

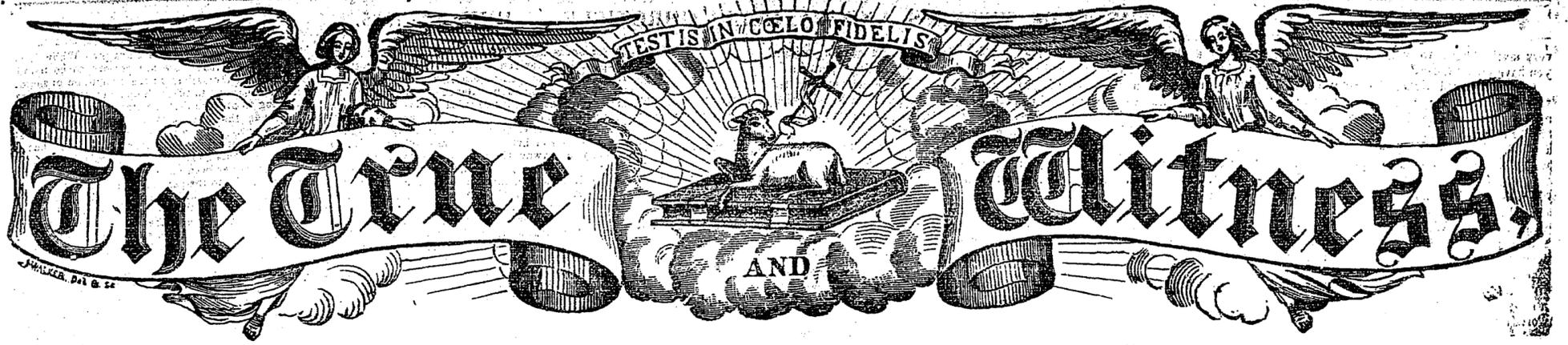
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XV.

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No. 15.

ROSE LEBLANC; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF SINCERITY. CHAPTER III.

The next day, by six in the morning, a cart laden with fruit was standing at M. Dumont's door; some bright nosegays of flowers, and bundles of jasmine and myrtle were intermingled with the baskets of peaches, apricots, figs, and plums.

'How do you go, Aunt Babet; how is your rheumatism this morning?' she asked, as the good lady, with her head covered with a shawl, opened the window of the kitchen.

'Why, I have not closed my eyes all night,' was the reply. 'That goose, Henri, who actually asked me last night if I would take your place, Rose, at the market-place! A pretty thing, indeed, at my age! He is not pleased with you, Rose; you are really too giddy; you come home so late; it is that which puts him out. Oh, dear me! young people are very aggravating; they have no consideration for any body.—They take such strange ideas into their heads. What should people say, I wonder, to see a woman of my years perched up on that narrow seat, for all the world like a hen on a garden wall?'

Rose, who did not feel quite sure whether Babet's soliloquy referred to her own misdeeds, or to Henri's inconsiderate suggestion, hastened to reply.

'People would be sure to say that you ought not to be exposed to the fatigue of going backwards and forwards, and to the bothers of the market-place. It is not all pleasure sitting at the receipt of custom, whatever Henri may think. I wish he'd go and keep the stall himself for one whole day. Mr. That is difficult to please; Mrs. This never finds any thing to her taste. There are people who would swear that a green gage was a damson and a peach a potato. You have to smile to one customer, to joke with a second, to curtsy to a third; to keep every body in a good humor, and lose your own temper just at the right moment. Oh, it is not all so easy as people suppose. It requires a deal of management. And my poor uncle, too! I wonder how he would like to die on dishes of my cooking.—Poor dear man! it would make him ill to a certainty.'

'Well, child, you are not deficient in sense at times. There is some truth in what you say;—but you are not listening to me. Why are you in such a hurry? it has not struck seven o'clock yet.'

'Indeed, it must be past seven, aunt; the clock of the Franciscans is always slow. The sun is my time-piece. Good-bye, my dear aunt; mind you take care of yourself, and don't mind what Henri says.'

Then, with a nod and a smile, she shook the bridle, flourished the whip, and the old horse, well accustomed to her ways, trotted off on the road to Pau.

She had dressed herself with a good deal of care that morning, the little fruit-seller of Jurancon, and she no doubt looked extremely well in her blue petticoat, her red bodice, and her gold chain. A large straw hat shaded her forehead and her bright violet-colored eyes. She was young and gay, graceful as a kitten, and merry as a bird. The sweet morning breeze fanned her blooming cheeks, and waved her glossy hair; the singing of the larks and the thrushes awakened gladness in her heart. She made a pretty picture, this little girl, seated amidst her flowers and her fruit, smiling, and, like Belinda, making the world gay with her smiles. But shadows occasionally passed over that expressive young face. The solitudes of the maiden interfered with the instructive jousness of the child. Anxious thoughts concerning Andre, the conscription, the approaching ballot, Henri's violence, his threats, and his sighs, came athwart her enjoyment of that summer morning, like clouds across a radiant sky. She looked back towards Jurancon, and the sound of the bells of its old church seemed to speak like a voice from her home; she looked at the little white house amongst the trees, the cottage of the De Vidals, and she fell into a reverie, and built a castle in the air, in which that aristocratic syllable played a conspicuous part.—At the entrance of the town she turned into the street which leads to the Convent of the Ursulines. It was there that she had been at school, and had learned, at the same time as her catechism, to read, to write, and to sew. It was there, also, that she had made her first Communion. Leaving the boy who accompanied her to take the cart on to the market-place, she alighted at the door of the convent, and asked to speak to Sister Theresa, who had been her teacher in the class. She was shown into the parlor where the good nun was at work mending the linen.

'How do you do, my little Rose? How are they all at Jurancon?' she said, without interrupting her work. 'What beautiful weather we have now. Your fruits must be getting famously ripe.'

'Why, indeed, there is nothing to complain of in that respect; but I am in great trouble notwithstanding.'

The nun raised her eyes quickly, and fixed them with a kind inquiring glance on the agitated countenance of the young girl.

'What is the matter, my child?' she gently said.

'Why, the matter is, Sister—you will think it very strange, I know—but the matter is, that I have two suitors—that is, I have a suitor, and then my cousin who wants, whether I choose it or not, to marry me.'

'But, indeed, this is very shocking,' said Sister Theresa, letting fall the stocking she was mending, 'I don't understand it all, Rose. I thought you were engaged to M. Lacaze;—and, if so, what business have you with other suitors?'

'M. Andre Vidal wishes to marry me, and I like him, and have promised myself to him; but my cousin says he will kill any body who makes up to me.'

'Do you mean the brother of M. Baptiste Vidal?'

'Yes,' Rose answered, with downcast eyes. 'But they don't know anything about it at home. I never ventured to say that the reason why I had changed my mind about Henri was that I liked somebody else. And I never would let him talk to me before other people.'

'And you have done so in secret, Rose?' asked the nun, with some severity of manner. 'Just a little now and then. But indeed, Sister, he is very good. Don't be angry with me. M. Andre has never said a word to me he should not; and he is as gentle as Henri is cross.'

Sister Theresa took a letter out of her pocket and read it over attentively. After she had folded it up again, and put it by, she reflected for a few moments, and then said, 'I strongly recommend you, my dear child, to give up the idea of a marriage which your uncle would not approve of, and which would not be acceptable to the relations of this young man.'

Rose looked very much put out. 'I don't know why you say that, Sister. Madame Vidal is very fond of me; and then, you see, I have now promised to marry M. Andre.'

'Without asking your uncle's consent? Without consulting your aunt? In spite of your previous engagement to your cousin?'

'But it is not my fault if, say what I will, he refuses to release me from that engagement. I have told him over and over again that I won't be his wife.'

'And why are you resolved not to marry him?'

'Because I don't like him, and that I like somebody else, Sister Theresa.'

'Are you quite sure of it, Rose?'

'I should think I was, indeed.'

'I remember that at one time you had a great regard for M. Lacaze. What has he done that you should change your mind?'

'He is so cross. He won't let me amuse myself.'

'That is indeed a very great offence,' said the nun, with a smile.

'You don't know, Sister Theresa, how disagreeable it is not to amuse one's self. Nuns are always contented; they don't care about going to balls.'

'Well, that is not, I admit, one of our cares.'

'But for us girls it is not the same thing, you see. Now just put yourself for a moment in my place, Sister Theresa.'

'Well, I think if I was in your place, I should accept the husband which my uncle chose for me, and whose good qualities I was acquainted with; that his faults I would put up with, knowing that every body has some wrong or other; and that I myself was not free from them. I would try to make a good wife to him; to be gentle, obedient, hard-working, and very pious. I should try not to care so much about amusement; but, considering how short life is, I would try to make a good use of it, and so prepare for the next world.'

'But, Sister, M. le Cure at Jurancon says it is wrong for a girl to marry a man she dislikes, particularly if she likes somebody else.'

'But she must not like somebody else,' persisted Sister Theresa.

'That is very easy to say,' answered Rose, twisting the corners of her apron between her fingers.

'If this young man was married should you go on caring for him?'

'O dear, no; that would be a mortal sin.'

'You see, then, that the will has something to do with these questions.'

'But it is not a sin to like M. Andre.'

'When a good girl is engaged to be married

she ought to try and keep faithful to the man who has her promise. And then it is wrong, exceedingly wrong, to act by stealth, and to conceal from her parents or relatives these sort of affairs. You have sadly forgotten our instructions, my dear child.'

'You will not pray, then, I suppose, that M. Andre may get a good number? The ballot for the conscription takes place to-day.'

'I will gladly pray for him, for you, for every one concerned, that all may turn out for the best; and Almighty God knows far better than we do how that will be.'

'I will, in the mean time, say a rosary and burn a taper before the blessed Virgin's altar.—There can't be any harm in that.'

'No, indeed; it is always right to pray; but it would be all the better, if, after each Ave, you were to add, 'God's holy will be done.'

'If I only knew...'

'What His Providence intends, you mean. Ah! that's the difficulty. But there is no alternative; we must make up our minds either to struggle in His hands like foolish, helpless children, or humbly to submit to what He ordains; making His blessed will ours, and bearing cheerfully the crosses He sees fit to lay upon us. Go, then, my child, say your beads with as much devotion as you can; try to be a good, modest, truthful girl, and our Dear Mother will help you.'

'Sister Theresa is a very holy woman,' Rosa said to herself as, coming out of the chapel, she walked along the streets to the market-place.—'She encourages you; she makes you wish to be good; and I am sure I will try to do as she says. But she is rather too severe, I think. After all, what great harm have I done? If it is a secret that M. Andre has been making up to me, it has only been because of Henri's jealousy. It is his fault, not mine. And then about the balls; I don't suppose she ever knew what it was to care about dancing. Ah! there is eight o'clock striking. What a long time to wait till twelve! I shall eat a pear to while away the time, and see if the peel, when I throw it up, will fall in the shape of a particular letter I am thinking of.—This experiment, a common one amongst young girls in France, did not apparently succeed according to Rose's wishes. The unlucky peel, as it fell upon the ground, did not assume the shape of an A or a V; it looked rather more like an L. She pushed it away without her foot, and ate her breakfast in silence.'

CHAPTER IV.

Henri Lacaze stood leaning against the cart which had brought Rose to Pau, with a pipe in his mouth, and his eyes fixed upon the stall where she was attending to her business. He watched every look, every gesture of the young girl, who was growing restless and fidgety under his pertinacious gaze. She could not raise her eyes without meeting his; and if she tried to move away, or turn her back upon him, she still felt that she was observed, and could not escape the oppressive sense of that intolerable surveillance.

When the clock struck twelve a nervous shiver ran through her frame; her glance wandered over the place with an anxious expression, as group over group assembled about the door of the Prefecture. Suddenly she discovered Andre, who was smiling to her as he hurried across the empty space between the market and the official building. Her cheeks and her forehead became scarlet; and though she tried to smile in return, her quivering lips refused to do so. At last Henri also left his post against the cart, and walked up to the Prefecture. The two young men went in almost at the same time. Rose leant upon her elbow, staring at the windows of the council room, her hand in her pocket fingering her beads with a feverish rapidity, each minute appearing to her longer than an hour. Jules Bertrand came up to her at that moment. 'I say, Madlle. Rose,' he whispered, in her ear. 'I am going to make my way into the balloting-room. I can slip through the gendarme's legs, or climb up to his window; but my name is not Jules Bertrand if I do not bring you the first news of what is going on there; and before Rose had time to answer he was off, and she saw him grinning at her from one of the windows on the staircase.'

Just then a carriage was stopped at the corner of the Grand Rue, and two travellers, an elderly gentleman, and a tall, fair young lady, got out and walked into the Place du Marche. The latter was not only young and fair, but very tall and distinguished looking. It was impossible to see more beautiful features or a more graceful figure. Her hazel eyes were shaded with dark eyelashes, and formed a striking contrast with the extreme fairness of her hair and skin. The faint pink colour in her cheek was so delicate in its hue, that it hardly would have shown on a less dazzling white complexion. The loungers on the place, and even the working people, turned round to look at the strangers who went on foot to visit the church of St. Jacques. On their way back as they were passing Rose's stall, the young lady said in a low voice to her elderly companion, 'Oh, do look, grandpapa, at that lovely little fruit-seller. Do let us stop and buy some peaches.' The old man smiled and gave his purse into her hands. She stopped and bent over the counter towards Rose, who asked in an absent manner, 'How many do you wish for, Mademoiselle?' for her eyes and her thoughts were continually straying towards the Prefecture.

'A dozen, if you please, Mademoiselle, in that little basket lined with moss. How pretty your baskets are. Do look, grandpapa.'

As she was lifting up the corbeille to exhibit it to her grandfather, Jules ran breathlessly across the Place, and rushed to the side of the corner where Rose was standing. 'It's all over with us,' he whispered to her, and looking up at the same moment she saw Andre coming out of the entrance gate.

'He makes the sign of the cross,' she exclaimed, and covered her face with her hands. But looking up an instant afterwards, she perceived Henri standing opposite to her, pale, motionless, with one hand on his hip and the other thrust into his waistcoat. He did not stir, but kept his eyes riveted upon her with a fixedness which struck terror into her heart. She trembled under his gaze.

'Can you give me change for this Napoleon?' asked the young lady, totally unconscious of the scene that was enacted before her eyes.

Rose took the Napoleon mechanically. She was dreadfully frightened at the expression of Henri's face, and felt afraid of speaking lest she should cry; for at that moment Andre was approaching. She quite lost her head. In Henri's hand, within his breast coat pocket, she thought she saw the handle of a knife. Her blood ran cold, and she shuddered.

'Rose, Rose,' said Andre, in an agitated manner as he bent towards her, 'it is all over. I have drawn a bad number.'

'What do I care. It is nothing to me,' ejaculated Rose, who was trembling all over and scarcely knew what she was saying.

Andre turned red as scarlet, and the next moment very pale. His lips quivered, and he said with deep emotion, 'My mother will care. My mother will break her heart, and there will be no one to comfort her.'

The lady who was standing next to him heard that anguished exclamation, and, in a voice and with a tone which thrilled through the young man's ear as if it had been a whisper from Heaven, she said, 'God will comfort her.'

He raised his eyes, and saw that sweet, holy, gentle face turned towards him like that of a pitying angel. He felt astonished, soothed, bewildered; murmured a few unintelligible words, and disappeared amongst the crowd.

'Come, my dear Alice,' said the elderly gentleman to his granddaughter, 'Settle your account, and come away.' He had not paid any attention to the scene which had been going on under his eyes during the last few minutes.

Rose was not thinking of the Napoleon, which she still held in her hand. Jules whispered to her, 'They are waiting for the change.' She started like a person waking from a dream, counted out the money, and handed it to the young lady with some hurried apologies. It was received with a smile and a gracious acknowledgment.

'Good bye, Mademoiselle,' said Rose. 'I hope we may see you here again. Jules, my boy, that basket is too heavy for the lady to carry. Please to take it to her carriage.'—There was no need of urging Jules to this little act of civility. His natural turn for gallantry, joined to the stimulus of curiosity, made him abundantly anxious to offer his services to the travellers. He joyfully seized on the basket, which Alice would not allow her grandfather to carry.

'Can you tell us, my boy,' asked the old gentleman, 'which is the way to the Ursuline Convent?'

'Certainly, sir. I will show it to you myself. It is a very fine building, one of the largest in the town. It is there that Mademoiselle Rose went to school.'

'Madlle. Rose?' repeated Alice. 'Is that the name of the pretty fruit-seller from whom we bought these peaches?'

'Just so, Mademoiselle. She is the flower of the neighborhood. There are not two opinions on that point; and how the men do pay court to her, to be sure. It is a feather in a young man's cap if he can get her to accept a nosegay or to dance with him; and as to suitors, why she has as many as there are days in the year.'

'Who was that young man who spoke to her just now, when we were buying the fruit? He looked very much agitated. Is he one of her admirers?'

'Oh, that is M. Andre Vidal, M. Baptiste's

brother. He has drawn a bad number.' Alice gently pressed her grandfather's arm.

'Do they live at Pau, those brothers you speak of?'

'No, sir. They have a cottage, a sort of a little cottage on the other side of the river.—People say they are gentlefolks, but not a bit the richer for it. Poor as beggars and proud as peacocks, as the saying is. But M. Andre is a very gentlemanlike young man, and talks like a book. M. le Cure says he is vastly well informed.'

'It certainly struck me,' Alice whispered to her grandfather, 'that there was something particularly and even distinguished in this young man's countenance and manner of speaking.'

'Child, child,' answered the old man with a smile, 'your fancy is already at work, I perceive.'

'This is the Ursuline Convent,' said Jules, pointing out the door of the old monastic building which was next the church. 'Your caleche is standing at the end of the street. Shall I leave the basket with the coachman?'

As Alice nodded assent he was hastening away.

'Stop a minute, my boy,' called the old gentleman, who was searching his pockets for a twenty sous piece. Madame Bertrand's nephew did not consider it suitable to his dignity or his social position to receive a pecuniary remuneration for his trouble; so gracefully waving his hand, he bowed, and disappeared round the corner of the street. The coachman whom he went in search of was not in the best of humors. He glanced superciliously at the peaches, and when Jules informed him that his master and the young lady were at the Convent of the Ursulines, he shrugged his shoulders, and muttered between his teeth, 'We shall be in pretty late this evening. Ladies, and especially young ladies, have no mercy on the horses. They think the poor animals can drag a carriage about all day long, and wait for hours besides. Really the poor creatures will get the fidgets standing here so long.'

'Have you far to go to get home?' asked Jules, who was dying to find out the name and the residence of the travellers.

'I should think we have, seeing that we are obliged to sleep on the road.'

'Ah, you have slept on the road, then; at Rochefort I suppose? You live at Bordeaux, then?'

'M. le Baron lives at home,' answered the coachman, in a consequential manner. 'His castle is as old as the tower of Babel, and as to the stables, why your Prefecture is a barn in comparison.'

'And what is the name of this fine castle?' asked Jules.

'It's name? Why, the same as M. le Baron's.'

'And M. le Baron's name is—?'

'The same as his castle's,' answered the coachman.

'I think that fellow is making fun of me,' thought Jules; 'but never mind, I shall get something out of him, or my name is not Jules Bertrand. And that pretty young lady, she is the Baron's daughter, I suppose?'

'His granddaughter, and the apple of his eye, too.'

'Is it to amuse her, then, or to look about for a husband that they travel?'

