

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

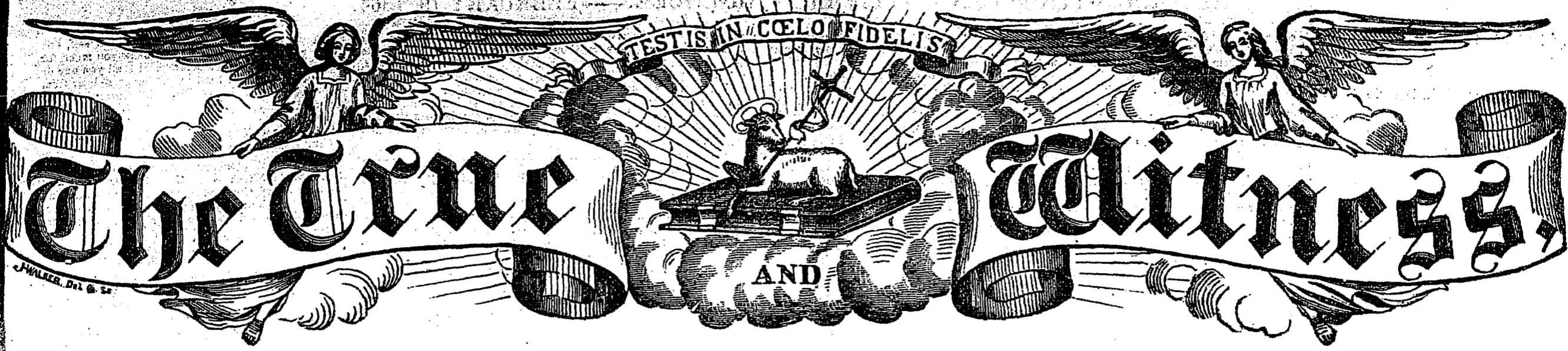
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XIV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1864.

No. 28.

THE MAID OF SOLEURE.

A SWISS STORY.

The town of Soleure is situated amongst the mountains of Jura, in Switzerland, and along the fertile and romantic vale of the Balstal.

Hugo Von Bucheg was a venerable burgher and chief magistrate of the town of Soleure. He had long been regarded as the father of the council, and the people placed their reliance upon him in every time of danger.

She was yet at a tender age, when her father received a most earnest letter from his only sister, who resided in the valley of Lauterbrunn, entreating him to spare his daughter to her for a few months, representing the solitude of her own situation, and the want she had of youthful and cheerful society.

She found her aunt, who was a widow, sick and low spirited. It was a new situation for Ellen. Hitherto her life had demanded but few sacrifices; but now her duties began, and day and night she was seated by her bedside.

Nor were her associations less delightful at the hour of evening. It was to gaze upon the groups of healthy, happy children who ran to meet their parents returning from a day of labor—to see the affectionate wife preparing her little repast before the door, and all breathing the language of domestic affection.

She had gazed late on this scene one evening, and turned slowly away to pursue her path homewards. As she proceeded, she perceived she should be obliged to pass a herd of cattle which had no herdsman.

'You have saved my life,' she exclaimed. 'It was a fortunate shot,' said he, smiling. 'I don't often make as good a one, for I have been out all day, and have not brought down my game.'

'This will make a feast in the valley,' said the youth; 'I will give a fete in honor of your safety; will you not witness it?' Ellen sighed to think how impossible it would be to gain her aunt's consent.

The impression upon the young girl's mind was deep and lasting. That night her aunt's illness greatly increased. A dispatch was sent for her father, but, before his arrival, his sister had breathed her last.

Two years passed away, and Ellen's recollections of the stranger were yet fresh in her mind. 'He saved my life,' said she; 'I hope I shall see him again.'

The attack had commenced, and Ellen stood gazing on the scene. She neither wept nor spoke, but was motionless as a marble statue. Her father cast one glance on her, and hastened where his duty called.

At length the tumult ceased. The thunder of the cannon was heard no longer, and the glad tidings were communicated from mouth to mouth that the enemy were repulsed, and had retreated to their encampment.

'We have,' said he, 'this time defended the walls of Soleure, and repulsed the enemy; but they will return to the attack with new vigor. Our resources are exhausted, our last ammunition expended, and the banner of Austria will soon wave over the ruins of this devoted place.'

Ellen sunk upon her knees, and pressed her father's hand to her lips; but he rushed from her into his room, and his sobs were audible.

When he came out, he gazed upon the bridge over which Ellen was to pass. Her slight figure was faintly visible, preceded by a flag of truce, and at length faded away.

Surrounded by the chiefs and nobles of his army, sat Duke Leopold, upon a seat adorned with gold and purple, which served him for a throne, deliberating with them upon the most effectual means of attacking Soleure.

Leopold looked exultingly upon his nobles. 'Has he sent his daughter to melt our purposes?' said he; 'does he think that youth and beauty can beguile our resolution? Let her enter, and we will show her that our blood is warmed only by glory.'

The duke looked earnestly at her, as did also his nobles with still greater curiosity. The effort of courage was over. Her eyes were cast down, and her whole frame trembled with emotion.

'My lord,' said the duke, addressing an old man who stood near, 'support this young woman to a seat.' He then unfolded the letter, and read:—

'Noble Prince—She who brings you this letter is my only child—all the treasure I possess in this world. Therefore, I trust her to you, relying on your honor. If the walls of Soleure fall, I shall be buried under their ruins;

but if you grant your protection to my daughter, I shall have no more anxiety for her. Give me some token that you grant my petition, and you will receive your reward from that Being who watches over the innocent, and who knows our hearts.'

A deep silence prevailed. At length the duke said, 'Upon the line of our encampment let the banner of the Austrian army be planted, crowned with a green garland. By this token the magistrate will know that he has not mistaken Leopold. Count, to you I confide this young maiden; I know your integrity; your grey hairs, bleached in the service of your country, are a pledge of security.'

As he spoke, his son entered the pavilion. He gazed at the scene before him in speechless astonishment. Ellen, too, seemed overcome by her situation. The deepest blushes suffused her face and neck, while her eyes were cast down and her heart beat with violence.

'You wonder, my young friend,' said the duke, 'how this fair creature came among us rough warriors; but you will be still more astonished when you learn that you must welcome her as your sister. She is the only daughter of the magistrate of Soleure.'

With what delight did the young count receive this command. A tent was immediately devoted to the protegee of the duke, and Ellen, once more alone, exclaimed—

'I have found him at length—the preserver of my life! whose image for three years has filled my waking and sleeping hours. Alas! how have I found him?—in arms against my father and my fellow-citizens! Already his name has inspired me with terror, for he has been first to the attack. What is my worthless life in comparison with the liberty and safety of my country. Oh! how have I wasted years in the expectation of meeting its preserver, and now I find him my bitterest foe!'

Her tears fell in torrents. There is no calamity so hard to bear as that which overthrows years of self-delusion. Ellen had lost no actual good; but the castle she had erected was now laid prostrate, and she stood, desolate, amongst its ruins.

The darkness of night came on. The rain had descended for several days, and it now fell in torrents. Yet still the young count walked as sentinel around the tent which contained his father's charge. He had recognised in her the beautiful girl that he had so fortunately befriended in the valley of Lauterbrunn; and though, since that event, he had often thought of her, his was an active and busy life, and he had not, like Ellen, wasted days and years in castle building.

A tide of passion rushed over his soul. Perhaps he read his influence in the depth of her emotion. He gazed upon the tent she occupied, and wished it were his duty to share it with her. 'But this can never be,' thought he. 'To-morrow, soon as the morning dawns, I must be first to prostrate the walls of her native place, and perhaps I am doomed to destroy her father.'

Who calls? she said. 'It is your guard, Count Papeheim,' said he. 'May I ask a conference with you? I have business to communicate respecting your father.'

Ellen made no reply, and, raising the curtain, he entered. The traces of tears were still on her face.

'I come,' said he, 'to inform you, that early to-morrow morning we attack the walls of Soleure. They must fall; all opposition will be useless. The lives that are dear to you may be sacrificed in their defence, and the blood of your citizens deluge the streets; but it is all in vain. I come, then, to beg you to use your influence with your father to spare this useless conflict.'

When the young man entered, Ellen had flung herself on a seat pale, trembling, and shrieking from his view; and as he proceeded, the color mantled in her cheeks, and when he had ended, she stood erect. 'Rely not too much on the weakness of our resources,' said she; 'it is for freedom we are contending, and every man feels that he is a host. Do you think that if my father would listen to terms he would have sent me, his only child, among his enemies for protection? No! he will shed the last drop of his blood for his country; and were I to propose capitulation, he would spurn my letter.'

When the young man entered, Ellen had flung herself on a seat pale, trembling, and shrieking from his view; and as he proceeded, the color mantled in her cheeks, and when he had ended, she stood erect.

It is said there is wonderful power in woman's tears, and so it would seem, for the young man appeared for a moment to forget his errand. At length he said:—

'I give you my solemn word that your father's life, as far as it is consistent with my duty, shall be guarded with my own.'

'You will know him,' said she, by his white hair, by his firm, yet mild demeanor, by his resolution to die rather than yield. But, added she with dignity, 'every citizen resembles him in this determination; all are my fathers or brothers.'

A loud noise was heard at a distance. The soldier rushed from the tent. A fearful strife had begun, of a nature which baffled the might of man.

It is well known with what overwhelming fury the Aar sometimes rushed along, destroying or laying waste the country, through which it passes. Six days of incessant rain had increased its waters to an alarming height, and besides deluging the country around, its waves rose alarmingly high, and spurned all restraint.

The danger every moment increased. Nothing could exceed the horror of the scene.—The darkness of the night making more terrible the groans and cries of those who waited on the shore the frightful death that was approaching. The Austrians, who had so lately threatened immediate destruction to the devoted town of Soleure, stood with their conquering banners in their hands. What mighty arm could now help them in their need! There was but one, and that seemed already raised for their destruction.

It was now that the danger reached its crisis. The bridge tottered to its base, yet it stood, when, as if to mock their fruitless efforts, the wind suddenly arose; the few remaining soldiers rushed on it, and amid the howling of the storm and the cries and exclamations of the army, the bridge suddenly gave way, and the waters rushed over them.

Now were the gates of Soleure thrown open, and the inhabitants rushed forth with desperate resolution. In a moment the wild and tempestuous Aar was covered with rafts and boats.—Fearless of the death that threatened, they pursued their object, and, by their flaming torches, discovered the victims who were sinking.—Every measure was used, and the greater part saved, conveyed to the town, and the gates immediately closed.

By the light of the torches, Leopold beheld what was going forward. He saw his army in the hands of the enemy, and not a possibility of preventing it.

'Shame! shame!' he cried, 'unheard of cruelty, to seize such a dreadful moment of public calamity to satisfy their murderous thirst for human life, to condemn their fellow beings to a second death! My brave soldiers and companions, would that you had sunk beneath the wave! It is frightful; it deserves revenge, and shall have it—bloody revenge. The walls of Soleure shall be laid prostrate, and every citizen pay with his life this horrible outrage; and as for

Duebig—ha! well thought of,' cried he, starting up, 'have I not the weapon in my hand that will pierce his heart? The ungrateful wretch. Did I not receive his daughter with the tenderness of a parent? did I not give my word to protect her? His baseness exceeds human comprehension. Go,' he exclaimed to one of his attendants, 'bring the girl here. Her father shall bitterly repeat of his outrage.'

'My noble lord, and prince,' said the young Count Papeheim, his eyes sparkling with fire, and his cheeks glowing with emotion, 'I am the youngest of your guards; but if none else will speak, I will beseech you, for the sake of your plighted word, not to withdraw your protection. You are just and good: do not in a moment of anger commit a deed that you will for ever repent.'

At this moment Ellen appeared. She was pale, and evidently suspected some new calamity awaited her. The father of the young count gazed sternly upon him.

'What means this unwonted excitement?' said he. 'Is it for mercy only you plead? I marked your confusion the first time you saw this young woman in the pavilion of the duke; what am I to believe?'

'My dearest father,' said the count, 'seizing his hand, 'it was not the first time that I had seen her. It was on a visit to my uncle in the valley of Lauterbrunn that I met her. I knew not her name, and though I have often thought of her, had given up all expectation of seeing her again. I see, my prince,' continued he, raising his eyes to the duke, 'that you bear my acknowledgment with scorn and suspicion. It is now too late for concealment. I love her, and kneeling, implore your mercy for her.'

The duke looked angry and perturbed, and cast gloomy and threatening glances around him. His nobles spoke not a word. All was still; even the storm was hushed, and the roaring of winds and waters had ceased. Ellen had supported herself to the utmost, but, overcome by terror and emotion, was sinking to the ground when the young count rushed forward to support her.

'Away!' exclaimed the duke, 'they shall both be put under guard.'

At this moment a page entered, and informed the duke that his army were returning with the magistrate at their head.

'Oh, my father,' exclaimed Ellen, springing forward.

The duke and his nobles gazed upon each other with astonishment.

'Let him enter,' exclaimed the duke, sternly. In a moment the venerable Bucheg appeared before him.

'My lord,' said he, 'I deliver to you the men whose lives we saved. All that their forlorn situation required we have administered. I come in the name of my fellow-citizens to restore them to you as fellow men. To-morrow it will be our hard lot to fight them as foes. But I have one condition to make. Twelve of our citizens have lost their lives in saving your army. Their families are left destitute. Should you enter our town as a conqueror, protect the widows, orphans, and aged parents of these victims to humanity. When Soleure is no longer free, I shall be no more; but I die willingly for my country, confiding in the protection you have promised to my daughter.'

Overcome by the magnanimity of Bucheg, the duke sprang from his seat, and threw his arms around him. 'My heart will cease to beat,' said he, 'and the blood to flow in my veins, when I enter Soleure as a conqueror. Witness, thou, its venerable magistrate, and you, ye nobles, hear me, when I declare to you, what I will repeat in the face of the world. In the name of the Emperor Frederick, I declare Soleure a free and independent State. To-morrow morning I will enter its walls, not as a conqueror, but as a guest and with your permission plant upon its walls my banner, that it may remain as a token of my friendship and gratitude to future generations, and towards the noble magistrate, the father and protector of his country's freedom.'

'But I have another duty to perform. Count Papeheim, my old and well-tried friend, will you grant a request from your Prince?'

A smile from the old man said more than words.

'My new found friend!' said he, addressing Bucheg, 'will you take this young man, whom I love as a son, for a son-in-law? If your daughter declines, I have nothing more to say.' The look of joy, of tenderness, of blushing modesty, that she cast on the young count, as with a soldier's impetuosity he threw his arms around her, spoke no aversion even to the unprepared father.

'Take her then,' said he, 'it is all mystery, but I trust in the goodness of that Being who has already changed our mourning to joy.'

From this time Soleure has been joined to the Helvetic League, and acknowledged as a free and independent State.

THE END.

A WINTER TRIP TO MONTREAL. From the Special Commissioner of the London Telegraph.

MONTREAL, C.E., Dec. 26, 1863.

The presence of style in the Tremont House, St. Alban's, however perfect it may be, fails, perhaps, to compensate for the absence of suppers. There was, on the occasion described in my last letter, a powerfully meaty smell in the refectory, recalling the odour of an engine factory next door to a cookshop, but for a long time nothing else. At last one attendant Hebe appeared with cheese and crackers—stylish to look at, but unappetizingly nubby. The Hebe was Irish; she was a stout but uncombed young person. Soon afterwards another waitress entered. This nymph was tall and gaunt and American. She bore a huge pitcher of iced water—a most wholesome beverage, but somewhat cold comfort for Christmas. I should have preferred egg-hot. I thought when I saw the Vermontese nymph's apron and bib, and her hair screwed off her temples in butterfly bows with a high comb behind, that I beheld the versatile Mrs. Barney Williams in her admired impersonation of the "Yankee gal." For the nonce I elected to be "Pesky like," and expected every moment to be addressed as "Keemo Kimo," and asked whether I would have "my high, my low," or "my right foot iddle diddle" for supper. The female Vermont was a Phillis, but not neat-handed. In a nasal contralto, to which the grossest caricature of the American dialect I ever heard on the English stage was perfectly tame, she asked me if I would have "steak or trayaipse. A taste for trayaipse is among the few human vices to which I am not addicted; and my brief experience of American beef had not led me to look upon steak as a very dainty viand. I asked, failing of all, if I could have anything else. "No," curtly replied Mrs. Barney Williams, "you kyant; ain't that enough?" I bowed, and said I would take steak. She brought me, on a cold plate, a curled up flap of something hard and greasy and cartilaginous, which looked unpleasantly like a piece of an Ethiopian's ear, fried. I asked if I could have anything to drink with my supper—some beer, some cider or some wine. "This is not a bar," said Mrs. Barney Williams severely; "guess there's water and tea, and that's all."

Upon which I made some uncomplimentary allusions to Mr. Niel Dow and the Maine Liquor Law. This brought in the landlord, who, with sedate affability, whispered that he could "get me anything I wanted quietly." I declined, however, to be supplied surreptitiously, and as a favor, with that to which I conceived that, as a reasonable bona fide traveller, I had a right; and as I could not get on with the fried Ethiopian's ear after the first mouthful, I retired from the "half" sulky and sullen. I did not care to bandy words with the Phillis who was not neat-handed. She did not like me evidently, and I reciprocated the sentiment.—But, for anything I knew to the contrary, she might be the sheriff's daughter or the mayor's sister-in-law, and accustomed to go out on Sundays with a "mag-nificent" parasol and a "spanglorious" crinoline. An American "help" is no angel. She is spoken of, not satirically, but in simple good faith, as the "young lady" who "picks up the house and fixes the cleaner table." Before she agrees to enter a family, she cross-examines her mistress as to whether the house is provided with Hecker's flour, and Berbe's rage, brass polish, oil cloth on the stairs, and hot and cold water laid on. Then she staves the domestic "platform" on which she is prepared to act. "Monday I bakes; and nobody speaks to me. Tuesday I washes; I'm to be let alone. Wednesday I iron, you'd best let me be that day. Thursday I picks up the house; I'm awful ugly that day in temper, but affectionate. Friday I bakes again. Saturday my bean comes. And Sunday I has to myself!" The "help," I repeat, is a young lady. She dourous with avicinity the romances, all about love and murder, in the New York Ledger. She attends lectures, and may some day deliver lectures herself, or become a member of a Woman's Rights' Convention; and it is because she is a young lady, and the persons who require her assistance do not choose to run the risk of her being ravaged and by her perversity and her impertinence, that so many married couples in the United States never venture on housekeeping for themselves, but live from year's end to year's end in apartments and comfortless hotels.

You have doubtless heard by this time all about the terrible young lady at Cincinnati, the Sunday school teacher, who, having been calumniated by Mr. Mack Barantz, a Methodist class-leader, went to a seditious store and purchased a trochant cowhide to chastise him withal. "Guess you'd better not whip children with that cowhide," hinted the dealer who sold her the horrible flagellum. "This for big ones," responded the terrible young lady, whereupon she proceeded to complete her marketing by the purchase of a quarter of a pound of cayenne pepper. Next Sunday morning she went to church, sat in the same pew with Mack Barantz, arose suddenly at the end of a hymn, apostrophised Mack as a liar, and a villain, scolded him within an inch of his life, and then "washed his face all over" with the cayenne pepper. The elders and deacons wrestled with her, and they also did she pepper. She would have peppered the parson had his reverence been imprudent enough to approach her while she was "ugly." I reflected seriously upon this story as I retired from the presence of the Vermont Phillis, and observing that there was a pepper castor among the "fixings" of the supper-table, I trembled.

I was too hungry to go to bed, so I wandered about moodily till one in the morning, and from one stove-reeking apartment to another. Fortunately, I had a cigar-case with me. I know the Americans to be a nation of commendably early risers, and I attribute much of their material prosperity to this habit; but I don't know when they go to bed. There always seems, in an American house, to be somebody up. At the Tremont House, St. Alban's, the waiters were numerous. Two of my fellow passengers per train, who had been reading newspapers all day, had settled themselves comfortably down with their feet resting on the ledge of the stove, apparently with the purpose of reading newspapers all night. In the middle room there was a recruiting officer in a Tyrolean hat and tarnished shoulder-straps. He was hard at work at a round table covered with papers, and occasionally received deputations of one, who approached, muttered, spat, hawked, and withdrew. The recruiting placard, of which he had seemingly just corrected the proof, lay before him. I timidly approached and read it.—I was quite welcome to its perusal, and indeed I darseny the officer would have willingly collied me, or any other two-legged, two-armed, man on the spot. Vermont is not behind New York in the ferrency of recruiting rhetoric. The appeal I read was quite equal to the "Follow the drum," "March, march," "New York and Rhode Island," and "Go where glory waits thee, broadsides of the Atlantic cities." The "Green Mountain Boys," as the Vermonters are pleased to call themselves, were noticed to emulate the "glory of Allen and of Warner." They were informed that a few "smart young men," veterans or otherwise, were needed for an artillery

corps, just to "finish up the rebellion," which was already trampled under foot. Their duties were to be light—their reward prodigious—"You have no picket duty, the placard went on to state; you have no forced marches. While others plod their weary way on foot, you ride!" I thought upon our own recruiting bids for "smart young men" during the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny; the chromolithographic allurements held out; their irresistible inducements of "coffee and hot rolls on the march;" and, surmising that the world was, as nearly as possible, the same world all the world over, I went, hungry but pacified, to bed. There were no chamber candles in the Tremont House. There was no gas in the sleeping apartments; but, on application to the lofty little landlord, I was supplied with a species of cruet filled with Kerosene oil, and garnished with cotton-wool. It smelt hideously on being extinguished, and filled the room with a fatty smoke which nearly choked me. I fortunately went to sleep, and woke up alive; still, in cases of opphyria or any other casualty, there was medical aid close at hand. I was in room seventeen, and in room fourteen Mrs. Doctress Lavens Smith had set up her abode. Mrs. Doctress Lavens Smith was to be consulted at all hours. She cured everything; she promised all things, including secrecy. For all that ended in "is," for all that ended in "ism," and for all that ended in "ia," she was infallible. "See what a woman can do!" were freely stuck upon the wall of the Tremont. Testimonials, signed "Cynthia Pike," "Betsey Vose," with many others, proclaimed her pills to be "purely vegetable." I slept and dreamt that Mrs. Doctress Smith was attending me for chronic elephantiasis; and that Cynthia Pike had inveigled me, by promises of unlimited greenbacks and Drake's Plantation-bitters, to enlist in the Green Mountain Boys.

