico in Trani. In Sicily, the Minister proceeds to say, there was no penal establishment at all, but the present Government is occupied in supplying this deficiency. Besides providing one in Palermo for men it is transforming the convent of the Capuchins in Messina into a prison for women; and to complete these beneficent undertakings, he wants the afore said 122,000 lire for San Tommaso. Nevertheless, Cantelli adds that the prison accommodation will even then be far from adequate. Great numbers of prisoners have at present to be removed to the main-land—not less than a thousand of men alone—on account of the Sicilian prisons being habitually over-stocked, irrespectively of the temporary addition of such convicts as are sentenced to a brief term of punishment. The exordium of the 'detested dominion of the Bourbons' is a curious introduction to these pleasing statements. The Italian peninsula was once styled the Italy of monks and convents; it now merits the appellation of the Italy of culprits and prisons. Formerly, the poor who wanted help used to go and knock at the convent door; their want was their sufficient plea for relief; now, when in need of a piece of bread, they must break the law that they may get shut up in prison, where they will at any rate be fed. What sweet and gentle rulers we have truly got in the place of the 'detested Bourbons'!

LIBERTY THROUGH THE GUILLOTINE.—The Gazette del Popolo is sighing to behold in Italy a '93 more than going into the French one. These aspirations, after the regime of terror and of the guillotine, have become significantly prominent lately in the Republican papers, and form a curious accompaniment to the declarations against the Roman executions. The Scribe Theatre of Turin has lately given much annoyance to the anti-monarchical feelings of the Gazette, by producing on its boards Giacomelli's new drama of 'Maria Antonietta.' That journal laments that Ristori, 'making a display of all the power of her great talent,' should have moved her audience to compassion for the unfortunate Queen of France, who was the victim of the Gazette del Popolo of that day. 'Woe to us,' it says, 'if the tears which the celebrated actress has drawn from the spectators' eyes should be maledictions of that revolution which was the mother of liberty even in the midst of its many excesses.'

PROSPECT OF NEW TAXES.—There is a scent in the atmosphere of coming taxes. Cambray-Digny is casting about him to see whence he can squeeze a little more money from an impoverished people. Some talk of a duty on liquors that is, an additional duty, for it must not be supposed that at present they are free. The happy subject of modern Italy pay the State pretty nearly for everything. Some anticipate a cattle-tax, for which the latest statist might be a preparation, and indeed was viewed with much apprehension at the time. Others speak confidently of a new forced loan, while there are those who opine that the Minister will relieve himself of all embarrassment in the choice by laying on all three. The most curious suggestion for supplying the present financial requirements has been thrown out by the Corriere Italiano—a tax on illegitimate children! Truly in the degraded state, moral and religious, to which the modern rulers and instructors of this unhappy country are fast bringing it, this mode of restoring the balance might not be amongst the least productive.

REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS.—Mazzini has resolved on quitting his inaction, and has summoned a council of all the chiefs of the sect to meet at Lugano next month, and in the meantime his secretary and confidential agent, Pietravolli and Mezzotti Jaribaldi have been despatched to feel the public pulse in the towns of Central Italy, and prepare matters for a supreme effort, having for its object the overthrow of the House of Savoy and the proclamation of a republic.

An army serving from high principle and devotion, is always more effective than any other. Although during the troubles of '67 about 1,000 were on leave of absence, yet at the first sound of alarm, they all returned to Rome and rejoined their old companies, and in the space of a month the number of Zouaves was doubled. There is no doubt that the same thing would happen again in case of danger, and although many regret seeing the Zouaves leave when their six months or two years have expired, yet it need not be a cause of anxiety, for the Pope may be said to have a standing army ready at a moment's notice, to be called together from all the countries of Europe. This in future will be the great strength of the Pontifical States. In the Weekly Register of last week, the Roman Correspondent made some remarks concerning the Lancashire recruits, which were not very complimentary. The mistake has however arisen, owing to one of the recruits from Liverpool having had to return home before the expiration of his term of service from pressing family business, and from the death of his uncle. Nothing can be better than their spirit and conduct.—[Catholic Opinion.]