'A husband indeed? there is not much occasion to travel about in search of one. Plenty to be had at home, I can tell you. But we laugh at suitors. They are not the sort of people we want.'

'She is perhaps going to take the veil, this pretty young lady? Ay, I dare say, at the Ursuline?'

'Hold your tongue, sir. Do you suppose we have not plenty of convents in our own part of the world? If M. le Baron's granddaughter intended to take the veil, it would not be in a paltry old town like this, where the streets are so badly paved that the horses can hardly get along,—sharp stones that cut their feet like knives! None of your Bassee Pyrenees for me.'

'You are exceedingly rude,' exclaimed Jules, wounded both in his personal dignity and in his patriotic feelings.

'And you are a young scapegrace.'

This insult so deeply roused the ire of Madame Bertrand's nephew that he could scarcely contain himself, and a very animated repartee was about to lead the way to direct hostilities, when fortunately for the cause of peace, M. le Baron and his granddaughter appeared at that moment, and came up to the carriage. Jules withdrew to a little distance, with flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes, and his cap firmly drawn over his knitted brows. Alice recognised him, however, and the caleche, detained an instant by a cart in the way, moved slowly forward, she made him a gracious bow, and said as she passed, 'We are

very much obliged to you, sir, for the trouble you have kindly taken."

"Ah, my dear friend," he returned, "the fair traveller's salutation! How weak a man is when a woman is in question! To be softened by a look, by a smile, Enchantress! syren! witch! I was bursting with rage a moment ago, and with a few words she has appeased me. Not that she is really as handsome as Madlle. Rose.—She has not half so fine a colour. To think that that old wretch of a coachman would not let out their names. Well, at all events, they are Barons; it is something to have found that out. I must go and boast of my discovery to Madlle. Rose. She is in sad trouble to-day, poor dear little thing. I fancy she has got altogether into a scrape. Her cousin was eyeing her for all the world like Bluebeard at the Marionettes, and M. Andre turned his back upon her. I saw she could hardly keep from crying. It is very fortunate that I am not in love with her, for if I was in love I should be jealous, and if I was jealous I should torment her also, poor dear, good little Madlle. Rose. Oh, dear, how sad she seems! It is enough to break one's heart!"

CHAPTER V.

From the moment that Andre had disappeared and the travellers departed, Rose had tried to behave as usual, to smile and to talk as if nothing was the matter; but the attempt was a lame one. Her heart was so full, that she was constantly on the point of giving way. Henri had withdrawn a little from the vicinity of her stall, but he was still hovering about the market place. At one time she lost sight of him; but she was sitting smoking at a table before a cafe, and from thence contrived still to watch her with unremitting attention. At last the hour arrived when she was in the habit of leaving the market place. Jean Pierre, M. Dumont's stable boy, brought out the old horse and harnessed him to the cart.

"I am going home on foot," said Rose, as she gave the empty baskets into his charge.

"The weather looks bad, Madlle.; there is a storm coming on. Had you not better take your cloak with you?"

"Pooh! it won't rain. The clouds have been threatening all day, and nothing comes of them," and she walked off at a quick pace towards the Place Henri Quatre. When she arrived at the promenade which commands a view of all the valley of Pau, she sat down on one of the benches, clasped her hands round her knees, and fell into a deep train of thought. The wind was beginning to whistle amongst the branches of the old trees, and now and then large drops of rain fell, heavy, one by one,—the first of a thunder shower. Flashes of lightning, too, now and then illumined the dark clouds that had gathered round the mountain tops. But Rose neither saw the lightning, nor heard the wind. She was absorbed in thought. Covering her face with her hands, she murmured—

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! how unhappy I am!—How unkind, how cruel I have been to Andre. He must think me the most heartless girl in the world. Poor fellow, he came to me full of confidence in my affection, and well he might, too, to tell me of his—of our misfortune; he came expecting sympathy, and I behaved like a brute to him. No wonder he went away utterly disgusted. I dare say he did not see Henri, or guess at the reason of my conduct. I suppose he thought that, now that he is obliged to go away, I want to be let off my promise to him.—How silly it was to be so frightened, and yet I certainly did see something shining in Henri's hand. He was grasping it so tight, and he looked so strange. If he had killed Andre, oh, dear, how dreadful it would have been! It turns me cold to think of it. Such things have happened, too. That story, for instance that was in the newspapers the other day, of a man killed his sweetheart, and then blew his brains out. It has haunted me ever since Uncle Dumont read it out."

"It is beginning to rain," said a hoarse voice at her elbow! "make haste to go home."

"Mercy on me, Henri!" exclaimed Rose getting up and then sitting down again, her face flushed, and her eyes sparkling with indignation. "Leave me alone," she added with an imperious gesture.

"You will get wet to the skin."

"Leave me alone, I say. Have you not tormented me enough to-day? Are you determined not to leave me a moment's peace? I shall never, never forgive you. Andre, poor Andre!"

A groan escaped from the depths of Henri's heart. She took no heed of it. Her anger had forgotten the better of her fears, and she went on—

"I have made him miserable. He was wretched, and he came to me for sympathy and consolation. I love him, and I treated him shamefully."

"You love him?" ejaculated Henri in a faltering voice.

"Yes, I love him; and I hate you!"

"Rose, Rose, you do not mean what you are saying."

"Yes, I do. I will not submit any longer to your tyranny. Do you intend to go on as you have done, wanting to force me into marrying you, when I tell you—"

"Oh, don't tell me any more! Yesterday I did not know you loved him."

It was Henri who now forgot the storm, the wind, and the rain; who, as if stunned by an unexpected blow, remained stupid and motionless at the same place; while Rose moved away without another look or word. The waters of the Gave were swelling fast, the oaks of the park bending before the blast like the willows in a summer breeze; but in the young man's heart a tempest was raging wilder than the hurricane, more fierce than the storm. Passion and suffering took deep hold on those rude, earnest, energetic natures, unaccustomed to the refinements and untrammelled by the illusions of the imagination. He remained motionless on the bench where Rose had left him. His eyes wandered unconsciously over the broad landscape, overcast by the dim clouds that swept across the valley. The wind roared in his ears, but he saw nothing

save the white cottage of the De Vidals, half hidden among the trees; he heard but the words which had broken his heart, "I love him; and I hate you." But a sudden flash of vivid lightning immediately followed by a clap of thunder which shook the panes of glass in the adjoining houses, and was answered by the reverberating echoes of the distant mountains, roused him in an instant. "Rose, good God, Rose!" he exclaimed, as a man who wakes from a dream, and he ran towards the bridge from whence the whole pathway from Pau to Jurancon is visible. Rose was making her way with difficulty against the wind, which was right in her face. She was drenched with rain and slipping in the mud. After a while, turning her back to the storm, she leaned quite exhausted against the stem of a tree, the worst position she could have chosen; and worn out with the emotions of the day and the physical fatigue of battling with the hurricane, she gave way to tears. One moment more and Henri was by her side, throwing his great coat around her and lifting her up in his arms. There was a little rivulet to cross on the way home so swollen by the rains, that she could hardly have forded it alone. He carried her across as if she had weighed no heavier than a bird. When children, they had been accustomed to ford in this manner the little tributary brooks and streamlets of the Gave. Whether this thought came into her mind, or that the fear of the thunder storm had for the moment got the better of every other feeling, her anger no doubt a little abated.—Each time that the lightning flashed in her eyes she closed them with a little cry of terror, and on opening them again she perceived something glittering on Henri's bosom. Partly from fear, and partly from curiosity to ascertain the nature of the weapon which had so greatly alarmed her a short time previously, she drew a little aside the edge of his waistcoat. "Holy Virgin!" she ejaculated in an audible tone; "who would have thought it?" Two large tears fell on Henri's large rough hand. The weapon concealed in his breast was a crucifix. A few moments afterwards they reached home, and Rose was deposited by a bright vine-stick fire which Babet had just lighted. Whilst her clothes were drying and her aunt besetting her with questions, she perceived that Henri had disappeared, and she sank into a reverie. The thought of Andre, of his approaching departure, of her own folly, and the mistake she had made respecting Henri, were all crowding into her mind, and the words of Jasmin's song seemed ever and anon to be ringing in her ears:—

"To face the storm, to stem the wind,  
Believe me, Rose, a guardian find."

"Well, child, have you quite lost the use of your tongue?" said her aunt impatiently. "True, you have got wet through, but that is not such a misfortune when once you have your clothes dried, and that you are sitting by a good fire with a glass of hot wine and water. I don't see why you can't be a little conversible. Henri has drawn a good number, I hope?"

Rose, who somehow had never thought of inquiring, beat down over her face, drying her long locks of black hair, and at a loss what to answer. "I don't know, aunt," she answered, turning away her head.

"What, have you not heard? But where is he, that I may find out? You did not come home together, then?"

"Yes, part of the way we did; but, dear me, it was not the time to talk in the rain and with the thunder rolling over our heads."

"Holy Virgin, what a flash that was!" exclaimed Babet making the sign of the cross.—"Where is that boy? Why does not he come in and dry himself at the fire?" She went up to the window. "I declare he must be out of his mind, to be taking a walk in such weather as this. There he is pacing up and down the gravel walk as leisurely as if it was a beautiful evening."

"Leave him alone, aunt," said Rose pettishly. "He does not care about the rain. Where is my uncle?"

"At the stables. He went to scold Jean Pierre, for having let you come home on foot in the rain. Here he is."

"Ah, here you are, child. You have been pretty soaked, I expect. That idiot, Jean Pierre...."

"It is not his fault, uncle. He told me there would be a storm, but I would not listen to him."

"And my fourteen hundred francs, what news of them?"

"That little goose," cried Babet, "only fancy, brother...."

"Somebody said," interrupted Rose, who was recovering her wits, "that Henri had drawn a good number, but I cannot touch for it."

"Your son is there," said Babet, pointing to the window, "strolling about the garden in the pouring rain."

"No, he is gone now."

"What can he be about, that boy? I never saw such a set of stupid. And Jean Pierre, too, who does not think of ascertaining if his Master's son has drawn a good number or not; a pretty sort of niece, and a pretty sort of servant too. They eat you out of house and home, but as to caring about your affairs, you may as well expect the cat to do so."

"Henri would not have gone away if he had ever so bad a number," said Rose querulously.

"Ay, indeed! and my fourteen hundred francs. You care very little for them, I perceive. Perhaps you fancy that pieces of five francs are picked up as easily as blackberries."

"Indeed, I don't," said Rose, in the same tone of voice. "If I did I should set pretty quickly, uncle, to gather them."

"Oh, I see what it is, child. You are always banking after some bit of finery or other.—Well, how many five-franc pieces do you want?"

"Two hundred and eighty," said Rose doggedly.

"Is the child beside herself?" exclaimed Babet.

"No; no; she is chaffing her old uncle. Come, Rose, do you want a new bonnet?"

"No; I don't care about it."

"What is running in that foolish little head of yours?"

"Oh, many, many things."

"A ball dress, perhaps?"

"I have done with balls."

"Done with balls?" cried Babet, dropping her knitting; "that is queer. What has come over you, child?"

"Don't take up everything I say, aunt. It worries me."

"Are you ill, Rosy? You have caught cold perhaps. Come, let me put some warm cinders into your shoes, that will warm your feet."

"No, pray leave me alone, aunt. I am not cold."

"You are very cross then."

"I am sure I have enough to make me cross," Rose muttered between her teeth, and hiding her face in her hands, she leaned upon the table without speaking.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The Dublin correspondent of the Times, in anticipation of the promised debate on the subject, suggests a compromise by which the difficulty respecting the grant of a charter to the Catholic University might be obviated. The writer's words are:—The Catholic University might be chartered as a college to enable it to hold property, and make it a legally constituted corporation like the University College, London, but without the power of granting degrees. The degrees might be obtained from the Queen's University of Ireland for which purpose the students should submit to an examination in the arts and sciences necessary to qualify them for the secular professions. . . . Some such compromise seems to offer the only solution of the difficulty, for the State can no more empower the hierarchical government of the Catholic University to grant academic degrees for the secular professions than the Pope can be expected to give his sanction to the Queen's Colleges."

(The correspondent has, no doubt, been officially instructed to write thus.)

THE TENANT CAUSE IN THE PARLIAMENT.—The opinions of Judge Longfield carry the weight to which great professional eminence, extensive information, integrity of purpose, and practical acquaintance with the social condition of Ireland are entitled. The land question has been one of his studies, and he has thoroughly mastered its many complications. Out of the multitude of details he has evolved a few plain principles, and though landlords are so much attached to precedent, where it tells in their favour, as to negative any departure from the existing system, they learn to appreciate the importance of such views, as Judge Longfield's, and the probability that their legislative adoption would ensure as much to the interest of the landlord as the tenant. As head of the Landed Estates Court, he is well acquainted with the state of Irish property. So he is no ideologist on the subject. Mr. Maguire's Committee summoned him first to councils. His evidence is very important. The promptitude with which he combated the smartness of some members of the committee showed that this grave judge was as ready as he was profound. The general result of his experience, which covered the whole country, was that landlords and tenants were equally backward in expending capital on permanent improvements: Such improvements as were made by the tenants. He believed some legislative measure was necessary. He would not rely on the Ulster custom which, he thought, operates as a bonus to bad landlords in which he agrees with Lord Dufferin. Well, what remedy would he propose? Simply to give the tenant the full existing value of his improvements at the expiration of this lease. He contemplated two things to stimulate Irish agriculture and the expenditure of capital—first, a lease, and secondly, the full value of the improvements when the lease was at an end. He thought a 21 years' lease, with good covenants and compensation, would give general satisfaction, but he would not sanction the indiscriminate use of such leases. He would give them only where the tenant occupied twenty acres of good land, unless in cases where land was close to a town. He was very decided about the lease, for on that depended the second remedy, that the tenant should have the full value of his improvements when the lease expired. If the tenant effected no permanent benefit to the estate, he would get nothing. As disputes might arise between landlord and tenant about the desirability of making certain improvements, he would refer such vexed questions to the Quarter Sessions, and lay the *onus probandi* on the tenant—that is, the tenant should prove, to the satisfaction of the court, that the improvement would benefit the estate. The appeal would give the tenant an opportunity to have his case inquired into, should the landlord be neglectful enough or stupid enough to pooh pooh his application. The payment of the value of the improvements should be made in what Judge Longfield calls "hard cash," or else a lease for another 21 years at the same rent. Landlords would find little difficulty in providing pecuniary compensation, because they could charge the estate with the amount, while their incomes would remain the same. Mr. Lowe threw out that the Court of Appeal would be a tribunal of landlords, and therefore adverse to the tenant. Judge Longfield suggested it because it was cheap and accessible. As there must be some court of appeal, we consider the Quarter Sessions the best, because the least expensive and most expeditious. Mr. Lowe also thought the privilege of open contract should not be disturbed. Judge Longfield was of a different opinion. When the country was lying waste for the want of a compulsory power, he would introduce such a provision to meet the special case and circumstances of the country. In reply to a question by Mr. Forster, whether it was not a fact that tenants will not improve their rests should be raised, Judge Longfield said that was the case. Every person acquainted with the tenure of land in Ireland knows such to be the fact. There is very little confidence between the landlord and tenant, and Judge Longfield illustrates it very forcibly in the part of his evidence referring to the right of appeal. Suppose, he says the tenant has swampy, undrained land, and applies to the landlord to assist him. The landlord might say—and in hundreds of cases has said—"I don't care whether you improve it or not; but as you must improve to make money out of land, I will make you pay the rent in any case." Judge Longfield would abolish altogether the right of distress, placing the landlord on the same level with other creditors. Sir Robert Peel asked if the right of distress were abolished, how could the landlord recover his rent? Judge Longfield is reported to have said he could not recover, but as an equivalent for the loss the process of ejectment might be facilitated. The effect would be that the landlords would select good tenants which would render rent distress unnecessary. Why could not the landlord recover his rent by action, like any other creditor? If he be shut out from a distress, he is not from the courts of law. Indeed, distress for rent is now rarely resorted to. Pennies are falling into desuetude, and arrears are less frequent. We do not see how ejectments could be more facilitated than they are at present. Whatever protection the tenant had under the old law, in compelling the landlord to sue in the superior courts, is gone—and, except where the title is disputed, the Quarter Sessions places the tenant at the mercy of the landlord with little trouble and expense. Recovery of possession is now so easy and simple as to require no greater facilities than landlords at present possess. Lord Naas objected, to the line of examination relative to the law of distress. The question was not within scope of their inquiry, and Sir Robert Peel, who raised it, was irregular. The mem-

ber for Cockermouth then moved then moved to expunge all the evidence bearing on the question. Room cleared, but, on re-admission, Sir Robert continued his examination. Hence we infer that the majority of the Committee ruled in favour of the rejection of evidence. Mr. George, who is a great landlord authority, summed up for Judge Longfield the substance of his evidence thus—"You would absolutely take away the veto of the landlord in the improvements he might be indisposed to sanction." Judge Longfield denied the accuracy of the summary, but if a landlord from caprice refused his sanction to reasonable improvements, an appeal to Quarter Sessions would be no violation of what were termed the natural rights of property. The evidence of so eminent a man, and the manner in which it was given, strengthened the position of the tenants' friends in the committee. The next witness will be Lord Dufferin.—*Freeman*.

THE WOMEN OF IRELAND.—As usual, the boys in both these schools (at Bantury) were not so well dressed as the girls, but they were not merely decent, but even very neatly dressed, their skins clean, their hair in good order; and among them many children of extraordinary beauty. This last observation is equally applicable to all the schools visited by me in the south of Ireland, as well as the children seen in the cottages, and even to the beggars; the beauty of the female children, in particular being very striking. They uniformly wear their hair very thick, and in great profusion—black, golden, and faxen; and when this huge rounded mass is kept within due bounds and in proper trim, as is generally the case in the schools, it gives a romantic and poetical expression to the head and face which greatly enhances the effect of their bright black eyes and elegant features. I may add that the beauty of the children is by no means evanescent, as it is found abundantly, though not in quite so great a degree, among the grown up young women throughout the south and west of Ireland. This comeliness, if not general was certainly frequent, and in individual specimens, attained the standard of almost faultless beauty—and this is not merely in feature, but in form and deportment also. It was no slight pleasure to meet one of those rustic maidens of a morning tripping joyously along the turf, in her bright coloured shawl, with her small and well-shaped feet and ankles unfettered by shoes or stockings, with her lithe upright carriage, and her profuse glossy and well-arranged locks; and this pleasure was not a little enhanced when a salutation or a question brought out, as it once did, her modest smile and her pretty brogue. It is another tribute justly due to the young women of Ireland, to record their singular decorum and modesty of demeanour, and their general propriety of conduct. I do not hesitate for a moment in giving to them decidedly the palm, in these particulars, over the rustic damsels of both England and Scotland.—*Dr. Forbes*.

ERIN GO BRAGH!—About what time did this cry become popular in Ireland? From the expression in Bishop Stock's 'Narrative of what passed at Killala during the French invasion in the summer of 1793, it would appear to have been a novelty at that period. The bishop, in describing the forcible occupation of his own episcopal residence, the Castle of Killala, by the Irish who rushed to support the French force, says:—"A green flag was mounted over the Castle gate, with an inscription, 'Erin-go-Bragh' importing, as I am told, 'Ireland for ever.'" Hence it would appear to have been new to him. Campbell in his song of the 'Exile of Erin,' would imply that it had long been a national melody—

"The day star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once in the pride of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-Bragh!"