In the raw cold morning we rose, swallowed some scalding coffee, were charged a dollar and a half a piece for the accommodation we had not enjoyed, and were jolted in the Tremont coach to the station. Soon after six a train started for Rouse's Point.—They had forgotten to kindle the fuel in the stove, and the cold was almost unbearable; but we were consoled by the thought that at Rouse's Point we should "make connections," and be landed by breakfast time, say, by half-past nine, at Montreal. Please to observe that we had been already twenty-four hours on the road, and that fifteen hours was to have been, according to Appleton, the duration of our journey. A very intelligent young mechanical engineer, an American, who sat over against us in the cars, told us that the machine shop at St. Alban's was a very extensive and highly important one. Let me notice, for the benefit of comparative philologists that what we call a "shop"—a place where articles are sold by retail—our curious consins call "store," and that what we designate a factory—a place where articles are made by wholesale—they term "a shop." Their nomenclature may perhaps be justified by some old English precedent with us nearly obsolete. In English builders' yards and manufactories, the bye-laws governing the workpeople are called, I think, "shop rules."

The intelligent engineer first dashed our hopes in respect to breakfasting at Montreal by telling us that he didn't think it likely, and that we might deem ourselves fortunate if we arrived by noon. He then entered into general conversation, informed us that he was going to Toronto, that there were a good many Liverpool "chaps" and London "chaps" working in the St. Alban's shop, and that on the whole he approved of the old country. I happened to mention my supper misadventure of the previous night, whereat a sterning grin stole over his countenance, and he remarked that, liquor laws notwithstanding, he would back Vermont for a show of drunken men against any other State in the Union. "You get the stuff on the sly," he said. I had heard of the so-called show of the "striped pig" as one illicit method of obtaining alcohol in Maine; but in Vermont it would seem that when you have the "obed" given you, and enter the "right place," you ask "how the baby is?" The keeper of the drug, or fruit, or grocery store, whichever it may be, winks, and says "Bully." You go down stairs into a cellar or a back yard, and find, in a remote corner, a cupboard full of whiskey, brandy, or rum bottles. You fill for yourself, drink, replace the bottle, and on going out present the proprietor of the "baby" with ten or fifteen cents, wherewith to purchase, I presume, a coral for the infant. The health of "the baby" in Vermont is asked after with unceasing solicitude.

Now it may have struck you that in grumbling because I could not obtain anything stronger than tea to wash down a meal after a long and fatiguing journey I was unjust and unreasonable. In Rome you must live with the Romans. Being in Vermont, I was perhaps bound to do, without complaining, as the Vermonters do. If the legislature of that State or of Maine, or elsewhere, discovering that hotels and railway refreshment room keepers could not vend beer, wine, or spirits without their customers getting mad drunk and shooting or stabbing one another, and that a licensed tavern was a chronic cause of delirium tremens, robbery, and profligacy among the community—if, in this embarrassing conjuncture, they determined in their wisdom utterly to abolish and prohibit the liquor traffic within their boundaries, I, as a foreigner, could have apparently no possible right to grumble. Being a stranger in the land, I am certainly under a tacit obligation to conform to that land's manners, customs, and enactments. But I conceive it to be hard, if not cruel, to be absurd, if not preposterous, to deny a traveller who does not wish to get drunk, but only to take a little fermented something at his meals for his stomach's sake—a glass of wine or a mug of beer; when, at the same time, it is patent and notorious that the people who do want to get drunk can so intoxicating themselves on the sly at any hour of the day or night, and that the Liquor Law in Maine, Vermont, and elsewhere, is a sham and a lie. I don't think it tells much in favor of the morality or the honor of a commonwealth when its citizens chuckle over a consistent although clandestine violation of its laws. I think an honest man would rather go thirsty than become an accomplice in a cynical fraud and imposture. Perhaps it is better to drink cold water than to rush to the exhibition of the "striped pig," or dive into the cellar where the "baby" is on view. I am informed there are grocers in the State of Vermont who will sell you convivial catnap and Worcestershire sauce one bottle of which is warranted to produce inebriety. Druggists dispense—apert medicines which—excuse the paradox—make their makers "light." Half the "bitters" and "cordials" advertised are only alcohol in disguise; and decoctions of quassia and gentian are mingled with a fiery kind of rum, called, from the labyrinthine gait to which its consumption leads, "tangle-leg." Hypocrisy, however, surpasses itself in the vendition of tin cubes, neatly painted and lettered to represent Bibles and Testaments, but which are in reality case-bottles of whiskey. I need scarcely say that, in carrying on the liquor traffic—"on the sly," the vilest poison is sold at extortionate rates, and that the rich people who can afford to keep a "baby" for themselves import wines and liquors of the best quality, and get drunk behind their own window-shutters with great alacrity and contentment. The whole of which I commend to the notice of Mr. Wilfrid Lawson and the beautiful sages of the United Kingdom Alliance.

We were very glad, at half-past seven in the blue-grey morning, to reach Rouse's Point. We were within a mile and a half of the British frontier, and a two hours' ride would bring us to Montreal. Judge of our amazement, our fury, our agony, and our despair when on arriving at the point, we were coolly informed that the train for Montreal had just left, and that it would be half-past seven in the evening, exactly twelve hours thence, before another train took its departure. This was too much. Somebody, I think, swore. I know I did. There were at least twenty or more women, and chil-

ren—shut out on the slippery ice, on a bitter morning, with no other prospect than that of "laying over." Some of our companions had seemingly already experienced the tender mercies of Rouse's Point. An infuriated gentleman with a large beard, a seal-skin cap, ditto gloves, and cunningly-embroidered moccasins, who had charge of one of the prettiest young widows and one of the prettiest young widow's sisters I ever travelled with, said he would be something if he stood this, and that he would "have it out of Myers." Suddenly there arose a cry for Myers. Rumor took up Myers' name, and bore it on the morning breeze. People who had never seen him, nor five minutes before ever heard of him, cried "Onwards to Myers!" More experienced voyagers mentioned him with grim disparagement as "old Myers." I felt my finger crisp, my cheek tingle, my teeth grow firm-set—I felt that I must see Myers or die.

Myers was simply the traffic manager of the Montreal and Champlain Railway. We found him, after ten minutes' sliding and stumbling about the rambling station, in a vast timber counting-house, the principal ornaments of which were any number of mendacious time-bills, a high stool, like that which goal-warden's sit upon to see that the prisoners do not talk, and a gigantic stove—whilst I can compare to nothing but the Foul Fiend himself, for it was nearly red hot, and had two pipes branching from its lateral walls like horns. In front of this diabolical arrangement stood Myers, warming his spine. He evidently knew what was coming. He had had to do with infuriated travellers, probably five hundred times before. He was ready for anything. When Mr. Artemus Ward, journeying over the plains to California, was seized and plundered by predatory Indians, the Sackem who stripped him made him a speech, and said he hoped to add Mr. Ward, in his account of the transaction, "there will be fire." But Myers was ready for any number of "fires." He was in fighting trim. He wore a very close-fitting vest or jerkin or polka jacket of knitted woollen stuff, so that you had no chance of laying hold of the skirts of his garment, and his spiky grey hair was cut close to his head, so that you could grasp no lockets of his, and procure no purchase if, with tentative thumbs, you strove to gouge him. He was a little man who wore spectacles, and was probably sixty years of age; but he was emphatically all there—fithe, agile, vivacious, defiant—all of resource, fertile, of expedient, and as hard as nails.

A chorus of complaints, of maledictions, indignant requests to know what our detention meant, greeted Myers on our entrance. He was not dismayed. From the front of the stove he leapt with cat-like agility to the top of the high stool, laid the foot of one leg across the thigh of the other, looked through his bright spectacles at me, and shaking his forefinger said, "You've asked me one question. Let me ask you another. Why wasn't the Vermont central operator at his post?" As, up to this moment, I had been wholly unaware of the existence of the Vermont central operator, I was naturally unable to answer this question, and Myers consequently had me on the hip. In answer to subsequent inquiries, he replied that he could do nothing. We must lay over till half past seven at night. There was, to be sure, a freight or luggage train which left Rouse's Point for Montreal at half past two in the afternoon, but he had no power to permit us to go by this, which, as a rule, did not carry passengers. If the Vermont central operator had been at his post all this—pace Myers—would not have happened. It was the duty of that remiss official to have telegraphed the previous night that we had arrived at St. Alban's several hours overdue. Then—according to Myers—the Montreal and Champlain people would not have started their train from Rouse's Point until ours had arrived to "make connections." As it was, they had heard nothing of us, and caring nothing for us, I suppose, had let us "slide."

To Myers' surprise, however, we declined to enter into his sordid scheme of "laying over" quietly. We determined to telegraph the Grand Trunk Railway at Montreal for a special train or at least for permission to have a passenger car attached to the freight train of half past two. Myers allowed us to communicate with the Montreal authorities; but he did not hold out the faintest hope of our wishes being acquiesced in. He didn't think it could be done, he said. We might telegraph. I must admit that Rouse's Point was very liberal in the matter of telegrams. We might have flashed epic poems or dire-act tragedies along the wires all day long had we possessed a taste that way.

As it was absolutely necessary for some time to elapse before an answer could be received to our message which we concocted in an urgent and almost impassioned style—we asked Myers where we could obtain some breakfast. He grinned like a grebe-headed little fiend. "I musn't tell you," quoth he. "I live in a glass house. I musn't recommend any hotel." Being pressed, however, he informed us that there were two superior hotels in the place—the Massachusetts House and the Webster House. We threw up a greenback for choice, and it fluttered down with Mr. Lincoln's portrait upmost, the which we agreed to denote Massachusetts—for Mr. Lincoln is very unlike Webster, especially that Webster whose Christian name was Daniel. The inevitable hackney-coach was in waiting to jolt us off to the usual overheated teumet, with its gigantic spittoons in every corner, its naked dining hall, and its breakfast of beef-steaks, pork-kettles, eggs, salt butter, and scalding tea. At the Massachusetts House, however, there was a bar, where all kinds of liquors were retailed at the rate of ten cents a glass. In explanation of this cheering fact we were informed that we were no longer in Vermont, but in the more cosmopolitan State of New York, a corner of which, at two days' and nearly four hundred miles distance, pokes its nose into Canada.

Not readily shall I forget the philosophical equanimity with which two of our belated companions bore this, to me, scandalous and intolerable delay. While the handsome traveller in the seal-skin cap, who had charge of the pretty widow and her sister, was raging up and down like a lion at feeding time who fails to discern the keeper's wheelbarrow with the shubbiness of beef coming round the corner—while the pretty widow herself was yowling, and her prettier sister whimpering with vexation—while our head-headed French Canadians, losing all patience, rushed off to hire a waggion and team and drive to St. John's, twenty miles distant, and a more cautious statesman availed himself of a train to Ogdensburg, whence he could cross to Prescott, on the Canadian side, and so by a circuitous route reach Montreal some time between Christmas and New Year's Day—the two philosophers never murmured, never desponded. They calmly alighted from the coach at the Massachusetts House, carrying between them a valise. This they opened, and produced what seemed to be a carboy of chemicals, but which was in reality a bottle containing some two quarts of whiskey. They were hardy, horry, Calvinistic, Scottish men. It was just eight in the morning. They ordered tumblers, hot water, and sugar. They sat down calmly, with the whisky bottle between them, as though about to listen to the lecture of some good book, and, brewing themselves two steaming tumblers of toddy, were speedily rapt in the contemplation and absorption thereof, and allowed Myers, and Rouse's Point, and a vain and giddy world, to go by.

It was twelve at noon, and the toddy tumblers of the philosophers had been replenished more than once ere a courteous reply arrived to our message. Myers was brought to confusion, and humbled in an exemplary manner. A passenger car was attached to the freight train, which conveyed us as far as St. Lambert, at the wonderful Victoria Bridge which spans the St. Lawrence at Montreal, and there the officials of the Grand Trunk Railway had kindly provided an engine to take us across the bridge. Otherwise, there being no footway, and the half-

frozen river being practicable neither for sleighs nor for canoes, we should have been forced to remain many more weary hours at St. Lambert. As it was, when at half-past seven on the evening of the twenty-fourth of December we were landed at the Grand Trunk Depot in Bonaventure street, Montreal, we found that it had taken us just thirty-six hours to accomplish a railway journey of four hundred and one miles.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP LEAHY ON TEMPERANCE.—The following letter from the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy to Dr. Harvey, of Youghall, will be read with much interest by those who have watched the progress of the reform accomplished by that distinguished prelate. He has succeeded in doing that by his own influence and with the aid of his clergy which an act of Parliament could scarcely accomplish. Not only has he greatly checked the vice of drunkenness during the six working days of the week, but he altogether suppressed the Sunday traffic. So great and salutary have been the results of the reformation—so visible and tangible to all classes—that it has the sanction of public opinion; and no man could wish to see the blessed work undone. The Archbishop, with all his zeal, is moderate and temperate in his advocacy and in his policy, and if he cannot do all that he would desire, he endeavors to do as much as he can, and to go that effectively. The letter explains itself sufficiently to render any further notice of ours unnecessary at present:—

"Dear Dr. Harvey—It is a great pleasure to me, and I esteem it a privilege, to form the acquaintance of one who has labored so long in the cause of temperance, and what is better, has sought to advance it by his own example. Seeing that intemperance is the besetting sin of our people, the great obstacle to their temporal and eternal happiness, I have been doing my best (now for some years) to promote temperance among the people committed to my care, under the solemn conviction that it is the very best thing I could do for them; because, so long as the people are given to habits of intemperance the labors of the minister of religion are in a manner utterly lost upon them, but once they are weaned from their bad habits and come to practice the contrary, they can be got, with God's grace, to do anything and everything that is good. I have tried all the ways and means within my reach that seemed to be practical in their nature, and so to promise success under God, both for the reclamation of individuals and for that of the bulk and body of the people—two objects very distinct each from the other, though ultimately connected, and acting and reacting upon one another. Whatever measures tend to introduce temperance among the bulk of the community must beneficially affect individuals, and vice versa, whatever tends to improve individuals in this respect must contribute to impress the virtue of temperance upon the community at large. I have endeavored in my humble way to keep both objects in view—the good of all individuals and the good of the community. In making the visitation of the diocese, going from chapel to chapel, I have sought out and generally found those of intemperate habits, the confirmed drunkards, and those who are in scarcely a less pitiable condition, who seldom or never go to fair or market without wasting much of their substance in the public-house, to the injury, oftentimes the ruin of soul and body, of health, of purse, of everything dear to them. Convinced that nothing but total abstinence will reclaim the drunkard, I have always bound him to total abstinence. Of others I have not required total abstinence, except in the public house, allowing them something at home, and when travelling, if need were. The young I have endeavored to bind over to total abstinence, at least for some years, until they acquired habits of temperance when, without a pledge, I reckoned they would continue to practise abstinence from the love of it and the experience of its blessed effects. Females, too, I have been very anxious and sought to pledge, that their example might encourage the men of their family to keep the pledge of temperance.

As to the community at large, apart from the influence brought to bear upon it by the reclamation of individuals, nothing has done so much good amongst us—everything else is dwarfed in comparison with what we call our "Sunday temperance law," which you will find in a pastoral letter I send you. This law is, thank God, most scrupulously observed by the people throughout these dioceses. It is wonderful how they observe it. And never was anything more wanted. The scenes in our towns all about here on the Lord's day were disgraceful to a Christian nation, inasmuch that one would think he was not living in a Christian but a heathen land, and that the one day in the week set apart for the worship of God was really not the Lord's day, but the devil's day. You had no such scenes in the county Cork, nor anywhere else that I know. These scenes are now at an end. Walking through any of our towns now on a Sunday such quiet reigns all around you cannot but feel it is the Lord's day. Judging of our Sunday temperance law by its fruits, it must be pronounced to be a blessed law—and so every one thinks, gentle and simple, high and low, Protestant and Catholic. (I am sorry I cannot add "Friend" or "Quaker," for we have, I regret, none of your excellent community here.) Since the introduction of this law (so to call it) I have, year after year, made out tabular returns of the committals to our bridewells for drunkenness, and the decrease is very remarkable wherever our law prevails. This is a telling fact. Every one may not approve of the particular line I have taken, or the ways and means I have adopted. But I took a practical, I hope also a Christian, view of the matter. I proposed to do such good as lay within my reach, and by such ways and means as I could in my position turn to the advantage of the good cause. Had I proposed to do all manner of good, what was not practicable as well as what was, I might have over-reached myself, and failing in any part of the project I might have brought down failure upon the whole undertaking.

Having had much experience of the working of our temperance law, and of the cause of temperance generally, I will venture to say to you, as a sincere friend of temperance, what has been the secret of our success, what, on the other hand, it was that ultimately led to the failure of Father Mathew's great effort—or rather I will say first what caused his failure and then what our success. Well, I am quite sure that humanly speaking, what ultimately caused his grand system of total abstinence to break down was the want of practical means to enforce it. A man took his pledge and kept it or kept it not as he pleased—there was no manner of what may be called moral force brought to bear upon him, save and except the force of public opinion—nothing that could enforce the pledge. Not so with us. You know the reverence of our Catholic people for their clergy, especially their bishops and still more for the ordinances of their church. Well we brought that into action made it subsidiary, and powerfully subsidiary, to the cause of temperance. Anyone buying or selling one drop of anything spirituous contrary to our Sunday law was thereby deprived of the sacraments of the Catholic Church, and the hands of his clergyman, so far as regards the ministrations of our sacred rites, completely tied up till the delinquent first appeared before the bishop. This gave me an opportunity to address to the delinquent such admonition as he needed. I always asked him everything about himself, his companions, the places he frequented, where he got the liquor and so forth. Amongst other things, I always found out at once if any publican, even in the remotest parts of the diocese, was beginning to tamper with our Sunday Law by attempting to sell, and had him stopped in *limine*. All this was a most powerful and most powerful restraint. Behold the secret of our success, and of the marvellous success, under God, of our Sunday Temperance Law.

Excuse me for saying so much about myself, but I wish you to understand us. I thank you much for the other papers on temperance. I send you one or two of mine. At all times most happy to hear from you, I remain, my dear Sir, with sincere esteem, yours faithfully,

"Dr. Harvey, Youghall."
—Cork Examiner.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HUGHES AND THE MOST REV. DR. MACNALLY.—The Most Rev. Dr. MacNally, Lord Bishop of Clogher, with that promptitude and thought which distinguishes his conduct on all occasions, has issued the annexed circular to his clergy:—

"Bishop's Residence, Monaghan,
January, 19, 1864.

"Rev. Dear Sir—The death of the Most Rev. Dr. Hughes, the great Archbishop of New York, will be everywhere felt as a loss to the whole Catholic Church; but his Lordship having been a native of this diocese, with which he always kept up the most intimate connexion, and born in the very parish of Clogher itself, county Tyrone, the loss is truly a domestic one. We, therefore, appoint Wednesday, the 3rd of February next, for the month's mind, at which we wish all the clergy of the diocese to assist, and as many of the laity as can conveniently, at the old Catholic parish church of Monaghan. On the day mentioned the solemn Office and Mass for the dead will commence, we hope, at ten o'clock.

I remain, dear Rev. Sir,
Yours faithfully,
+ C. MACNALLY."

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. CALLAN.—Again it becomes our painful duty to record the demise of another distinguished Ecclesiastic. On Thursday the 15th of February, 1864, the eminent professor of natural philosophy in the College of Maynooth, breathed his last. A few days since, while engaged in the arduous duties of the confessional, he became suddenly ill. The attack was severe, and his previous state of health had not been such as to induce any very sanguine hope. He died, however, rally, but it was brief, so brief as not to be sufficient to revive the hopes of his many friends, and at about eight o'clock on Thursday evening his holy spirit soared to its eternal home. Master in every department of experimental philosophy, he devoted himself especially to researches in electricity. These have connected his name imperishably with the progress of that important science. Perhaps no man after Faraday and Wheatstone, contributed more to that progress, or deserves a higher place in its annals.—While science has thus to deplore the loss of an earnest and successful laborer in one of her most important fields of inquiry, religion mourns in his decease the death of an humble, zealous and devoted Priest. While engaged in the duties of his professorship and in these researches that have made his name so celebrated, he undertook the translation of the devotional works of St. Liguori, amounting to very many volumes, and had them published under the modest name of a "Catholic Clergyman," at a price that might put them within reach of the poor, the only remuneration accepted being a number of copies for gratuitous distribution. To this task he devoted, for several years every moment he could spare. His health at last gave way under the pressure of his unremitting labor, and he was obliged to give up for nearly two years the duties of his professorship. He was able to resume them in 1851, and from that time to the present, as far as the state of his health, which was by no means completely restored, would permit, he devoted himself to his favorite researches. It was only last spring he completed an induction coil more powerful than any that had been previously made—of which a description may be found in the June number of the *Philosophical Magazine*. Not long ago he had commenced another coil which he expected to be still more powerful, and which it was his intention to present to his friend, Mr. Gassiot, Vice-President of the Royal Society. But Dr. Callan's eminence as a man of science was, after all, the least qualities that will perpetuate his memory in the college and amongst the Priests of Ireland. From the day he entered Maynooth in 1817 until the day of his death he was remarkable for his strict regularity at every duty which the state of his health enabled him to discharge. His charities were, considering his means, manifold. In seasons of distress he applied to this purpose his whole salary as professor, and at all times denied himself many personal comforts that he might have the more to give for the relief of the poor. His extraordinary piety, his perfect simplicity, and unaffected candor endeared him to every one who knew him. Amongst his intimate friends he was cheerful and playful as himself. For many years past he was regarded by the inmates of Maynooth, both professors and students, with a reverence and an affection that could hardly be understood by those who did not witness his daily life; and they all deplore his death as an irreparable loss to the college, which he at once edified by his virtues and adorned by his learning. Dr. Callan had just entered on the sixty fifth year of his age, having been born at Dromiskin, in the county of Louth, on the 20th December, 1799.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The Archbishop of Cashel.—The archdiocese of Cashel and Emly, presided over by the accomplished and erudite Dr. Leahy, has subscribed the munificent sum of nearly four hundred pounds to the Catholic University.—Amongst the first of the ecclesiastics to publish a perfect treatise on the education question, Dr. Leahy has naturally acquired a position in reference to his views and action. This subscription from his archdiocese will be accepted by the public as another evidence of the deep interest His Grace takes in the successes of this great national institution, and of his continuous resolve to emancipate education from the shackles which at present fetter that freedom which ought to belong alike to Catholic and Protestant.—*Id.*

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' CONVENT AND SCHOOLS.—*Harrington Street, Dublin.*—Among the Religious Communities in this country dedicated to educational and charitable objects there is none that has a higher claim on the gratitude of the people than that of the Christian Brothers, which humbly and obtrusively pursues its career of benevolence in disseminating among the thousands of children committed to its charge the seeds of morality and religion, and fitting them, by its admirable system of education, to take the place in the battles of life.—Notwithstanding the gloom and depression under which this country has been laboring for a considerable time, it is gratifying to observe that Christian Brothers' Schools have been springing up in every direction, and the education of the wale portion of the children of the humble classes is being gradually transferred to the care of the Christian Brothers.—As was to be expected, Dublin had not been behind hand in the good work, the convent and schools at Harrington street, just completed, being the noblest institution of the kind in Ireland, perhaps with the exception of the Hevey College, at Mullingar.