A communication from Rome states that the authorities are engaged in organizing a service of reporters for the proceedings in the Economical Council. The Abbe Vigidius Marchese, a Piedmontese, has been placed by the Holy Father at the head of the shorthand writers. This ecclesiastic a subject of the King of Italy, has only been in holy orders five years.

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—When Francis II. wrote to all the crowned heads of Europe that his cause was 'that of all sovereigns and of all independent States,' he added that their acquiescence in the right of revolution would one day prove as fatal to their thrones as to his own. The prophecy is only partially accomplished, but unless the Powers of Europe adopt other maxims than those which now prevail among them, its complete fulfilment is only a question of time. Where, asks a French contemporary, is the King of Hanover, despoiled by a violence as criminal as any of which the revolution can boast? Where are the elector of Hesse and the Duke of Nassau? Their states have disappeared from the map of Europe. The Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg have become Prussian prefects, and armies will be henceforth only the instruments of Prussian ambition. In 1868 the Queen of Spain was overthrown by the same power against which Francis II. warned his royal contemporaries in 1860. When the Emperor Napoleon recalled the French fleet from Sicilian waters, Francis II. said to him: 'You will have henceforth, instead of a cordial ally a revolution full of hostility, and a severer fall of ingratitude!' France has reason to remember the prediction. Before ten years have passed away, how many other kingdoms will have had experience of its truth?

NEAPOLITAN PRISONS.—The 'Nazione, an infidel and Liberal organ of the Italian Government, contains an article this morning, which entirely confirms the worst accusations of cruelty against the present prison system. The writer states that the Vicaria and San Francesco are a scandal to Italy; that prisoners are mixed together whether tried or untried, without regard to justice or humanity; that torture is equally applicable to both classes, and is sanctioned by law (he quotes the act and folio), and is in daily use in a far greater degree than ever. I may add that the Vicaria and San Francesco are paradises in comparison with Salerno, Potenza, Cosenza, Chieti, Aquila, Palermo, and all the provincial prisons, where not a shadow of surveillance exists, and where there are thousands of royalist soldiers, priests and proprietors now lying untried since 1860, besides those who are condemned to expiate their attachment to their lawful sovereign in the galleys.

The Duke of Castelcaldes has drawn up an appeal to the Chambers against the oppression of the Neapolitan aristocracy, recently committed during Victor Emanuel's visit, and it has been signed by nearly all the nobles of Naples. In the whole body only twenty-two families have accepted the new regime—a fact which speaks volumes for their sense of religion and honour; and a visible increase of energy and united action has shown itself in their ranks, which cannot but bear solid fruit, backed as it is by the entire people, the clergy and the great bulk of the middle class. The Republicans even side with the Royalists, in opposing the Government, and though they are dangerous allies, they give a considerable impetus to the movement. A poor priest who refused to salute Victor Emanuel on the Toledo the other day, was attacked and threatened by the police and its agents 'Why do you not salute the King?' they said. 'And why should I salute any one?' replied the priest. 'Is not the people sovereign now-a-days, and am I not one of the people?' Some young Republicans, who were standing by, applauded the ready answer, and saved the poor priest from going to prison. Another priest was arrested at the door of the Town Hall the night of the royal ball, because the police thought they saw Orsini bombs in his pocket! The suspicious objects were found to be three eggs he was carrying home for his supper!

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, March 13.—The Presse states that the French Government has conveyed to several friendly Powers, through their accredited representatives in Paris, explanations, relative to Belgian dispute, with a view to reduce the alarming reports which have been current to their proper significance, and to show that this question does not afford the remotest ground for apprehending serious complications.

An occasional correspondent of the New York Times writes on the 22nd of February, from Paris, Texas:—'A lawless disregard for human life has been chronic here so long that people imagine it the normal condition of things. There are not so many people in this whole State as in New York City and Brooklyn, yet the county papers report from ten to fifteen homicides per week. There are several notorious outlaws, on whose persons the authorities have set a price, who are still at large. One of them, a few days since accompanied by a few of his band, rode into the county town of the next county, and in a street scuffle discharged a pistol which caused the death of a young lad. But there was no attempt made to apprehend him, though there are \$3,000 reward offered for him, dead or alive.'