And again:—

"To cover my harp with the wild wren flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-Bragh."  
But there has not, within my memory, been any popular air, so called—certainly none so nationally accepted as 'Garryowen,' or 'Patrick's Day.' Erin-go-Bragh would seem to be a war cry rather than the refrain of a national tune; and it would be interesting to know whether there is any record of it earlier than the brief notice by the Bishop of Killala.—*Notes and Queries*.

Moste-park, the beautiful seat of Lord Crofton, has been totally destroyed by fire. About 1 o'clock yesterday morning the discovery was first made that the house was on fire, and notwithstanding that every assistance in their power was rendered by the constabulary and the tenants on the estate, the fine mansion was entirely consumed, nearly all the furniture and many objects of great value having been destroyed. The house is said to be insured for a considerable amount. Happily no accidents took place.

The prize of ten guineas recently offered by the conductors of the *Orchestra*, a London musical journal of high repute, to the composer of the best setting for voice and piano, of the words furnished in the columns of the journal itself.—'Far Away on the Billow,' has been adjudged to Dr. Robert P. Stewart, an Irishman.

The *Cork Examiner* has the following with regard to the continued emigration to this country:—"There was the usual weekly despatch of emigrants for New York by the National Steamship company, on May 19th, from Queenstown. The *Louisiana* was the outgoing steamer of the line; she had about 500 on board from Liverpool, 200 were to embark here, and nearly 500 others had to remain behind. The complement for the next two human steamers have already been made up. There is a large exodus at present from Berehaven, Skibbereen, Clonakilty, and the west of this county generally; Kerry still contributes much more than her share, and Limerick sends a large proportion of the emigrants. They are now of a much more respectable class than the emigrants of previous years."

A NEW CANDIDATE FOR TIPPERARY.—The *Solicitors Journal* has the following election on duty—"It is rumoured that Mr. Morgan John O'Connell, of Gray's Inn and the Home Circuit, son of Mr. John O'Connell of Grenn, and nephew of the Liberator, will contest the County of Tipperary, in company with Mr. Moore, at the general election. Some years ago Mr. O'Connell set for his native county, Kerry. His recent marriage with the daughter of Mr. Charles Bianconi connects him with Tipperary. It was rumoured not long since that he had visited Cork with a view to sounding the temper of that constituency for a new candidate."

The *London News* alludes to one of the plagues of Ireland in this wise:—

The emigration from Ireland has turned loose hundreds of thousands of dogs to become wild. One member reckons the Irish dogs at a million another at a million and a half; and Sir R. Peel at two millions. These vagrant dogs worry sheep, and cattle, and pigs, communicate vermin to them, spoil their health and their repose, hinder their fattening, and kill off the sheep by thousands in a year. The sheep killed outright and reported to the police were 6,147 in 1864; and in an incalculable number of cases the police are not appealed to at all—so small have hitherto been the chances of redress. One terrible feature of the case is the progressive increase of fatal cases of hydrophobia in Ireland, as we learn from Professor Gamgee.

On the morning of May 5, the body of a female was found on the strand of Ballyduffy. An inquest was held on the following day; but as the body could not be identified, and no evidence respecting it was forthcoming, an open verdict of "found drowned" was returned. It was supposed, from the circumstance, that two gold rings were upon the fingers and a gold chain round her neck; that this was the body of the wife of Captain Lonstar; lost from on board the *Teazer*, of Google, recently wrecked on the North Bank.—*Wexford People*.

FENIANISM IN THE QUEEN'S COUNTY.—While it is to be regretted that there are persons to be found who will lend themselves to the promotion of secret societies, designed to effect illegal objects, it is very gratifying to observe that the clergy are endeavoring to persuade their flock not to participate in such organizations. From what we have heard from most reliable sources there is reason to believe that a spirit of Fenianism exists in the Queen's County, although there has been no public disclosure or manifestation made on the part of its supporters to show that members of its body actually exist in our district. One or two Sundays ago a respected Roman Catholic curate of one of the parish chapels, having celebrated Mass, delivered a very impressive discourse to the members of his congregation, in the course of which he urged upon them to keep aloof from all illegal societies, and specially called their attention to the Fenians, whose agents he observed were in the neighbourhood, endeavoring to entrap the unwary, and thus bring them within the power of the law, which was strong enough to finally uproot all such societies that existed in the country. Observations such as these are strong *prima facie* evidence that Fenianism does exist in the Queen's County; but we trust—for the sake of the well-disposed inhabitants—that those who have been foolishly enough to engage in it will adopt the advice of the Rev. gentleman, and cease to be connected with any organization that must end in their ruin should "the strong arm of the law" lay hold upon them.—*Leinster Express*.

We must all rejoice to hear that the population of Ireland is increasing—at least if you believe the statisticians of that pious body known as the 'Irish Church Missions Society'; for I confess I do not find anything in the Government returns calculated to create such a belief. They impress you with the fact that the population is diminishing rapidly, under the beneficent operations of Irish landlordism, which is (as the Yankees say of their own treatment of the Indians) 'improving the population of the face of the soil.'

Nevertheless, if the 'Irish Church Missions Society' be an honest Christian Association, and not a rascally fraud and swindle, the population must be increasing miraculously in some part of Ireland. I strolled into St. James's Hall recently, during a meeting of the Society held in that place; and I was astonished to hear the right rev. chairman coolly affirm, amongst other miraculous examples of the working of the Society, that it had converted 'several thousand persons in Dingle.' Now, when I was acquainted with Dingle, and that not very long ago, it was a small watering place, a mere village on the south coast of Kerry; and I should be talking 'tall' if I spoke of its population as 'several hundreds.' This 'several' is a mighty big word; and 'several thousands' would be an appropriate phrase when speaking generally of the entire population of the county of Kerry. Nevertheless, the virtuous 'Irish Church Missions Society' has continued to multiply the few hundred Catholics of Dingle into 'several thousand' Protestant converts; a feat which, if it did not sound irreverent, I would say beat the miracle of the loaves and fishes follow. I am afraid that the Bible, in its noble simplicity of language, would call these precious missionaries of soap, 'a generation of liars.' The special advantage and safety of lying like this is that the old women of both sexes who listen to it here in London have not the remotest idea where or what Dingle is—a country, a town, a mountain, or a river. They are like the late Duke of Newcastle, who, when he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, had never heard of Oastlebar.

Talking of these missions, it is marvellous what revelations the 'May Meetings' now going on, make of the pious folly of certain classes of wealthy people in England. The yearly revenues of the Societies who hold their annual meetings this month, considerably exceed One Million Four hundred thousand, or thereabouts. There are missionaries everywhere, in every quarter of the globe, associations and printing establishments. Vast staffs are kept up, countless tracts and Bibles printed, and clerical actors, in splendid wind, keep up the annual enthusiasm with the wildest and most fanciful orations. But at none of these meetings is a single fact produced to show that any progress is made, any value got, for all the money wasted. The reports are full of cant and slang about good seed, and blessings on their labours, and the spread of the Word; but the foolish people who are gulled out of their money are never told where a convert has been made, or a body of Christians are established. Having nothing to tell, the promoters of these Societies hold their tongues, or make up for it by abusing Popes, priests, and Jesuits. In fact, most of these Societies seem to be got up chiefly to provide rich feeding, sleek black coats and fine linen, for a gang of people who, if condemned to earn their bread in any ordinary way of common honesty, would probably starve or die in the workhouse. And that's the way the money goes.

And whilst these people are making the pockets of fools under the pretence of enlightening Niggers and Zulus in Asia, there are, we learn, a million of children in London alone, who have never entered a church or a school, to whom religion is a meaningless word, and who know not of a God. The Government returns give astounding examples of this mental and spiritual darkness. A growing boy, living in a poor London street, had never heard of the Queen, had no idea who she was or what the word meant; another did not know the meaning of 'a field,' had never seen one, and could not conceive what the country was like; a girl working in a London factory, amid crowded courts and filthy lanes, had never seen or heard of the river Thames, had no notion what a river was, and could not form any conception of the meaning of the word 'ship,' and so on, in thousands of cases. As for 'religion' and 'God,' these poor animals had never heard the words. Within a stone's throw of Exeter Hall there are thousands of human beings sunk in the lowest depths of squalor, vice, and brutal ignorance; but the millions of money flow out of Exeter Hall to the mythical Nigger or Zulu, and no regard is paid to the unhappy 'Anglo-Saxon' heathen. 'I say, mate,' observed one miner down in Staffordshire to another, after they had been comparing notes as to who God was, 'I wonder if that there God Almighty died who'd take his place?' 'Aw dunnno, swm swm, mate,' was the intelligent answer, 'unless 'tuld be Lord Doodley.' Lord Dudley is the owner of the mines, and, in the belief of these intelligent 'Anglo-Saxon' miners, the greatest man in the world. But there are no missionaries among those poor brutes—they are too near home to be interesting to the lovers of the Nigger.—*Correspondent of the Dublin Irishman*.

At a late meeting of the Dundalk Board of Guardians, application was made, in the usual way, for out-door relief for a sick man, his wife and nine children, who were all in great want. One of the guardians expressed an opinion that he thought five shillings a week little enough for them! Another said that sum was rather small for eleven mouths! The sum of six shillings per week was allowed, which was less than one penny per day for the support of each person!—*Freeman*.

A large meeting of the directors of the Meath Railway Company was held lately in London, when the sum of £40,000 was voted to the Navan and Kingscourt line.

Sir Thomas Staples, father of the Irish Bar, died lately, having nearly completed his 90th year. He was the last member of the House of Commons, in which assembly he sat for the borough of Coleraine, subsequently for Knocktopher, County Kilkenny. He voted against the Union. His nephew, Nathaniel Alexander Staples, who was born in 1817, succeeds to the baronetcy.

Great destitution is reported to exist amongst the poor of Achill Island.

The Freeman's Journal reports a shocking case of murder at Bruff, in the county of Limerick. Messrs. Franks, R.M., and Mr. O. Smith, have held repeated private investigations consequent upon an inquest on the body of Catherine Galvin, who was found dead in an outhouse. It appeared from the evidence of Dr. Bennett, of Bruff, that previous to death a gross violation had been perpetrated, and that great resistance was made. On information received by the police two men, named Michael O'Brien and John Kennedy, were arrested on the 9th ult. On the final examination, on the 16th inst., both prisoners were committed for trial at the next Assizes. They were labourers in the employment of Mr. Smith.

MANUFACTURES FOR IRELAND.—Mr. Orrell Lever, M.P. for Galway, has proposed a scheme for employing the Irish labouring class, by erecting ten large factories in the country, and providing a fund of £1,000,000 sterling to put and keep them in motion. He calculates that directly and indirectly 500,000 persons will receive employment by this means, and that the exhausting emigration will be brought to a close. The goods to be manufactured are cotton, and a stuff composed partly of cotton and flax. It has been tried, it appears, for the past thirty years, and has turned out an excellent article, and we understand that a market can be found for more than we can make, in Southern latitudes.

The parties who will provide the skill and most of the cash are English manufacturers, but Ireland will be asked to take 10,000 shares of £20 each, amounting in all to £200,000. This is a large sum, but if it does all the good for the country that is stated, it would not be wise for Irishmen to refuse parting with it. At the same time care should be taken that the scheme would not turn out like the Galway and American line of steamers, which has done so much damage to those who invested their money in that company.

There is no doubt at all that one of the great causes of the emigration from this country is want of remunerative employment. When men can't get work at home they must seek for it abroad, and thus the Irish labourers are compelled to emigrate to other countries, where they amass wealth for those who employ them. It is labour that enriches all nations, and it is because Ireland has not provided her working people with employment at manufactures, that many of them are obliged to leave their native land. Every one who goes is a customer lost to the shopkeeper, and a certain loss to the country. But if this new scheme now proposed becomes a reality it may be the means of doing vast good to all classes of our people. Foolish indeed was that policy which drove the young and healthy out of the country, instead of employing them as useful labor. But it is well even now to discover the error, and make a commencement in manufacturing industry. Let us hope that the new scheme will be successful, and that it will improve the condition of our ill-used and neglected people.

It will give a great stimulus to the growth of flax, for which Ireland is so well suited. And with regard to this crop, we regret to hear that there is not so much sown this year as in 1864. Persons who mismanaged it last year, by not watering it properly thought it was 'too troublesome,' and they went back to the growing of unprofitable oats, and barley. Still however, a great breadth of land has been sown with flax, and if the new manufactures are established, a large increase in its growth must be the consequence. What Ireland most requires is profitable labor for her people, and we trust the time has arrived when there will be little or no idle hands in the country. — Dundalk Democrat.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Manchester politicians appear unable to understand that the lesson of the American War has yet to be read. Mr. Forster persists in regarding the whole spectacle as concluded. He thinks the curtain has fallen upon the drama, and that nothing now remains but to moralize on the plot and the catastrophe. To this business, therefore, he proceeds, and in his reflections he is certainly as candid and outspoken as could be wished. The war was a contest between Democracy and Aristocracy, and Democracy has triumphed gloriously. All the dolorous predictions about the collapse of popular institutions have been falsified; all that was maintained on behalf of such principles has been confirmed. We beg to suggest that this is going too fast, and that the theory itself is rather an awkward one for politicians of Mr. Forster's school. If this great Civil War did represent, as was doubtless believed, a conflict between Aristocracy and Democracy, the necessary conclusions are very significant. Upon this view of the case it is clear that Democracy is as far from perfection as any other form of Government. It did not prevent a fourth part of the whole body of American citizens from conceiving a bitter hatred against the institutions under which they lived. It did not prevent this minority from rising in desperate insurrection against the established Government, and maintaining the rebellion through four years of sanguinary war. It did not prevent the majority from accepting the issue, and resorting to arms for the suppression of all resistance to their authority. It did not prevent them from waging this war on the most terrible and costly scale, or from incurring a public debt unparalleled in magnitude. We do not here enter into any criticism of this policy. We simply mean to say that all the evils of intestine strife, civil war, and ruinous expenditure have, as a matter of fact, occurred under a purely Democratic Government. More could not have occurred under the most absolute despotism. Mr. Forster now claims it as a triumph for Democratic principles that the majority succeeded in violently putting down the minority. We think the event rather proves that human passions are exactly the same under all forms of Government, and that political unanimity is no more insured by universal suffrage than by autocratic power. Except on condition of utterly and publicly forsaking the political faith for which they have so bravely fought, no Southern citizens are to be allowed to practise any licensed trade or profession. What is more, and is, we think, a novelty in any ordinances, no man can lawfully marry, nor any clergyman lawfully perform the marriage ceremony, until priest and bridegroom together have taken the Federal oath of allegiance. There was something like this in the worst times of Ireland, but it applied rather to religion than politics. No doubt the Federalists will be placable enough in the mass to all who will unreservedly profess Federal principles, but that is no more than an autocrat might do under similar circumstances.

We cannot see that Democracy in America has hitherto done better than Aristocracy in Europe. That it has not done worse may be admitted; in fact, it has done precisely the same. It has rigorously and by force of arms put down all political opposition and insisted upon unqualified predominance. It has suppressed a revolution just as a revolution might be suppressed in any State of the Old World—at all hazards and without regard to cost. Hitherto it has certainly not shown itself blood-thirsty or vindictive, but its trial in this respect is as yet unfinished. President Lincoln undoubtedly betrayed no 'weakness' in dealing with a rebellion against his authority, but neither did the Emperor of Russia. The utmost that can be said for the Federalists—and it is said with a good deal of unctious by Mr. Forster and his friends—is that a Democratic Government can be as unflinching in maintaining its authority over those who wish to escape from it as any despotism in the world. This is quite true, but it is true also that Democracy has no immunity from such trials. What former eulogues of Democracy would have lost us to expect was that under purely popular institutions the trial could never have occurred. The doctrine at the bottom of all these arguments

is probably this,—that whereas an insurrection against Democracy is unnatural and abominable, the Poles or the Hungarians had a right to rebel; the Confederates had none. No citizen was entitled to be disfranchised by a Government based upon universal suffrage and Democratic liberty. But the fact is, according to Mr. Forster's own theory, that this disfranchisement was conceived and was expressed in the form of violent and most determined rebellion. No people have ever shown a greater fervor of political conviction than those six millions of American citizens who rose in arms against American principles of government. Greeks did not fight more desperately against Turks, nor Circassians against Russians, than Confederates fought against Federalists. Democracy, it is clear, can create political animosities as bitter as are engendered under any other institutions, and Republicans, it is equally clear, are as resolute as any other people in suppressing such differences of opinion. This is what we conceive to be the lesson of the American War as far as it has yet been taught; but much more remains to be done. The Democratic majority, being three to one, has at last crushed the so-called Aristocratic minority. — Times.

There is no question but that the Federal Government is urgently pressing upon that of England its demand for compensation for the captures made by the confederate cruisers. Those who in the interest of the United States, have affected to contradict our announcement of this fact have virtually admitted its accuracy; and we have none the less reason to doubt that Mr. Johnson is carrying out the policy long ago avowed by his predecessor, of taking the first convenient occasion to enforce a claim which, during the continuance of the war, it was not thought safe to urge in too imperative a tone. So long as the confederate states were able to hold their own and give full employment to all the forces of the North, it was not convenient to push matters to that point at which either a retraction or quarrel with England must have ensued. But Mr. Seward never withdrew his demands; on the contrary, it is said that as each new capture of the Alabama or the Shenandoah was announced, and the value of the prize estimated, Mr. Adams sent into the foreign office a formal claim for the amount. And while refraining for the time from insisting on payment, he distinctly warned Lord Russell that at a more suitable moment his government would take measures to extort it. To France, or to any country whose government was capable of acting with courage and foresight, the United States would never have addressed such a menace. To tell a neutral, that should they be successful in the war then raging, he should be the next object of attack, would, in any other case, have been to convert the threatened power into an enemy. But Mr. Seward had taken the measure of the British ministry, and was well aware that no threats and no insults would provoke them to anticipate, no matter at what advantage, the dreaded hour of the inevitable rupture with the United States. He knew that he might menace with perfect impunity, and wait his own time for putting his menace into execution, without the slightest fear that our government, seeing a quarrel to be imminent, would choose to quarrel while the enemy's hands were full. His time has now come. The South, abandoned and betrayed, has succumbed to overwhelming numbers. The North has enjoyed for four years all the benefits of virtual alliance with the British government, and has drawn from the Queen's dominions that large and constant supply of recruits which has secured to it the victory. Now, having no further need of our assistance, and no enemy whom we might support and save, the Federal Government feels itself strong enough to quarrel with us if we need be, and repeats demands to which England long ago returned a sharp and decisive refusal. These demands are in themselves preposterous in the extreme. Yet no one can feel sure that they will meet with a fitting reply. True, the law officers of the Crown have given a decided opinion against it. True Lord Russell has pre-emptively refused to entertain it and desired that he might hear no more of claims which he could never dream of conceding. But this was while Richmond was standing; while the confederacy was powerful and was expected to maintain its independence, and while the United States had no surplus force at their disposal. Circumstances after cases, and in the present aspect of affairs we think it very likely that Lord Russell may consider the demands which, two years ago, he refused to entertain, in a very different light. It is necessary, therefore, to call public attention to a matter in which something much more precious than the consistency of the cabinet or a legal reputation of the law officers is involved. The claim is notoriously plain. While it seemed safe to disregard it, it was threatened with supercilious disdain, and rejected without the slightest hesitation. To entertain it now would be obviously to yield to menace what was refused to exposure; to concede to strength what was denied to comparative weakness; and so palpable a submission to forcible injustice on the part of so great a power as England would involve a loss of prestige, honor, and character, such as would not be incurred by a disastrous war, and such as a successful war could not retrieve. Those who do not feel implicit confidence in the courage and constancy of Lord John Russell, will do well to watch him vigilantly, and insist on ample and timely disclosures, lest when it is too late, the honor of England should prove to have been fatally tarnished while in his keeping. — London Standard.