In the Court of Queen's Bench on Wednesday, Sergeant Sullivan applied on the part of Mr. Hinchinson Massey, a magistrate residing in the county Cork to have a conditional order for a criminal information made absolute against Mr. Ashe, a residing in the same county. The ground on which the rule was sought was that Mr. Ashe had written a letter calculated to provoke Mr. Massey to commit a breach of the peace by fighting a duel. Mr. Whiteside, Q. C., resisted the application, but the court disallowed with costs, directing, however, that the order should not issue for a week, for the purpose of affording the defendant an opportunity of making a more ample apology than he had made.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. BUTLER AND THE MODEL SCHOOLS.—On Sunday week the Right Rev. Dr. Butler celebrated eight o'clock Mass at the parish church of St. Michael, Limerick, and, after announcing that the general collection in all the Catholic churches of that city on that day was to be made in aid of the Magdalen Asylum, under the care of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd, he proceeded to address the congregation on the gospel of the day and on the example set forth in the conduct of the Holy Family, as the best and safest guide which parents and children should follow in order to attain the great object for which they were sent into this world—the becoming discharge of the duties of their station, and the due preparation for a happy eternity in the life to come. He stated that there were abundant opportunities in the city of Limerick of which Catholic parents of every class could avail themselves to place their children not only beyond the apprehension of danger to their faith and morals, but to give them at the same time an education suitable in every respect to their station—be that station what it may—be the children destined for the learned professions, or a high range of education—be it for the mercantile pursuits or the demands of business—or be it to enable them to enter on the duties of an humble and laborious course of occupation. It was a matter of wonder to all outside the city of Limerick how it was that in the city such vast opportunities of this description abound, by which Catholic children were freed from every temptation of being committed to the charge of any other place of education except that in which they were taught in the very best manner, their obligations to Almighty God, their obligations to the Faith in which they were nurtured, their obligations to the community of which they were destined to be members. This, he said, was a matter of great surprise to all who were outside Limerick; what he would demand, must be said of those; if there were any such, who would continue, in the face of remonstrance, persuasion and advice, to send their children to that condemned Government Model School, against which they were so constantly cautioned from every Altar in the city? He did not believe there were any so callous to the words of caution and remonstrance that fell every day from the Clergy on such alters as to condemn what they had heard, and act in defiance of their Pastors. He did not believe that any Catholic who had the slightest pretensions to the name would take his stand against the councils of the Church, and obstinately persevere in sending his child to that condemned place, which was set up by the English Government to get the education of the country in its own hands, and carry it out on its own plans. He need not remind the congregation of the character and conduct of the British Government towards the people of Ireland in the matter of religion and education, and in every other respect. Education was proscribed; religion was condemned and persecuted. The object of the British Government was to root out the faith and to hunt the teachers. That object the government cherished to this hour by the manner in which it acted. There could be no confidence on the part of the people in any system which the government cherished, or in any system which was confined to the care of its agents; and the Catholic agent who was so blind or so perverse as to think otherwise could not be looked upon as true to the eternal interests of his children or of his own. He was happy to say that the Catholics of Limerick had acted well; and as this was the commencement of a new year, he was certain they would not only persevere in opposition to the condemned Model School, but on go prospering for the future, encouraging Catholic education, and setting the best example to all.—*Freeman's Journal.*

THE FLAX QUESTION.—LETTER OF THE BISHOP OF GALWAY.—At the last meeting of the Guardians of the Galway Union, the following letter, addressed by the Rev. Dr. MacEvilly to the Chairman of the Board, was read:—

"College House, Jan. 13, 1864.

"My dear Mr. O'Flaherty.—A circular bearing the signature of the clerk of the Galway Union, of which you so worthily occupy the position of chairman, was left for me here a day or two ago by Mr. Harrison. It had reference to a meeting to be held at the workhouse on Friday, the 15th instant, and open to others as well as to the members of the Board, for the purpose of considering a subject which has already attracted no small share of public attention, viz., the promotion of the cultivation of flax in this part of the country. There are few meetings I would attend with greater pleasure if it were at all in my power, as I feel assured its object is one of the gravest matters that could affect the general interests of every rank and order of society in the present circumstances of this country. It is a question which claims the active support and practical sympathy of every man, of whatever rank, calling, or profession. It affects the interests of our towns no less than those of the country districts. For, when the latter become impoverished or depopulated, I am sorry to say we have not far to travel for a sad proof of how much the trade and business of towns are affected thereby. This movement now on foot, and seemingly the only practical or feasible one within our reach, is one of actual necessity to stem to some extent the fearful exodus of our people, who, looking forward to the prospects likely to result from the present state of things, see before them only the workhouse, or a still more wretched existence outside it. Hence, in despair, they commit themselves to the mercy of the waves in quest of a livelihood beyond the seas, which they would cheerfully secure by the sweat of their brows, if an opportunity, such as is contemplated by the present movement, were supplied them at home. Several circumstances seem to invite public attention to this project, and a state of things has arisen favorable to it at the present moment. First, the unusually and ruinously low prices of flax, which, however it may fluctuate according to the state of the cotton market, will be sure in any case, as experience proves, to remunerate the tiller of the soil better than cereal crops can possibly do in the present state of things. These and other circumstances seem to render the movement a very hopeful one, and one well calculated to dispel the apprehensions which the issue of some partial and unsupported efforts in this line may be apt to engender in the minds of some. So important a question could not possibly be committed to better hands than those of your Board, composed of gentlemen, both in *capite* and *in membris* of great influence, and distinguished for practical habits of business. I may, perhaps, be permitted to observe that the permanent success of this very important matter will depend very much on a good beginning, and to accomplish this, it seems to be the opinion of many, that besides procuring the best seed, which must, of course, be left to free and open competition, the services of some person or persons should be secured to instruct the people in the most approved method of proceeding in the sowing and caring of flax. I am sure the public never come forward to support any project with greater cheerfulness, than they would in remunerating the parties thus selected. This is not a matter, however, to be committed to theorists, no matter how well informed they may imagine themselves to be, nor is it one of those worthless subjects on which an experiment may be safely hazarded. It is a matter that affects the lives and happiness of thousands, and hence the instructors in question should be persons who have been for years practised in this matter, and fully acquainted with all its details. For my own part, I shall feel most happy to lend every assistance in my power, and I am sure I can promise the active co-operation of the Clergy of this diocese in forwarding so important a movement.

"I would not, however, be understood as meaning to convey that this or any other such project will fully remedy the social evils under which we have been laboring for years. Until the great question of questions, the equitable adjustment of the relations between landlords and tenants, be satisfactorily secured, I am firmly convinced we will have neither

true peace nor contentment, nor permanent prosperity in this country. But until circumstances may arise to facilitate this matter, I deem it my duty to lend every assistance to the movement now under consideration, and every other such project intended to benefit our poor people, who are anxious to earn their bread with the sweat of their brow, and would toil from morning till night, had they any prospect of fair remuneration, or any security that they were laboring for themselves. I have no doubt elsewhere, remunerative employment which will benefit every class of the community. Still more, I feel convinced the success of this, and other such projects, would materially contribute to the fair settlement of the land question—or at least, by destroying competition for the land, render it less necessary than it is at present, when the scramble for land is, in the absence of manufacturing or other employment, but a scramble for existence, leaving the people but the choice of forced expatriation or the workhouse. The flax movement is one within our reach. Galway possesses peculiar advantages for extensive manufactures. There is a sound moral and religious maxim which should stimulate us all to active exertions—'Help yourself and God will help you.'—Believe me, my dear Mr. O'Flaherty, very truly yours,

"J. JOHN MACEVILLY."

DONNYBROOK.—We understand that an appeal is being made for assistance towards the erection of a church at Donnybrook. The now established method of raising funds by a grand drawing of prizes is to be resorted to. Next week we hope to be enabled to give particulars. We have received the following from a Correspondent:—

"All the world has heard of Donnybrook fair; but who has ever heard of Donnybrook church? No body; because there's no such thing as a church in Donnybrook. Sad news this, but know, dear readers, that there are better in store. Accept the privilege which is liberally offered you, and purchase the tickets for the drawing of prizes in aid of a fund wherewith to build a church at Donnybrook."

LAUNCH.—On Saturday there was launched from the iron ship-building yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Queen's Island, a magnificent iron clipper ship, 1,000 tons burthen, the property of Mr. Robert Corry. Launches are now so common in Belfast that it is unnecessary to enter into details, but we may state that that of Saturday was very successful, and that the ship is one of the most asymmetrical, and finely-modelled vessels ever launched here. There are five other vessels on the stocks in the building yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff.—*Ulster Observer.*

The Quarter Sessions, which have now closed, have revealed throughout all the country a state of affairs most painful and deplorable. Credit is broken; the shopkeeper and the tradesman pounces on the farmer because the landlord pounces on him, and it is hark-away between them which will be in at the death. The number of ejections have fearfully increased, and the number of civil bills in proportion; the *Chairmen* of the counties are over-worked; and the sharp gentlemen of the Sessions Courts, and the sheriffs and bailiffs are reaping a golden harvest amidst the tears, and groans, and imprecations of a people driven to wretchedness and ruin, because by the dispensation of God there has been two disastrous seasons, followed by a third, in which the crops were short, and the market prices far below the average.

James Lahiff, Esq., J.P., has granted the Sisters of Mercy, St. Patrick's Convent, Gort, with the munificent sum of £50. He, as well as every other person who is aware of the great benefits conferred on the town and neighborhood by those sainted ladies, cannot fail to appreciate their labours.—*Galway Vindicator.*

RIGHT OF FEMALES TO VOTE.—In the Court of Queen's Bench, on Tuesday, the Court gave judgment in the case of the Queen at the relation of *Lawrence W. Hennessy v. Crosthwaite*, which had been argued on a previous day. It was raised on a question as to whether females had a right to vote under the provisions of the Towns' Improvement Act at the election of Town Commissioners. The Court unanimously decided that females have a right to vote at the election of Town Commissioners.

EXTRAORDINARY SWINDLER.—An old man, named John Dolan, the keeper of a provision shop in the village of Primetown, county of Meath, has been made the victim of a most extraordinary hoax, by which he has lost a sum of £110, all the cash he possessed in the world. A man, who gave his name as Morgan, and who was known in the rural districts as a matchmaker, had for some eight months past been carrying messages between Dolan, who had the reputation of being wealthy, and a young woman styling herself Miss Reilly, who, Morgan stated, lived at Donoghmore, where she had eight or ten acres of land, which she was about to sell, and reside with an Aunt at Ardee, in the county of Down. About six weeks ago Morgan informed the old man that Miss Reilly had sold the farm, for which she had received £200, and had already gone to Ardee, after depositing the money in the bank; that she wanted a steady staid man, and having heard that he (Dolan) was a good dealer, she believed they would act a wise part in putting their money and themselves together, and opening a shop in Ardee. On Tuesday week Morgan again paid Dolan a visit, and brought him the happy tidings that Miss Reilly had consented to meet him next day at Drogheda, when all matters connected with the marriage were to be arranged. Miss Reilly had also requested that Dolan should bring all his money with him on the occasion. On Wednesday morning the old man harnessed the horse and proceeded with Morgan on the car to Drogheda, taking with him £110 and two days' provender for the horse. At Drogheda they met Miss Reilly, in company with a young man who was understood to be a relative, and who on a previous occasion had paid a visit to Dolan at Primetown. The meeting appeared to be a very joyous one, at least on the part of Dolan, as the female was bounding and rather handsome girl of 20 years of age. It would appear that several half-pints of whiskey were consumed in the course of a few hours conversation; and, so fascinated had old Dolan become with Miss Reilly's appearance and agreeable conversation, he took out all the cash, in notes and gold, threw it into her lap, and desired her to take care of it. Some time afterwards Dolan proceeded to prepare the horse and car for the journey to Ardee; but when he returned he found that the party had decamped except the man Morgan, who seemed to commiserate Dolan's position very much, and assisted him in making search for them about the place. Giving up all hopes of tracing the young couple, he returned to his home, and gave information of the circumstance to the constabulary. No such person as Miss Reilly or her aunt was known at Ardee; and all the tales told previously to Dolan turned out to be fabrications.—*Freeman's Journal.*

DOCTORS' MIFER.
(To the Editor of the Catholic Telegraph.)
Carndonagh, Jan. 7th, 1864.

Sir,—I see by the last issue of your excellent paper that Dr. McNeill reiterates the assertions made at the Manchester meeting—namely, that 'Romanism is not saving Christianity.' With all due respect for the Doctor I beg leave to lay the following quotations before the readers of the *Telegraph*, as proofs of the truth of my motto:—

Dr. Potter, an eminent dignitary of the Established Church, writes thus:—"The Roman Catholic's communion we forsake not, no more than the body of Christ, whereof we acknowledge the Church of Rome a member, though corrupted; and this clears us from schism, whose property it is to cut off from hope of salvation the Church from which it separates and, if any zealots amongst us have proceeded to heavier censures, their zeal may, their charity and wisdom cannot, be excused."

Dr. Thorndyke, another dignitary of the Established Church, writes thus:—"Though I sincerely

blame the imposing new articles on the faith of Christians, yet I must, and do, truly profess that I find no position necessary to salvation prohibited, none destructive to salvation enjoined to be believed by the Church of Rome; and, therefore, I must necessarily accept it for a true Church, as in the Church of England I have always known it accepted; seeing there can be no question made, but that it continued the same visible body by the succession of bishops and laws that were first founded by the Apostles. There remains, therefore, in the present Church of Rome the profession of all the faith necessary for the salvation of all Christians to believe either in point of faith or manners."

Dr. Chillingworth says:—"We grant the Roman to be a part of the whole Church. He that believes all fundamentals cannot be damned for errors in faith, though he believe more to be fundamental than is so."

Bishop, or Dr. White says:—"I have never denied the Church of God, wherein our ancestors did profess the true faith, and were saved."

So much from members of the Established Church. Let us now hear the Head:—"I honestly own that many Papists, especially our forefathers, are saved; detesting, as I do, from the bottom of my soul, the bigotry of the Puritans, who think that no Papist can go to heaven."

1. Dr. Potter's Charity Mistaken, page 70.
2. Bishop Thorndyke's Epilogue, page 146.
3. Bishop White's Defence of his Way, page 366.
4. King James the First's speech to Parliament, Nov. 9th, 1605.

Comment on these is useless, but I may add that many should read *Charity Mistaken*.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your humble and obedient servant,

DOCTOR M'NEIF.

"GOOD NEWS FROM IRELAND."—We take the following highly instructive and amusing report from the *Manchester News*. We dedicate it (without permission) to Sir Robert Peel and the managers of the 'Church missions to Irish Roman Catholics':—

Lawrence Kearney v. the Rev. Wm. Scott of Pullaghreen.—This was an action to recover the sum of £1 12s 10d, for work and labour in the years 1861, 1862, and 1863.

Lawrence Kearney examined by Mr. John O'Donnell.

Mr. O'Donnell—Kearney, were you what is popularly called a souper?

Witness—I was, your honour, but it was in the bad times I joined them.

Mr. O'Donnell—You belonged to the Doon Mission?

Witness—I did, sir.

Mr. O'Donnell—Of which the Rev. Mr. Scott is the clergyman?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Mr. O'Donnell—In what year did you join the society?

Witness—In 1849, sir.

Mr. O'Donnell—What family had you then?

Witness—My wife and four children, sir.

Mr. O'Donnell—Upon what terms did you join.

Witness—I was to get work and a house rent free.

Mr. O'Donnell—Did you get what was promised?

Witness—I did, sir, until lately. Mr. Scott wanted to charge me for the house.

Mr. P. Murphy, for Mr. Scott—Yes, your worship, and we decreed him for the rent before the magistrates.

Mr. O'Donnell—You did because I was unavoidably absent, and the presiding magistrate under the circumstances ordered the man to appeal.

The Chairman—Is the appeal pending? If so, it would be desirable to hear both cases together?

Mr. Murphy—The notice, your worship, is defective, and I object to their going further.

The Chairman—In the absence of a valid notice I cannot allow you to go into the appeal. I therefore affirm the magistrate's order without costs, and with out prejudice to any course you may think proper to adopt?

Mr. O'Donnell—Very well, your worship. I will confine myself to the process. They ought to be proud of the way in which they meet the case.

Mr. O'Donnell—Kearney, look at that book—is that the book in which the workmen's accounts were kept?

Witness—It is, sir.

Mr. O'Donnell—From whom did you get the book?

Witness—From the Rev. Mr. Scott.

Mr. O'Donnell—Look at the settlement at the foot of the page showing a balance of £4 5s 9d due to you. Whose handwriting is that?

Witness—The Rev. Mr. Scott's.

Mr. O'Donnell—Look at the other settlement.

Witness—Mr. Scott admitted that to be correct. It is made out by himself or some of his family.

Mr. Murphy—Prove the handwriting before you go further.

Mr. O'Donnell—I presume Mr. Scott will not deny his own handwriting. Is that your handwriting Mr. Scott?

Rev. Mr. Scott—I cannot read without my spectacles. I do not know whether it is or not.

The Chairman—Unless you prove the handwriting I cannot allow the book to be given in evidence.

Mr. O'Donnell—Let Mr. Scott be sworn.

The Rev. Mr. Scott sworn and examined by Mr. O'Donnell—Take that book in your hand.

Witness—I see it. I don't whose handwriting it is.

Mr. O'Donnell—You just now stated you could not read without spectacles; how do you undertake to swear that the handwriting is not yours?

Witness—Putting on his spectacles, upon my oath I don't know that handwriting.

Mr. O'Donnell—Is that a workman's account book?

Witness—I don't know what it is.

Mr. O'Donnell here enumerated several names of persons entered on the book, and asked were those persons in the service of the 'mission'?

Witness—They were.

Mr. O'Donnell—Were they receiving wages?

Witness—They were.

Mr. O'Donnell—Do you know Mr. T. B. Hamilton, the tract seller, at Limerick?

Witness—I do.

Mr. O'Donnell—Now look at that book with your workmen's names in it, and Mr. T. B. Hamilton's name on the cover, and say if you never saw it before?

Witness—I never did.

Mr. O'Donnell—Though you have charge of the mission?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. O'Donnell—When did Kearney go back to the old faith?

Witness—I don't believe he was ever sincere.

Mr. O'Donnell—Was it not when the Fathers lately visited Oola that he and his seven children deserted ye?

Witness—I know nothing about him.

Mr. O'Donnell—And then for the first time you discovered he was not entitled to his wages?

Witness—Nothing of the kind, sir.

Mr. O'Donnell—On your oath is there nothing due to him?

Witness—Only 2s 4d.

Mr. O'Donnell—And you still persevere in swearing that you never saw this book?

Witness—Most positively.

Mr. O'Donnell—This, your worship, is a difficulty I could not have anticipated. The book clearly belongs to 'be' mission, and I will have abundant evidence as to the handwriting at next Sessions; I now consent to be dismissed without prejudice.

Mr. Murphy—But his worship will not do anything of the kind for you. We admit a sum of 2s 4d, and

you can take your decree for that sum.