THE TONGUE AS A WITNESS.—The tongue telegraphs to the eye the condition of the stomach. Its discoloration indicates a necessity for medicine. Do not disregard the intimation. A timely aperient may prevent a fever, and the best and most agreeable purgative that can be administered is a dose of Bristol's Sugar-coated Pills. They restore the natural action of the bowels without depleting the system. In fact they act as an invigorant both on the stomach and the alimentary canal, and promote a perfect and regular secretion and outflow of the bile. To be without them is a mistake, for they are as necessary in a household as the staples of life.

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

GLANDULAR DISEASES.—Many of the maladies generated by virus in the blood fasten upon the glands. This is especially the case with those of a contagious type. Whenever these important organs are affected, either directly or sympathetically, the only medicine that can be relied on to effect a cure is Bristol's Sugar-coated Pills. When the great secretive gland the liver, is chronically disordered, this balsamic preparation should always be resorted to. It is the only specific for ulcerations in that tender and susceptible organ, and its tonic element also exercises a wonderful controlling influence in fever and ague, dumb ague, remittent fevers, and general debility. As an auxiliary, Bristol's Vegetable Sugar-coated Pills in cases of this nature, cannot be too highly recommended.

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

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of HILAIRE SAUVE, of the City of Montreal, an Insolvent. ON the seventeenth day of April next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court, for his discharge under the said Act. HILAIRE SAUVE. By his Attorney at Law, NAPOLEON BEAUDRY. Montreal, 20th January, 1869. 2m27

A DOWN TOWN MERCHANT, Having passed sleepless nights, disturbed by the agonies and cries of a suffering child, and becoming convinced that Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup was just the thing needed, procured a supply for the child. On reaching home, and acquainting his wife with what he had done, she refused to have it administered to the child, as she was strongly in favor of Homeopathy. That night the child passed in suffering, and the parents without sleep. Returning some day following, the father found the baby still worse; and while contemplating another sleepless night, the mother stepped from the room to attend to some domestic duties, and left the father with the child. During her absence he administered a portion of the Soothing Syrup to the baby, and said nothing. That night all hands slept well, and the little fellow awoke in the morning bright and happy. The mother was delighted with the sudden and wonderful change, and although at first offended at the deception practised upon her, has continued to use the Syrup, and suffering, crying babies and restless nights have disappeared. A single trial of the Syrup never yet failed to relieve the baby, and overcome the prejudices of the mother. 25 cents a bottle.—Sold by all Druggists. Be sure and call for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," Having the fac-simile of 'CURTIS & PERKINS' on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations. February, 1868. 2m.

FOR THROAT DISORDERS AND COUGHS. Brown's Bronchial Troches are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy. They have been thoroughly tested, and maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired. These Lozenges are prepared from a highly esteemed recipe for alleviating Bronchial Affections, Asthma, Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, and Irritation or Soreness of the Throat. PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND VOCALISTS will find them beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech. Sold at 25 cents per box by all Dealers in Medicine.

HAVE YOU A SICK CHILD? Does your little one become paler and more emaciated every day? Has it a bad breath? Does it start and grind its teeth during sleep? If so the cause is Worms, and the child will never be well till they are removed, but be careful, do not administer the dangerous vermifuges and worm compounds in ordinary use, they will produce disease worse than the worms. Use that safe and delicious remedy "DEVIN'S VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES" they contain no mineral, they are as pleasant to the age and palate as the most exquisite Confectionery, and they are certain beyond any doubt to remove every kind of worm. For sale wholesale and retail by Devins & Bolton, H. R. Gray and all respectable Druggists.

A COMBINATION OF EXCELLENCES.—It is not alone for the deliciousness of its odor that the ladies prefer Murray & Lanman's Florida Water to every other perfume. They know that, unlike the ordinary perfumes, it will not stain their delicate laces or change the color of their silks; that it will remove blemishes from their complexions; that used in the bath it softens the texture of the skin; that mingled with water it gives lustre and whiteness to the teeth and a rose tint to the gums; that when applied to the temples it dissipates nervous headache; that its refreshing and healthful aroma prevents faintness; and that it cools and allays superfluous irritation. As to the gentlemen, it is in dressing-rooms. As these are counterfeits, always ask for the Florida Water prepared by Lanman & Kemp, New York. 577.