The inevitable moment is rapidly approaching when we shall have to abandon a policy of expediency for one of definite and determined character. In every man's experience, however amiable, there occurs a moment when he must say 'No' and in like manner when great nations, to use our Transatlantic cousins' phrase, are 'cornered,' they must give a definite answer. Within the last few days we have been definitely asked by the Cabinet of Washington to pay an indemnity for the depredations of the Alabama and other vessels which, escaping our vigilance, cleared from English ports, and then under the Confederate flag inflicted severe damage upon the commerce of the Federals. To this demand our reply is that our conscience is clear, that the law is patent, and that as we do not owe we do not intend to pay one shilling of the damages sought for. The Yankee rejoinder is that we did the mischief and that we shall be compelled to pay. Hence arises a remarkably unpleasant question. Another question not easy of solution springs from the demands for the extradition of Southerners, or so-called rebels, which the United States are making upon upon Canada. This matter, however, has not as yet reached a stage at which the influence of passion and injustice over reason and right is openly proclaimed. The Government of President Johnson affects in some affairs a virtue which it does not pretend in others. Fair speech is still held toward France, and while the recruiting offices of New York enlist troops of immigrants every day for the armed colonization of Mexico, under the auspices of Jurez, the Cabinet of the Tuilleries is assured that the U. States will countenance no violation of international law. We need, nevertheless, but cast a cursory glance over the most recent telegrams to perceive that an immediate invasion of Mexico is contemplated, and we have only to reflect for one moment upon the tone and temper of the American Government to feel certain that our turn must shortly come. The calculation probably is that England will not help the French, and that therefore they are to be dealt with first; and that subsequently the long due vengeance upon the British flag may be carried out when we are thoroughly isolated. The peace of the world seems therefore to depend at this moment upon the firm joint action of England and France. Without committing ourselves to the policy of our neighbors in Mexico it will be easy to let the United States understand that the two great Western Powers of Europe are one as to their mode of regarding international obligations and the sacredness of public

law. If this conviction be at once conveyed thoroughly home to the perception of American statesmen, we feel confident that they will not only pass before they commit themselves to an indefinite conflict, but that their practical common sense will recoil from the dangers with which their country would be menaced by the combination of the two greatest naval and military Powers of the world, whose alliance, offensive and defensive, offers the best security for the welfare of mankind. — London Owl.

Nothing in the whole course of the American war has so shocked the consciences of sober men as the rabid language that has been heard from the Northern pulpits, and the fierce imprecations that have proceeded from the worshippers. This system of waging war has antiquity on its side, and many plead the precedent of Balak or even of the Judges of Israel. Indeed the New England fathers of to-day are merely following their Puritan forefathers, reviving the notion, that their sword is 'the sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' that they are 'the saints who have been called to go in and possess the land of the heathen.' In this spirit the New York Herald has said: 'A Joshua was to Moses, so we expect Andrew Johnson to be as the successor of Abraham Lincoln. We expect him to take up the mantle of the great leader of Israel, and to conduct his people triumphantly into the occupation of the promised land. He has been brought to the border like Joshua, and has only to enter in and take possession.' — Perhaps we can afford to laugh at such eccentricities, and may imagine that they run in the blood of New England. Moreover, we can see much worldly wisdom in this cant. The genius of Cromwell discerned that by inspiring the idea of a religious war, in which victory was the triumph of God, and death the passport to heaven, he could banish even the conception of fear, and add the strength of fanaticism to the force of courage. The success of Mohammed was accomplished by precisely the same method. If then the matter stopped here, it would be enough to despise the hypocrisy or admire the craft of Parson Brownlow or Anna Dickinson. They in this life are dealing with the living, and their practices are sufficiently condemned with such epithets as offensive or absurd. There is an other feature in the conduct of war Christians in the North, which defies the breadth and depth of human language. — The bounds of patience are reached, even when the words 'traitor,' 'miscreant,' and 'rebel' have reference only to the things that be. But these men have overleaped all restraint. It is not merely that isolated individuals, applauded by listening masses, have spoken of the rights of Southern men as confined to 'hanging here and damnation hereafter.' — A more terrible example of human presumption is at hand, and such an one as the whole history of human wickedness cannot parallel. — London Index.

We read in the Scotsman (a Protestant paper): — South Queensferry was on Sunday afternoon last the scene of a disgraceful disturbance, occasioned by the district missionary, and two lay preachers from Edinburgh, having taken up a position at a part of the town which is principally inhabited by Irishmen of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and there began to expound their doctrines, and denounce the creed of the Church of Rome. The Catholics taking offence at this, turned out in large numbers on the street, and commenced hooting and yelling in a furious manner. Matters assuming a rather serious aspect, the police were obliged to interfere. They requested the preachers to desist, which request was, however, met with a flat refusal; and, setting the authorities at defiance, the preachers continued to harangue the mob for a considerable time, amid much tumult and uproar. At length, fearing that the Catholics would proceed to inflict summary vengeance on them, the preachers made their exit, amid shouts and derisive cheers of the mob. It will be remembered that the late Queensferry riot owed its origin to a similar cause, and it might be well for the public peace if the authorities would take measures to prevent a recurrence of such unseemly outbreaks as these. We cannot blame 'Irishmen' for summarily ejecting the persons in question. Paid emissaries come into quarters inhabited by Catholics and there vociferate their foul mouthed blasphemies against God, the Blessed Virgin, the saints, the sacraments, the church, and whatever else is holiest and dearest to believers. Being for the most part apostates themselves, these wretched tools of heresy know but too well how to lacerate the tenderest chords in the Catholic heart. It is their vociferation, and they have sold themselves to Satan, and they earn their pay. It is hard to bear. To endure the nuisance and the insult of a hired rascal calling himself a 'district missionary,' or a 'lay preacher,' abusing your religion in loud and vulgar tones at your very door, is almost too much for human nature. The breach of the peace (if any) committed in abating such nuisance is excusable for the law ought to protect the lieges against such outrages, and if it do not, they are perfectly justified in taking the law into their own hands. The misfortune is, that in doing so, they can hardly avoid, in a country like this, exciting public sympathy to some extent on the side of the aggressors. This is the trap laid for Catholics by those who pay and send out 'district missionaries' and 'lay preachers.' The desired effect of such ministrations is not conversion, which does not take place, and is not expected; but a riot, which does take place. The riot of course canonizes the swaddlers, and (what is of still greater importance) keep up the odium against Catholics. This last we believe to be the one great end of all such proceedings. To sustain the unpopularity of Catholicism and thereby to prevent conversions is now the one great object of the 'No-Popery' zealots. How to defeat it? Let the swaddlers be 'severely let alone.' Allow them to wait their sweetness on the desert air. Heed them not; pass 'them by as if they did not exist; or as if you yourselves were deaf, dumb, or blind. Thus they will be like a swimmer upon dry land, or like a bird attempting to fly under the exhausted receiver of the air-pump. Without your co-operation as audience or as combatants, they must become not only ineffective, but ridiculous. Refuse to listen to them and you take away their occupation and their salary. Mr. John Hope, writer to the Signet, and paymaster to the swaddlers of Edinburgh, will soon weary of drawing cheques for 'district missionaries' if the said missionaries fail to get together a congregation of Irish Roman Catholics, and cannot even, by their choicest blasphemies, prevail on the Roman Catholics to hoot or pelt them.

EXCOMMUNICATION REVIVED.—There has recently been a dispute among the Benedictines in Bristol, two of the brethren being accused of drunkenness and interrupting the prior — an imputation which, however, they have both denied, asserting that they were simply protesting against certain innovations which the prior had introduced into what they believed to be the ritual service of the Brotherhood. In consequence of these proceedings, an application was made by the prior of the Third Order Meeting in Bristol (Prior Cyprinus) to the Prior of the Order, Father Ignatius, at Norwich, and it was generally understood that the Rev. Father would prescribe penance for the recusants, and in default of their compliance excommunicate them. The excommunication took place on Thursday night after the ordinary vespers service. The altar was then draped in black, and previous to the excommunication, the details of which had been sent down by Father Ignatius in a lengthy document, the lights were extinguished. This was a part of the arrangements prescribed, and immediately it took there were some hisses from the spectators. These were quickly silenced by a rebuke from the prior, Brother Cyprinus, and the event of the evening then commenced, the excommunication being conducted by the prior. The sentence of excommunication was preceded by a pastoral to the prior and Brethren. The document began as follows:—Ignatius, Superior of the English Convent of Blessed St. Benedict, Father of the

Monks, to his most dear children in the Lord Jesus and St. Benedict, tarrying in Bristol or near thereto, greeting! The pastoral follows, it being dated from Norwich 'At our most holy House of Religion on the 16th day of the month of May, ever virgin mother of our Lord and God Jesus Christ in the fifth week of the great 40 days in the year of the world's redemption, 1865.' In the course of it, Brother Ignatius states that his soul has been troubled by hearing how they had committed themselves, and he exhorts the brotherhood to be still the brave soldiers of Christ, remembering that He was despised and rejected of men, and to pray that even yet the Divine Grace may be poured out upon the offenders. Addressing the offending brethren, he says:—'We now solemnly enjoin upon you both the penance which we have before sent you, and in the holy name we call upon you to fulfil your promises with glad and cheerful submission.' Then follows a crucifix with the word Pax, and addressed to the English congregation, and it then proceeded:—'Inasmuch as Brother Benedict and Brother Etheldred (setting forth the personal names of each) did solemnly, freely, of their own entire free will, promise the following things, upon the strength of which promises alone, believing them to be sincere and honest men, we did admit them as brethren of our religious community on the morrow of the feast of St. Edward's translation, in the year of our Lord and Saviour, 1864, we, Ignatius, superior of the said congregation do now solemnly in the name of God command them and call upon them to fulfil their free and solemn promises which in the same holy name of God and upon the holy cross they did constantly make unto us, reminding them in all love of the great day of account, when perjured persons and false swearers shall have their portions given them with the father of lies for evermore.' The promises made at their admission into the fraternity were then set forth, question and answer, and the document proceeded:—'Now, seeing dear sons that six of your brethren do accuse you (the offenders) of causing a great scandal to our children at Bristol, by being guilty of the sin of drunkenness, we do call upon you by virtue of our holy office and your most free and solemn promises above named, to comply with our monitions and commands, which may God's grace enable you to do, otherwise as perjured and false swearers, in the great and holy name of God, we shall excommunicate you from our congregation and publish your names as excommunicate members to all our brethren throughout the kingdom.' The form of excommunication was then prescribed. The brethren assembled together at the conclusion of vespers were to kneel down upon their knees and sing the 51st Psalm. While it was being sung the altar was to be draped in black, and the crucifix and holy images to be veiled. All the lights upon the altar and altars or shrines to be extinguished except one light, which should stand in the midst of the great altar itself in front of the crucifix. Certain prayers and scriptural exclamations and responses follow, and then the superior or priest, or senior brother present, rising from his knees, and making a sign of the cross, had to turn to the people and say:—'In the name of God, Amen. We, Ignatius, Superior of the English congregation of St. Benedict, do declare and promise our sons having been guilty of the sin of drunkenness, and refusing to make satisfaction for the same, thereby perjuring themselves and breaking their solemn and voluntary promises of obedience unto us, we pronounce them separated from all the spiritual blessings of our Order, from a share in the prayers and intercessions of the monks, from the private worship and conversation of our faithful sons and daughters. We give them over to Satan that their souls may be saved in the day of the Lord; may God be his just anger light upon them; may the dread of hell encompass them; let them be restless and without peace in their going out and their coming in; may their sleep be bitter to them; may their eyes in the night-watches know terror; may their ears be filled with the sounds of their own cursing, which their unrepented sins will bring upon them; may they know no peace; may their food be terror and their drink be grief; may they lie down in sorrow and wake in sore amazement. May all these things be so with them until, casting aside their pride, their living, and self-will, they abase themselves and return to Jesus, the God of peace. So be it, if it be a just sentence in conformity to God's will. Amen.'

South Wales.—The emigration movement has commenced in earnest in the coal and iron districts of South Wales, and, judging from the number that have already left and are preparing to leave, there is every probability that thousands of Welsh colliers and iron-workers will locate themselves on the other side of the Atlantic before the year is over. Nearly all that leave go out under the auspices of the American Emigrant Society, who simply guarantee a free passage to New York, and then the emigrants must do the best they can for themselves. Warnings have been addressed to the miners with the view of deterring them from rashly and without consideration leaving the land of their birth, but these have had little or no effect; it is clear that the movement must have its course, and there is no doubt that it will ultimately work its own remedy. Scarcity of hands is already beginning to be experienced at some of the works, and, as a proof of the extent of the emigration, it may be mentioned that at one colliery no less than 100 miners are under notice with the view of leaving for America.

STATISTICAL RETURNS.—A return issued to an order of the House of Commons on the motion of Mr. E. Baines contains the following among other information:—The population of England and Wales was in 1861 20,066,224, showing an increase of 44.4 per cent. since 1851. The population of represented boroughs was 8,638,363, showing an increase since 1851 of 65.9 per cent. The number of day scholars was 3,159,048, showing an increase upon the returns made to the Education Commission in 1853 of 146.7 per cent. The number of paupers in 1863—1,979,382, shows a decrease upon 1840—the earliest year of which any report can be given—of 0.9. The number of depositors in savings-banks in 1864, was 1,276,981, against 399,504 in 1851; and to these have to be added 421,937 depositors in post-office savings-banks. The sums to the credit of the former class of depositors amount to £34,659,293; to the credit of the latter, £4,687,891. The number of registered newspapers last year, 659, which cannot be compared with 1831, the books of that period being lost. The mileage of railways open for traffic is 8,603 against 74 miles in 1831. — Pall Mall Gazette.

UNITED STATES.

The result of the mission at St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, New York, from the 14th to the 31st of May, by the Redemptorist Father, was as follows:—Confirmed, adults, 1,200; children, 656; converts 58; communions, over 11,000.

I am daily asked what is the condition of the Confederate States now? I reply, that of the Kingdom of the two Sicilies. Piedmont overran the one by aid of extraneous power and intrigue—Yankeeedom has the other by the same means. Piedmont is bankrupt. So is the Federal Government. The Sicilies are kept down by military force. The Southern States can be held in no other way. At Naples and elsewhere, every man who has fought for his freedom, his home, his family, and his rightful government, is called a brigand, and is mercilessly shot down, and the prisons are the future homes of his household. In the Confederacy, the result will be the same, except the name Rebel will be used instead of Brigand. The leaders of the former Government of Naples have been put to death when taken. Those of the Confederate States will probably share the same fate. My reason for saying so will be found in the following quotation from a letter just received by me:—

Our city, our whole country, in fact, is draped in the deepest mourning for the President. No matter

how bitterly he was disliked during the first years of his administration, his temperance, his leniency, especially since Lee's surrender, have endeared him to the whole North, and caused him to be mourned for by even his enemies at the South. They have a different man to deal with now. He will spare no one, officers or people, and will not be allowed to do otherwise if he wished to. It is fearful to think of the vengeance that horrible, cruel murder has called down upon the heads of many thousands of people who would otherwise have received mercy at the hands of the only man apparently willing to show it. They say that the people were angry with Lincoln for he wanted to pardon Lee and almost all of the leaders of the Rebels, and, by so doing, gave the war to fight over again. The South is sorely avenged. I know you do not feel as we do here, but such a foul deed cannot but be condemned by one and all. I have myself had some knowledge of the present President for nearly thirty years, and I do not hesitate to believe that he will fully carry out the programme lately set forth in the speeches of Butler and others, and indicated in the above extract. If so, the accumulated horrors of the past four years are nothing in comparison of what is yet to come. Thousands on thousands there will repeat the words of Madame Roland at the guillotine, 'Oh! Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name.'

Many are the speculations as to the future of that country. I avoid them. All is in God's knowledge, and His alone.

The task of reconstruction of a Union where one third of the population is simply held in military subjugation is not an easy one. Alluding to our contrast once more, Victor Emmanuel has made the effort, and his 'unification' of Italy is not only not accomplished, but what he has done seems about to be dissolved by means of anarchy and debt. Whether Johnson will be successful in the unification of the States is problematical. Human nature is everywhere the same, and he must certainly know that an aggressive policy must entail the like results. So far as commerce is concerned, it may prove long ere the ravaged and desolated fields will once more yield their tobacco, ere the torch will not destroy what cotton there may be, and ere white labour can withstand the climate of the South.

Perhaps I might further point out the Exeter Hall, which seems to have been the agent of political intrigues both in Italy and American Puritanism, in sowing the wind may reap the whirlwind. What a dark-stained catalogue of crime must be answered for by those whose teachings and whose influences have produced those results in both countries.

The death of Mr. Lincoln is certainly suggestive. I know of no Southern gentleman who does not abhor the crime, or who would for a moment shield its perpetrators from condign punishment—not yet one, who does not sympathize with his bereaved family. Who, however, are the loudest in words of horror at this crime? Have these persons, this party, their press, ever been of late the loudest in expression, ever extended one word of sympathy to the hundreds of thousands whose homes have been laid waste and desolate by him who is no more, and whose influence could have prevented it all?—Or have they, a so-called Liberal party, on the other hand, fraternized with Garibaldi, the approver of assassination, who considered Mirani to have deserved well of his country; and some of whom have been the bosom friends of Mazzini, the Apostle of the Dagger? Nay, may not France, or other countries, justly complain that Mazzini, condemned by a legal tribunal as the confederate of Greco and others in the plot to assassinate the French Emperor, should nevertheless find a harbour and asylum in England? May this inconsistency arise from the idea that it may be right to assassinate a monarch *per diem*, but not a President who holds his power from 'the people.' Can it be that the 'progress' of the day can approach such a thought? It is hoped not, and that this unhappy event may have its retroactive effect in a unanimous condemnation of the errors and conduct of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and other approvers of such crimes. — Correspondent of Tablet.

A Washington correspondent of the New York World, a person who is said to have enjoyed the best possible opportunities for judging of the facts in the case of the conspiracy trial speaks at some length of the nature of the proceedings, and says:—

'The most flagrant injustice was apparent when the defence began to introduce its witnesses. At every step they were met by the most insulating, vexatious and unworthy objections, which the over-zealous court was too prone to entertain, until for very fear and shame, Judge Holt found it necessary to desire them to permit greater freedom to the counsel to establish the innocence of their clients. But the truth is manifest. The words of the proclamation from 'the Bureau of Military Justice,' implicating Davis et al., were to be made valid by such evidence as could be picked up or manufactured; or, failing that, a side issue of honor at the cruelties to southern prisoners, was to be raised, in which the main charge might be overlooked. That is the labor of the commission to-day: not to detect and punish the guilty parties, and protect the innocent, but to verify the theory upon which the prosecution was begun. To do this, any point will be strained; and it is exceedingly doubtful if, rather than invalidate the secretary's preconclusion, they would not hang an innocent man.'