The Chairman—If Mr. O'Donnell elects to be acquitted, I will not prevent him. Let the case stand dismissed without prejudice.—*Manchester News.*

It is generally believed that a free passage is now afforded to every man desirous to emigrate to the United States, and that, already, hundreds are availing themselves of this tempting offer held out by the agents of the American Government. If this movement be carried out, a year or two will see Ireland with a population reduced below five millions, and dependent on those a larger proportion of ineffective population—infants and aged—than in any other land on earth. Driven hard by all that has been lately published on the financial injustice to Ireland in the matter of taxation, the Government has just printed, but not published, a pamphlet entitled 'The Financial Exigencies of Ireland, before and after the Legislative Union' and within the same brief compass—it is only 26 pages—I have never seen as many fallacies, save in a work on Logic devoted to their especial treatment. Next week, I hope to lay bare this Imperial imposture. Some of the readers of the *Register* who are not familiar with the state of Ireland, might be led to suppose, from the very frequent reference to the subject in my letters, that the Education controversy is exaggerated in importance by me. But I assure them that, owing to peculiar circumstances, I have been studiously brief in advertising to the extent, the depth, and the intensity of the agitation upon the subject in Ireland. Since the death of Dean Meyler, Master Murphy, Master in Chancery, one of the Catholic Commissioners on the National Board, has resigned, and it is said that the resignation of others of the Catholic Commissioners is expected. Master Murphy was appointed on the Board, in 1851, when, as stated in his evidence before the Lords' Committee, in 1854, he 'reluctantly accepted the Commission.' It was he that proposed the removal of Dr. Whately's two tracts on 'Christian Evidences' from the list of School Books, which led to the retirement of their author and two others of the Protestant Commissioners. It was he who frequently wrote to the absent Catholic Commissioners either to resign their seats or attend and look after Catholic interests. It was he that in 1854 although administering the mixed system, informed the House of Lords that 'under separate grants, the National Schools could not, perhaps, become more denominational than they then were; warned the Select Committee of the dangers of extending the Model Schools; prophesied the present collision between the Catholic officials in them and their Pastors and declared, on his oath, that he, for one, would not send his child to a Protestant School. The importance of the resignation of such a man is deeply felt by the Government. The number of Catholic Commissioners is now eight instead of ten, and other resignations are imminent. The whole concern is going to pieces, and the resident Commissioner, now in his 70th year, is dangerously ill. On Tuesday a deputation from Belfast, headed by Dr. Knox, Protestant Bishop of Down and Connor, two High Sheriffs, and a number of Presbyterians and Protestant laymen and Clergymen, waited on the Lord Lieutenant to request him to consider certain alleged recent changes, favourable to Catholics, made in the rules of the National Board. Another deputation from the Presbyterian General Assembly, with the same object, waits on Lord Carlisle to-day, and another deputation from Derry will go up in a few days. I pointed out, last week, the real object of these tracts; but of this be assured, that unless Catholics are either utterly blind or cursed with the haze of disunion, the settlement of the Education Question lies at their feet and may be secured within the next six months.—*Dublin Cor. of Weekly Register.*

DUBLIN, Jan. 18.—Another special meeting of the corporation was held on Saturday, to consider the important question whether the statue of the Agitator should be left in the niche it occupies at the side of the City-hall or be promoted to a more commanding position in the centre. The Conservative members opposed the contemplated change on the ground that it would be an unwise precedent to establish, and also that it would be giving O'Connell an apparent precedence over one of Her Majesty's ancestors—a statue of George III. having formerly stood on the proposed site, from which it was removed because it spoilt the appearance of the hall. The debate lasted more than two hours, as on the previous occasion, became extremely personal. Alderman Reynolds, who abused unsparingly all who differed from him, observed that there were some statues in the hall which he would see removed—statues of Dutchmen, and worse than Dutchmen. Dr. Lucas was a mad apothecary, and Grantin's name was not worthy to be mentioned in connection with the Liberator's. Ultimately his resolution was adopted by a majority of 13, amid great cheering from the occupants of the gallery.—*Times Cor.*

FATAL AFFAY.—On Sunday, the 20th December, a dispute took place at Maumtrasna, in the parish of Ross, between two families named Joyce and Lydon, about sheep belonging to one of the Lydons trespassing on Michael Joyce's (deceased) cabbage-plot. A desperate struggle ensued between the two parties, when Thomas Lydon struck Michael Joyce a blow which fractured his skull, and of which he lingered until the 3rd of January. An inquest was held before G. Cottingham, Esq., and a jury, when a verdict, in accordance with the above, was returned, and five of the Lydons, the father, mother, and three sons were committed to the county jail to await their trial for manslaughter till the forthcoming assizes. I may here remark that, were it not for the exertions by the Constabulary, the Lydons would have escaped arrest.—*Cor. of the Vindicator.*

John F. Maguire, Esq., M.P., Mayor of Cork, arrived in Belfast on Monday, with the object of making a personal inspection of our flax-spinning mills and power-loom factories. Mr. Maguire evinces an interest in the success of the undertaking and a zeal for its promotion which we hope to see followed up and imitated by his fellow-citizens in the South.—*Northern Whig.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

EDINBURGH.—We have been favored with a letter which contains the following intelligence:—"In Edinburgh, it is remarked that the number of young men who approach the Sacraments at the Jesuits' Church increases. In Dalkeith the greatest progress is observed; an attendance of 500 Protestants at the Evening Service is not an uncommon thing. A most exquisite Lady Altar, from designs by that eminent architect, G. Goldie, Esq., has been lately erected in St. David's Church, Dalkeith; and at Pathhead a most flourishing school is opened.—*Weekly Register.*

Punch and the *Times* have taken Mazzini under their protection. The motive and reason for this are plain enough. The French Emperor has shown unmistakable signs of dissatisfaction with the Government of this country for their refusal, so bluntly signified in Lord Russell's brusque despatch, to join in his proposed Congress, and, therefore, the partisans of Ministers think it their duty to throw their duty to throw their shield over the Italian revolutionist who has been accused by his friend Greco with insinuating the assassination of the Emperor Napoleon. According to our morning contemporary, Mazzini is a very ill-used man, by being for a moment supposed to be capable of recommending assassination. This was not always the opinion of the *Times*. How often has that journal denounced the Italian Anarchist for preaching assassination as a duty? Has not it repeatedly recommended the dagger as an instrument to be employed by patriots in looking for freedom from the tyranny of Kings? Did he not employ Gallenga, and furnish him with money and a dagger to assassinate the late King of Sardinia, the heretic and unfortunate Charles Albert, the Gallenga whom the *Times* subsequently employed as its Turin Correspondent, and whom the profligate Victor Emmanuel has decorated with the

insignia of an Order of Knighthood, we suppose for the chivalrous deed of undertaking to murder his father, when going to Mass? Mazzini, whose letter we publish, appears to deny the imputation involved in the confession of Greco that he suborned that conspirator and his accomplices to assassinate the Emperor of the French; but the terms he uses—and he understands our language well—seem to us to be studiously evasive. For instance, he says that he never instigated anyone to kill 'Louis Napoleon'; 'there no play upon words here? The Emperor, we believe, called in baptism by the names of 'Charles Louis.' It would have been more satisfactory if the denial referred expressly to the 'Emperor of the French.' Mazzini also says that no letter with or without money has ever been addressed by him to Greco in Paris. But might not a letter have been addressed by somebody else to Mazzini's request, or by his orders to Greco in Paris. Again, might not a letter with money have been addressed by Mazzini himself to the Emperor of Russia, or anywhere else besides Paris. Indeed, the limitation of the denial to a correspondence with Greco at Paris would logically warrant the inference that Mazzini did write to that assassin at some place other than Paris. It will thus be seen that the denial is not complete or explicit, and does not at all justify the ample whitewashing which the *Times* gives Mazzini, even though that person had never preached assassination as a duty. He admits his acquaintance with Greco, whom he characterises as an enthusiastic patriot, and Greco declares that Mazzini urged him to assassinate the Emperor of the French, and supplied him with money and murderous missiles for that diabolical purpose. Whether or not Mazzini had recourse to subterfuge, or intended to cover the whole charge with a frank denial and told the truth, or whether Greco has stated the truth or maligned his friend, we shall not take upon us to say. The public know what has been stated on both sides and may judge for themselves. For ourselves, we will only say, that though Mazzini's unsupported assertion may now satisfy the *Times*, it is not enough to vindicate him in our judgment, acquainted as we are with his antecedents.—*Weekly Register.*

DIVES AND LAZARUS IN THE CHURCH.—Look here on this picture and on this!—was our involuntary exclamation on seeing in the *Record*, on following the other, its two paragraphs which point a moral, we reproduce as follows:—

Four Clergy Relief Society.—Our attention has been called to the appeal recently published in our advertising columns in connection with this society. It appears that the death of his charitable founder and Secretary, the Rev. Mr. Jarvis, has left his widow and seven children in circumstances of great embarrassment. The family of one who did so much for his poor brethren has a special claim to sympathy.

Death of the Rev. Canon Malby.—We have to announce the death of the Rev. Henry Joseph Malby, Canon Residentiary of Durham. He was the third son of the late Dr. Malby, Bishop of Durham. In 1842 his father presented him to the valuable living of *Kilcastlety*, Durham, near York, in Yorkshire (value £1,000, population 700), and in 1862 collated him to a stall in Durham Cathedral, worth £1,200, both of which are placed by his death at the disposal of Bishop Barrington.

Mr. Jarvis had acquired some reputation,—good for himself but ill for his Church; for his 'Sterling Facts,' and similar appeals, enabled every one to run down the apostles, as well as the paucity of Synodical Smith's enquiry—'Why is the Church of England a Collection of Beggars and Bishops'—the Rev. Dr. Dives in the pulpit, and Lazarus in orders at the gate, doctored by dots, and comforted with crumbs? But had the public ever heard of *Canon Malby*, until it heard of his death, and of the 'valuable living' rendered vacant by it? Yet see how the Church poured its wealth into the lap of the fortunate clergyman—fortunate in that he was the son of a Bishop, and that Bishop the occupant of the 'golden see' of Durham. As incumbent of the little of *Englefield*, with its 700 people, Dissenters, and Nonconformists, included, he received altogether £22,680! And because that was not a sufficiently wicked waste of resources which ought have comforted a down ill paid, though harder working, ministers of the Gospel, £11,000 more was put in the purse of the bishop's son, in connection with one of those Cathedral stalls which are assumed to be reserved as rewards for the most learned and deserving of the Church's sons. One change, it is true, has been effected in the filling up of this Englefield benefice. The patronage is transferred from the too heavily loaded Durham bishopric, to the less well-endowed See of Manchester; but that is all! Poor Mr. Jarvis! He was spared the pain of witnessing this latest illustration of the better care taken of the Church's bishops than of the Church's beggars. May heaven help his widow and seven children! they can look for nothing at the hands of a church which fills the rich with good things and send the poor empty away.—*Liberator.*

The *London Morning Herald* believes the English Cabinet has sent despatches to Vienna and Berlin in notification of the hostile attitude it would be compelled to assume if Schleswig is invaded. The French Government is believed to be in union.

Lord Henry Lennox has given notice that on an early day after the meeting of Parliament he will call the attention of the house to the present mode of administering the laws which affect capital punishment, and to the circumstances under which the Crown has on various occasions been advised to exercise the royal prerogative of mercy.—*Guardian.*

The *Morning Post*—'Surely, as soon as the Germans cross the Riber, so surely will they array against themselves the arms of England, and of France, moving on the Rhine, and the Italians on Venetia.

In an 'opinion' which has been procured by the corporation of Liverpool, Sir Hugh Cairns, and two other Queen's Counsel, affirm the right of the Town Council to review the appointment by the borough magistrates of a Roman Catholic Chaplain to the borough jail.

The *Sun* says:—"Some curiosity exists as to the name and title of the young Prince, some asserting that it will be Prince Albert Edward of Wales, while others think that he will receive some such designation as Duke of Cornwall or Duke of Gloucester. No doubt, however, exists that his juvenile Royal Highness will, like his father, be named Albert Edward; but it is perhaps not so universally known that the name by which the Prince of Wales will ascend the throne (may the day be far distant) will be King Edward the Seventh. It is said that this was the express wish of the late Prince Consort, who thought that Albert I. would hardly sound congenial to the English ear. It has, however, grown congenial enough since his demise through the respect we pay to the memory of the good Prince."

RAILWAYS AND PARLIAMENT.—It appears from *Dunblair's Manual* that the Session will 'open with 42 railway directors in the House of Lords, and 351 in the House of Commons.

LIVERPOOL, 28th.—The Danish question continues threatening. England backs her remonstrances with warlike preparations, and it is reported that twenty-thirty thousand troops are to be placed on a war footing. The Austro-Prussian vanguard is ordered to march from Kiel towards the Elder Canal.

The latest English journals encourage a belief that with the first shot is fired, there is hope for peace. They doubt if Austria and Prussia are prepared to bear the tremendous consequences which will follow.

Liverpool was the scene of a terrible explosion. A vessel of about 120 tons burthen, lying in the Mersey, and about to sail for Africa, with five tons of gunpowder on board, caught fire. The crew consisted of 14 men; but they knowing the nature of the cargo, appeared to have quitted the ship at the first alarm, and the vessel was left to her fate. The windows of the buildings in the town were shattered in all directions, and the gas put out—no lives lost.

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
At No. 223, Notre Dame Street, by
J. GILLIES,
G. E. CLERK, Editor.

TERMS:
To all country subscribers, or subscribers receiving
their papers through the post, or calling for them at
the office, if paid in advance, Two Dollars; if not
paid, then Two Dollars and a-half.

To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by car-
riers, Two Dollars and a-half, if paid in advance,
but if not paid in advance, then Three Dollars.
Single copies, price 3d, can be had at this Office;
Fulton's News Depot, St. Francis Xavier Street; at
T. Kiddell's, (late from Mr. E. Pickup), No. 22,
Great St. James Street, opposite Messrs. Dawson &
Sons; and at W. Dalton's, corner of St. Lawrence
and Craig Sts.

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

To sift out the one precious grain of truth
concerning the actual position of the Schleswig
question from the bushel of chaff in which tele-
grams and editorials have enveloped it—is no
easy task. War is inevitable—we are one mo-
ment assured; and the next, our informant exults
in the prospect that the peace of Europe will
upon this question at least, not be disturbed. If
the Prussian and Austrian forces cross the Elber,
Danzon will at once appeal to the sword. Her
position is strong; her army is of good material,
numbering about 39,000 excellent troops, of
whom upwards of 6,000 are cavalry; and their
line of defence is represented as being strong by
nature and well fortified by art. By the time
the hard frost disappears, their fleet will be ready
to come into play; and upon the whole they will
perhaps prove a very hard nut for the Prussians
and Austrians to crack.

The Poles still continue to fight with despe-
rate, but it is to be feared, unavailing courage.
They know that defeat means to them extermi-
nation, and they fight therefore with the courage
of men to whom death on the battle field or
death on the scaffold are the only alternatives.
By the last accounts they had repulsed the Rus-
sian troops in several fierce encounters.

In the French Chambers the opposition head-
ed by M. Thiers continue to attack the Emper-
or's policy, and so far as eloquence is concerned
the advantage is all on their side; numbers on
that of their opponents. The Mexican expedi-
tion had been more especially singled out as the
point of attack, and M. Thiers had delivered
himself of a very forcible oration condemnatory
of the objects, and depreciating the actually ob-
tained results of an expedition which had already
cost France so much blood, and so much treas-
ure, and which threatened to draw still more
largely upon her resources. M. Thiers' speech
was applauded, and on a division was defeated
by a large majority. No additional particulars
of the Mazzini conspiracy against the life of the
Emperor had been made public; it is to be ex-
pected however that the detection of their assas-
sination plot, and the public exposure of their
leaders, will be a great blow and discouragement
to the entire Liberal party in Italy.

The British domestic news is uninteresting.
Judgment against Bishop Colenso had been given
by the Archbishop of his Province and the sen-
tence of deposition passed on him. This is how-
ever of no consequence, for the Privy Council is
the supreme court of appeal in all spiritual cases,
and to this tribunal Bishop Colenso has appealed.
A good deal of fur may be anticipated in conse-
quence.

The relative positions of the belligerents on
this Continent remain unchanged since our last.

MR. J. S. MACDONALD AND THE HIER-
ARCHY.—Our readers will do us the justice to
admit that the TRUE WITNESS eschews party
politics, and that it stands aloof from the ignoble
squabbles of the *Ins* and *Outs* for the handling
of the public plunder. Not indeed because we
subscribe to the doctrine that the Church has no
connection, that the priest should not meddle
with politics; but because our Canadian politics
are so contemptible, so entirely engrossed with
the personal affairs of this or the other needy
and unprincipled political adventurer, that we feel
contact with them as a degradation, almost as a
pollution. We have never said a word in favor
of, or against the Ministry; and always have we
thought it an insult to our Church to attempt
even to identify her in any manner with either
of the two parties angrily disputing and snarling,
like a lot of mangy half-starved jackals over the
already well picked bones of office.

Nor should we have deviated from this course
of perfect and independent neutrality to day,
were it not that at a Ministerial banquet given
at Quebec on the 4th instant, Mr. J. S. Mac-
donald went out of his way, or at all events is
reported as having gone out of his way to insult
the Catholic Hierarchy, in the *Mercury*, which
under the present Ministry does the dirty
work of the dispenser of the public plunder.—
In the report of the *Mercury*, Mr. Macdonald
is reported as having stated that the Minis-
try of which he was the head, had opposed

to them "the Grand Trunk, the Hierarchy, and
the Ocean Steamship Company," and as he
hickupped out this insult to our Church, his
henchmen loudly belched their applause, thereby
as a body accepting the position of hostility to
the Church assigned to them by their leader.

So be it; for if we have not sought to pro-
voke the enmity of these men, so neither do we
shrink from, nor do we dread it. Only this much
they must permit us to tell them. That their
outcry against the opposition from the Hierarchy
which they have had to contend with, is a
symptom of their guilty consciences. As the
pick-pocket, or "prig," looks upon every
policeman whom he sees in the streets as his
personal enemy, because his guilty conscience
tells him that he is a rogue and the enemy of all
honest men, so do the consciences of Mr. J. S.
Macdonald and his gang assure them that they
richly deserve, even though they have not as yet
encountered, that opposition or hostility of the
Hierarchy of which they complain. It is this
guilty conscience that makes the *Rouge* sing out
before he is hurt; and which teaches him to look
upon every loyal subject of Queen Victoria,
every sincere Canadian patriot, and every faith-
ful Catholic as his enemy; as the enemy of him
whose eyes are ever affectionately turned to-
wards Washington, and who meditates the sacri-
fice of Canadian autonomy upon the altar of an-
nexation, and the pillage of the Catholic Church
as a peace offering to the Clear-Grits.

AN OLD DODGE.—It is a common trick on
the part of some of our Protestant contem-
poraries, when they wish to publish something very
offensive against the Catholic clergy, and yet do
not desire to incur the editorial responsibility of
so doing, to put the offensive words into the
mouth of a nameless or imaginary correspondent,
whom they style an "Irish" or a "French
Canadian Catholic," as the exigencies of the
slander may require. This "Catholic" corre-
spondent is, in short, one of the editorial "prop-
erties," as stage managers would style the
thing, without which no Protestant journal
can now-a-days be efficiently conducted. The
Brockville Recorder has one of these useful
articles, which it keeps up in an old garret, for
the most part, but which it occasionally puts upon
active service.

Such an occasion presented itself to the
Brockville Recorder the other day. There
was some dirty work to be done; a Catholic
Bishop to be misrepresented, a Catholic priest to
be libelled, and insulted. Immediately the
"property" was put in requisition, and brought
down from the old familiar lumber room where
it habitually reposes. Really quite a superior
article is this "property": "an Irish Catholic
of great respectability, who we believe is very
well known in Montreal," adds the *Montreal
Herald*, who copies approvingly the article in
question from the *Brockville Recorder*.

The matter treated of by the writer in the
said paper is the late election for the South
Riding of Leeds, which resulted in the defeat of
Mr. Richards, the Ministerial candidate. The
offensive part, and that of which alone we com-
plain, is that wherein His Lordship the Bishop
of Kingston is by implication accused of playing
the part of a political partizan, for unworthy
motives; and a Catholic priest, the Rev. M.
Clune, of South's Falls (so the name is spell in
the *Herald*), is directly accused of conduct un-
becoming a Christian gentleman, in that he struck
a man for refusing to vote for Mr. Jones, the
Opposition candidate. Now we contend that
the man who made these anonymous charges
against a Catholic Bishop and a Catholic priest,
cannot be a "respectable Catholic;" and that
therefore the correspondent over the signature of
an "Irish Catholic" is but an instance of the
"old dodge" which we have above indicated.—
Had the charges aforesaid appeared, editorially,
in the *Brockville Recorder*, the editor of that
journal would have been responsible for their
truth; but to shirk this responsibility the slan-
ders are made public as a correspondence; and
to give them additional weight with the public,
they are published over the pseudonyme of "A
Catholic," whose respectability and religion the
Montreal Herald vouches for. Thus the slan-
der is propagated, and all editorial responsibility
is evaded.

If an honest man, or a brave man, has a
charge to make, not against a system, but
against an individual, he will do so over his
own name, and not take cowardly refuge in a
pseudonyme. The anonymous accuser is a
coward, and a coward is never to be believed
even upon oath, much less then as a newspaper
correspondent. In that the writer in the *Brock-
ville Recorder* and the *Montreal Herald* makes
a personal, but anonymous attack upon certain
individuals, we have the best of reasons for con-
testing his credibility and respectability: whilst
in that the individuals so attacked anonymously,
through the columns of a Protestant journal, are
dignitaries of the Catholic Church, we have the
best assurance that their assailant is not a Catho-
lic. He is but a "dummy," a "property," a
kind of *John Doe*, or *Richard Roe* of the office,
an editorial fiction.
If in this surmise we are mistaken, let "A Ca-

tholic," if he be a man, come out in his own name,
and over his own signature; and not like a coward,
"stab men in the dark." We can deal with an
editorial attack, because the editor is a real flesh
and blood personage—a being with a local habi-
tation and a name. We are prepared to meet, and
deal with all charges made through the press
against our clergy, substantiated by the signature
of the accuser. But since newspaper editors ex-
pressly disclaim all responsibility for the accuracy
of the facts deposed to by their several correspon-
dents; and as the assailant of the Bishop of King-
ston gives no name, it is impossible for us to con-
descend to any serious notice of his allegations.
When he gives his name to the world, then, but
not before, can we meet him.

As fast as one difficulty with the Federal
Government is surmounted, or smoothed away
with diplomatic shovel, another starts up, and
again seems to oppose an insuperable obstacle to
the preservation of peace. Since the outbreak
of war betwixt North and South we have never,
even for a day, been without at least one sufficient
casus belli to deal with. The Trent affair, the
Alabama affair, the affair of the *Alexandra*, of
the steam rams in the *Mersey*, illegal enlistments,
illegal seizures of British merchant ships, abduc-
tion cases innumerable, monstrous demands put
forth by the Federals for indemnity from the
British Government for injuries inflicted upon
Yankee commerce by Confederate men of war—
have all, and each in their turn, seemed to be
the immediate precursors of war betwixt the two
nations; and though for the time they may have
been disposed of, the memory of them still re-
mains in the memory of our neighbors, who no
doubt promise themselves to exact a strict ac-
count for all the fancied injuries which they have
sustained at the hands of the hated Britishers.—
The latter on the other hand have borne so
much, so long, and so tamely, have manifested
such a spirit not of Christian, but commercial,
forbearance; have so docilely held out the left
cheek to be buffeted when smitten upon the
right, that it may be predicted almost with cer-
tainty that no amount of insolence, abuse, and
ill usage will provoke the British Lion to show
his teeth, or so much as to growl, except in a
very subdued tone of voice, when insulted,
abused, and ill-treated, by a Power which has
large armies, stores of guns, and a formidable
fleet at its command. No. The British Lion
is as prudent as he is brave; he reserves all his
manifestations of wrath for the benefit of small
Powers, such as the Pope, the King of Naples,
or the Emperor of the Brazils. These he can
bully with impunity, for they are weak; and he
bullies them to his heart's content, and reads
them high moral lessons. But the Yankees are
strong, and therefore as the "lady help" would
say when stipulating with the woman whose
household work she consents to perform, the
Yankees "must be let alone."

But this "letting alone," thus tame putting
up with wrong and national indignities, provokes
unfortunately to fresh outrages; and the Federals
have just given us another instance of the com-
tempt which they entertain for law and courtesy,
and of their firm conviction that the British
Lion will for the sake of peace put up with any
amount of cuffing and kicking. The facts are
related by the *Toronto Globe*, which though a
strong pro-Yankee organ, can scarce stomach
this last insult to the British flag, and outrage
upon British territory.