Beware of Counterfeits; always ask for the legitimate MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER prepared only by Lanman & Kemp, New York. All others are worthless. Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, H. E. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicine.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of MARGUERITE and JULIE PEPIN, Spinners and Traders of the City of Montreal, Insolvents. THE undersigned have filed in the office of this Court, a consent of discharge executed by their creditors, and on the seventeenth day of April next, they will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the said deed. MARGUERITE & JULIE PEPIN. By their Attorney at Law, NAPOLEON BEAUDRY. Montreal, 20th January, 1869. 2m27

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864. In the matter of A. D. Joubert, Trader of the City of Montreal. An Insolvent, AND TANCREDE SAUVAGEAU, Assignee. I, the undersigned, have prepared my final account which is open for inspection until the Seventeenth day of March next, and on the said day, at ten o'clock A.M., I will apply to the superior Court of the District of Montreal to be discharged from my office as such assignee. T. SAUVAGEAU, Assignee. St. Sacrement Street, No. 18. Montreal 15 February 1869. 2w20

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, District of Montreal. In the matter of JEAN BAPTISTE BEAUDOIN, of Leclerc, District of Montreal, an Insolvent. ON the twenty-second day of April next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the said Act. JEAN BTE. BEAUDOIN. By NAPOLEON BEAUDRY, His Attorney at Law. Montreal, 15th February, 1869. 2m29

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864. In the matter of Damien Beault, Trader of the city of Montreal, An Insolvent. The Creditors of the Insolvent are notified that he has made an assignment of his estate and effects under the above Act to me, the undersigned Assignee, and they are required to furnish me, within two months from this date, with their claims, specifying the security, they hold if any, and the value of it; and if none, stating the fact; the whole attested under oath, with the vouchers in support of such claims. T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. No. 18, St. Sacrement Street. Montreal, 12, March 1868. 2w33.

CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, May, 1867.

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 445 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, POKE, HAMS, LARD, HERRINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c.

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

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

D. SHANNON, COMMISSION MERCHANT, And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions, 445 Commissioners Street opposite St. Ann's Market. 12m
June 14th, 1868.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

Province of Quebec, } In the SUPERIOR COURT.
District of Montreal, }
In the matter of Issie Ritchot.

Notice is hereby given that on Thursday the twenty-sixth day of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, or as soon as counsel can be heard, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

ISAIE RITCHOT, Insolvent.
By MOREAU, GUILMET, & LAPOSTOLLE, Attorneys ad litem. 2m32.
Montreal 15th March 1869.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

Province of Quebec, } In the SUPERIOR COURT.
District of Montreal, }
In the matter of Godfroi Lacas.

Notice is hereby given that on Monday the seventeenth day of May next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, or as soon as Counsel can be heard the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the above act.

GODFROI LACAS, Insolvent.
By O. AUGÉ, Attorney ad litem. 2m31.
Montreal 3rd March 1869.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

Province of Quebec, } In the SUPERIOR COURT.
District of Montreal, }
In the matter of Floride Deslongchamps.

Notice is hereby given that on Monday the seventeenth day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon as counsel can be heard, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for discharge under the said Act.

FLORIDE DESLONGCHAMPS, Insolvent.
By L. L. CORBILLE, Attorney ad litem. 2m31.
Montreal March 5th 1869.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

Province of Quebec, } In the SUPERIOR COURT.
District of Montreal, }
In the matter of Onézime Thibaudéau, fils, Trader, of Montreal.

On Tuesday, the twenty-fifth day of May next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the said Act.

ONÉZIME THIBAUDEAU, fils, Insolvent.
By his Attorney ad litem, L. L. CORBILLE, Attorney ad litem. 2m33.
Montreal, 15th March, 1869.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

Province of Quebec, } In the SUPERIOR COURT.
District of Montreal, }
In the matter of Ferdinand F. Perrin.

Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the seventeenth day of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon or as soon as counsel can be heard, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the above Act.

FERDINAND F. PERRIN, Insolvent.
By O. AUGÉ, Attorney ad litem. 2m31.
Montreal 3rd March 1869.

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

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

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

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THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and beautiful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The course of instruction will include complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages.

A large and well selected Library will be OPEN to the Pupils.

TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2 The Annual Session commences on the 1st of September, and ends on first Thursday of July.

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TREMENDOUS REDUCTIONS AT THIS SEASON In every description of READY MADE CLOTHING ALL MADE FROM THE NEWEST AND CHOICEST MATERIALS, AT

NO. 60 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET ACKNOWLEDGED BY ALL TO BE The Cheapest House in the City.

NOTE THE PRICES OF GOOD JACKETS! Pea Jackets at \$5 Pea Jackets at \$6.50 Pea Jackets at \$8

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BOYS' and YOUTHS' SKATING JACKETS at \$3, \$4 and \$5 BOYS' and YOUTHS' SCHOOL SUITS, from \$6 [the largest stock in the city] BOYS' KNICKERBOCKER SUITS, from \$4

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G. & J. MOORE, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF HATS, CAPS, AND FURS CATHEDRAL LOCK, NO. 269 NOTRE DAME STREET MONTREAL. Cash paid for Raw Furs.

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

A First Class LIVERY STABLE is attached to the above Hotel. Conveyances with or without drivers furnished to travellers at moderate charges. Sherbrooke, Jan. 23, 1868. 12m

BELLS! BELLS! BELLS! THE Old Established TROY BELL FOUNDRY, Established 1852. Church Bells, Chimes, and Bells of all sizes, for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c., constantly on hand, made of Genuine

Bell Metal (Copper and Tin), hung with PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, the best in use, and WARRANTED ONE YEAR, to prove satisfactory, or subject to be returned and exchanged. All orders addressed to the undersigned, or to J. HENRY EVANS, Sole Agent for the Canada, 463 St. Paul Street, Montreal, Q., will have prompt attention, and illustrated catalogues sent free, upon application to

J. HENRY EVANS, 463 St. Paul Street, Montreal, Q. 12 43
June 5, 1868.

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PERFUME FOUNTAINS.—No Party is complete without one of Rimmel's Perfume Fountains. To be had only at the Glasgow Drug Hall. HOMOEOPATHY.—This subscriber has a full stock of Books of Instruction and Medicines always on hand. Humphrey's Specifics—all numbers. J. A. HARTE, Druggist. Glasgow Drug Hall 326 Notre Dame Montreal, March 19th, 1869

THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY. The Whole Dominion should buy their Teas of the Importers, THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY, 6 Hospital Street, Montreal.

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

BLACK TEA. English Breakfast, Broken Leaf, Strong Tea, 45c, 50c; Fine Flavored New Season, do, 55c, 60c 65c; Very Best Full Flavored do, 75c; Second Oolong, 45c; Rich Flavored do, 60c; Very Fine do do, 75c; Japan, Good, 50c, 55c, Fine, 60c, Very Fine, 65c, Finest, 75c.

GREEN TEA. Twankay, 50c., 55c. 65c.; Young Hyson, 50c., 60c., 65c., 70c.; Fine do. 75c.; Very Fine 85c.; Superior and Very Choice, \$1; Fine Gunpowder, 85c.; Extra Superior do. \$1.

Teas not mentioned in this circular equally cheap. Tea only sold by this Company. An excellent Mixed Tea could be sent for 60c and 70c.; very good for common purposes, 50c. Out of over one thousand testimonials, we insert the following:—

A YEAR'S TRIAL. Montreal, 1868. The Montreal Tea Company: GENTS.—It is nearly a year since I purchased the first chest of Tea from your house. I have purchased many since, and I am pleased to inform you the Tea has in every case proved most satisfactory, as well as being exceedingly cheap. Yours very truly, F. DENNIE.

MONTREAL TEA Co: GENTLEMEN.—The Tea I purchased of you in March has given great satisfaction, and the flavor of it is very fine. It is very strange, but since I have been drinking your Tea I have been quite free from heartburn, which would always pain me after breakfast. I attribute this to the purity of your Tea, and shall continue a customer. Yours respectfully FRANCOIS T. GREENE, 54 St. John Street, Montreal.

Montreal, April, 1868.—To the Montreal Tea Company, 6 Hospital Street, Montreal: We notice with pleasure the large amount of Tea that we have forwarded for you to different parts of the Dominion, and we are glad to find your business so rapidly increasing. We presume your teas are giving general satisfaction, as out of the large amount forwarded, we have only had occasion to return one box which we understand, was sent out through a mistake. G. CHENEY, Manager Canadian Express Company, House of Senate, Ottawa.