No one can question this; the proceedings have more than given colour to the charge. What, for instance, had the treatment of the Federal prisoners to do with the conspiracy? But, proceeds the correspondent:—

'To cite out of the links of evidence, the most transparent subterfuges have been resorted to. Does any one believe that story about a letter being dropped by Booth in the street cars in New York? Is that way in which conspirators manage? Who is Mrs. Huddell, and what are her antecedents? Will she swear she has received no money from the agents of the War Department. Steinacker, another of the principal witnesses used to establish Booth's connection with the Canadian conspirators, has disappeared, nor can he be found. He is also an officer of the secret service. A sharp cross-examination would have revealed the fact that he was concerned with one Weber in blockade-running and in passing confederate notes. In fact it has been asserted, that he was a spy working for both governments, to whom Stanton was greatly indebted. Finegan, another of those precious detectives, was used by Butler in his bureau of military justice, until his rascalities could no longer be tolerated even there. He was expelled from the Department of Virginia for black-mailing brothels and thieving. He afterwards went to Baltimore where he joined Steinacker in a gambling-house. Deveny, if we mistake not, has been once tried for perjury, and Stanton knows it. Welchman, another of these high-minded witnesses, is a man who pretends to have been a divinity student, and anxious to get to Richmond; who pretended to be the friend of John Surratt, and was yet betraying him at the War office; who became aware of a plot, and yet never revealed it. Can anybody place a particle of reliance upon the testimony of the man Finegan, who pretends to have heard, at a distance of twelve feet, a conversation between Sanders and Cleary in Montreal, in which the gravest matters of a conspiracy were bawled out in a public place. The government does but throw discredit upon the whole of its otherwise unfair proceedings, by introducing such palpable perjury as this, by which to sustain its preconceived theory.'

He concludes as follows. No one will dispute the proposition. —

The principal effort of the government is now to hide their original mistake by producing a mass of irrelevant testimony about rebel cruelty, to prisoners and yellow fever plots.

It will take \$60,000,000 to pay off the army, and the money is ready.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 16.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR. JUNE—1865.

Friday, 16—St. J. Fr. Regis, C. Saturday, 17—Of the Octave. Sunday, 18—Second Sunday after Pentecost. Monday, 19—St. Julienne de Falcon, V. Tuesday, 20—Of the Octave. Wednesday, 21—St. Louis Gonzague. Thursday, 22—Octave of Corpus Christi.

The "Forty Hours" Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament will commence as follows:—

Friday, 16—St. Julienne. Sunday, 18—St. Antoine, Longueuil. Tuesday, 20—St. Henry of Mascouche. Thursday, 22—St. Outhbert.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

If in France the enrolments which, under the name of emigration to Mexico, are going on, in the Northern States, have excited a feeling of uneasiness, or rather indignation, so in England the reiterated demands of Andy Johnson's Government for compensation for injuries inflicted by the Alabama and other men-of-war of the Confederate Navy, on the commerce of the Northern States, have called forth a very general expression of opinion on the subject both in the Legislature and in the press.

In the House of Commons on the 26th, Sir J. Walsh asked Lord Palmerston whether the Government had received from the United States any formal demand for compensation to American subjects for losses sustained by the Alabama or any other Confederate cruiser equipped in British ports.

Lord Palmerston said correspondence had been going on between the two Governments on the prizes taken by the Alabama and other vessels of the same kind. There has been received within the last few days further correspondence on the subject through Mr. Adams, but there had not yet been time to reply.

Mr. Baxter asked Lord Palmerston whether in looking at the changed aspect of affairs in America, Her Majesty's Government, either separately or in conjunction with that of the United States, would consider the propriety of sending a squadron to the coast of Cuba to effectually terminate the slave trade.

Lord Palmerston said that 12 months ago the Government invited the Government of the United States to participate in its measures on the West Coast of Africa, but difficulties arose on account of neutral and belligerent rights, in the present altered state of things Her Majesty's Government had renewed the application, stating that their cruisers employed in that service would be received with every privilege and courtesy which belonged to a friendly nation and that former difficulties no longer existed.

No representation has been made as to co-operation on the African coast he had no doubt they would also cordially co-operate on the coast of Cuba.

The London Times, in an editorial, trusts that there is nothing in the Alabama affair which need cause apprehensions of rupture either now or at any future time. The American commercial marine has indeed suffered, but such a calamity must be expected when a maritime and trading state enters into a contest with an energetic enemy.

The Daily News hopes that if President Johnson does not intend to give up the claim, he will soon prefer it, so that the matter may be brought to a settlement. It adds, Lord Palmerston's reply last night was very unsatisfactory. It would have been very easy to say that a formal demand had been made or that it had not.

The News trusts that some member of Parliament will insist upon knowing whether any new demands have been made since President Johnson's accession; and it adds: "We have not the slightest doubt as to the inevitable reply."

of a dispute with Mexico, England or France, on a demand for extradition in the event of Jefferson Davis having escaped, has been definitively extinguished, but the public will await with extreme interest the news as to the spirit in which he is likely to be dealt with, not merely on its bearing for the few remaining years of the life of an individual, but because of the effect it must have on the national reputation for future generations.

The demand itself is so preposterous, and in putting it forward the Washington authorities must have been so certain that no British Minister would condescend to listen to it, that it looks like a menace, almost a declaration of war; as indeed, if persisted in, it will certainly prove to be.

This should excite no surprise; for since the first outbreak of the war with the South, have not the journals of the Northern States constantly assured us that they were only waiting till they had finished with the Confederates, to turn their victorious arms against England? It is no use arguing that war with England, which would probably lead to war also with France; would be very injurious to the financial and commercial interests of the United States—and that therefore the moneyed classes would be opposed to it, and would seek to preserve peace.

In a country governed as is England, and where the influence of the moneyed classes, of the intelligent and thinking classes, is of paramount influence over the Government, such a line of reasoning would authorise the conclusion that the nation would not wantonly plunge itself into a needless, costly and disastrous war.

But in the United States a democracy not reasoning, not intelligent, is master of the situation; and though it has been aptly termed by D'Israeli a "territorial democracy," it is none the less as prone to foreign war as any other democracy; for, it cannot be too often repeated, in the present day it is not the ambition and greed of princes, but the passions of a politically powerful, but unreflecting democracy that menace the peace of the world.

The New York merchant and capitalist would no doubt, if he could make his voice heard in the councils of the nation, cry "Peace, Peace;" but his voice will not be heard: it will be drowned by the clamors of the mob who have neither his intelligence, nor yet his material reasons for dreading war, as one of the greatest of scourges.

AUTHORITY AND PRIVATE JUDGMENT.—Of all Protestant or non-Catholic sects it must be admitted that the sect of Spiritualists are amongst the most consistent, and carry out most logically Protestant principles to their ultimate consequences.

A meeting, or Synod of this sect was held about a year ago in Chicago. The Montreal Witness at the time noticed some of the proceedings, and published the subjoined resolution, which may be called indeed the concentrated essence of Protestantism. The force of Protestantism can no farther go:—

Resolved.—"That the authority of each individual soul is absolute and final in deciding for himself or herself what is true or false in principle, and right or wrong in practice."

This is but the "right of private judgment," which every Protestant claims as against the Catholic Church, but which the Spiritualist Protestant claims as against all other sects and religious bodies. He asserts also this "right of private judgment" as against the State and Society, as well as against the Church:—

"Therefore the individual, the church, or the State that attempts to control the opinions, or the practice of any man or woman by an authority or power outside of his or her own soul is guilty of a flagrant wrong."

Not a doubt of it, if the premiss be true—if the so called "right of private judgment" be a right indeed, and not itself a "flagrant wrong." But what if there be no such right? then this "flagrant wrong" is perpetrated by the individual soul protesting against legitimate authority.

Nevertheless the Spiritualists in synod at Chicago assembled were consistent Protestants: faithful to the principles of the great religious revolt of the XVI. century: strictly logical in deducing from these principles their logical consequences.

To some, accustomed to look upon Protestantism as consisting in a particular form, not of disbelief, but of belief, or in the assertion of a certain set of dogmas—this may seem a hard saying. Not so however to those who will take the trouble to reflect, and to analyse. The contest betwixt Catholicity and Protestantism is nothing more than the inevitable contest betwixt authority and anarchy, and as such it is looked upon by all intelligent men of the present day.

The Westminster Review puts the question in its proper light. "Protestantism as a rule"—says this great Protestant organ—"is merely individual and negative; if left to itself it crumbles into the fine sand of endless sects and subdivisions."

analysis of the two contending forces—Catholicity and Protestantism—now working in society, and shows their results:—

"Liberal ideas are beyond all doubt advancing; but something else is also advancing, and that is Roman Catholicism. Twenty-five years ago, in his Essay on Rank's History of the Popes, Macaulay drew attention to the revival of Romanism. In his graceful way he painted the fact, but he did not attempt a solution of the problem implied by it. In England the number of Catholic priests and chapels has enormously increased of late years. In France the beau monde which once was infidel is now Catholic. Even in Germany the Catholic theologians and controversialists hold their own against their redoubtable Protestant and rationalistic foes."

This is one force, which, if yielded to, carries men to the Church, because the vital or vivifying principle of this force, is "authority."

The other force of which the essence is negation of authority, or Protestantism, carries those who yield to it to infidelity and to the conclusions arrived at by the Chicago Synod. The Westminster Reviewer continues:—

"Thus we get two clear facts amid all the confusion and contradiction of modern thought—the growth of disbelief, and the growth of Romanism; the growth of the party which trusts in reason"—(the Chicago Synod of Spiritualists for instance)—"and the growth of the party which trusts in authority. Intermediate stand points are getting less and less liked, and less tenable. The age seems to shy to every thinking man:—

"Take which you like, Reason or Authority, but having made your choice manfully adhere to it. Do not play fast and loose with it, do not take first one, and then the other; do not use sceptical arguments against Roman Catholicity, and Roman Catholic arguments against scepticism. Do not let your opinions and canons of criticism vary according to the exigencies of controversy. If you choose Authority, follow it whithersoever it may lead you, and cast no lingering glance on the Reason"—(private judgment would be a better term)—"you have left behind. If you select Reason be true and fast to her, and do not fall into a panic, and be for deserting to her rival as soon as the contest becomes hot."

It matters not one straw in principle, whether a man assert the authority of a living Church, in matters transcending the grasp of Reason or the authority of a dead book, which he calls the Bible. In either case he asserts the principle of Authority as against the principle of "private judgment," or Reason; and he has therefore no right, to "suit the exigencies of controversy," to turn round and to assert the principle of "private judgment" as against Authority. He may accept one or the other; but he has no right, as the Protestant Reviewer above cited well observes, to play fast and loose; to assert the principle of "private judgment" against the Church and the Catholics, and the principle of "Authority" against those who, like the Protestants in Spiritual synod assembled at Chicago, make the "private judgment of each individual absolute and final." This no man has the right to do; and yet this is just what Protestants of the evangelical school, as they are called, do incessantly. They invoke "Reason," as they call it, against the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence and of Purgatory; they dethrone Reason, as incompetent to adjudicate in the premises, and appeal to Authority, as against those who would submit the doctrine of the Trinity to the light of natural reason, and who question the reasonableness of eternal damnation.

How long will men halt betwixt two opinions? If "Authority" be the true principle let us submit to Authority: if "private judgment" be the true principle let us follow it whithersoever it may lead us, even though it lead us to the platform of the Chicago Spiritualists? Do we recoil from their conclusions? Let us suspect then that their principle is false, and re-examine our position; but foul shame on the moral coward who will not, no matter at what cost, or what the consequences, push his principles to their ultimate conclusions.

And so it is, as the Westminster Reviewer tells us, that men are now fast beginning to realize the fact that, betwixt the principle of "Authority," which if followed leads to Romanism—and the principle of "private judgment," or as he calls it Reason, which, if followed, leads to anarchy, "intermediate stand points are getting less and less tenable." Soon all men must range themselves beneath one or the other of two banners: beneath the banner of the Cross, the standard of the Church and Authority; or beneath that of "private judgment," beneath whose folds also the Spiritualists of Chicago and all consistent Protestants are gathered.

CONFESSIO.—The question whether, according to the law of England, a communication made by a penitent to his confessor, priest, minister, or religious teacher, for purely spiritual purposes, and with the intent of obtaining pardon from God for violation of His holy law, is a "privileged communication"—that is to say, a communication which a Court of Justice has no right to inquire into—has been again raised by the proceedings in the case of Miss Constance Kent; who it will be remembered is now in custody, charged, on her own confession, with the murder of her half brother some four or five years ago. In this case the spiritual adviser of Miss Kent, a clergyman of the Church of England, declined in Court to divulge what had transpired, in confidence, and under the seal of confession, betwixt him and his penitent. No penalties were imposed upon the reverend gentleman for this very proper behavior on his part, nor is it likely that any legal proceedings will be taken against

him; but both in Parliament and in the Protestant press, the merits of the question, and the conduct of the Anglican clergyman have been warmly discussed.

The result is, that as the law stands, the Catholic priest and Protestant minister, are like legally bound, when called upon to do so, as witnesses before a Court of law, to divulge anything and everything that may have passed betwixt them and their respective penitents. No communications are by the law held to be "privileged," except to the Counsel or Attorney of the accused, or party before the Court. This is the law of the land; which of course every Catholic priest, and indeed every honest Protestant minister will feel it is his duty always to disobey, no matter what the consequences.

It is curious to note the excepted cases, or cases in which communications are "privileged" by the law of England. A thief, swindler, or murderer who desires to evade the law, to retain possession of property dishonestly acquired, to prevent right being done to those whom he has wronged or defrauded, and who the more effectually to accomplish these his objects, retains the services of a clever lawyer or attorney, and divulges to him all the facts of the case in order the better to enable his Counsel to set law and equity at defiance, is carefully protected by the law of the land; his communications, made often, generally indeed, with a guilty intent, that is to say, with the intent of opposing obstacles to the course of justice, are "privileged" communications. Be it so; we raise no objection to this; and ask not that the legal obligation which imposes silence on the prisoner's Counsel or Attorney be raised. But why is not the same protection given to the religious adviser? why is not confession to be held a "privileged" communication?

The man who goes to a priest to confess his sins, must—for this is a condition sine qua non in the Catholic Church—be sincerely penitent for all his sins; must be firmly resolved, with God's grace, never again to sin, never again even to expose himself to temptation, or occasions of sin; and must moreover be firmly determined, to the utmost of his ability, and immediately, to make full and ample satisfaction to any whom he may have wronged in person, in property, or in reputation. Any one of these conditions wanting or imperfect, confession is a sacrilege, and the absolution of the priest null and void. This every Catholic, the most ignorant, knows; and therefore from the penitent sinner who kneels before the priest in the Sacrament of Penance, neither society nor the individual has anything to dread, since neither his confession nor the priest's absolution afford any facility to the perpetration of fresh crime, or throw obstacles in the way of its detection when committed. It would be hard then to discover the motives which determine the action of the Law Courts of England towards Confession, or communication made to a priest for purely spiritual purposes, were it not for the essential character of Protestantism.—The motives are evidently religious rather than political; the object Protestant legislators have in view being, not the protection of society—for confession, can never injure society; but the discouragement of Catholicity, and the suppression of the Sacrament of Penance.

Indeed the London Times virtually admits that this is the sole object of Protestant legislation on the subject; since it shows that, if sinners were once convinced that confessions by them made to the priest or minister, were liable to be made public at the bidding of a Court of Law, the practice of confession would cease.

"Criminals will be wary of making such a confession, when they have no solemn assurance that it will not be used against them."—Times.

And wherein will society, even in a material point of view, be the gainer? The criminal will no longer disburthen his conscience, at the feet of the priest, or seek the ghostly counsels of his accustomed religious adviser. But will he therefore be the less prone to repeat his crime, and to refrain from restitution to those whom his crime have wronged? Could it be shown that under any conceivable circumstance, the custom of Confession as enjoined by, and practised in, the Catholic Church, might facilitate or lead to, the perpetration of crime, or prevent its detection when perpetrated, or throw additional obstacles in the way of obtaining redress to the injured—then we could see some reason why the law should adopt towards the custom of Confession a repressive course of policy, which, if successful, would simply put a stop to the practise. As it is, it seems to us that a diabolical agency is at work, for as no one pretends that society is, or can be injured or menaced by the sacramental confession of the criminal to his priest—a confession made by those only who truly penitent desire to make all the atonement in their power, both to God and man, for their offence, so, it is evident that not the protection of society, but the oppression of religion, but the suppression of a practice which the devils hate, and which gladdens the hearts of the angels who are in heaven, is the one object that Protestant legislation has in view; when it refuses to extend equal privileges to the communications made by the penitent sinner to the priest, and to those of the impenitent thief to his Attorney.

BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM.—Men may dispute to the day of judgement, without arriving at any conclusion, as to the origin of the phenomena of a "Revival"—the howlings, the contortions, the epileptic like fits which the "converted" often fall into, and in which they are described as "having lost their strength." All these phenomena have been witnessed in many a country. They are the invariable concomitants of the "Revival;" and whilst by some they are attributed to the working of the Holy Ghost, and appealed to as a conclusive evidence of the immediate presence of the Spirit of God, by others they are cited as proofs of Satanic agency, and classed with the analogous phenomena of Mesmerism and clairvoyance.—There is, it must be admitted, much in scenes which occur at the Revival to remind one of the diabolical possessions mentioned in the Gospels; and there can be no doubt, so identical are they in their outward manifestations, that the physical phenomena of the Revival owe their origin to the same causes, to the same agencies, as those which produced the well attested extravagancies on the tomb of the Jansenist Deacon in the XVIII. century. But in these was God or the Devil the agent? is a question which will be answered in one sense by the Catholic, in the opposite sense by the Jansenist. So in like manner whilst all must admit the reality of the "Revival" phenomena, their origin will still be disputed vehemently, and most unprofitably, unless we apply to them, or rather to the "Revival" which elicits them, the Gospel test, "By their fruits shall ye know them."

A great Revival took place some time ago in the North of Ireland; a great pouring forth of the Spirit according to some; according to others a melancholy and degrading outburst of low fanaticism and licentiousness. What have been the fruits of this "Revival" amongst those who were its principal subjects? The answer to this question will furnish a conclusive answer to the other question. From whom does the "Revival" itself proceed? from God, or from the Devil?

To the former question we have a full, and a very clear answer given in a lately published document, which as it bears the signatures of no less than seven Protestant Ministers, and of Twenty-six Elders, residents of the district wherein the "Revival" raged with greatest fury, and where its fruits are most obvious cannot be objected to on the score of one-sidedness or ignorance.

From this Report, published in the Northern Whig, it appears that the one conspicuous fruit of the "Revival" is unchastity. It commences in the following sad strain:—

"That we view with grief the many violations of the divine law with regard to chastity which are apparent in our district; and we feel called upon to testify that the cause of religion, the credit and efficiency of the Gospel ministry, and the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of our congregations, demand that this evil be abated, and a higher standard of morality in this respect attained."

The Report goes on to hint at "the meeting of young people" at unseasonable hours in the absence of all legitimate control; and concludes by recommending a combined effort to enforce by means of pulpit exhortations respect for the "Seventh Commandment," as it stands in the Protestant version of the Decalogue.

"Violations of the divine law with regard to chastity," these are the fruits of the "Revival," and a great increase in the number of illegitimate births are the certain and unmistakable proofs of the passage over the district, of that moral typhoon. These are facts admitted and deplored by Protestants; can we not then form a pretty sure conclusion as to whether God or the Devil be the author and father of the "Revival?"