The Sioux Indians have, as our readers know,
been for some time engaged in hostilities with
the Federals. The latter have waged a war
of extermination against their red foes, killing
indiscriminately men, women, and children
whenever they had the chance. Driven to
despair it seems that some of these Sioux chiefs,
with their followers, escaped into British terri-
tory and encamped in the neighborhood of Fort
Garry under the protection, as they foolishly
thought, of that flag which for a thousand years
has braved the battle, &c., &c., but which it
seems from the sequel, cannot brave the fury of
Yankee warriors.

The latter were determined not to be baulked
of their prey by such a paltry obstacle as that
flag, and so they instructed a Mr. McKenzie,
formerly of Minnesota, now resident at Fort
Garry, to kidnap the unfortunate Indians, and
bring them over to the American camp. This
Mr. McKenzie, having made the Sioux chiefs
drunk, succeeded in accomplishing. He plied
them, so we read in the *Globe*, with whiskey,
laudanum, and chloroform until senseless, bound
them upon sleighs, carried them to Pembina,
where they were received by the Yankee offi-
cer, a Major Hatch, and chained down to the
floor of the guard house. By this time, in all
probability, they have been put to death by their
captors. Upon these facts the *Globe* thus com-
ments:—

Now, were the case reversed, had these Indians
been kidnaped by British people from off American
soil, there would have been a tremendous uproar.
We mean just as much, and probably a great deal
more, when we say that the act cannot pass un-
noticed by the English Government. The circumstan-
ces of the case, we admit, are unfortunate. The peo-
ple of the Red River would, doubtless, so far as their
immediate individual interests are concerned, much
rather see the two Chiefs hung than see them return.

But Great Britain has a Treaty of Extradition with
the United States. Both nations, in negotiating it,
were exceedingly careful to guard their sovereign
rights from infringement. It is provision is made
for delivering up men guilty of certain specified
crimes, but none others. It may be, as in the pre-
sent case, that the limits are too narrow always to
subserve the purposes of justice; but that is no argu-
ment for arbitrarily violating the sanctity of a for-
eign soil. As well might we claim the right of kid-
napping in the United States, deserters from our
army. Had Major Hatch discharged his duty, in-
stead of chaining the Chiefs to the floor of the guard
house, he would have set them free. But, unfortu-
nately, we need no proof that too many American of-
ficers are ready, for the sake of gaining a little popu-
larity, to violate the best understood principles of
international law. The case, as soon as it becomes
known in Washington, will undoubtedly attract the
attention of Lord Lyons, who will, we apprehend,
find little difficulty in coming to a satisfactory ar-
rangement with the American Government. We
should not be at all surprised to learn that the Chiefs
had been executed before this, for brief time elapses
in the Far West between the capture of an Indian
and his death. If, however, Major Hatch has any
discretion left he would not proceed so far without
asking orders from headquarters. In any event, what
Her Majesty's representative will look to is the viola-
tion of her sovereignty, not for the sake of the
captured men, but for the honor of the empire. Thus
much, circumstances imperatively demand.

It will be seen that there are many points of re-
semblance betwixt the case of these Sioux chiefs,
and that of the kidnapping of the silly creature
Redpath at Montreal. As in the latter case
our Government did not deem it its duty to in-
terfere, though the chief agent in the outrage
was said to be an official of the Federal Govern-
ment, it is not probable that it will take any
pains to vindicate the honor of the British flag
in the case of Indians kidnaped by a private
person. Humble pie is your only diet for British
Lions now-a-days, and this they will swallow
to any extent. Of course if the offender had
been weak, one whom it would be quite safe to
quarrel with, or one whom a Palmerston or a
Russell might bully with impunity—as the Pope
for instance—we should have had no end of in-
digitation, and patriotic outbursts about honor
of British flag, and integrity of British territory.
But the relative position of the parties being
what they are, John Bull will pocket the affront
very meekly, and eat his beef with a pleasant smile
overspreading his jovial countenance. He will
be perhaps a little more truculent than usual to-
wards Pius IX. and roar as it were a lion; but
towards Abe Lincoln he will be as gentle as any
dove, for such is the policy of Liberals in
general, and of our own Liberal Government in
particular. It was not thus in days of old.—
John was then a testy old fellow, quick to take
offense, and quick to strike; but alas! "Lenit
albescens animos capillus" and John now pa-
tiently tolerates what he, in the hey-day of his
youth, would not have so borne:

* * * calidus juvenata
Conasle Planco.

We are well pleased to learn, and so also will
be many of our readers, that the Building Com-
mittee for the projected Catholic Church in Corn-
wall have given out the contract for the work.
M. Zephirin Perrault is the contractor whose
tender has been accepted, and we understand that
he is obliged to commence operations with the
coming month of May. Everybody in the dis-
trict is now in earnest to get the good work com-
pleted, as soon as possible; and as usual when
any good work is toward, the Ladies of the con-
gregation are especially active, and have under-
taken a Bazaar to be held in November next, in
aid of the Church Building fund. Our corres-
pondent adds:—

"The contract embraces the completion of the ex-
terior, the tower and coping, the doors and the win-
dows. For this we pay \$6,872, a large sum for our
small and not very wealthy parish. We are however
strong in hope, and confidently trust "Our Lady of
Grace" (under whose special invocation the Church
whon finished will be placed) will obtain us aid
from her Divine Son sufficient to enable us to bring
our undertaking to a happy completion, and to the
greater honor and glory of God."

THE CIVIC ELECTIONS.—These commenced
on Friday last, at the City Hall. M. Jean
Louis Beaudry was put in nomination for Mayor,
and was elected unanimously. The proceed-
ings for the elections of Councillors for the
several Wards are thus given in the *Herald* of
Saturday:—

East Ward.—Moved by Ephraim Hudson, Esq.,
seconded by J. B. Gauthier, Esq., that J. B. Roll and
Esq., be councillor for the ensuing year. No oppo-
sition. Re-elected.
West Ward.—Moved by Alex. Murphy, Esq., se-
conded by Thos. Patton, Esq., that N. B. Corne, Esq.,
be Councillor for the ensuing year.
Moved by Robert Irwin, Esq., seconded by C. Ga-
reau, Esq., that A. A. Stevenson, Esq., be elected
for the ensuing term.
A poll being demanded, it was granted. Election
last week in February.
Centre Ward.—Moved by David Muir, Esq., se-
conded by Edmund Frechette, that T. S. Higginson,
Esq., be elected Councillor for the ensuing term.
Moved by William Darling, Esq., seconded by R.
A. Hubert, Esq., that G. B. Muir, Esq., be elected.
A Poll demanded. Election last week in Febru-
ary.
St. Ann's Ward.—Moved by Patrick Larkin, Esq.,
seconded by Francis Payette, Esq., that J. W. Mc-
Gauran, Esq., be elected Councillor for the ensuing
year.
Moved by John Moore, Esq., seconded by John
Conroy, Esq., that Thomas McGrath, Esq., be elected.
A Poll demanded. Election last week in Febru-
ary.
St. Antoine Ward.—Moved by C. B. Tuttle, Esq.,
seconded by Andrew Watson, Esq., that Daniel Mc-
Nevin, Esq., be elected Councillor for the ensuing
term.
There being no opposition Mr. McNevin was de-
clared re-elected.
St. Lawrence Ward.—Moved by J. B. St. Louis,
Esq., seconded by Albert Lupien, Esq., that Gabriel

Holland, Esq., be elected Councillor for the ensuing
term.
Moved by Dr. Godfrey, seconded by William Bur-
nett, Esq., that George Bowie, Esq., be elected.
A Poll demanded. Election last week in Febru-
ary.
St. James Ward.—Moved by Richard Thomas, Esq.,
seconded by Remi Lambert, Esq., that Francois Con-
stant, Esq., be re-elected to represent this ward in the
City Council for the ensuing term.
No opposition, declared re-elected.
St. Mary's Ward.—Moved by Stephen McNaughton,
Esq., seconded by A. Mathias, Esq., that J. R. Go-
yette, Esq., be re-elected to represent this ward.
Carried without opposition.
St. Louis Ward.—Moved by Louis Frigon, Esq.,
seconded by Galbraith Ward, Esq., that Ferdinand
David, Esq., be re-elected to represent the above
ward.
Moved, in amendment, by Thomas Peel, Esq., se-
conded by Joel Leduc, Esq., that J. B. Homier, Esq.,
be elected for this ward. Election last week in Fe-
bruary.

The proceedings passed off in an orderly manner
Owing to a mistake at this office, and not to
the neglect of our correspondent, the subjoined
obituary notice of a good Christian and a warm-
hearted Irishman failed to make its appearance
in our last:—

"On the morning of Thursday the 28th ult.,
the citizens of Kingston learnt with sorrow that
death had been busy during the night, and had
carried off one of their oldest, worthiest, and
most esteemed members; for they heard that
that excellent man Matthew Rourke had passed
away, and would appear amongst them on earth
no more.

"The deceased was an Irishman, born to Ar-
magh in 1796. He emigrated to this country in
1817, and commenced business in the rising city
of Kingston in 1820. His first start was beset
with many obstacles; but Matthew Rourke was
endowed with a capacious mind, and an iron will.
These, with the grace of God, enabled him to
make head against his troubles, and soon he at-
tained a position of wealth; while his honesty as-
sured him the respect of his fellow-citizens. His
straightforwardness, his unimpeachable integrity,
earned for him the esteem and love of all who
had dealings of any kind with him; and thus hon-
ored and trusted in private by men of all denomi-
nations, he was repeatedly elected to fill offices
of honor and of trust in public affairs. Though un-
ostentatious by nature, Matthew Rourke was al-
ways to be found foremost in every good work.—
Under a rough shell, and apparently a rugged ex-
terior, he concealed a warm, generous and tender
heart; and his ears were ever open to hear, his
hand ever open to relieve the poor and the afflicted.
His private charities are known to God only,
but his works of public charity and benevolence
still live, and keep his memory fresh amongst us.
The walls of our magnificent Cathedral, in whose
vaults his mortal body now quietly reposes amidst
other cherished remains, will long recount his un-
flagging zeal and his exhaustless liberality. The
sacred cause of education had in him an earnest
and enlightened champion; and three of his daugh-
ters, emulating the virtues of their sire, have al-
ready consecrated their lives in the Congregation
of Notre Dame, to the sublime mission of direct-
ing the youth of their own sex in the arduous path
of science and religion.

"So having for nigh the allotted three score
and ten years, faithfully served his Master upon
earth, the summons calling him to receive the re-
ward of his labors went forth. He was stricken
down with a painful illness, which he bore long
with true Christian fortitude and resignation to the
will of God; and with that robust and steady
faith which alone can make a man triumph-
ant over the king of terror. In faith and in
peace he breathed his last, ministered to by his
relatives, and receiving the last consolations of that
holy religion which had been the constant
rule of his life, his comfort in affliction, to
which he had ever clung with unswerving fidelity,
and for whose sake he had cheerfully severed the
fondest ties.

"On Saturday, the 30th ult., after a Pontifical
High Mass, his remains were deposited in their
last resting place amidst the sighs and prayers of a
large circle of friends, and the tears of an afflicted
family, to whom even in death he is still the con-
solation. They know that he is not dead, though
parted from them; for the just shall live for-
ever—*justi autem in perpetuum vivunt*, and
their works do follow them—*opera enim illorum
sequuntur illos*. Enshrined in the hearts of
the poor, his memory will long be cherished,
and will outlive those perishable monuments
which but proclaim that he whom we loved is no
more. May this remembrance stimulate us
whom he has left behind him to emulate his vir-
tues, so that when our Master calls us, we also
may like him die the death of the just, and so
that our last end may be like to his.—Com.

The aspersions upon the Officers and Men of
the 47th Regt. are not only infamous in them-
selves, but they are false. The Deserters al-
luded to are not all Roman Catholics, nor even
the half of them; and there is not the slightest
interference with the religion of the Roman Catho-
lics in the 47th Regt. Such a statement
going home, without contradiction, might de-
stroys serious damage to the Commandant of the Gar-
rison and Officers of that Regiment. And we
happen to know, that these gentlemen do feel
sensitively the injury inflicted, knowing how dif-
ficult it is to remove an ill impression. Fortu-
nately, the Roman Catholic Bishop of the dio-
cese, Dr. Horan, came to their relief yesterday,
during Divine Service. As far as his words
have been reported to us, he said "that the
statements of the *News* were false. He had
made enquiries, and had learnt that the majority
of the Deserters alluded to were not Roman
Catholics. That whatever griefs or wrongs the
Roman Catholic soldiers had to complain of,
interference with their religion was not one of
them. Nothing on that score could justify them
in deserting from a Service they had voluntarily
entered, and had sworn to remain in. Any sol-
dier who would be false to his Queen and Coun-
try would be false to his God. So far from
Colonel Lowry interfering, he had been more than
ordinarily liberal to his Roman Catholic soldiers

and had assisted in procuring Religious Catholic Books for them to read when off duty. He asked again to the cruelty and injustice of the news in making such ill-founded assertions. These may not be exactly the Bishop's words, but in effect they are what he said.

The proportion of Roman Catholics in the 47th Regiment are 4 to 3.

The number of Deserters up to the present period are 42, of which 23 are Protestants, and 19 Catholics of these again, one half were Good Conduct Men, and one half of the remainder were men who had been punished.—British Whig.

"THE FIDELITY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE."

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

A lecture on this interesting subject was delivered in the Bonaventure Hall, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Society, yesterday evening, by Mr. William A. Fothergill, late of Oxford University. The hall was crowded, and the lecturer listened to throughout with great attention. Mr. Fothergill was introduced to the audience by Mr. McKenna, the President of the Society, in a few appropriate words, and proceeded to say:—

In the year of Grace 432 the dew of heaven, long pent up in the fountains of divine mercy, descended in copious showers that have continually watered the tree of faith which the noble Apostle of Ireland planted in the soil of the Emerald Isle under the guidance and benediction of St. Augustinus, the successor of St. Peter in the Apostolic chair—a tree that has borne fruit, nay a hundred fold,—a tree that has remained with its roots firmly embedded in the original soil, as yet vigorous, as blooming as if only yesterday it sent forth its beautiful branches into existence and life. Singular benediction indeed! The fruit of divine faith has remained in the land of your fathers, where it has been always respected, always loved, always held in veneration. (Applause.) A benediction indeed! In the countries evangelized by Apostles, by St. Paul himself, have fallen into the abyss of schism, heresy and infidelity, while Ireland clings with undying tenacity to the faith, which she esteems above all perishable things—above the golden charms of imperial heresy. Asia, the cradle of the faith, has lost the precious boon of eternal truth. Africa, in the early ages of her faith, the glory of the Church—the home of the golden mouthed St. Cyprian—has been overrun with vandals and the greatest heresy. The Northern nations of the guide and the North, are enshrouded in heresy and schism. Almost all countries have had their quarrel with the See of St. Peter—Ireland never, Ireland never, has never for one moment been severed from the rock of Catholic unity—never separated from the chair of truth to which an infallible guidance in doctrine and faith has been guaranteed by the Divine Oracle. It was a sad day when (in opposition to the wishes of the great majority of the people as the historian Hume so abundantly testifies) once Catholic England was severed from the unity of the Church. This fact was accomplished through the influence of Anne and by the act of Henry, for it is said "the Reformation first did dawn from Anne Boleyn's eyes." However that may be, we know certainly that he who lashed himself in the sunshine of her eyes did wickedly, for he distributed the lands of the Church amongst his courtiers. He pillaged the religious houses; he melted down the sacred vessels of the altar, and turned the keys of his codex upon the golden hoard. And more, at the very edge of the sword, he introduced a new religion. He banished or beheaded those few stern prophets who had the courage to oppose the madness of his will, and brought in others of a more compliant or expedient turn of mind. And when he had completed the work,—a work which like that of the son of Nebuchadnezzar, will certainly live after him, when he had broken utterly and entirely off with Rome, when he weeded, divorced and beheaded his wives, and made things comfortable about him, he might bestir his spiritual supremacy. England had apostatized, why should not Ireland? The sons of St. George had acknowledged him as the supreme head of the Church; why should not the sons of St. Patrick do the same? Alas for Henry! He had yet to learn (and how much woe, care and anxiety he might have spared had he learned that lesson earlier), he had yet to learn that no Irishman and Fidelity are synonymous terms. (Applause.) He might write and laws, he might bluster and storm, but it was of no avail whatever. Though eminently successful in his domestic enterprises he was singularly unfortunate in this. At length his cruel fury was aroused, and he resorted to extreme—aye, very extreme measures—but with no better success. (Applause.) Indeed he might as soon expect his English subjects to credit his personal sanctity and purity of life as the children of St. Patrick to believe in his spiritual supremacy. (Applause.) That question had been settled in Ireland long before either he or his ancestors had come to the throne of England, and consequently the people refused to yield the point. They believed the word spoken ages before, that Peter was the Supreme Pastor, and no one is ignorant of the Christian firmness with which they have adhered to that assertion. The Pontiff of Rome consequently regards Ireland as the apple of his eye, for to that Pontiff Ireland has always clung in the hour of her glory, and in the hour of her sorrows, (applause), with the earnest devotedness of a child to its parents. (Applause.) Faith remains in a country as long as it is respected. So far it resembles an illustrious stranger who visits a nation—and who, when his journey whitts due respect is paid to his rank and dignity, will never return, when an insult is offered to his rank. That illustrious stranger has visited (and as we have seen) has fled from England—England too much given up to the pursuit of mammon and materialism—but, thanks to the prayers of the faithful of Ireland, to those of the Christian world, England is abandoning her brief error and returning to the old and only true sheepfold. Whenever false teaching lays hold of a people, similar pursuits mark the career of that people. On the other hand, faith and reverence are the characteristics that distinguish Ireland, but in this, men now smile with supercilious contempt, as though the Founder of the Christian religion built His Church upon the corner-stone of wealth instead of the very rugged rock of evangelical poverty. There was at Great Yarmouth three summers ago a life-boat launched upon the frightful sea that breaks in terrible sublimity over the greasy dratted Goodwin sands, for hours, aye, even for a night she battled with the waves, and saving at length the crew of a total wreck, and bearing them with her own brave hearted seamen safely to the land again. "It was very boys were in a life-boat," said a very thoughtful though a very youthful looking sailor, as he came ashore. It is well, gentlemen and ladies, that we too are in a life-boat,—a boat like that which bore the Patriarch Noah over the waters of a drowning world and jans carried the children of St. Patrick safely amid the world's wild tossing waves nearly two thousand years. She has never foundered or fallen, never gone down amid the shoals and quicksands of schism and infidelity. Trials and tempests she has known, and indeed to her they are now as familiar as they were to the Divine Founder, to whom the fickle multitude at one time offered the exultant strains of Jubilee, at another a crown of thorns. Yet the people of Ireland have been no time servers. Unlike, alas, the people of my own country, they have never deserted the ship, never struck upon that fatal rock of heresy, and consequently have never been severed from the bosom of the Pilot to whom the charge of the helm has been entrusted. Heresy, the Irishman's horror, which he believes to be the greatest evil that can befall the individual or the nation, which he knows to be a blasphemous revolt against God, whose Eternal Truth it assails, and which is a rebellion on earth similar to that of Lucifer in heaven. Poland is now writhing under the political evils which she entailed upon her brave and noble people, who were struggling for their national rights with the Russian, and whose minority invited to become their protectors in order that

these traitors to Poland might secure to themselves a status in the country which they did not before possess. Hungary, too, has bled under the hand of the believing Magyar,—until the justice of the Austrian government hurled the Moloch of infidel ascendancy from its pedestal. A struggle which Louis Kossuth proclaims the great struggle of Hungarian liberty,—liberty to the Magyar, that is to crush and grind the great Catholic majority. And now a day we see the once fertile land of our neighbors engaged in division and deadly strife, engendered, fomented and sustained by the puritanical fanaticism of New England. If heresy then be the greatest evil, religions as well as political, that can befall a nation, Faith on the other hand is the greatest blessing that God can bestow on any country. Happy then the Kingdom, though it may be politically prostrate, that still retains its ancient faith. Such a country can never be enslaved. Its every effort will be an act of moral and physical insurrection against the tyranny that manacles its limbs and proys upon its rights. And such the conduct of Catholic Ireland during her long and arduous struggle. Such the condition of that fair land of which St. Donatus wrote so glowingly in the 8th century:—

"Far, westward, lies an Isle of ancient fame, By nature blessed, and Man is her name. An Island, rich, exhausted is her store Of woody dells and of golden ore; Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth, With gems her waters, and her air with health. Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow; Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow; And arms and arts her envied sons adorn; An Island worthy of its pious race. In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace.