MONTREAL TEA COMPANY: GENTLEMEN.—The box of English Breakfast and Young Hyson Tea which you sent me gives great satisfaction. You may expect my future order Yours, &c., S SKINNER.

Beware of pedlars and runners using our name, or offering our Teas in small packages. Nothing less than a cattie sold. Note the address.— THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY, 6 Hospital Street, Montreal. July 24th 1868.

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F. GREENE, No. 54 ST. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL, No 54, PRINCIPAL STEAM-FITTER AND PLUMBER, GAS-FITTER, &c.

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VARENNES MINERAL WATERS VARENNES SELTZER. 1st Prize and Medal at the Industrial Exhibition of Canada 1869.

Price, Varennes seltzer, 3s per doz. (empty bottles to be returned: Varennes saline, (quarts), 2s. 6d per doz. (empty bottles to be returned); 50c for four gallons, delivered. Orders to be left for the present with Messrs. Kenneth, Campbell, & Co, Medical Hall, Great St. James street, and Phillips Square.

MOTHERS SAVE YOUR CHILDREN! NO MORE VERMIFUGES, NO MORE POISONOUS OILS, NO MORE NAUSEOUS POWDERS The sight of which causes such horror and dislike to children suffering from worms.

DEVINS' VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES

Are now acknowledged to be the safest, simplest, and most effectual preparation for the destruction of worms in the human system.

THEY ARE PURELY VEGETABLE. THEY ARE AGREEABLE TO THE TASTE, THEY ARE PLEASANT TO THE SIGHT, THEY ARE SIMPLE IN ADMINISTERING, AND SURE AND CERTAIN IN THEIR EFFECT.

In every instance in which they have been employed they have never failed to produce the most pleasing results, and many parents have, unsolicited, testified to their valuable properties. They can be administered with perfect safety to children of most tender years.

CAUTION.—The success that these Pastilles have already attained has brought out many spurious imitations; it will be necessary therefore to observe when purchasing that you are getting the genuine. The genuine VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES are stamped "DEVINS'" and are put up in boxes containing thirty pastilles, with full directions, and are never sold by the ounce or pound. They can be had from any of the principal Druggists in the city, and wholesale and retail from

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THE FIRST PRIZE was awarded to J. D. LAWLOR at the late Provincial Exhibition held in Montreal, September 1868, for making the best SINGER SEWING MACHINES manufactured in the Dominion of Canada.

The Subscriber, thankful for past favors, respectfully begs to announce to his numerous customers and the public in general, that he has always on hand a large and varied assortment of First-Class Sewing-Machines, both of his own manufacture, and from the best makers in the United States,—having all the latest improvements and attachments. Among which are—

The Singer Family and Manufacturing Machines. The Howe Family and Manufacturing Machines. The Bona Family and Manufacturing Machines. The Florence Family "Reverable Feed," a new Family Shuttle Machine, with stand, price \$30; also a new Elliptic Family Machine, (with Stand complete), \$23; Wax-Thread Machines, A, B, and C.

I warrant all Machines made by me superior in every respect to those of any other Manufacturer in Canada. I have Testimonials from all the principal Manufacturing Establishments, and many of the best families in Montreal, Quebec, and St. John, N.B., testifying to their superiority. My long experience in the business, and superior facilities for manufacturing, enable me to sell First Class Sewing Machines from 20 to 30 per cent. less than any other Manufacturer in the Dominion. I therefore offer better machines and better terms to Agents.

Local Travelling Agents will do well to give this matter their attention. A Special Discount made to the Clergy and Religious Institutions. Principal Office—365 Notre Dame street. Factory—48 N. Z. street, Montreal. Branch Offices—23 St. John Street Quebec, 78 King Street, St. John, N.B.; and 18 Prince street, Halifax, N.S.

All kinds of Sewing-Machines repaired and improved at the Factory, 48 N. Z. street; and in the Adjusting Rooms over the Office. J. D. LAWLOR, 365 Notre Dame street, Montreal.

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