Amongst educated and refined Protestants we know that "Reverals" are held in scorn and abhorrence. A Protestant lady or a Protestant gentleman would as soon be seen in a low pot-house, or in a worse place, as at a Revival meeting, and to their credit be it said the Anglican clergy set their faces sternly against such exhibitions of blasphemous fanaticism, libidinous desecration of holy things. But with the lower orders of Protestants, the sensual, the uneducated, and the depraved "Reverals" are, and we fear long will be very popular, and for the very reason which causes them to be held in abhorrence by all modest men and women of all denominations.

The Globe's correspondent who assumes the nom de plume of Sister Monica is out again as rabid as ever, against Convents and Nuns and Priests. "Oh! why do Protestant Governments suffer those dreary prison-houses to rise everywhere without control or inspection?" he she, or it—for we know not the creature's sex—exclaims: and for "the sake of true religion," that is to say Sister Monica's religion, whatever that may be—"and the good of our country," the correspondent urges upon the Globe to weigh the three statements and soul-harrowing, hair-straight-and-end-setting revelations, by it made concerning the progress of Popery in Toronto, and the vicinity.

Very dreadful are these revelations. A family, of which the mistress was a Catholic, but whose other members had passed as Protestants, was

smitten with affliction. The father was laid on his death bed, and then horrible to relate, the priest was admitted. The father died, his wife and Oli, more monstrous still, the little ones were taken charge of by the priest, and carefully provided for!!!

Another dreadful case, calling loudly for interposition of Mr. George Brown and the Globe and the Government consists in this:—That within a year four young ladies, daughters of Catholic parents, "have gone from the convent near St. Mary's Church here in Toronto, to enter their novitiate in a convent in the United States."

Nor is this all. More, and more dreadful instances of the mysterious dealings of the "man of sin," more unjust motives for the immediate action of government to put down by a sort of "Spiritual Dunkin's Bill," the working of unlicensed Spirits are given in the annexed narrative, the third and last in the series which made the blood in our veins curdle as we read it:—

"Further, some Protestant ladies, whose daughters have been for a year or two at a convent school, merely as day scholars, are sensible of a mysterious undefinable something which has grown up between them and these daughters, once affectionate and open-hearted. A great distance lies between them now; sympathy is gone, and with it the mother's peace of mind, perhaps the daughter's too, unless the glamor is soothing. Papa either will not see this or thinks it of no consequence, a mere trifle in comparison with the saving of his money."

Gracious Heavens! can such things be? Well may horror-stricken Sister Monica exclaim—"Oh! why do Protestant governments suffer those dreary prison houses—Convents—to rise every where without control or inspection?"

Ah why? indeed, poor dear Sister Monica, for we think now that the very asking of such a question indicates that you are indeed of the softer sex. Perhaps, we answer, because the said Protestant Governments can't well help themselves; because, so interwoven are the interests of all its subjects—Catholic and Protestants—an outrage upon the personal liberties and domestic privacy of the one, would immediately react upon the personal liberties and domestic privacy of the other.

Don't you see, dear Sister Monica, that a convent, being built and supported, not by Government money, but by money the private property of individuals, is as much a private house as the house that you yourself dwell in: that if the inmates of that convent were to be exposed to government control, government inspection, and domiciliary visits—with equal justice might you yourself, fair creature, and the chaste mysteries of your toilet be subjected to the scrutiny of a "Smelling Committee," who would pry into your age, to divulge the secrets of your false front of hair, and perhaps proclaim from the house tops the history of your last set of teeth, and what you paid for them. Oh Sister Monica! don't provoke a "Smelling Committee" for your Romish sisters, until you have assurance that all is right at home, and that you have naught to fear from an inquisition which, if applicable to the private homes of Catholics, is no less applicable to your own bed room.

Really we Catholics should feel flattered, rather than vexed at this incessant invocation of the Government to put down Popery; since they imply the admission that Protestants cannot meet us on equal terms; and that though our influences our weapons are exclusively moral and spiritual, to combat and counteract them the material influences of Jack-in-Office must be brought into play, since the moral influences of Protestants are insufficient, so for instance were we in Lower Canada to invoke the action of government against the F. C. M. Society or other Swaddlers, it would be deemed by Protestants—tantamount to an admission that we were not able to cope with them in argument, zeal, ability, and boldness of living. Continue therefore good simple Sister Monica your tirades against us. They do us no harm, but rather testify in our behalf: they may also occupy and soothe your old age; and though they can not restore the departed bloom to your hollow cheeks—or impart dignity to your grey hairs, they may at least prevent you from falling into the vice of snuff, or the more odious habit of drinking on the sly.

ORDINATION AT THE GRAND SEMINARY.

The regular semi-annual Ordination took place at this Institution on Saturday morning last. It was preceded by a Spiritual Retreat of eight days, which was made not only by those who were to participate in the Ordination, but also by the whole community of the Grand Seminary, and a number of clergymen from the neighboring parishes. The explanation of the Pontifical, which forms a very important part of the Exercises of a Retreat preceding ordination, was we understand, entrusted to the Rev. Mr. Nercam, Chaplain to the Religious of the Hotel-Dieu; and we need not add that he gave complete satisfaction in the discharge of his difficult task. Amongst the sermons preached in the course of the week, was one, we are told, by the Very Rev. Mr. Granet, Superior of the Seminary, who delivered a very eloquent and vigorous discourse on the Divine Office, in which he failed not to bring into full play, those extraordinary reasoning facul-

ties with which he is well known to be so richly gifted. The concluding sermon of the Retreat was preached by the venerable Prelate who officiated at the Ordination, and who took occasion to impress upon his hearers, in a very forcible discourse, the necessity, as well as the incomparable advantages of preparing oneself, by a life of piety and mortification for the worthy celebration of the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass.

In the absence of our own venerated Bishop, who, as our readers are aware, has not yet returned from the Eternal City, the imposing ceremony of conferring Orders was performed by His Lordship, the Right Reverend Louis De Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington, Vermont. The Assistant Ministers were the Rev. Mr. Larue, Professor of Moral Theology, as Arch-Deacon, the Rev. Mr. Vacher, as Assistant Priest, and the Rev. Mr. Tranchemontagne, as Master of Ceremonies. It is not our intention to dwell here on the pomp and magnificence of that sacred Rite: our Catholic readers already know with what gorgeous splendor the Church of Christ surrounds all her ceremonies, and especially those which she presents to our view, when she consecrates her Ministers for ever to the service of the living God. Such a solemn and instructive ceremony, however, as we had the happiness of witnessing last Saturday morning at the Grand Seminary, is rare indeed even here and can be viewed with interest and much spiritual profit even by a Montreal congregation.

The following are the names of those who participated in the Ordination:—  
Priesthood.—Rev. Dominick J. Lavin, of the Diocese of Ottawa; Rev. Joseph O. Godin, Montreal.

Deaconship.—Rev. J. A. Allard, Montreal; Rev. A. P. Laverdiere, do.; Rev. Henry M. Smythe, Boston; Rev. Henry L. Robinson, do.; Rev. John J. Hughes, New York; Rev. Hugh J. Kelly, Hamilton, C. W.; Rev. N. E. Malhiot, St. Hyacinthe.

Sub Deaconship.—Rev. S. J. Robillard, Montreal; Rev. L. J. Lauzon, do.; Rev. John J. Chisholm, Anishat, N. S.; Rev. Owen P. Gallagher, Pittsburgh, Penn.; Rev. Thomas J. Gaffney, Burlington, Vt.; Rev. A. F. Tenner, New York.

Minor Orders.—Messrs. M. Mannville, Montreal; Isidore Forget, do.; L. G. Plamondon, do.; T. Roy, do.; J. Matthew, do.; Richard J. Quinlan, Boston; Michael O'Reilly, Toronto; Thomas Halpin, Burlington; E. C. Archambeault, St. Hyacinthe; J. A. Archambeault, do.; N. N. MacKinnon, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Tonsure.—Messrs. P. A. Seguin, Montreal; B. Barrett, do.; P. A. Dubuc, do.; J. R. Rioux, do.; A. Seguin, do.; N. Troie, do.; E. Dugas, do.; L. D. Laferriere, do.; M. L. Dougherty, Boston; Patrick J. Buckley, do.; F. E. Gendreau, St. Hyacinthe; J. A. Dufresne, do.; James P. McEvoy, New York; James Doherty, do.; David O'Connor, Halifax, N. S.; Joseph McCann, Toronto; C. O'Sullivan, Society of Jesus; J. Crevier, do.; T. Harpin, do.

We could easily swell the above list to a much larger number, by publishing the names of those who have within the last few months, been either ordained here, or have left the Seminary to be ordained in their respective Dioceses; but, as our present purpose is to report the Trinity Ordination alone, we content ourselves with giving the names of those only who participated in the solemn and imposing ceremonial of which the Chapel of the Grand Seminary was last Saturday the scene.

HISTOIRE DE LA COLONIE FRANCAISE EN CANADA—TOME I. Par M. L'Abbe Faillon.

The history of Canada, whilst in the possession of France, is most appropriately written by a Catholic priest; for Canada was originally less a Colony, than a Mission; and it was as a Mission that she prospered, and acquired that peculiar character, which, even in the hands of her new masters, she never lost, and which still honorably distinguishes her from all her neighbors on the American Continent.

Of the manner in which the Rev. M. Faillon has accomplished his task, it would be almost presumption on our part to speak. Suffice it to say that by long years of diligent study, by careful examination and comparison of ancient records, and a searching cross-examination of contemporary witnesses, M. Faillon has admirably qualified himself for the labors of the learned and faithful historian of the early period of Canada's national or moral existence.

Never can that history be understood or rightly appreciated until the motives which prompted the sovereigns of France to give so much attention to the colonisation of Canada be also rightly appreciated. As a secular undertaking that colonisation was almost a failure; but when again the missionary spirit became the animating spirit of the movement, when all its proceedings were determined upon by religious motives, and *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, then indeed the marvellous power of the Church to civilise and to Christianise, to promote at once the material and the moral welfare of a people, was strikingly displayed. When the merchants had retired, the religious society stepped into his place, and undertook the task which the man of the world had failed to accomplish; and the material prosperity of Canada, as well as the conversion of its aborigines was the exclusive work of that religious society, conspicuous amongst whose members stands the Society of St. Sulpice, whom we may call the real fathers of Montreal. The work has been printed at Paris, and is a

splendid specimen of French typography. As yet only the first volume is before the public; but the second which we shall look for with impatience is actually at press, and may soon be expected. That the learned writer may be spared health and strength to accomplish his noble task is our ardent prayer. We understand that an English translation of this important work may soon be expected, and if so our English readers should hasten to avail themselves of the occasion to study in their own language the history of their country so important not only from a material, but from a religious point of view.

SUPPRESSED EVIDENCE.—Having signally failed in their attempts to convict Jeff. Davis of complicity in the late atrocious assassination, by means of evidence given in open Court and in the light of day, the Washington authorities have now very characteristically endeavored to cleanse themselves from their well earned opprobrium by means of "secret and suppressed" evidence, as if to such evidence any intelligent and honest man would attach the slightest importance whatsoever. The dodge is but a clumsy one, and shows to what sorry shifts Andy Johnson and his abettors, and suborners of perjury are reduced.

And yet even this secretly given, and hitherto suppressed evidence, fails to afford the slightest excuse for the mendacious Proclamation. Even the *Globe*, the apologist for every cruel and tyrannical act of Yankee despots, is obliged to admit that even in this secret evidence,—evidence which the miserable witnesses dared not tender in open Court, before their fellow men, and thus expose themselves to the scrutiny of cross examination:—

"We do not find any legal proof of Davis's complicity in the murder."

To what new dodge, to what other clumsy artifice will the Washington tyrants next have recourse?

Whenever a work of some importance makes its appearance in the scientific or literary world, it should never be let pass unnoticed. About the beginning of this year, the Rev. B. P. Lewis, Sabrevois, published a book destined, were it known and appreciated, to constitute quite an event, to give its name to the year 1865 as the most remarkable of the age.

After many years of arduous labor, of most minute researches, the Rev. gentleman has finally put the last hand to this erudite compilation. He is certainly entitled to our gratitude for his great exertions; for, whilst his brothers in the ministry lead an easy life, enjoy rest and all the sweetness of family entertainments, our learned author, making generously the sacrifices of all those enjoyments for the sake of our instruction, shut up in his study, devoted his time, day and night, to the accomplishment of this herculean task.

As regards the intrinsic merit of the work, we acknowledge here most sincerely that we feel incapable of doing justice to it otherwise than by reproducing it in extenso.—

(Translated from the French.)  
"THE ROMAN RELIGION, THE FIRST, AND THE EVIDENCE OF HISTORY."

"History teaches that the doctrines and particular ceremonies of the Roman Church are novelties which have been introduced since the time of the Apostles, as can be seen by the following table:—

Table with 2 columns: Item and Page Number. Items include: The Worship of Saints established in the year, Prayers for the dead, Worship in an unknown language, Supremacy of the Pope, Worship of the Cross, Images, Relics, Canonisation of Saints, Ceibacy of Priests, Infallibility of the Church, Beads, Canon of the Mass, The Seven Sacraments, Transubstantiation, Confession, Elevation of the Host, Bells at Mass, Corpus-Christi, Procession of the Sacrament, Suppression of the Cup, Purgatory, Tradition, Apocryphal, The reading of the Bible forbidden, Immaculate Conception.

"The most part of these dogmas and ceremonies have floated in the Church for some time before being embodied in its official symbol; but, before their legal existence, the faithful were not bound to conform themselves to them."

The Reverend author of the above immense compilation, although his pecuniary means are pretty limited, has most generously forwarded a copy of his monumental work to all the Catholic clergy of Lower Canada. Well! five long months have nearly passed, and, who could believe it!—we shudder as we write these lines—not one word of congratulation has ever been offered to the Rev. B. P. Lewis; nay, not one word of criticism on his work has been written. The press has been silent like the tomb on the subject; it seems as if all its members had conspired against the Rev. B. P. Lewis to let the public be entirely ignorant of his late publication.

But here our amazement is carried to its highest degree. Notwithstanding the killing indifference with which his great publication has been received, the zeal of the Rev. B. P. Lewis is such that, a few days ago, he published another similarly remarkable work, entitled—"The Roman Catholic Religion has but 300 Years of Existence."

This time, he addressed his production, not to the Catholic Clergy of Lower Canada, but to the Catholic Members of the Legislative Council; hoping, no doubt, to find in them better qualified appraisers of his merit as a public writer. But, horrible to say! this latter production met with the same cold indifference as the former. Yes, the fruit of so much labor would have remained unknown, would have had the fate of Booth's body, have been deposited in some filthy, backward place, condemned to eternal oblivion, had not a Member of the Legislative Council forwarded to us—for curiosity sake, says the Joseph

Honorable gentleman—the copy he has received from the Reverend author himself.

For our part, we will never join in this general conspiracy set up to keep under the bushel such a light as the Rev. B. P. Lewis, Sabrevois; we would deem it a crime. Therefore, let it be known, our pen is at his service; we have used it to-day in his behalf, and will continue if necessary.

We beg leave to make one more remark before bringing to an end this article. The life of men like the Rev. B. P. Lewis is always too short. Let us hope, therefore, that his precious days will be prolonged for the benefit of truth and science; the more so as we understand that, should Providence grant him time, it is his intention to complete the two works above mentioned, and to add to them an *Appendix*—the said *Appendix* to contain the *proofs* of all the assertions made in those two remarkable volumes.

HILARITAS.

THE PLAY AND THE CONCERT.—Kingston was doubly blessed, was twice happy on Thursday night. The students of Regiopolis College gave a Dramatic Representation in honor of the return from Rome of his lordship the Bishop of Kingston; and the Sons of Temperance Choral Society had their annual Concert in the City Hall, for the benefit of the Wesleyan Literary Institute. As our reporter is not a bird, and more especially an Irish bird, he could not be in two places at once, consequently he had to divide his attentions; and first he went to Regiopolis College, where he found the large Hall crowded with the elite of the Roman Catholic population of the city, including a fair sprinkling of Protestant ladies and gentlemen. This entertainment was quite complimentary, the audience being admitted by ticket only. The pieces on the programme comprised the Irish drama of 'The White Horse of the Peppers,' a Musical Ogho, and a new Farce written for the occasion and played for the first time. Of amateur acting the press must always judge with consideration, particularly so, when in a scholastic institution like Regiopolis College, all the women parts have to be cut out. The drama however is very interesting without them. 'Gerald Pepper,' the chief character, was played by Mr. Barry, the young gentleman who a few weeks ago so well represented 'Tom Moore, the Irish Lion,' at a similar entertainment. He played it admirably, and again gave us good cause to say, that were he to follow the stage as a profession, he would make the best Irishman extant, his figure, voice, easy manner and gentlemanly demeanor being all greatly in his favor. He was ably supported by two other really excellent Irishmen, Messrs. Davis and Barrett, the make up of the latter admirable for so young an amateur. A Mr. Campbell played the Dutch Officer excellently. The piece in spite of its disadvantages went off exceedingly well; and the Bishop, in whose honor it had been got up, appeared vastly delighted, and repeatedly applauded the young comedians. It being past ten o'clock at its conclusion, our reporter had to run to see the finale of the Concert. Fortunately, the Programme was exceedingly long, (23 pieces of music on it) and he was in time to hear Mr. Roche's Solo on the Violin and half-a-dozen Songs and Choruses of the second part. The City Hall was crowded, and the audience, though a class one, was highly respectable. The gentlemen who comprise the Choral Club sing well together, and as their eighth, ninth, and tenth Chorus or Anthem were well received by an attractive audience, it is fair to conclude that all the early pieces of the evening were equally well sung. While our reporter was present, two young ladies, Misses Bidy and Skinner, each sang a Solo, and were rapturously applauded. And he was told by many present, that a Piano Forte Trio by the Misses Ritchie was most delightfully performed. There were two Piano Fortes on the Platform; one furnished by Mr. S. Black, from Stodart's Manufactory; and the other by Mr. Burrows, from the Montreal Factory Mr. of Hood. It is not for us to say which Piano Forte was the best, but this we can say, out of the twenty-three pieces on the programme, the accompaniments of eighteen were played upon the instrument furnished by Mr. S. Black. And while speaking of music, it is right to make mention, that to enliven the stage waits at Regiopolis College, a very good Orchestra, composed of students and led by Mr. Fleck, executed some charming melodies. It is pleasing to witness the cultivation of music in Kingston, and probably in many other Canadian cities. Here in three days only, three different Musical Clubs or Societies have exhibited their proficiency in public, all of whom did well considering; and yesterday, a much younger body of musicians, the Band of the Christian Brothers' School, had a Pic Nic Excursion to Cape Vincent, the chief attraction of which was the playing of this very juvenile Band.—Kingston Whig.

REVOKED.—The Quebec Journal says:—We believe we are correct in saying that the Canadian Government has been officially notified by the Cabinet at Washington of the repeal of the executive orders of the 21st November, 1862, and the 13th May, 1863, prohibiting the exportation of arms, munitions of war, horses, cattle, &c.

The returns of the Toronto Custom House for May show a wonderful falling off in the collection of duties. The amount collected in 1864 was \$43,573, and in 1865 only \$27,909—a reduction of \$15,664.