(Applause.) Ireland from the period of her conversion to the invasion by the Danes, was the asylum of religion and literature. Ireland was the peaceful abode of science and faith, while the other countries of Europe were harassed by the din of arms, the strife and warfare that were the portion of the Roman Empire. The whole island was studded with monastic establishments, in which all the known sciences were taught, particularly those of salvation; ones to which the scholars of Europe flocked as to an asylum, in which they found hospitality, truly Irish hospitality, that has always distinguished the Irish race, (applause), and that was cultivated as a Christian virtue by your fathers. (Applause.) For the Irishman who spared the right of that virtue was subject to the penalty of excommunication. The Greeks, the Romans, the Saxons, were received with open arms in those ages of Irish faith and hospitality. Churches as well as schools were erected for the exclusive use of these foreigners by the piety of Irish Princes and Bishops, so that Ireland became an island of saints and sages, whose virtues, whose erudition illustrated not only Ireland, but all the northern counties of Europe. For Ireland, in communion with the See of St. Peter, sent forth her missionaries to evangelize Europe, and to enlighten the most distant and northern countries of this continent. For the glorious and glorious work of the work of missions and of Christian science was retarded by the invasion of the Danes. We are exposed to was on the part of barbarians; and to wars on the part of our neighbors, and to wars that are excited by base motives. The first waged by barbarians is subdued by the virtue, the courage, the energy of prince and people. The other we all know can never be truly overcome, except by clemency and meekness. The barbarous wars of the Danes were subdued by the energy and virtue of the sons of Ireland. And the injuries, the civil and religious, which the barbarians inflicted on Ireland, were compensated by the conversion of those savages to the Faith. The subjugation of those barbarians is an episode in the history of Ireland, to which the annals of England and France have no parallel. This fact in Irish history establishes the value of the Irish people, and destroys the taunt of the infidel Voltair, who asserted that Irish soldiers fight better on foreign battle-grounds than on those of Ireland. The taunt is manifestly unjust, for the value of the Irish race is well established on all the battle-fields of Europe, Asia and America, to be called in question by those flippant declaimers, who never study history with advantage. (Applause.) In times of other days, the fame and glory of Ireland were celebrated by Bards and Poets, and I would they still lived to tell in measured numbers that glowing story which I, all unworthy, fail in uttering. Ireland can boast of much—she has a tale of ancient grandeur and glory unto which the telling. If her bards still lived, if she had "with his strings all to resound," could utter again as ancient melody, we could have a song of triumph and of victory to which our ears are but little accustomed in these flaunting days. Oh, how they would peel forth song touching song, melody following melody. A song of triumph, that when all nations had succumbed to heathen Rome, and were occupied by the legions of the mistress of the world, still her shamrock was blooming, her children were free. A song of thanksgiving for her goodly heritage, for those rich meads, whose fertility in later years excited the cupid of the foreigner,—for those far regions where the hills fold in one upon another, and like sleeps in its tranquillity, for the undeveloped mineral treasures of those misty mountains, for her own stalwart sons and her beauteous daughters—ah, well may the minstrel heart be lit with flame! There is now no poet that can sing the glories of a land so fair, no artist that can picture it, and he is deemed an enthusiast who, on this side the broad Atlantic wave, attempts to describe a night a land so good, so rich, so truly beautiful, as the Ireland of the olden time. (Applause.) There was one celebrant of her fame in ages past who will never be forgotten in the annals of Ireland. He was a stranger, an exile, a man of adversity, sought a shelter and hospitality and an asylum within the cloistered walls of the monastery of Mayo; where he drank of the fountains of human knowledge. He was a Royal exile of Saxon origin, Alfred, afterwards King of Northumberland. The name of Saxons may sound gratingly on the Irish ear, but the Saxons of England have not been the spoilers of your country. The Saxons of England were as ruthlessly crushed by the fierce William of Normandy, as your fathers have been by the descendants of the latter. The Saxons were a brave people, who were sternly devoted to their religion, and during the middle ages, and as Christians equally devoted to the Catholic faith. The spoilers of Ireland were not the Saxons of England, but the Anglo-Normans, conquerors of that country, who knew no law but the sword, no right but that of conquest just or unjust. And it is a remarkable fact in the history of the British Empire that from the period of that Anglo-Norman invasion and conquest to the present time, neither England and Ireland has given to the church a canonized Saint. Alas! that the Royal Bard, who celebrated the glories of Ireland, having completed his studies in the Abbey of Mayo, visited each of the Provinces, noting in verse as he proceeded on his journey the characteristics of the countries through which he passed. The rhythm is irregular when translated, and goes in this way:—

"I found in Connaught, famed for justice, Affluence, milk in abundance, Hospitality, lasting vigor, fame, in this territory of manna of heroes.

"I found in the Province of Ulster, Long blooming beauty, hereditary vigor, Long seasons of energy, Though fair, yet fit for war and brave.

"I found in Armagh the splendid, Meekness, wisdom, circumspection, Absence in obedience to the Son of God, Noble, prosperous, leached sages.

"I found in the fair-fac'd Leinster, From Dublin to Slieveaughey, Long-living men, health, prosperity, Bravery, hardihood, and traffic.

"I found in Munster, without prohibition, Kings, Queens, and Royal Bards, In every species of poetry well skilled, Happiness, comfort, pleasure"

The splendid virtues of the Irish people are attested by domestic and foreign annals. They are universally regarded as generous and faithful race, even by those who are politically and religiously opposed to her. The Bishop of Louis-

villo in his article on "Ireland and the Irish," says that the small politicians in America endeavor as much as possible "to make capital out of them." He says, "on the eve of elections you find this class of men waxing wonderfully warm and sympathetic. They love Irishmen as brothers, they admire above all things their devotedness to the faith of their fathers. They drop then of compassion over the wrongs of Ireland. They are themselves Irish in feeling and heart. But the election has scarcely passed before their friendship has cooled down to a levelled civility, if it has not even become bitter hatred and open denunciation. Thus are the generous people courted and kicked by turns. In the end they get all the abuse and odium, and but little of the honor and emoluments of the political parties which divide the country. Is this treatment either generous or just? Is not the Irish character open and sincere? (Applause.) Are not the Irish, as a people, truthful, trustworthy, honest and patriotic? (Applause.) Is there anything peculiarly wicked or malignant in their composition? Have they not, as a class, much less selfishness than our own population? (Applause.) Who ever heard of an Irish coward or of an Irish traitor in America? (Applause.) Who ever skulked from doing his duty to his adopted country? Who ever heard of an Irishman who was ungrateful to his benefactor? (Applause.) In our first struggle for independence, and in our late one with Great Britain, did not the Irish fight side by side with us, animating our own soldiers by their fearless bravery? (Applause.) Can America soon forget the names of Montgomery and Barry, or say nothing of other illustrious Irishmen? Can they forget that the Irish were the first people in Europe to sympathize with us in our effort to secure independence, and that this generous sympathy, and the aid they subsequently afforded us, were alleged by the British Court as reasons why the petition of Ireland for political and religious enfranchisement should be rejected?

"Thus far the Bishop, and in his own vigorous language, has certainly corroborated the assertion that the Irish are a noble and a generous and a faithful race." (Applause.) Of their fidelity, indeed there can be no question. There are no people on the face of the globe so faithful to each other as those of Ireland. (Applause.) Everybody knows the remarkable instance of this in the escape of Rowan from Newgate. It has been said by some that Rowan was not an Irishman at all, and they ground the assertion on the old-age of the West of Ireland:

"By Me and O' you still may know, True Irishmen they say; For when they lack the O' and Mac No Irishmen are they!"

But this is not a true test, and there can be no doubt at all of Rowan's nationality. He was a gentleman of rank and a member of the United Irishmen. It came to pass in the time of the troubles that he was arrested, fined £500 and committed to Newgate for two years. However, aided by his associates and taking advantage of the darkness of night, he soon succeeded in making his escape from prison. A boat manned by his sailors, brothers, named Sheridan were in readiness for his flight. Neither of these men knew Rowan, or he knew them, in spite of a most tempestuous sea the party were next evening high way to France. On Rowan's escape from Newgate, proclamations offering £1,500 reward for his apprehension were issued. One of these papers found its way into the Sheridan's possession, who resting on their oars as the morning dawned commenced scrutinizing their passenger.

"You are right boys," said he "I am Hamilton Rowan, but you are Irishmen." "Never fear," replied the noble hearted fellows, "we will land you safely," they did. (loud applause.) True indeed then are the words of the sweet old ballad—

"What flood reflects a star so sweet, As glorious Boyne or pass'd Ban; Or, who a friend or foe can meet? So generous as an Irishman?"

Then who will dare assail the fidelity of the daughters of Erin? (Applause.) It is attested by their enemies, for they admit that her fidelity and virtue can never be assailed. (Applause.) The Irish girl is the glory of her sex, the glory of the Church, the pride of her people, the pride of her family circle, which she exalts and sanctifies by her example. And in after years she becomes that "brave woman in whom" as the Scripture expresses it "the heart of her husband has confidence" (Applause.) When St. Peter preached the faith in Rome, woman was a slave under Paganism, subject to the caprice of her husband, who exercised powers incompatible with the rights of justice. The Christian faith has ennobled her condition and has effected this important revolution in her state. Her fidelity then is due in gratitude to that faith; and none have been more grateful than the Irish, both male and female, particularly the latter, whose faith is comparable with the justice, simplicity and fidelity of Noah, with the great and extraordinary faith of Abraham, the father of the faithful, as well with the equally great faith and obedience of the Son Isaac. Ireland was always a warlike nation, not ever subjugated by the arms of Imperial Rome. On the contrary, she often encountered the eagles of the Mistress of the World. Between the Irish Princess and Charlemagne, the first of the Western Emperors and his successors, alliances existed to the period of Henry II of England, who irritated at the support given the French monarch by the Prince of Ireland, resolved on the conquest of that country, but such a project was one of chivalry in its attainment. The English monarch, in a course of justice and religion to the project, solicited a rescript from the Roman Pontiff, Adrian IV, who was a native of that country. The act of the Pontiff is considered as an act donating the sovereignty of Ireland to the English monarch; but such a view of the subject is merely the view of prejudice and passion. The words of that instrument do not authorize Henry II to enter Ireland as an invader, as a warrior. They merely permit him to enter as the peaceful messenger of religion. To assert the illustrious Pontiff, Adrian IV, by his own deed inflicted an act of justice on a nation that never paid tribute and gave tribute of the Holy See. Nothing that cannot be reconciled with the well known probity and disinterestedness of that great and renowned Pope. To ascribe to the acts of the Pontiff of the Middle Ages is an easy task; but to do so in a manner consistent with truth and justice is another thing. To understand the act of Adrian IV, it is necessary to form an acquaintance with the history of the middle ages, with the transactions of the Papacy during that period, as well as with the constitutional laws that then governed Christendom. With regard, then, to those declaimers who decry the constitution of those Pontiffs, had they known the principles of legislation then in force, acknowledged and maintained by Christendom, they would bestow in pronouncing a judgment that history cannot sanction. To enter on the details of that legislation would be wearisome; but I will remark that the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland did not result from the act of Adrian IV. No, it arose from another cause, the criminality of an Irish Prince, who, in punishment of his odious avarice, lured, according to the laws of the Church and of the State, the dreadful sentence of excommunication and deposition. The excommunication entailed civil consequences, and accordingly the Irish Princes of the period expelled the royal culprit from his throne. According to the universal legislation of Christendom, civil and ecclesiastical partisans of that Irish Prince, who was justly deprived of his crown, entered Ireland as unjust invaders, as the criminal accomplices of a Prince who was proscribed by the Church. They entered Ireland as outlaws and as enemies, and by the fact of doing so infringed the laws ecclesiastical and constitutional by which Europe was then governed, and therefore they forfeited that very right, if it previously existed, which some suppose was conceded by Adrian IV. Hence the bard of Old Erin has uttered the remarkable words:—

"On our side is virtue and Erin— On theirs is the Saxon, Norman and Guilt."

The Irish divisions, the bane of Ireland past and present, left the country an easy prey to any invader. Hitherto, between England and Ireland, the contest has been a civil one; henceforth it will be one of a religious character, one that will

pre-eminently display the fidelity of the Irish people. Under one of Henry's immediate successors, Elizabeth, whose name is odious in the history of the Church, the shrines and sacred altars of Ireland were seized and defiled by a strange priesthood that attempted to preach false doctrine to the people; but in the mysterious language of Ireland there existed a barrier to its propagation, which that priesthood could not surmount. (Applause.) The language of Ireland was unknown to the profane of her temples; it was abandoned to the much the ancient initiants could not be robbed. In that mysterious language, which is so pure, expressive, sentimental,—a language that has no unmeaning words, and that probably is as ancient as the Hebrew, and as well adapted, if not more so, for poetic composition than that of Homer; in that language of which we now, alas, possess but the wreck, the ancient Faith according to the designs of Providence found its safety and stronghold. (Applause.) The difficulty of learning the Irish language is so great, that it is said the Devil himself, unable to overcome it, abandoned it in despair. (Applause.) And, again, when the propagation of heresy is to be resisted, when the huge Colossus of Error is to be hurled from its pedestal, the ancient and mysterious language of Ireland yields to that of the invader, in order that the language of that invader forced upon the people should become an obstacle and a barrier to the propagation of heresy and infidelity. Then the English sovereign became faithless to the belief and traditions of the Irish people, an avenger arose in the person of Oliver Cromwell, a man of iron will, of stern and inflexible energy, of extraordinary earnestness, whose sword smote an English King in order to teach kings and sovereigns that treachery to the Faith is punished even in this life. The clergy of Ireland, and, indeed, of England, too, were hunted by him as if they had been wild beasts. A price was set upon their heads, not exceeding that placed upon the head of a wolf. Mr. Herlihy then proceeded to refer to the seizure of the Irish lands, and the penal laws imposed upon the Irish, which, in spite of persecution, the Catholic Church held its own, and now seemed in a fair way to convert many who had erred from its fold. He thus concluded:—

"They tell me it is egotism to use the personal pronoun in a lecture, if so I crave your pardon, for I sin again as I conclude. I cannot refrain from using it when I speak to Irishmen of Ireland. My heart goes forth and blends with the subject, so that the thoughts, the feelings, the impressions that surround me (Applause) are quick and fast. As when in Ireland, that air which is positively delicious to the taste as well as refreshing to the brow, that air so different to the air of other countries, was about me and assured me by its own sweet influence that I lived in the land of the Saints; so now I feel the sympathy, or what the Welsh people would call the 'Unafely,' of Ireland here,—(applause)—thinking with my tongue, speaking with my speech, yearning with my heart, and influencing me so strongly, that I could almost fancy myself back in Ireland, and me again upon the hill of Tara. (Applause.) There on the left is what antiquarians call us was the great banqueting hall of olden days,—where kings sat and where princes stood around,—where the sweet-toned harp was heard and the minstrel's voice sang a song of Ireland's glory and the olden time. (Applause.) Here by my feet is the croppies' grave, with the blades on the sod all red like people say with the fallen brave! Brave! Was there ever such heroic bravery as this? (Applause.) I know of no parallel in history, save that of the wild-men and stand the Spartan made at the Straits of Thermopylae. There on the left, under the road, and below the hill is Tara Hall. Tara has no hall, yet there is the hall of its kings upon its summit. Far, far away the eye wanders over a land above all things naturally rich to look upon, but all apparently deserted, so still, so awfully silent is this place of the great departed. A lark sings a requiem overhead, beside which there is no other sound. Above, far above, the wild bird's song is the home of the Irish martyrs; below are their graves, the white stones on the right hand and on the left, at this side and on that, a far-stretching sea of brilliant green lies the unchanging soil of their earthly home. The stillness of the grave rests upon Tara, where once all was life, joy and animation. Where are the thousands, aye the tens of thousands, and where their descendants, who stand here but the other day listening with rapture to the words as they fell from the lips of Daniel O'Connell? Where now the orator? Where the audience. He, the patriot, the great, the good, the eloquent, has gone to that land where falls not rain, nor hail, nor end. Whilst they his followers in Shagher's language have broken fold and are away over "the salt, estranging sea," to fulfill the very highest, noblest, most exalted mission that has ever been committed to any nation since the days of Abraham. They, the valiant people of the land, having by the overruling of Providence, now no earthly sovereign, have taken to themselves a heavenly one; and they are gone forth with the chivalry and devotion which animated their country, and their faith, to all lands; and a testimony of their own influencing fidelity to the ends of the world. (Loud and enthusiastic applause, amid which the lecturer retired.)

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Sherington, M McCaffrey, \$2, Abbottford, J Trainor, \$1; New Lexington, U S, P Kelly, \$5; Remsey, M Foley, \$2; Grand River, T O'Garra, \$2; Bury, T Murray, \$1; Vienna, H Vogt, \$2.50; Tarbolton, P O Kelly, \$4; Eganville, D M Grant, \$3; Isla aux Noix, C O'Hara, \$1; Papeauville, E Joubert, \$2; Dorford, Miss B Corbet, \$2; Hemmingford, Rev C Boisoneau, \$2; Rawdon, R E Corcoran, \$2; St Catherine's, J Fitzgibbon, \$5; St Andrews, Alex McQueen, \$1; Sarnesboro, Rev T J Prud'homme, \$2; Sherrington, H Blake, \$4; Buckingham, Rev L Jouveant, \$2; Vanhook Hill, D Hurley, \$2; Huntingdon, W Hall, \$1; St Coombs, Rev M Denoyers, \$1; Smith Falls, P M'Dermott, \$4; Whitby, J Sperry, \$2; Bailton, P Corry, \$2; Newburyport, U S, Rev H Leaton, \$3.20; O'Connell Road, D Scully, \$2.25; Lochgarry Captain J Kennedy, \$2; London, O W Sergeant Captain J Kennedy, \$2.50; do, J G Harper, \$2; Amberst Island, H M Keany, Jun, \$2; Hamilton, Very Rev E O'Connell, \$4; Lloydtown, H Walsh \$2; Niagara, D M'Dougall, \$2; do, Very Rev J Carroll, \$3; Kingston, Rev J S Lamerger, \$4; Trenton, E P Ford, \$2.50; Greenbush, U S, Rev E Byard, \$3; St Sophia, Rev Mr Pratte, \$2; Westport, A Rosary, \$1; Quebec, M Higgins, \$3; do, Rev Mr Lecour, \$2; do, Rev Mr Harbin, \$2; do, Rev L Harbin, \$1; Fitzroy Harbor, J Farrell, \$1; Kennebec, J Coigan, \$2; Jarvis, J M Army, \$5; L'Anse-au-Loup, J B Aitken, \$1; Ogdons, P Kearns, \$2; Outou du Lac, M Smith, \$1; Duvalle, H Barker, \$2; Dunham Plains, Rev G J Bowen, \$2; North Lancaster, Alex M'Roe, \$2; Martinown, A Corbet, \$2; New York, P Brown, \$2; Ruff-w, Rev J Bourcier, \$2; Sebastopol, J P French, \$6; Ebonite, Rev Mr Gagnon, \$7.50; Dufla's Creek, Rev A P Binn, \$2; Quebec, J Foley, \$2. Per L M'Lochin, Lancaster—Self, \$1; R M'Lachlin, \$1.25. Per Rev H Brettarth, Trenton—P Gearin, \$2; Frankfurt, M Sullivan, \$2. Rev L Lamping, Kempville, Rev W Hart, \$2. Per P Kelly, Renfrew—J Hu Fox, \$2. Per M G'Govern, Danville—W Cunkley, \$3.25. Per J Kennedy, L'Anse—W H Drane, \$4. Per E M'Comick, Peterboro—T Collins, \$1; J Hay, \$1; J Moloney, \$2; J Hart, \$2; Otonabee, J Doras, \$1; W O'Donnell, \$2.50; Koisimore, L Doras, \$1; Ashburnham, J M'Osse, \$1. Per B Henry, London—J Bain, \$1; M Kirk, \$1.3; Per O O'Callaghan, Arthur—D M'Intosh, \$2. Per P Lynch, Allumette—M Kelly, \$1. Per Rev H M'Quirk, St Basile, N B.—Self, \$2.38; Grand Falls, J Ch'Ford, \$2. Per F O'Neil, Fitzroy—M Gallagan, \$1; T Doolin, \$1. Per M O'Dempsey, Belleville, Rev M Brennan, \$2; W Mills, \$4. Per Rev F Walsh, Gananoque—Storington, P

- Doherty, \$4. Per P Tobin, Melbourne—J Phelan, \$1. Per Rev J J Oshibolin, Alexandria—Self, \$2; Mrs Oshibolin Oshibolin, \$2; Loehel, Donald M'Donald, \$2; Duncan M'Donald, \$2; Alex Stewart, \$1.25. Per W M Hart, Lacolle—Self, \$1; F Lavery, \$1. Per J Doran, Perth—J Doyle, \$2; M Stanley, \$2; W M'Carry, \$2. Per R Oshibolin, Alexandria—Self, \$1; Loehel, Rev Alex M'Donnell, \$1. Per Rev G A Hay, St Andrews—J M'Donald, \$2. Per J Kearney, Grand River—Self, \$1; G Sutton, Jun, \$1. Per P J Sheridan, Tingwick—J Gleason, \$2; J M'Williams, \$2.50; John Slattery, \$1.40. Per P Purcell, Kingston—J Shaw, \$2; Mrs Doyle, \$2.50; J Burke, \$1; P Henry, \$2; T Nolan, \$2; P Campbell, \$1; Waterino, W O'Reilly, \$2.50; Sheffeld, J Hawking, \$2.50. Per P Derham, Tunum—J Dellam, \$4.50. Per Rev J S O'Connor, Corawall—Dickinson's Landing, T Shields, \$1. Per J Coughlan, Jun, St Catherine—D Coughlan, \$2; Miss Carroll, \$1. Per F Ford, Prescott—J Murphy, \$1; J Savage, \$2. Per M O'Leary, Quebec—St Joseph, Rev Mr Mulligan, \$2; St Laurent, Rev O Bonneau, \$2.50; J Shuridan, \$1; Rev Mr Lesieur, \$2. Per Rev J J Collins, East Hawkesbury—Self, \$5; T Holsted, \$2.50; M M'Comick, \$2.50; Schuman, P Baker, \$2. Per A H M'Intosh, Chatham—Rev F Coultier, \$2. Per Rev T Sears, Port Mulgrave, N S.—D Webb, \$2.

THE LADY PATRONS

OF THE SALLE PABILE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. Beg respectfully to announce a GRAND VOCAL & INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT In favor of the Asylum, to take place on FRIDAY the 19th of FEBRUARY, NEXT, AT NORDHEIMER'S HALL.

Medecinistes DE ANGELES, DUBOIS, and DEROME; Messrs. O. L'AVALLER (the distinguished Canadian Pianist, Violinist and Conductor) F. N. VALADE, Dr. G. LECLERC, FRS. LAVALOIS, T. L'EBEVRE, N. L'ERENDRE, A. J. TOUGHER, and the "MONTAGNARDS" CANADIENS have kindly volunteered their valuable services for the musical part of the concert. TICKETS, 25 cents.—To be had at the date of the evening of the concert.

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT.

IN AID OF THE CHARITY FUND OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY. ON MONDAY, 22ND FEBRUARY, WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY, AT THE CITY CONCERT HALL.

An ADDRESS by the Rev. FREDERICK PROTHINGHAM; SINGING by Mr. JOHN MUIR, and LADY ANA-MEURS; TOGETHER WITH THE MONTAGNARDS, AND THE BAND OF THE TENTH BRIGADE FOOT ARTILLERY. Will form the attractions of the Evening. The American Ladies, who have kindly furnished the REFRESHMENTS, will preside at the Table. Tickets of Admission 25 cents, to be obtained of T. Kiddle, E. Pickup, E. Dawson & Co., and of the Committee. February 18, 1864.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS

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

This above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages. A large and well selected Library will be OPEN to the Pupils. TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half-yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commencing on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July. July 21st, 1861.

IT IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED

that WANZER'S COMBINATION SEWING MACHINE, combining the best qualities of the Wheeler & Wilson and Singer, is the best in the world for general family use, and Dressmaking purposes. JAMES MORISON & CO.

WANZER & CO'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINE

(The "Combination") has been awarded the First Prize at the Exhibition. WANZER'S SEWING MACHINES have taken First Prizes at the present Great Provincial Exhibition.

WANZER & CO'S MANUFACTURING MACHINE

(Singer's principle) has been awarded the First Prize at the present Exhibition. ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS are combined in Wanzer's Family Sewing Machine. For Sale at MORISONS.

FOR GENERAL FAMILY USE, there is no Sewing Machine made to equal Wanzer's Combination. JAMES MORISON & CO.

WANZER & CO'S SEWING MACHINES

can be had only from the Agents, JAMES MORISON & CO. 288 Notre Dame Street. DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT. Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Directories and Postage Stamps for sale at DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal. Jan. 17, 1863.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

THE PLOT AGAINST THE EMPEROR.—The *Monde* speaks on this subject as follows:—

Everything shows that the preparations for assassination which have been just discovered belong to a general plot formed by the revolutionary party in England and in Italy. The Piedmontese journals are full of furious declarations, and assign an early date to a revolutionary solution. The conspiracy is flagrant, and Garibaldi has retired from the Chamber only to lend a hand to his friends, and to guide them when the moment shall have come.

Several journals affect to say that assassination is condemned by all parties, and they cite as proof the unanimous reprobation shown by the Chamber. The Mazzinian newspapers of Italy are right in denouncing an attempt which has failed. It is one of those things which one does not talk of in public. It is not the less true that the majority of Carbonarism is political assassination. This doctrine is preached in every secret lodge; it has been applied too many times, nay twenty. It would be easy for us, while recalling the memories of the past, to sum up the various acts of assassination committed by the sect within the last twenty years. They are not forgotten. And, of a truth, Carbonarism is an obscure sect; it displays itself in the broad light of day. If it consents to official dissimulation, and to leave the frontispiece to more regular actors, it lurks behind the side-scenes, and shows itself at its own time. It is Carbonarism which has given Tuscany to Victor Emmanuel; which has conquered the Kingdom of Naples; and, though at the last moment the Piedmontese troops assisted at its victory, it is not the less for that Carbonarism which began the enterprise, and which claims the honor of it. It is with Carbonarism that the secret societies established in the other countries of Europe correspond. It would be therefore possible to see an isolated attempt in these plots which are springing to light, and which come to frighten honest men, and even those who have no claim to that title.

The Paris Correspondent of the *Times* writes Jan. 19:—

It is a curious circumstance that the re-discovered plot lately discovered by the police, and which Greco gave so many particulars, seems to be all but completely forgotten. Far from what is called a 'nine days' wonder,' two days more than suffice for people to talk about. Even in the *Sal des Perdus*—the large hall of the Palace of Justice, where briefless barristers, and other voluntary and involuntary idlers pass away their day from the sitting to the rising of the Court—where the slightest incident and the most absurd rumor, where every sort of news, true or false, trivial or important, is the daily aliment of the restless crowd,—the plot and its contrivers are as little alluded to as if they never existed. One would think that the lawyers, at least, should have some interest in a matter so likely to give them employment, but if you ask about it, the only answer is one of those expressive shrugs of the shoulders and a 'Ma foi, je n'en sais rien,' as if the topic were too trifling to waste a thought upon. In the meantime the investigation is going on in secret, and some day or other the result will be known. As yet no Paris paper that I have seen, except the *Opinion Nationale* and *La Presse*, has given Mazzini's letter from the English papers denying all knowledge of the conspiracy which Greco so unhesitatingly fathered upon him, and the *Opinion Nationale* and *La Presse* have omitted a portion of it. Whether Greco has since fixed upon some other person I cannot say, and nobody seems to care. That there is some foundation for what he said is perhaps true, though he may have drawn a good deal from his own imagination.

PARIS, JAN. 20.—The Government has sustained two other defeats at elections. In the Vosges, M. Buffet, the Liberal Conservative candidate, whose first election was annulled in committee, has been returned by a majority of 2,800 votes against M. Bourcier de Villers, the official nominee. Again, at Strasburg, M. Halley-Chaparede, the candidate of the Opposition, and supported by the clergy, has beaten the Government candidate, M. de Bulach. This defeat is considered serious, not by reason of the numerical majority, which is small, but because M. de Bulach is Chamberlain to the Emperor, and they say, an especial favorite. M. de Bulach made a speech during the verification of powers which gave so much satisfaction at Court that the Emperor wrote him a letter the following day beginning with "My dear Bulach," and expressing his marked approbation of that speech. The letter was circulated at Strasburg, so that the electors might fall into no mistake as to who was the candidate whose election would give pleasure at head-quarters. "My dear Bulach," though so powerfully backed, returns to the galleries, not to the Legislative Chamber.

M. Thiers and Berryer, it is said, received one day last week each about four thousand cards: a sign of the strong approval their speeches have met with.

The Paris correspondent of the *Advertiser* says the apprehensions of Parisians have been increased by the knowledge that Marshal Magnan and other indiscreet imperialists are urging the Emperor to dismiss a chamber, which had already proved itself a useless incumbrance to the imperial regime, and a vent for the worst passions; but these apprehensions are probably ill-founded, as there is little probability that the Emperor will provoke a collision with his subjects.—*Times Cor.*

The *Advertiser* remarks that, bearing in mind the bold language of the Opposition, there is something portentous in the Emperor's words. Underneath them manifestly lies something which may be expected at any moment to reveal itself in the shape of desperate deeds.

The *Post*, alluding to the speeches of the Opposition, says it could hardly be expected, even by the most strenuous advocates for the extension of political liberty in France, that the Emperor should permit an attempt to be made to sap the foundations of the dynasty, under the coloured pretext of a Constitutional opposition. The

Emperor's speech to the Cardinal on Thursday plainly intimates that this is not his intention.

It would be unjust to deny, what a long period of years has abundantly demonstrated, that the Government of the Emperor of the French is a Government not only of power but of opinion. Little as it may accord with English notions, there really seems no ground for denying that the opinion of France after such trial as she has had is not in favor of Parliamentary Government. Nobody can regret this more sincerely than we do; but all our regrets will not alter the fact, and ought not to induce us for a moment to attempt to conceal it. We see no reason to believe that when M. Thiers and M. Berryer plead earnestly and eloquently for responsible Ministers and full Parliamentary powers they express much more than the convictions of an enlightened and eloquent, but small body of men who cling to a system under which they have achieved celebrity and fortune, or that to these appeals there is any effective response in the mind of the nation at large. Among the many admirable qualities of the French nation that patient and steady confidence which enables men to do justice to their own designs, and calmly await the results of their own actions, is, we fear, to be found. The tree that is planted over night is expected to grow up by the morning, and when the expectation is deceived it is cut up for firewood. France has attained complete unity; she is thoroughly organized, as far as the action of Government is concerned, alike for war or peace. Her capital is splendid, her Court is brilliant, and she is content, as it should seem, to purchase these and similar advantages at the highest price that a nation can pay—at the price of that internal life and regular development which, according to our creed, political liberty alone can bestow.—*Times.*

There is no country in Europe, not excepting even England, that should be better off than France; and yet her Treasury is always in the position of a man who is the owner of a fine estate, but who has immense liabilities. If her resources be merely considered her wealth is unequalled. Her public revenue is great, for it suffices for a Budget of more than two thousand million francs. The imposts which contribute to make up this large revenue are, no doubt, very heavy, but France supports them easily; and that they are not above the strength of the taxpayers is shown by the fact of those taxes not diminishing, but rather increasing by nearly thirty millions yearly. Moreover, France shows the progressive increase of her wealth by the annual accumulation of her savings, which suffice to defray her numerous loans and great undertakings abroad. With all this she is obliged to exhibit periodically and at brief intervals the embarrassments of her Treasury, and realise unpromptly resources by loans under an indirect form, or by excessive issues of its bonds, or by fresh issues of stock. There is in this fact something abnormal, something unworthy of the financial honor of France, something alarming in the conduct of affairs which strikes everybody with surprise, and of which all, without distinction of party or opinion, complain. It must be admitted that the Emperor perceived and avowed the difficulty of this state of things when, towards the close of 1861, he spontaneously resigned the prerogative of opening credits by decree; and he believed he found a remedy in the new system of accounts by M. Fould. The experience of two years has unfortunately proved that the remedy is unavailing.—*Times.*

The *Bulletin de l'Œuvre de Saint Francois de Sales*, a work specially devoted to the conversion of Protestants, relates that recently in the South East of France, Protestantism has endeavored again to spread itself in the valley of Champsaur, in the Diocese of Gap, where in the sixteenth century it had at one time prevailed after the heretical preaching of Guillaume Farel; but its efforts have failed against the good sense of the people. The struggle was curious. The market days had become days of religious controversy. But Catholicity once more triumphed and Mgr. the Bishop of Gap, to consecrate this victory, decided on raising a cross on the top of Mount Chaillot le Vieux, at 3,500 metres above the level of the sea. This took place on the 19th of August, the Bishop officiating, surrounded by deputations of almost all the parishes of Champsaur.

Father Gratry, the eminent Oratorian of Paris, is spoken of as being likely to replace the late M. Emile Saisset at the French Academy of Moral and Political Science. Father Gratry is of Belgian origin; his nomination would, therefore, cause an immense amount of satisfaction to his family and friends in Belgium, where fifty thousand copies of his justly celebrated and ably written works have been already sold.

The Imperial Court of Toulouse has just decided the case of Father Lacondaine's will. The deceased had, in his last testament drawn up immediately before his death, instituted Father Mourey his universal legatee. A brother of the deceased attacked the will as illegal, first because brother Mourey having been Father Lacondaine's Confessor could not inherit, and next because the property was in reality intended for the Religious Order of which both were members, which was contrary to law. The Tribunal of Castres annulled the will on the first ground, and Father Mourey appealed against the decision. The case was then taken before the Imperial Court of Toulouse, which has confirmed the judgment of the Tribunal.

A letter from Brest of the 16th the Confederate Corvette Florida has made her trial trip, which were perfectly successful, and her new captain, Monsieur Richard, had waited on the vic-regal and other authorities of the port to announce his approaching departure and to take leave. The letter adds that Captain Richard has informed the captain of the Federal Kearsage, which is still waiting at the port, that he is ready, on leaving, to accept a combat with him anywhere out of the limit of the French waters. Perhaps this is more bravado, but the people at Brest expect a fight between the two frigates.—*Standard.*

In France the whole of the clothing for the army is made in government establishments, and the people employed are paid by piecemeal. The system had been found to work well.

A soldier of the 100th Regiment of the Line named Oug, has just been tried before a military tribunal at Lyons, charged with having deserted to the Russians when encamped before Sebastopol, on the 16th of June, 1855, and with having betrayed to the enemy the secret of the intended attack of the 19th of the same month. Oug has since resided in Russia, and now speaks the language with remarkable facility. He had recently come to

the port of Nice while engaged on board a Russian vessel bound from Odessa, and was arrested by a police agent, who recognized him from the description sent round to all the stations. The accused declared in his defence that he was taken prisoner by some Cossacks while fishing in the Tchernai. The charge of betraying the plans of the Allies to the enemy was not proved, but a number of witnesses who were heard being unanimous in declaring that he had swum across the river and intentionally given himself up to the Russians, the Court convicted him of desertion in time of war and sentenced him to death.

BELGIUM

January 19.—The Catholics of Belgium have indeed great cause to rejoice at the result of the election at Broges on Tuesday last. According to the hopes I expressed in my letter of last week, the noble and patriotic electors of the good old Flemish city, buckled on their armor and fought most manfully in defence of their religion and country, the battle ending in the total defeat of the three Liberal candidates, and being followed immediately afterwards by the resignation of the Rogier Ministry, who for the last six or seven years have been successful in only one thing, that of doing the greatest amount of mischief possible. They are now gathered to their fathers, where it is to be hoped they may rest in peace. I can assure you that all honest and well-thinking Belgians never wish to see their like again. What is a source of great and sincere satisfaction to the Catholic party is, that the Ministry have brought on their own downfall, for it was by their majority of one that the Broges election was annulled a few days ago, thus necessitating a new election, upon the result of which everybody in the country knew perfectly well that Ministers must stand or fall. The triumph of the Catholic party is great, and equally great is the fall of those servile partisans of a corrupt and despotic Government. Yes, Ministers have fallen, not by a Parliamentary vote, but by the solemn condemnation of an independent and patriotic body of Belgian electors. The eyes of every Belgian citizen are at last opened, and the glorious principles of 1830 are now nobly vindicated, whilst the anti-national Liberalism of the last seven years is most justly and deservedly condemned. The Catholics of Belgium now see the necessity of a loyal and complete observance of the Constitution; they from this day form the resolution of paying the most scrupulous and religious respect to the glorious traditions of the National Congress; they will no longer permit their religious and political liberties to be despised and trodden under foot; they now see the danger of their remaining inactive and disunited, and for the future they are determined to be more on their guard, and to put themselves in a better and stronger position of defence against their anti-religious and unpatriotic adversaries. Belgian Catholics will no longer submit to be governed by the profaners of their cemeteries, by the despoilers of their pious foundations, by the destroyers of their free system of education, by the usurpers of every important and public office under State control, by the Napoleonic and despotic enemies of all municipal privileges and liberties; no, their day has passed—their short-lived glory is no more, and every true-hearted Belgian now swears to fight in his country's sacred cause, and never more lay down his arms, until peace and justice again reign triumphant in his native land.

ITALY

PISANOVI.—At the opening of the new year Victor Emmanuel has in announcing his political programme, shown his hand with a degree of imprudence from which no official *tour de passe-passe* will be able to extricate him; as by a confession which must unequivocally stamp him as to the tool and accomplice of all the Secret Societies and committees which are preparing for a general conflagration, he places the accomplishment of his iniquitous hopes on European complications. But let us hear himself. To the deputation of the Senate he recommended the speedy passing of the 'measure for increasing the taxes, adding that the population were ready to make the sacrifices demanded by the country.' Montesquieu must have had a vision into the future, of Victor Emmanuel spouting on New Year's Day, 1864, when he wrote that the fundamental condition for the establishment of a successful Republic was the readiness of the citizen to prefer the public good to his own. But the great legislator had little faith in the virtue, as have we of the 'Kingdom of Italy.' The answer to the deputation from the Chamber of Deputies was, 'I have to express my regrets that the year 1863 did not present a favourable occasion for accomplishing the deliverance of Italy; but see in the year 1864 European complications which may furnish the desired opportunity. The country may then count upon me as I count upon it.'—*Cor. of Weekly Register.*

The persecutions of the Piedmontese against Mgr. Caccia have not yet reached their culminating point. That distinguished ecclesiastic had in fact received orders to repair once more to Turin; but he refused. Public officers were then sent to arrest him; but when they made their appearance he was sick and in bed, yet these gentlemen paid no attention whatever to the certificates of the two physicians who were in attendance upon him. Two doctors selected by the Prefecture were sent to him by the advice of the latter he was at length permitted to remain at home, but the two officers kept guard at the door of his bed-chamber. As a sample of the treatment which the Bishops have to endure, we give the text of the following dispatch which accompanied the order for Mgr. Caccia's appearance at Turin:—*To the Very Rev. Mgr. Caccia, Vicar Capitular of the Diocese of Milan.*

The undersigned finds himself under the disagreeable necessity of intimating to Monsignore Caccia by order of His Excellency the Minister of Justice and Public Worship that he must present himself at Turin within 48 hours, *ad audiendum verbum* (sic). The undersigned informs Monsignore that the time named will expire on Monday, the 11th January.

THE PREFECT VILLAMARINA.

We subjoin Mgr. Caccia's reply:—*To His Excellency the Minister of Justice and Public Worship.*

By the communication of the 10th instant, I informed your Excellency that I had received from the Prefect of Milan an order to repair to Turin within 48 hours, and I stated clearly that I was not in a state to comply with that order. My surprise was, therefore, great indeed when a public officer presented himself at my residence, with directions to conduct me to that city, and that, in spite of the declarations and protestations already made by me. I am, therefore, compelled to repeat to your Excellency these declarations and protestations, as I now repeat them as far as lies in my power, against the violence which is contemplated against me, in utter contempt of my dignity as Bishop and of my rights; and I declare and protest that even if evident reasons in regard to my own health did not prevent me, as the conjoint testimony of the physicians proves, I do not intend, both in my quality of Bishop and citizen, to obey any orders but such as are conformable to the laws; and I declare that in the contrary case I shall not yield except to violence, the responsibility of which I shall leave with those who employ me.

(Signed) M. C. CACCIA, B.V.O.

Milan, 12th May, 1864.
—*Cor. of Monde.*

The infidel press of Turin is accusing the Minister Pisanelli of being Priest-ridden on account of his weakness with regard to Mgr. Caccia, Vicar-General of Milan.

party is now in the cruel dilemma of breaking its promise to the party of action and raising a storm at Rome, or of fulfilling it without any possible assistance from France.

A letter of the 16th contains the following:—The police arrested at Milan, yesterday, a man named Stampa, one of the principal agents of the Mazzinians. Papers relative to the projects of the party, which, as you are aware, had the intention of attempting a rising in Venetia, were found at his residence.

Italy has sent an order to Paris for 100,000 boots, to be ready for the soldiers at the latest in February. Mazzini's circulars are going the round, and are here in Turin calling the people to conquer Venice and Rome. At Milan an address to Garibaldi has been extensively signed by the 'rough and ready' circle calling upon the *General* to break up the Parliament, and dismiss the Ministry. I do not speak of the great mountebank's proclamation which has been furnished you by your other correspondence, but to state that the report of its being apocryphal, as asserted by Italian papers, is a transparent falsehood. It was issued from Brescia in North Italy. Were it a forgery, the ambitious imitator would have appended to it the name of its well-known isle Capri. Here in Turin there are numberless clandestine registers for enrolments and preparations for mysterious enterprises. A. di-gil-disposed attempt on the part of the Government to disapprove them affords the strongest proofs of its sympathy and concurrence. Dare it do otherwise? A recent fact represents with unexpected force, the weakness of the Government, its pitiable demoralisation and absence of all self-respect. The resignation of Garibaldi which was received by the Ministry with intense alarm was not read to the Chamber according to usage, and after the failure of an embassy of two persons sent by the Government to solicit the withdrawal of the too cruel bill-decree, it was still maintained not to make evident the painful separation where its discussion might prove inconvenient. However on the 7th the following resignations were received:—Garibaldi, Cairoli, Saffi, Vecchi, Miceli, Laporte, Romeo, Cognato de Buci, and Robandi; the demand from the Chamber of its acceptance of the first giving rise to a lively discussion. The address of Garibaldi to his Neapolitan constituents sets forth the three following reasons as directing him in the course adopted by him: the vote by which 229 deputies granted the cession of Nice and Savoy, a sale of Italian soil by men who blindly tore asunder the limits of the country which they were called to reconstitute; however a hope of reparatory events kept him at his post; but that when to this is added the shame of Sicily, and the confirmation by the vote in approval of the Government enormities, there was no other course left open for him but resignation; and also because they have wounded in her (Sicily) the honor and the safety of all Italy. This is the substance of the letter which was not read, but the fact regarding Nicò being specially put forward by the President.—*Cor. of Tablet.*

On the 10th June, 1859, the Grand Duke Ferdinand IV. of Tuscany was proclaimed Sovereign of that usurped State on the retirement of his father; and was so recognised in the Treaty of Zurich in the same year. Since then the Grand Duke has put forth various protests declaring null and void the acts of the usurping Government, and another protest has just appeared. I regret I have not the entire document to forward you to-day, and can only give you the subject of it and its leading expressions. It begins as all his former ones, thus:—We, Ferdinand IV. by the Grace of God, Prince Imperial of Austria, Prince Royal of Hungary and of Bohemia, &c., and Grand Duke of Tuscany, &c., &c., and is dated Linaudi, 17th December, 1863. H. I. R. H. declares that, in expectation of the day in which will be heard the most ardent wish of his heart, and which will be to return to his beloved Tuscans, and comforted with the intimate conviction that 'that day cannot be far distant, he protests solemnly against any alienation or contract of whatever kind which can effect the State property of Tuscany. And also he considers it opportune to protest against the alienation and transportation of the objects of art which form part of the museums and libraries of Tuscany; and also against the same regarding the funded and all landed property belonging to the Church, to religious corporations, and to all other benefices and public institutions. Inasmuch as,' observes Ferdinand IV., 'Tuscany now sees her State and Church property put up to sale, and his own patrimony offered now as a means to defray the famished exigencies of a deficit without end.'

Many a heart will reiterate the above expressed wish, for there never was more smothered discontent in a State than in that silent, hesitating Tuscany. Whether it is in judgment alone or in mercy also, that God has allowed the storm of anti-Christian fury once more to beat so heavily upon Italy, which for so many years was the peaceful refuge of the Faith while persecuted in the North, is a secret known to Himself. Meanwhile, His known-will is that it should kindle the zeal of Catholics, and this by His grace it is doing. We mentioned several examples the other day. The Paris *Union* says there is awakening a manifest reaction. In Sicily the Catholics, the more zealous to profess their faith while it is the object of so many insults, have begun to wear a crucifix hung round their necks, and have restored the old custom of greeting each other with the salutation 'Vivat Jesus.' In the Island of Sardinia the Government has seized the convent of the Capuchins at Tiesi and the change was effected only by the use of the bayonet. At Milan, the 'bulwark of Passagianism,' the faithful have shown great zeal in opening a subscription to offer a pectoral cross to the Vicar-Capitular, Monsignore Caccia, which has been joined by vast numbers. The collection of St. Peter's Pence is spreading in Lombardy, as has long been the case in Turin and elsewhere, especially in the 'annexed' provinces.—*Weekly Register.*

Rome, Jan. 11.—The fourth of the victims of the Castel Gandolfo massacre, the young dragoon, Angelo Pesaro, aged 23, and a native of Ancona, expired on Saturday night in the Hospital of Sta Spirito, having sunk under the weakness attendant on the amputation of the right arm, which was performed during the previous week. He died in the best disposition, and fortified with all the rites of Holy Church, and the funeral service took place this morning at the chapel attached to the hospital, Mgr. De Merode assisting. It is almost incredible that a general officer should defend what was neither more nor less than an unprovoked and cowardly massacre, but such is the case unhappily, and the military representative of 'In France Chretienne, General Montebello, has actually addressed a letter to the captain in command approving his conduct, though it is clear that of the persons killed and wounded only two were at Albano at all. The captain's revolver ball was extracted from Pesaro's arm, and this establishes the fact that it was by his hand he fell.