There are in Montreal at present several ill-looking characters in Federal undress uniform, on whom the police would do well to keep a sharp eye.—Transcript.

BARREAU.—Barreau, as might be expected, walks about within that portion of the prison of which he is free during the day, in a moody frame of mind, not conversing as yet with any other of the prisoners. He seems to be troubled most about his wife and child. The former paid him a visit yesterday, and was deeply affected, but he remained comparatively unmoved. He seems to dread a visit from any stranger, as the moment the ward door is opened he enters his cell.—Herald 10 inst.

A CLEVERMAN SMOULING.—We are credibly informed that a Cleverman of this town was recently caught infringing our revenue laws, by endeavoring to smuggle a quantity of silk from the 'other side' to this. It seems that when the clergyman's baggage reached this side of the Suspension Bridge, a customs officer asked him if there were any goods concealed in the trunk. The reply was that it contained his wife's clothing. The officer, however, insisted on examining the contents, and discovered the silk, the whole of which, together with the box, would have been confiscated, had not a friend of the clergyman begged the officer to allow them to pass in bond from the bridge to the office here, where the contraband articles were duly entered—and the duties paid.—St. Catherine's Journal.

A little before twelve o'clock, utterly cowed, and broken down, dusty and travel stained, and firmly handcuffed, Barreau was given over to the custody of Mr. Payette, at the gaol. His coat collar was turned up, and he had his hair slouched over his eyes so that his face was almost concealed. His handcuffs were taken off at once, and on their being removed he complained of his wrists being pained with the pressure, but he spoke in so low a tone that we judge of this more by his gestures than his words.—Twice or thrice he lifted up his eyes and glanced furtively round. But what a look of misery and wretchedness was in these eyes. They were like those of a man who had not slept for nights, all brightness had left them and they looked sudden and watery. The bold, sharp eyes, seen in the portrait were no longer visible in that face, which now bears no resemblance to the photographs. As he looks now, the portraits of him set everywhere would rather help to mislead than otherwise. He is close shaved, and states that he got that done in a barber's shop in McGill Street on Thursday night last, that he walked to Lancaster, getting occasional lifts in passing waggons, and that he never left the high way.—At Lancaster he took the train on Saturday night.—This exactly agrees with what Mr. de Laurier, of the Bonsecours market, informed us yesterday. He left by the train for Kingston at nine o'clock, and had fallen asleep, but awoke at Cornwall, and noticed a man eyeing him and his boy very closely. The man was dressed in dark clothes with a white neckcloth and black hat, and looked like a preacher, but he kept carefully under the lamp so that the shadow of his hat fell over his face. This man got out at Kingston, and he then remarked his appearance, but was completely taken off his guard by the very remarkable change in his appearance and by the imperfect light. Had it not been for the gold Barreau would have got off but that betrayed him. Coming down by the train after being taken in charge by the authorities he was perfectly quiet and confessed having committed the crime, stating that he had gone there with the full intention of robbing the house.—Herald 7 inst.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—Dawson Eros—Leonard Scott's reprint of the last monthly number of this old literary favorite, has just come to hand. Our readers will find in it continuations of papers on subjects of interest which have already formed topics for the writers in Blackwood, and much new matter.—The following are the contents:—Sir Brook Fossbrooke, Part I.; Life of Sterne; Cornelius O'Dowd upon men and women, and other things in general, Part XV.; Miss Marjoriebanks, Part IV.; the Race of Interest; Piccadilly, an Episode of Contemporaneous Autobiography, Part III.; to a Lark; the State and Prospect of Parties.

Birth.

In this city, on the 4th inst., the wife of Frederick Eustace Bertram, of a daughter.

Died.

At Wellington, C.W., on the 1st inst., in the 43rd year of his age, Bernard, eldest son of the late A. McPaul, Esq. Requiescat in pace.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS

Montreal, June 13, 1865

Flour—Pollards, \$3.95 to \$4.15; Middlings, \$5.25 to \$4.40; Fine, \$4.35 to \$4.55; Super. No. 2, \$4.65 to \$4.75; Superior \$5.15 to \$5.35; Fancy \$5.70 to \$5.75; Extra, \$5.90 to \$5.95; Superior Extra \$6.20 to \$6.40; Bag Flour, \$5.00 to \$5.05.  
Oatmeal per brl of 200 lbs, \$4.55 to \$4.75.  
Wheat—U. Canada Spring \$1.02 to \$1.07.  
Ashes per 100 lbs, Pots, latest sales were at \$5.22 to \$5.25; Inferior Pots, \$5.60 to \$5.65; Pearls, in demand, at \$5.40 to \$5.45.  
Butter—Store packed in 50 lb packages at 16c to 18c; and a lot of choice Dairy 60c.  
Eggs per doz, 15c.  
Lard per lb, fair demand at 60c to 60c.  
Tallow per lb, 11c to 12c.  
Cut-Meats per lb, Hams, canned, 9c to 10c Bacon, 10c to 10c.  
Pork—Quiet; New Mess, \$20.00 to \$21.00; Prime Mess, \$17.50 to \$20.00; Prime, \$15.50 to \$20.00.  
Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs, \$6.50 to \$6.60  
Hay, per 100 bundles, \$11.00 to \$12.00  
Straw, \$4.00 to \$4.50  
Beef, live, per 100 lbs, 9.00 to 10.00  
Sheep, clipped, each, \$4.00 to \$6.00  
Lamb, 3.00 to 4.00  
Calves, each, \$5.00 to \$6.00

MISS LAWLOR'S DAY SCHOOL.

MISS LAWLOR respectfully informs the public that she still continues her SCHOOL on the Corner of M'CORD and WILLIAM STREETS. She sincerely thanks the public for their kind patronage towards her, and hopes by her strict care and attention to her pupils to merit a continuance of the same. All the Elementary branches necessary to complete a good English Education will be Taught, including Pianoforte, Mosaic and Fancy Work. June 9 1865. Im.

IMPORTANT.

Good Japan Tea, at 2s. 9d. per lb.  
Mixed Tea (Green and Black, at 2s. 6d.  
Bright Sugar, 5 1/2.  
Coffee, 8s.  
Dried Apples, 5 1/2.  
Raisins, (first quality), 6d.  
With a general assortment of Fresh Groceries at equally low rates.

ALSO,

The choicest brands (imported) of Brandy, Gin, Irish & Scotch Whiskey, Port, Sherry, Champagne, Claret, and

MASS WINES,

Guinness Porter, (bottled by Darke) all kinds of Montreal Ales and Porter, constantly on hand.

BURY & HAYES,

No. 144 McGill Street, Next door to Messrs Evans & Co, Clothiers. Montreal, June 5.

CHOICE TEAS, FOREIGN FRUITS,

WINES, CIGARS, GROCERIES,

AND VARIOUS FOREIGN DELICACIES,

Selected expressly for Family use,

IMPORTED AND SOLD BY

DUFRESNE & M'GARITY,

NEW No. 228, NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

Goods sent to any part of the City, free of expense.

Particular attention paid to Families, Army, Navy, and Merchantmen's Stores.

DUFRESNE & M'GARITY,

228 Notre Dame Street.

GOVERNERS.

AN Officer's daughter wishes to meet with an engagement as resident GOVERNESS in a private Family or School. Acquirements—English, French, Drawing, Music (Vocal and Instrumental). Address—Garnier, Box 52, Brampton, C.W. April 30, 1865.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Monday, May 22.—The readers of the *Moniteur* have remarked with some surprise that it has not given the address delivered by Prince Napoleon at the ceremony of uncovering the monument to the first Napoleon at Ajaccio. The first day the *Moniteur* omitted all notice of those facts; the day following it contained a short summary of them. It mentioned, indeed, how the Prince, with head bare, mounted the platform and walked round the statue; how at that solemn moment salutes were fired; how the features of his Imperial Highness betrayed the deepest emotion; how he spoke a little on everything—but of the speech itself, which was the great feature of the ceremony, not a word. The little *Moniteur*, indeed, reproduced the telegram announcing that an oration had been pronounced but it contained only the first two lines, and did not notice the following:—The Prince gave an excellent biography of the Bonapartes. He described the life and acts of Napoleon I., and traced a complete programme of liberal policy.

The Government journals the *Constitutionnel* and *Pays* published the speech after it had been submitted to the censorship, from which it issued mutilated. The first passage suppressed related to the marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa, which the Prince severely condemned, concluding thus:—'An Austrian alliance shall never be the policy of France. The second passage set aside completely a eulogy of American Democracy and the American Constitution. After saying that: 'the foundation of the great Republics stands beyond the Atlantic, encouraged by the support of France, was a glorious legacy bequeathed by the Government of Louis XVI.,' his Imperial Highness eulogized Monroe, 'the celebrated statesman who gave his name to the doctrine which laid down the principle that the Governments of Europe ought to have no possessions in North America.' The third paragraph (which referred to the Roman question, in this the Prince declared himself favourable to the suppression of the Pope's temporal power, and based his opinion on the authority of the first Napoleon, though it is probable that had the Roman Government entered into the Imperial system Napoleon would have maintained its power. The fourth change which the *Constitutionnel* and the *Pays* made in the speech was in that part which alluded to the liberty of the press. Neither is there any mention of the political maxim of the Prince relative to those subaltern agents who are so eager to preserve the Government from every species of attack, but who, in their false devotedness and their interested exaggerations, only seek to hide from the Sovereign their insufficiency and their faults. This was doubtless considered a personal reflection on the Government journals, and would account for the suppression.

It is certain that the speech of his Imperial Highness has caused the utmost displeasure to the Government. The Ministers strongly pressed the Emperor to authorize the insertion of a paragraph in the *Moniteur* disavowing, if not positively censuring the Prince, but the Emperor though very willing, did not venture to do so. The *Opinion Nationale* has narrowly escaped suppression for an article speaking in high terms of the Prince and the speech.

Prince Napoleon has resigned. The Emperor says that Prince Napoleon resigned in consequence of the letter of the Emperor.

The *Globe* says that the Prince was censured for his democratic views generally; but more particularly for uttering hostile sentiments on the Emperor's American policy.

One or two Ministers have spoken of their determination to resign if the French troops are not all recalled from Mexico within two months.

Paris, May 24.—The *Patrie* has very narrowly escaped an advertisement for having published alarming news about the recruiting said to be going on in the United States, with a view to an invasion of Mexico. It stated that it had reason to believe that the French Government felt somewhat anxious about these clandestine operations in favor of the ex-President Juarez, and that the most energetic measures would be taken, if necessary, against the American volunteers. It declared that France would never allow these adventurers to attack, in contempt of every principle, a country which is protected by the French flag. It announced, moreover, that Rear-Admiral Didelot, the newly named commander of the naval division on the west coast of America, was under orders to leave Brest with the steam frigate *Themis*, immediately after the Emperor's return from Algeria, with formal instructions to stop, in the name of international law, and conformably to the provisions of maritime law, any enterprises that the successors of Lopez and Walker might attempt. The *Patrie* added that besides General Ortega, Romero, brother of the Romero who was recently shot by sentence of court martial at Mexico, was at New York conducting the recruiting; that the said Romero was furnished with full powers from Juarez, was assisted by an American committee, and appeared to have at his disposal large sums of money.

The news coming from the *Patrie* produced a very bad effect generally, and particularly among the commercial class. The *Patrie* got a reprimand for having given it publicity, and was forthwith 'invited to retract' or at least modify what it had stated. It has done so; and it now says that the only correct fact in its previous statement is, that Rear-Admiral Didelot is going out to relieve Rear-Admiral Boscawen who has completed his period of service on the west coast of America, and that the former will not be charged with any exceptional mission whatever, and will have no other powers than those held by his predecessor.

I believe there is no doubt whatever that the recruiting of volunteers for 'emigration' to Mexico does occasion some anxiety to the Government. It is true that assurances had been given by the American Government before Mr. Lincoln's death of their desire to maintain friendly relations with this country, and nothing has since occurred to change their policy. This is not the first time that 'emigrants' have been engaged in foreign expeditions. Cuba and Nicaragua are instances among the most recent, and it is not surprising that the emissaries of Juarez should profit by the conclusion of the war to enrol a certain number of those whom peace has left without occupation. The French Government are aware of the difficulty of putting a stop to these operations, but are nevertheless, convinced that the Washington Cabinet will do all that the law allows; and that, if these volunteers succeed in entering Mexico, the force at the disposal of the Emperor Maximilian will be able to give to give a good account of them. 'The French and English Government,' observes *La France*,—

'Feel no disquiet. Both have observed towards the United States a policy of conciliation. They have not ceased to receive from them the most moderate declarations; and they have no reason to believe that any untoward facts will occur to alter their friendly relations.'

Paris, May 24.—The *Moniteur* of this evening publishes an article confirming the revocation of the order limiting the stay of Federal vessels in French ports to twenty-four hours; and says France has also announced that she will hasten to raise all other restrictions as soon as the Washington Cabinet shall cease to exercise the exceptional rights which its quality as a belligerent enables it to claim on the sea towards neutrals. The *Moniteur* then reverts to the fully satisfactory assurances of Mr. Lincoln some days before his death; and adds:—'The last news from America affords reason to believe that President Johnson intends to follow the wise policy of his predecessor.'

Communications are said to be constantly passing between Paris, Rome, and Turin. According to letters addressed to the *Novellista di Roma*, the *Charon*, and divers other journals, M. Drouyn de Lhuys is urging the Piedmontese Government to

conclude the negotiation entered upon by M. Vegezzi and to put the same interpretation upon the Convention of the 15th of September as the Imperial Government does. He is said also to have intimated that in case Piedmont declines to comply with this request, the French Government might consider it necessary to make a supplementary Convention with the Pope to declare therein more explicitly what they consider themselves at liberty to do, and to inform the Pope that they would protect and defend him. It is, moreover, reported that the communications alluded to above are not confined to the matter of the Italian Bishops, but they relate to the grounds of the Convention itself, and that it is at the suggestion of the French Cabinet that Count Revel has been sent to Rome by Victor Emmanuel. We do not guarantee the truth of these reports, which are, however, not without importance, inasmuch as they indicate the general tendency of men's minds and the disposition of the powers that be.

A curious little incident in Parisian journalism has recently occurred. It appears that M. Scholl, the editor of the *Main Jaune*, published in it a serial story, in which he drew satirical pictures of demimonde life. According to the *New York Express*, M. Scholl had represented certain aristocratic ladies, under fictitious names, as visiting places where ladies ought not to be found, and in consequence his work had been interdicted and he himself forced to fly before the vengeance of the persons he had offended. This statement was inserted in the *Main Jaune*, in English, only of course to be laughed at, as it was not true. It appears, however, that the things written by M. Scholl really did create much alarm in fashionable circles. No less a personage than the Countess de Metternich, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, believing that she and certain of her friends were the objects of ridicule, sent to M. Scholl, through the Prince de Sagau and another great personage, begging him to desist from his attacks. The editor, however, declared that though the persons figuring in his story were drawn from nature, they were not portraits, and it seems that this explanation was accepted as satisfactory.

The Davenport Brothers have taken and are living in Rossini's chateau, at Agnières. The most remarkable 'manifestations' in which they have lately indulged were the marriage of William Davenport just before leaving London with the irrepressible Adala Isaac Mecken Heenan, &c. Adala is a spiritual 'medium' and perhaps it is the 'spirit' and not herself who are responsible for her queer pranks. The editor, however, declared that though the persons figuring in his story were drawn from nature, they were not portraits, and it seems that this explanation was accepted as satisfactory.

An interesting archaeological discovery has just been made in a private property on the side of the hill of Fourtieres, near Lyons. It is the lower floor of a Roman house perfectly preserved. In searching one of the walls a recess was found decorated with frescoes on a red ground. It is supposed to have served as a sanctuary for the household gods.

SPAIN.

The *Epoca* of to-day says:—The Spanish Government awaits the conclusion of the negotiations between the Papal and Italian Governments before deciding whether Spain shall recognize the kingdom of Italy or not.

ITALY.

Piedmont.—Florence, May 19.—The Dante Festival has been brought to a close with an unbroken spirit, that never for an instant flagged, and with a uniform success in all its phases and scenes. Not a single accident or mistake, not the slightest disorder or brawl, so far as I have observed or heard, has saddened or troubled any portion of the festivities, which, although limited to three days, have been prolonged to four.

On Tuesday evening entertainment was also provided for the more intellectual classes in the shape of tableaux vivants of groups from Dante. At the same time and place (Pagliano Theatre) passages from his poems were declaimed by Ristori, Salvini, and other distinguished artists. The King was present, and at a passage from the *Inferno* having a strong reference to Rome, in a severe decidedly unfavourable to the maintenance of the present regimen, an attempt was made, by vehement applause, to win a sign from him but His Majesty would not be moved to a demonstration which, at the present moment, might have been ill-advised.—*Times* correspondent.

The Dante Centenary Anniversary this week at Florence, like that of Shakespeare in London last year, seems to have strangely savoured of Garibaldi and the influence of our European public in general, and of Italy in particular. Dante's memory has been commemorated by a great procession of journalists, medical men, apothecaries, literary men, and other trades, all represented by deputations, each with a flag, by way of ticket, to inform the gaping beholders of the titles of each representation. There were no less than seven hundred such ticket flags, and among the rest that of the Clergy of Italy, followed by a small group of Liberal Priests, who had donned their former ecclesiastical dress for the occasion. Their leader, said to say, was a certain Capuchin, known as having for some time only retained his beard out of the characteristics of his former vocation. This hideous display of the most deplorable degradation was of course greeted by the shouts of the class privileged to make a noise for all the rest in that happy land, where those who make no noise are excluded from all political account. Horse-races, theatrical declamations, and such like celebrations completed the programme of this Godless feast, where Dante's memory was as much out of place as the dignity of Pius IX. in the midst of the infidel displays of 1848 in Rome. In Florence Dante was officially represented as the victim of Pope Boniface VIII. The *Unita Cattolica* of Turin published the actual decree which drove him into exile, and which was issued by the Commune or Mont of Italy of Florence, while Boniface VIII. died 19 years before the termination of Dante's exile at Ravenna. By the way, it is Dante, after all, who first on the idea of comparing the Sovereign of a certain country to Pilate, on account of the insults inflicted by his agents on the Vicar of Christ, in the very person of Boniface VIII.

The proposed ecclesiastical arrangements which have made Signor Vegezzi a nine days' hero throughout all Europe, seem to remain in statu quo, the crew who rule Italy not having the courage or even seeming capable of a reasonable understanding with the Pope. Victor Emmanuel's Ministry is reported to be divided on the prosecution of the conferences, four being in favour of both! The long and short of it, is that I believe that the Pope himself does not know what he is become of Vegezzi, nor does Vegzzi know what he is to do next.

There are people who, like the 'petite elite' in France after the great Revolution, refuse to take any but a narrow view of the question, and who will possibly cavil at any step taken in harmony with the Italian Government, as a concession to revolution. This view is the one put forward by the extreme Liberal press with the simple view of detaching the Pope's staunchest adherents, the French legitimists; but happily the snare is one too shallow and too unskillfully laid to entrap any one.

The Revolution is more vitally injured by one valid confession or baptism, by one fervent act of faith, by conversions either from vice, or neglect, or heresy, than by any human means. Its subtlety falls harmless before the *Messe Martiana* of a pious curate and his faithful village. Its sophistries about women's emancipation are mere sounding brass to a good Christian wife and mother, and boys educated by priests imbued with the vital Catholicity of a reformed Religious Order, will not easily lean to the teaching of a vicious professor of an atheist university, or renounce Christ in the *haute esprit* of Young Italy. It is the crusade of the Gods' spirit that Pius the IXth would enkindle throughout the length and breadth of Italy, to meet the ever increasing forces of infidelity and vice that are gathering up their forces for the onset to be made on the Church at the coming elections.