In the Roman correspondence of the *Journal des Debats* we find the following:—

It is feared that the unfortunate affair of Castel-Gandolfo is not yet terminated. The Pontifical dragoons openly express their desire for revenge, and the *Zouaves* are, they say, disposed to share in this feeling. Efforts are made to conciliate both parties, and to efface all traces of disagreement between the two armies. It is to be hoped that these efforts will result in a sincere reconciliation, and that the subalterns will follow the example of their superior officers. I do not go quite so far in my calculation as the Romans, who imagine that the occupation of the provinces occupied by the French which, they say, would be the beginning of the end.

The *Italie* publishes a statement to the effect that General Montebello has communicated to Cardinal Antonelli an order from the Emperor conferring on himself the command of the Pontifical garrisons on the frontier. What Napoleon may wish is one thing what he can do or has done is another, and the simple answer to the above assertion is, that it is like

most other assertions made in Turin, a falsehood. No such demand has been made, nor if made, would be listened to.

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—Turin correspondence states that General Della Marmora declares that he has proofs that the Legitimists and Republicans in Naples are agreed for a general rising against the Piedmontese. He asks the Turin Government to authorise him to disarm all the National Guards and to send him considerable reinforcements. Prince Humbert, whose personal safety is threatened, is to be removed from Naples.

The Neapolitan Clergy have signed an address to Cardinal Biario Storza, their Archbishop, to protest against his exile and renew the assurance of their devotion to the Holy See.

An address to Francis II. is being circulated in Naples and is covered with signatures.

Kossuth has declared that he is not at all satisfied with the result of his proclamation.

GERMANY AND DENMARK.—It is officially announced that Austria and Prussia have refused the application of Denmark for a month or six weeks delay in the marching of their troops, and that Prussian troops entered Kiel on the 25th.

POLAND AND RUSSIA.—Private letters received in Paris from Poland persist in stating that the reports circulated by the Russian agents of the complete suppression of the insurrection are utterly false.—*Times.*

UNITED STATES

A young lady named Evans, of Deil, Mich., shot Miss Fanny Price after church last Sunday. Jealousy. All along of a soldier.

The New York *World* states that that city has not secured five thousand of the eighteen thousand conscripts required under the call of Oct. 17th, 1863; and that under the new call for 500,000 more just issued, over 30,000 men will be required.

OUTLAWRY OF GENERAL BUTLER.—The Virginia Legislature has been occupied in secret session, with the discussion of a resolution requesting the Confederate authorities to suspend the ban of outlawry against General Butler until an exchange of prisoners is effected.—*Richmond Whig.*

We venture the prediction that a route more disgraceful than the Bull run stampede awaits the Yankees in most of the conflicts likely to occur during the next campaign. They will have to enter upon it will all the disadvantages of raw levies, who will present but a poor bulwark against the gallant veterans of Lee and Johnston. As to the contingent of the three years' men likely to remain in service, if we take the estimates of Yankee authorities, they will not constitute a force sufficiently large to impart an air of martial discipline to the new organization. The Bull run stampede were veterans compared with the material which which will compose the new army.—*Id.*

The Richmond *Enquirer* has a long letter from Houston, Texas, dated about the middle of Jan., from which we copy the following:—Since the 1st instant we have experienced the coldest weather known for many years. It is believed that nearly all the stubble in the sugar cane has been frozen out. The people have learned to look reverses squarely in the face, and they evince a determination to fight it out, no matter what odds, or under what difficulties. Texas will not succumb, even if every other State should, which we regard as impossible. The proclamation of Lincoln excites hardly a thought. The health and spirits of our troops are good, and the organization of the army is thorough. Veterans are in command of every brigade, and many of the regiments are from 800 to 1000 strong. In a word, Texas is all right. The enemy has in two months taken no point that was regarded as defensible, and intended to be defended. They will not attempt to do so with less than two to one.

STRAGGERS OF THE SOUTH.—The vain and unreflecting North are deceiving themselves that the South is already conquered. From the beginning they have regarded the achievement as constantly on the eve of accomplishment; they now think the work already done. There are a few plain considerations which ought to teach them that they are labouring under an error. The South not only is not conquered, but if she chooses, she never can be. In a population of five millions, there are one in five capable of making resistance; capable of exerting effective effort, in some form in opposing an aggressive power. If true to herself, the South is capable, standing on her own soil and requiring her enemy to come by long marches, against her, of successfully resisting a million of men. Of the one in five of her population, that is to say, of the one million of men who can fight off the foe, either at home or in the field, one-half, or five hundred thousand, are fit for organized military service, and can be spared for public duty, leaving a half million of males and all the females at home to conduct the business of agriculture and the arts. Of the five hundred thousand thus spared to the public, at least four-fifths may belong to the army in the field. Can a people, thus possessing an army of at least 400,000 brave men to meet the advance of invasion, with a reserve of 600,000 behind them at home, ready to assist, in the last resort—all well armed—can such a people be conquered by any foreign power unless they choose to be? The foreign power labors at the disadvantage of proceeding a long distance from home, and is under the necessity of guarding long lines of march and transportation. The necessity of fighting is not brought home in its case, as in the case of the invaded people, to each man's door; and the further disadvantage is put upon it of conducting the war virtually with volunteer troops. In fact for every man it succeeds in bringing into the immediate field of battle, it must have two others, either guarding the route of transit, garrisoning the territory already overrun, and engaged in recruiting, organizing and drilling at home. The North boasts twenty millions of people. One in twenty of this number, or one million, is more than it has yet succeeded in placing upon its muster rolls. Of this one million, not more than one-third or three hundred and fifty thousand have been brought into actual service on the field; the residue having been employed in the auxiliary duties incident to military organization and invasion. If the South is to be subdued, it must by three hundred and fifty thousand men. It is plain that, with a capacity to bring four hundred thousand perfect and able soldiers into the field, reinforced at home by a reserve of six hundred thousand males, young and old, capable of shooting a gun, saying nothing of females, who might lend a hand in saying a Yankee on occasion; it is plain that the South is no conquered, and cannot be conquered unless she so elects.—*Richmond Examiner.*

THE SANGRADO SYSTEM.—When Doctor Sangrado found his patients weak, he gave them water greed. When they got weaker, he bled them and cured them with calomel and jalap. Gil Blas tells us they almost invariably died. A good many people are killed that way yet. The world in general, however, has found out that in case of debility and premature decay HOSBERT'S STOMACH BITTERS are the true life-sustaining cordial. This tonic is a powerful and perfectly harmless restorative. But it does more than invigorate. It regulates and purifies. While it builds up the strength, and infuses vitality into the blood, it brings all the elements into harmony with the laws of health. The feeble sex find it invaluable in the various physical difficulties to which their organization renders them subject. In all hysterical and hypochondriacal cases, its effect is magical. The infirmities of age are alleviated by its use, and where the circulation is torpid and there is a tendency to paralysis, HOSBERT'S BITTERS are recommended as a means of re-organizing the system and prolonging life. Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lampknigh J. Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co., & Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray, and Picault & Son.

Who is N. H. Downs?—He is, or rather, was a public benefactor, a philanthropist. He is now dead, but he has left behind him a monument more lasting than brass or marble.

TIME WILL TELL.—Yes, that is the sure test. That which does not appear plain to-day, may be thoroughly cleared up in a short time.

COMPLEXION.—It is an impossibility for any person afflicted with a diseased liver, or with any disorder of the digestive organs, to have a good or clear complexion.

ANOTHER MEDICAL TRIUMPH.—Wonderful cure of rheumatism. No disease is more agonizing than rheumatism; none more difficult to relieve; yet a case which, for thirty years, had baffled the Faculty,

MONDAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—Perfumes are the poetry of the toilet, and persons of elegant tastes and refined perceptions, are always more or less fastidious in the choice of these articles.

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

HENRY'S VERMONT LINIMENT. This popular medicine is no longer an experiment. Thousands of people who have used it, bear witness to its superior excellence as a Liniment and a Pain-Killer.

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

A Neglected Cough, Cold, An Irritated or Sore Throat, if allowed to progress results in serious Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic Diseases, often times incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine in the United States and Canada, &c., at 25 cts. a box. Feb. 5, 1864.

VEGETABLE BALSAMIC ELIXIR.

A CERTIFICATE worth A MILLION. An Old Physician's Testimony.

READ: Waterbury, Vt. Nov. 24, 1858. Although I do not like the practice of Physicians recommending, indiscriminately, the patent medicines of the day, yet after a trial of ten years, I am free to admit that there is one medicine before the public that any Physician can use in his practice, and recommend to the public with perfect confidence; and that medicine is Rev. N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir.

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

ADULTS Should always keep this Family Physician at hand; and by its timely use save hundreds of dollars that would otherwise be swallowed up in discharging Doctors' fees.

Sold at every Drug and Country Store throughout Canada. JOHN F. HENRY & Co., Proprietors.

HENRY'S VERMONT LINIMENT.

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

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

Much might be said of its remedial properties, and of its magical effects, but the limited space of this Advertisement will only admit of a general summary.

A Single Teaspoonful taken in warm water or otherwise as the taste may dictate, checks Diarrhoea, Cholera and all Bowel Complaints, within a most incredible short space of time.

Sold in every Drug and Country Store throughout Canada. JOHN F. HENRY & CO., Proprietors.

WONDERFUL!

DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, next the Court-house, Montreal, have received the following letter from Mrs. M. J. Nolin Heroux, confirmed by her husband, and E. Roy, merchant of St. Phillips, Laprairie, of a wonderful cure by BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA.—

Sir,—The present is to certify that I, M. J. Nolin, 40 years of age, wife of M. Heroux, N. P., have suffered for a year with violent palpitation of the heart, sudden chills, extreme heat and cold in various parts of the body, attended with great pain, particularly in the arms; my pulse was very variable—very slow or quick; frequently a tendency to faint, with a sense of suffocation; sleep troubled; irritable, and very low spirits.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. Has been used for nearly HALF A CENTURY. With the most astonishing success in Curing Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every affection of THE THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST, including even CONSUMPTION.

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

CERTIFICATE FROM L. J. RACINE, Esq., of the Minerve:—

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

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

Messrs. S. W. Fowle & Co., Boston—Gentlemen.—Having experienced the beneficial results of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, in my own person and with other members of my family, in cases of severe coughs and colds, I unhesitatingly give you my testimony, believing it to be the remedy "par excellence" for all diseases of the throat and chest, and would sincerely recommend it as such.—Yours, &c., JOS. TANNER.

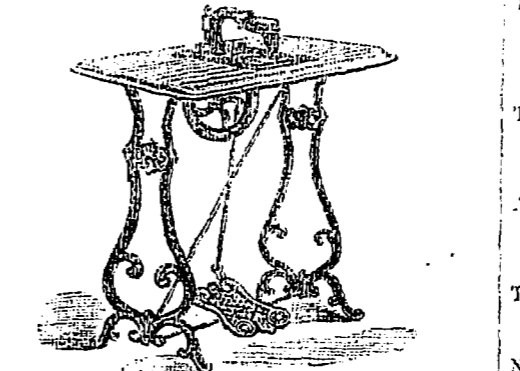
(Vegetable) SUGAR-COATED PILLS. THE GREAT CURE For all the Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Put up in Glass Plates, and warranted to KEEP IN ANY CLIMATE.

These Pills are prepared expressly to operate in harmony with the greatest of blood purifiers, BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA, in all cases arising from depraved humours or impure blood.

For many years these PILLS have been used in daily practice, always with the best results, and it is with the greatest confidence they are recommended to the afflicted.

J. F. Henry & Co. 303 St. Paul Street, Montreal, General Agents for Canada.

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



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

BETTER MACHINES for Dress-making and family use have never been made. They are simple, durable, reliable and warranted, and kept in repair one year without charge.

C. W. WILLIAMS & CO. Montreal, Oct. 15, 1863.

STEAM HEATING FOR PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

THOMAS M'KENNA, PLUMBER, GAS & STEAMFITTER.

Steam Heating for Private and Public Buildings.

No. 36 and 38 St. Henry Street. "GOLD'S" or any other system fitted up, if required. PLUMBING and GASFITTING done by good workmen.

SADLIER & CO'S NEW PUBLICATIONS AND BOOKS AT PRESS.

New and Splendid Books for the Young People BY ONE OF THE PAULIST FATHERS. THE COMPLETE SODALITY MANUAL AND HYMN BOOK. By the Rev. Alfred Young.

ANOTHER NEW WORK BY ONE OF THE PAULIST FATHERS. GUIDE for CATHOLIC YOUNG WOMEN; designed particularly for those who earn their own Living.

DAILY PRAYERS: A Manual of Catholic Devotion, compiled from the most approved sources and adapted to all states and conditions in life.

A NEW BOOK ON THE ROSARY & SCAPULAR. A SHORT TREATISE ON THE ROSARY, together with six reasons for being devout to the Blessed Virgin, also, True Devotion to Her.

A NEW LIFE OF ST. PATRICK. A POPULAR LIFE OF ST. PATRICK. By Mr. Irish Priest, 16mo, 350 pages, cloth, 75 cts.

THE MARTYRS: A Tale of the Last Persecution of the Christians at Rome. By Viscount de Chateaubriand. 12mo, 450 pages, cloth, \$1.25.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND, from the Earliest Period to the Emancipation of the Catholics. By Hon. T. D. McGee. 12mo, 2 vols, cloth, \$2.50.

THE SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES. By St. Francis de Sales, with an Introduction by Cardinal Wiseman. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

THE POPE'S Nieces; and other Tales. From the French. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. 18mo, cloth, 35 cts.

MR. MARSHALL'S great Work on the Contrast between Protestant and Catholic Missions. Results.

TERMS.—The work will be published in two equal volumes, of nearly 700 pages each, cloth, extra, \$7.50.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS

Agents for the True Witness in various locations including Adajala, Alexandria, and others.

HAVE YOU GOT A COUGH?

Text describing a remedy for coughs and colds, mentioning 'McPherson's Cough Lozenges'.

GLASGOW DRUG HALL

Address and details for Glasgow Drug Hall, No. 268, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

L. DEVANY, AUCTIONEER

Text regarding L. Devany's auction services, including household furniture and general goods.

Additional text for L. Devany's auction services, mentioning dates and locations.

DYSPEPSIA

Diseases resulting from disorders of the liver and digestive organs.

GERMAN BITTERS

The Great Strengthening Tonic. These Bitters have performed more cures than any other article in the market.

Hoofland's German Bitters. Will cure every case of chronic or nervous debility, diseases of the kidneys, and diseases arising from a disordered stomach.

Observe the following symptoms: Resulting from disorders of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swing of the head, hurried and difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest, limbs, &c., sudden flushes of the head, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.

REMEMBER

That this Bitters is not alcoholic, and can't make drunkards, but is the best tonic in the world.

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

From the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Pastor of the 10th Baptist Church. Dr. Jackson - Dear Sir - I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commendations of different kinds of medicines...

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

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

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

From the Rev. J. M. Lyons, N.Y. Dr. C. M. Jackson - Dear Sir - I feel it a pleasure thus, of my own accord, to bear testimony to the excellence of your Bitters.

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

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT

No. 43, St. Bonaventure Street. Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at moderate charges.

O. J. DEVLIN, NOTARY PUBLIC

Office: 32 Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

B. DEVLIN, ADVOCATE

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

THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L., ADVOCATE

Has opened his office at No. 31 Little St. James St.

J. P. KELLY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE

No. 6, Little St. James Street, Montreal, June '72.

CLARKE & DRISCOLL, ADVOCATES, &C.,

Office - No. 125 Notre Dame Street, (Opposite the Court House), MONTREAL.

H. J. CLARKE, N. DRISCOLL

HUDON & CURRAN, ADVOCATES

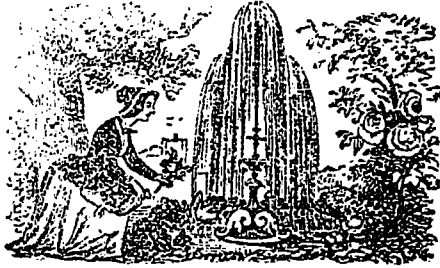
No. 40 Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

BENJAMIN CLEMENT, CARPENTER & JOINER

54 St. Antoine Street. Jobbing punctually attended to. Oct. 9.

A VERY handsomely executed LITHOGRAPH PORTRAIT OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL, and a STRIKING LIKENESS, is now for Sale at MESSRS. ROLLAND, CHAPLEAU, & PAYETTE, as also at the PROVIDENCE CONVENT, and at the SISTERS OF MERCY. The Catholic public will, we are sure, be delighted to possess such a memorial of their well-beloved Bishop.

THE PERFUME OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE! FRESH FROM LIVING FLOWERS.



MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

This rare Perfume is prepared from tropical flowers of surpassing fragrance, without any admixture of coarse essential oils, which form the staple of many 'Essences' and Extracts for the Toilet.

WHAT ARE ITS ANTECEDENTS? For twenty years it has maintained its ascendancy over all other perfumes, throughout the West Indies, Cuba and South America, and we earnestly recommend it to the inhabitants of this country as an article which for softness and delicacy of flavor has no equal.

HEADACHE AND FAINTNESS Are certain to be removed by freely bathing the temples with it. As an odor for the handkerchief, it is as delicate as the Otto of Roses.

COUNTERFEITS. Beware of imitations. Look for the name of MURRAY & LANMAN on the bottle, wrapper and ornamented label.

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

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

[Established in 1826.] THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular.

INFORMATION WANTED

OF JOHN, MARY and ELIZA KELLY, formerly of the Parish of Brimlin, County Roscommon, Ireland, who emigrated to this country in the year 1845 or '46.

M. O'GORMAN, BOAT BUILDER

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



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. READ AND REFLECT.

Believing that FACTS, IMPORTANT to the HEALTH and COMFORT of the PUBLIC, and which can be VERIFIED at ANY MOMENT by addressing the parties who vouch for them, ought not to be hid under a bushel, the undersigned publish below a few communications of recent date to which they invite the attention of the people, and at the same time ESPECIALLY REQUEST all readers who may feel interested in the subject to ADDRESS the individuals themselves, and ascertain the correctness of the particulars.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

Brooklyn, N.Y., May 22, 1863. Messrs. Hostetter & Smith: Gentlemen - I have used your Bitters during the last six weeks, and feel it due to you and to the public to express my hearty approval of their effect upon me.

THE PERFUME OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE! FRESH FROM LIVING FLOWERS. MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED Stomach Bitters.

Prospect Cottage, Georgetown, D.C., April 2, 1863.

Messrs. Hostetter & Smith: Gentlemen - It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to those of others in favor of your excellent preparation. Several years of residence on the banks of a Southern river, and of close application to literary work, had so thoroughly exhausted my nervous system and undermined my health, that I had become a martyr to dyspepsia and nervous headache, recurring at short intervals, and defying all known remedies in the Materia Medica.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. New Canalville Camp, Near Alexandria, Va., May 24, 1863.

Messrs. Hostetter & Smith: Dear Sirs - Will you do me the favor to forward by express one half-dozen Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, with bill, for which I will remit you on receipt of same, as I am unable to procure your medicine here; and if I had a quantity it could be sold readily, as it is known to be the best preparation in use for diseases having their origin with a disordered stomach.

Yours, very respectfully, SAMUEL BYERS, Hospit. Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburg, Pa., U. S., and Sold by all Druggists every where.

M. KEARNEY & BROTHERS, Practical Plumbers, Gasfitters, TINSMITHS,

ZINC, GALVANIZED & SHEET IRON WORKERS. LITTLE WILLIAM STREET, (Opposite the Notre Dame Street, Opposite the Recollet Church) MONTREAL.

Manufacture and Keep Constantly on hand: Baths, Beer Pumps, Hot Air Furnaces, Hydrants, Shower Baths, Tinware, Water Closets, Refrigerators, Voice Pipes, Lift & Force Pumps, Water Coolers, Sinks, all sizes. Jobbing punctually attended to.

M. BERGIN, MERCHANT TAILOR, AND MASTER TAILOR

Prince of Wales' Regiment of Volunteers, No. 79, McGill Street, (opposite Dr. Bowman's)

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY CHANGE OF TRAINS.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, the 1st of JAN., TRAINS will leave BONAVENTURE STREET STATION as follows:

EASTERN TRAINS. Passenger for Island Pond, Portland and Boston, (stopping over night at Island Pond,) at 3.35 P.M. Night Passenger to Quebec (with Sleeping Car) at 8.00 P.M. Mixed for Sherbrooke and Local Stations at 8.00 A.M. WESTERN TRAINS. Day Express for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, London, Detroit and the West, at 7.45 A.M. Night ditto (with Sleeping Car) at 6.30 P.M. Mixed for Kingston and Local Stations 10.05 A.M. Mail Trains will not stop at Stations marked thus on the Time-bills, unless signalled.

NOTICE. CANNASSERS are now actively engaged soliciting Orders for

M'GEE'S HISTORY OF IRELAND. Parties wishing to procure the above, who may not have been called upon, can have it by leaving their orders at No. 81, McGill Street, Montreal. Wm. PALMER, General Agent, Quebec. Montreal, July 1, 1863.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!

THE Subscriber is SELLING BOOKS at TWENTY-FIVE per cent less than any other house in the city. Parties wishing to present to their friends a Christmas or New Year's Gift, would find it to their advantage to call at PICKUP'S BOOK STORE, 211 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, adjoining Messrs. Gibb & Co.'s, and examine the stock for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA IN LARGE QUART BOTTLES.



The Great Purifier of the Blood, And the only genuine and original preparation for THE PERMANENT CURE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS AND CONFIRMED CASES OF

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

It is the very best, and, in fact, the only sure and reliable medicine for the cure of all diseases arising from a vitiated or impure state of the blood, or from excessive use of calomel.

The afflicted may rest assured that there is not the least particle of MINERAL, MERCURIAL, or any other poisonous substance in this medicine. It is perfectly harmless, and may be administered to persons in the very weakest stages of sickness, or to the most helpless infants without doing the least injury. Full directions how to take this most valuable medicine will be found around each bottle; and to guard against counterfeits, see that the written signature of LANMAN & KEMP is upon the blue label.

Devis & Bolton, Druggists, (next the Court House) Montreal, General Agents for Canada. Also, sold at Wholesale by J. F. Henry & Co., Montreal.

Bristol's Sarsaparilla is for Sale by all Druggists. Agents for Montreal, Devis & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray, and Picault & Son.