Already have the Freemasons' lodges of Italy issued a most blasphemous document, denying the very existence of God. Already has Mazzini called on his

followers to stir up the soldiers of the Italian army, the people of the rural districts, for new conquests—already has he launched a letter of unparalleled profanity at the Encyclical and its venerable author, and called on Italy to abandon even her shadow of monarchical government and constitute that republic which alone is equal to the liberation of Rome and Venice. That the full strength of her party will be put forth and return candidates pledged to the execution of the National programme cannot be doubted, and the unpopularity of Victor Emmanuel will be increased tenfold among the men who set him where he is, by the knowledge that his anxiety for a reconciliation with the Church has caused him to concede many most important points, and in fact to meet the Pope on the Pope's own terms, as no others will be listened to.—*Tablet*.

Garibaldi's wound in the ankle has caused his permanent lameness, but his health is completely re-established.

Rome.—May 20.—Day by day we have reports due since Signor Vegezzi's return, and he is certainly due since the 17th. But all we see of him (if I may so say) is Signor Revel, who is a Piedmontese member of the Turin Parliament of *quondam* Conservative politics, who has accepted the new state of things, without however taking office at any time, and who is now reported to have come here, on the forenoon of the 17th in the evening, but more or less commissioned to carry on Vegezzi's work. This is all we know at present on the state of this question, which excites such journalistic and public attention on all sides. Meanwhile our Italianist contemporaries remain pleasantly situated between the horns of the dilemma of either showing themselves incapable of rational behaviour towards the Holy Father, even in *spiritualibus*, or letting the Church have more liberty than is good for their 'theistic or rather Theophobic cause.'—*Cor. Weekly Register*.

On the 13th inst., the Holy Father kept his 73rd birthday, and on the 10th of June he will have completed the 19th year of his Pontificate. Of the 259 Popes who have followed St. Peter, there are only eight who have reigned longer than the present Pontiff. St. Sylvester governed the Church from the year 314 to 336; St. Leo the Great, from 440 to 461; Adrian I., from 772 to 795; Alexander III., from 1159 to 1181; Urban VIII., from 1623 to 1644; Clement IX., from 1700 to 1721; Pius VI., from 1775 to 1800; Pius VIII. from 1800 to 1823. These two reigned longer than any of the others, the former for 24, the latter for 23 years. The chroniclers of the Church assign a reign of 25 years to St. Peter alone. The Romans predict that it is reserved for Pius IX. to complete the number of Popes who have, since St. Peter, enjoyed the longest reigns, and thus to fulfil the ancient Latin proverb, *omne trinum perfectum*. Moreover, Pius IX., which is the chronological number of the reigning Pope, is also the square of the symbolical number, 3.—*Bien Public*.

The news of the Most Rev. Mgr. Manning's shortly expected arrival here, and of the congratulations he has received from the English Bishops, Clergy, and faithful of all classes, on his nomination by the Holy Father to the Metropolitan See, has already reached Rome. As our Archbishop Elect's coming must coincide with the feast of St. Paul and the arrival of the first collective pilgrimage from England since the dreary Reformation, we may hope that the presence of our new Metropolitan in Rome will tend to swell considerably the noble band organised by zealous Catholics of Mgr. Manning's parish, who will thus receive so time-honoured and so Anglo-Saxon a devotion.

I have received the following particulars of the Pope's interview with the three Mexican envoys, from a very trustworthy source. The first who spoke was Senor Gopollado, the youngest of the envoys, who, as a barrister of some repute as to his gifts, undertook at once to overwhelm the Holy Father with his eloquence. It was lost, however, on the Pope, who did not even answer him, but turned towards the chief envoy and asked him who he was. The person so addressed immediately said: 'Holy Father, I am Don Jose Velasquez, who have the honor to be accredited to your Holy See as Ambassador Extraordinary of His Majesty Maximilian II., Emperor of Mexico.' Ah! returned the Holy Father, 'I know you already by repute. You are a good man, and what is more, a good Christian. I am sorry to see you connected with a mission in which it is impossible for you to effect any good, and you can only lose your own honour. As for you, Monsignore,' added the Pope, turning towards the other Envoy, Mgr. Ramirez, a Mexican Bishop in *paribus*, 'you would do well to remain closely united to your brethren in the Episcopacy of Mexico who are defending the rights of the Church; and do not seek, by detaching yourself from them, to find an impossible solution of the present difficulties, which can be done away with only by those who have created them. As for you, Senor, said Pius IX., addressing at last the officious advocate, 'I presume that your chief business is to keep a watch over these two honest companions of yours. Now you can return to your Sovereign and explain to him that, if Kings and Generals, when they are conquered, capitulate, disband their armies, and surrender their fortresses and territory, the Church, on her part, when overcome by brute force, never capitulates, never disbands her armies, which are her Bishops and Clergy, never surrenders her fortresses and territory, which consist in justice, truth, and right, and the consciences of her children. Now you may go.'

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—A correspondent writing from Naples to the *Union* says:—'The strong attachment of the Neapolitan nation to the Religious Orders is shown by the following facts. At Torre del Greco, a small village close to Naples, the National Guard offered an energetic resistance to the Piedmontese authorities, who wished to take possession of the Capuchin Monastery of the place. It is said that the agents who had been sent upon this mission from Naples, yielded the point, but with the intimation that they would return the next day with an armed force. This menace, far from intimidating the National Guard of Torre del Greco, exasperated them to such a pitch, that they one and all replied they would be there to resist this fresh act of spoliation. As nobody liked to be responsible for what might follow, the matter was referred to the Prefect, who took upon himself to dispense with the execution of the ministerial order, so that the Capuchins will, for the present at least, remain undisturbed. M. Vigilani, Prefect of Naples, was perfectly aware of the difficulty in which the Government was placed by this unexpected opposition on the part of the National Guard. 'I will never,' said he, 'give an order of such a nature as to cause an outbreak between the Regulars and the National Guard; the first shot would plunge us at once into a civil war.'

Again, the Religious of Piedigrotta, having received notice, were in momentary expectation of being ordered to dissolve their body, and to quit their Monastery. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood of the Chaja, who love and respect these good Monks, having heard what was going on to take place, became highly excited. Meanwhile Prince Humbert happened to come riding on horseback along the Chaja, and to take the direction of the Grotto of Paullippo, which is near the Convent of Piedigrotta. The populace no sooner recognized him that they crowded round him with deafening cries, mingled with menaces and with prayers for these poor Monks who were in danger of being banished from their home. The Prince stammered out a few words, but the people were not satisfied with that; some grasped his bridle-rein, and he, seeing that the tumult was increasing, was almost constrained to promise that he would do all in his power to promote their wishes in favour of the Monks of Piedigrotta.

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, May 23.—The Vienna papers of to-day announce that the removal of the exceptional state of things in Hungary is imminent.

The *New Free Press* of to-day asserts that the Duke de Gramont, French Ambassador, at the Court of Vienna, in an interview with Count Mendenoff, said that Prince Napoleon's speech at Ajaccio had not been well considered by his Imperial Highness, and did not require any official denial on the part of the French Government.

UNITED STATES.

New York, May 9.—With the most sincere and kindly disposition to support President Johnson in the discharge of the delicate and arduous duties so suddenly and unhappily thrust upon him, there is an evident feeling of uneasiness among all cautious and reflective men lest his administration should, in American phrase, 'breed trouble.' His proclamation, in which he broadly accuses Mr. Jefferson Davis of the diabolical crime of subornation of murder, is too astounding to be accepted by the mass of the people as justified by the known or presumable facts of the case. The inclusion of the names of Messrs. Clay, Thompson, Sanders, Tucker, and Cleary, was not very wise, perhaps, and certainly not very prudent, but men whose defects rather lean to the virtuous side of conviviality and good fellowship than to the vicious side of hate, malice, and conspiracy, strengthen the conviction that the President has listened to passion rather than to reason in attempting to fix upon Mr. Davis the horrible guilt of taking the life of Mr. Lincoln. The South gained, and could gain, nothing by the murder. The North gained nothing by it—unless it were the substitution of an untried man for a tried one in the chief magistracy; which, under the circumstances, can scarcely be deemed an advantage. No party or sect profited by it. In fact nobody gained anything but President Johnson, who, by the uttering sin of the assassin's pistol, was taken out of the obscurity of the Vice-Presidential station, and converted into the equal of the most powerful Sovereigns of the earth. The new President should have remembered before giving credence to the confessions of the miserable creature Harrod, or the other disreputable rowdies who have been arrested for a real or supposed complicity in the crime of Booth, that the man who would give himself up as Harrod did, to gain a few additional hours of life, would tell the most diabolical lies for the same object, and that such a creature if asked to incriminate the Khan of Tartary, or the Emperor of China, would do it as readily and glibly as he would incriminate Mr. Davis or Mr. Bereney Tucker; and that being an assassin of the most cowardly sort, he must be held to be a liar and a perjurer, unless every statement he makes shall be corroborated by the subtle links of circumstantial evidence, or by the corresponding testimony of honest and unsuspecting men. The proclamation has produced a very bad effect.—There is not one man in a thousand who believes that Mr. Jefferson Davis, or any of the gentlemen named in it, had anything whatever to do with the crime, or who does not think that Mr. Johnson has been too hasty in affixing his name to so dreadful a document.

Another circumstance which creates an unpleasant feeling in the minds of moderate men, who conscientiously believe that the constitution and the laws of the United States are fully sufficient to meet all the requirements of public liberty and safety, is that the Administration has decided that the conspirators shall be tried by a military commission, and not by the ordinary tribunals. There can be no pretence for asserting that any jury of Americans which could be impeached in Washington, New York, or any other city of the Union, would err on the side of leniency to criminals such as these, or that any but a fair, full, impartial, and dispassionate inquiry into their guilt or innocence would be countenanced by the bench, the bar, the jury, or the public. There is, however, a misgiving that a military commission will neither be so just nor so patient, and that *Themis* in uniform and shoulder straps is not the *Themis* for the trial of any offence that has not been committed in the camp or the battle-field. The awful accusation made against President Davis and the five unhappy Southern gentlemen, who for the last twelve months have made Canada their home, renders it if possible more than usually imperative that the trial of the conspirators should be open and full, that the evidence should be thoroughly sifted, not simply as regards their own individual guilt or innocence, but as regards the individuals whom their 'confessions' have incriminated. It cannot be for the credit of the American name that this conspiracy should prove to be the deliberate act of statesmen and politicians plotting with a crazy tragedian and the lowest ruffians of the rumshop and the hotel-corridor, to commit a crime so abhorrent and so useless. It would tend to remove a stigma from the national character if the crime should sit all turn out to be—what most people believe—the individual act of Booth and the half-witted bravos who were fascinated by his manners and fed upon his extravagance. Whatever may be the judgment pronounced by a purely military tribunal, unaided by a jury, it will be received with distrust if it include the condemnation of any person or persons not present or represented before it. Not alone for the sake of justice, and for the truth of history, but for the credit of the Administration, it is essential that no suspicion should attach either now or hereafter to the impartiality, and the jurisdiction of the tribunal before which six absent gentlemen are to be tried—not for their lives, perhaps, but for that which is more than life—their honour and their true place in the annals of this memorable but most deplorable war. The fact, too, that the chief criminal and arch-conspirator is beyond the reach of human law, and that his tongue can add nothing to the knowledge sought to be acquired of the promptings and motives of his dreadful deed, ought to make President Johnson and his Government careful how by any appearance of unfairness in the trial they lay themselves open to the suspicion of caring less for absolute and impartial justice than for the chance to blacken with immortal infamy the character and names of their defeated political opponents.—*Cor. of London Times*.

Philadelphia, just now, is in a state of perturbation, over two vexed questions—1st, shall the price of lager beer be raised this summer?—and 2nd, shall colored men ride in the cars?

AWFUL CONDITION OF N. CAROLINA.—It is heart-breaking to see what terrible havoc war has made along the line of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad. Fields formerly waving in growing corn, wheat, cotton, &c., at this season of the year, are now a barren waste, with not a stick of fence to be seen. Farm houses swept away by the devouring flames; forests of pine, once tall and beautiful, now laid low by the axe of the pioneer. Indeed, everything you behold bears the impress of rude, heartless and unfeeling war. Kinston and Goldsboro, and their vicinities, made memorable in the history of the war, have suffered most. The people are left almost penniless, without provisions and in many cases without stock with which to make a crop the present season. It is difficult to conjecture how they are to survive the great calamity, unless aided by the Government, which would be done most effectually perhaps by either loaning or selling them stock with which to prosecute their agricultural pursuits. The people have no currency, and nothing to sell with which to get it. Business is closed, shops and hotels shut up, and everything seems at a standstill.—*North Carolina Times*.

On the 1st inst., six hundred and thirty Mormons disembarked at Ostle Garden, after a transatlantic trip, in the ship *Belle Woods*, from Liverpool. Their final destination was Salt Lake. Elder Taylor, the general agent in New York, says, five hundred and fifty eight Mormons from Hamburg, chiefly North Germans, are at this time en route for New York, and another ship from Port Elizabeth, South Africa, contains sixty white Africans, who are thus making almost the circumnavigation of the globe to lay their bones in 'Deseret.'

The *New York Times* says:—It is an open question whether the government should or should not attempt to secure suffrage to the Southern blacks. The best men may differ about it. On the one hand are the strong arguments that the blacks have entitled themselves to the ballot by having done all that they could do for the national cause, when their masters were all recalcitrant—that their voting would secure the national authority in the South, while it is uncertain whether the loyalty of the whites can be depended upon—and that their voting is needful for their own protection, it being probable that without it they would be victims of unequal laws which would make their condition little if any better than their former bondage. On the other hand, it is strongly maintained that the black millions of the South do not possess, and in this generation, at least, cannot acquire the intelligence necessary to the right use of the franchise, and that the admission of such an enormous amount of animal ignorance into our body politics might produce evil immeasurable and irremediable. The still more formidable objection is urged that negro suffrage cannot be forced upon the Southern States against their will, except by military authority, and on the assumption that their State rights no longer exist, which implies that the secession ordinances were not nullities, but had a legal effect, and that the South was foreign territory, now made ours by conquest, or by an amendment of Federal Constitution, conferring upon the Federal Government the right to prescribe the qualifications of voters, which amendment the requisite three-fourths of the States would never adopt, and which they never could adopt, without suicidally putting an end to their State life, and transforming our whole civil system from a Union into an absolute consolidation.

More than 1,800 claims for damages by the war have been filed at Washington amounting to over \$50,000,000.

The number of troops in the Army of the Potomac and in Gen. Sherman's army whose term expire prior to the 1st of October, and under orders for mustering out, is estimated at 122,410.

The number of troops to be mustered out during June exceed 120,000.

Jeff. Davis has been brought up to Washington from Fortress Monroe, and has been placed on board a Monitor, which is anchored in the stream, instead of being confined with the other assassination conspirators in the Old Arsenal.

All restrictions heretofore placed by the Treasury Department on the exportation of Anthracite Coal have been removed.

During the month of May requisitions to the amount of \$97,000,000 were made on the Treasury for the payment of the armies.

General Sigel with true military ardor has taken his position at the head of thirty-two columns of a Baltimore newspaper.—*Lou. Jour.*

A despatch to the Transcript says Gen. Banks is ordered to report at Waltham, Mass. His affairs are undergoing an investigation at the War Department.

A heavy shock of earthquake was felt in San Francisco and throughout Southern California on the morning of the 24th ult.; but it appears to have done no damage.

Mrs. Ellen O'Shea, whose maiden name was Malone, a native of the parish of Duquoin, west of Dingie, is living with her daughter in New York, at the extraordinary age of 125.

The 14th day of the month has been made memorable by assassins, Orsini, Charlotte Corday, Ravallio, made their murderous attacks on the 14th, and President Lincoln was shot on 14th of April, 1864.

It is understood that the statement of the public debt to June first is being prepared for publication. The condition of the Treasury is most favorable, and has been for some time. There are no unpaid requisitions in the Treasury, excepting the uncalled for pay of the army.

A despatch from Massilon, Ohio, gives the particulars of a riot among the coal miners in that vicinity, growing out of resistance made by the Miners' Union organization to the employment of men not members of the Union. A regiment of National Guards were called out to restore order, and arrested a number of the leaders.

The war is now at an end, on both sides of the Mississippi. The surrender of General Kirby Smith's command secures to us peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. There is no longer any fear of a prolonged and expensive war in Texas, and of consequent complications with Mexico.

Importations are on the increase, and exceed our exports. There has consequently been, for the last two or three weeks, a considerable demand for gold or shipment, and the premium on gold has advanced to about thirty-six or seven per cent.;—but the cotton shipments and the sale of our Government bonds will probably meet the excess of our imports, and cause a decline in gold.

A frightful and stupendous catastrophe occurred in Mobile on the 14th ult. An explosion, the origin of which is not known, took place in the main ordnance depot, causing a shock which rocked the entire city to its foundations, completely demolished eight blocks of buildings, and to some extent injured nearly the whole place. One account states that three hundred persons were killed, many wounded, and thousands buried under the ruins. Two steamers were destroyed and all on board killed. The loss is variously estimated at from three to eight millions of dollars.

Mr. Wm. Talbot was received into the Catholic Church on May 26, in Newark, by Archbishop Purcell. His brother, residing in Newark, is also a convert.—*Cincinnati Telegraph*.

It is proclaimed that a larger and more rapid reduction both of our military and naval forces may now be made than was contemplated up to this time. The great expenditures of the Government will also be sooner brought down to a peace establishment than was expected. The five hundred millions of dollars, which some persons supposed would be the cost of subduing Texas, will be saved. It is probable that the standing army will be reduced to a hundred thousand men, instead of a hundred and sixty thousand as had been proposed.

A Distinction.—Many years ago, when new sects in New England began to break the ancient Congregational barriers, and make incursions into the sheepfolds of the regular clergy, a reverend divine, whom I well knew—a man at once of infinite good sense and good humor—encountered one of these irregular practitioners at the house of one of his flock. They had a pretty hot discussion on their points of difference, and at length the interloper, finding more than his match at polemics, wound up by saying—'Well, doctor, you'll at least allow that it was commanded to preach the gospel to every creature.' 'True,' rejoined the doctor, 'true enough. But then I never did hear it was commanded to every creature to preach the gospel.'

Bloqueading has not entirely died out. The following is given as a verbatim report in the Missouri House: 'Mr. Speaker—I think sleep is paramount to dogs, and our laws hadn't oughter be so that dogs can commit ravages on sheep. Mr. Speaker, I represent sheep on this floor. (Laughter, and cries of that's so.) Up where I live sheep is more account than dogs, and although you may tell me that dogs is useful, still I say on the other hand, sheep is useful; and show me the man that represent dogs on this floor, and that thinks dogs is more important than sheep, and I will show you a man that is tantamount to nothing.'—*Mr. Speaker, I am through!*

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York St., Toronto, C.W., June 27, 1864. Messrs. Lanman & Kemp: Gentlemen,—As a statement of my case may be beneficial to others afflicted as I was, I give you the following particulars with pleasure.

I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant, R. J. MOORE.

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