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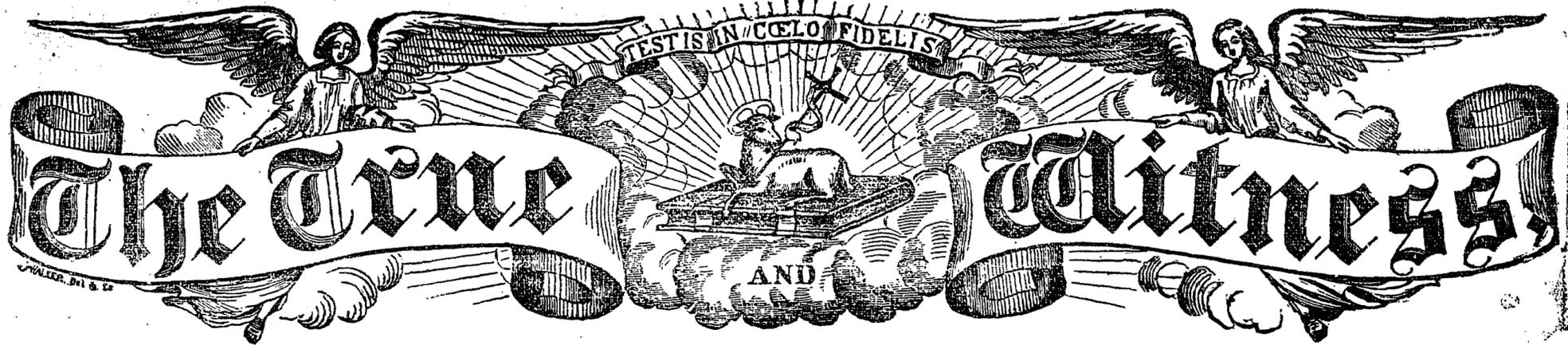
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 24.

EUSTACE, OR, SELF-DEVOTION. CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Murmur not, my beloved ones, this is Christmas morning. The servant is not greater than the master. Let us meditate not on our own sufferings, but on the Babe of Bethlehem, who when joy was offered unto Him, yet chose this Cross; remember that if we are this night in cold and suffering, He on this the anniversary of the nativity, trod that painful way to teach us, is servants, how to suffer. O God,' continued he, with clasped hands, his mild grey eyes raised to heaven, while tears of devotion and love gathered thick and fast on their lashes, 'give to us patience and resignation in this the hour of our bitterest need, that so these our sufferings and crosses may be received by us as tokens of Thy love, that so we may be more worthy of the eternity of happiness which yet await us.'

Ah, yes! poor father, thou wert then indeed a pattern of patience to us thy children. But oh! in many and many an hour of after life, were even my own weak thread of existence prolonged for a hundred years, would that Christmas eve, and the week which followed it, be ever present to my mind. There are things and scenes present to the memory of some which a whole life, miraculously lengthened, would never suffice to efface,—circumstances which so shock the nerves so paralyze, as it were, our mental faculties, that we cannot forget them, even if we would. And often, in the still hour of eve, in the dewy morn, er at the noontide hour, when all is bustle and life around me, when I have enjoyed the calm solitude of nature, and have raised my thoughts to God through His own bright works, gazing with rapture on the pale moon, with its attendant stars, in the still quiet of the summer night, when the soft air has scarce sufficed to disturb the leaves of the trees; or, did I listen to the sighing of the wind, or the sullen plashing of the distant waves, dashing suddenly on the far sea shore, over which the white sea-gull careered in rapid flight; or watched in the early morn the rays of the rising sun kissing away the dew-drops sparkling on each herb and flower; or, amid the hum and bustle of life, when the smile was on my lip, my heart was light, and plenty was around me; when the board has been well spread, the fire bright, and the chamber well curtained—then, ah! then it is, that the faces of the departed are before me—then, in ghastly paleness, I see the was aspect of my dear old father. I see again that wasted, attenuated form; I see his white locks falling over his thin pale face; I hear that low moan—oh God! the subdued moan of famished nature. 'I have nothing to give!' The very sun seems to smile upon our woe, mocking, as it were, our misery. Ah! happy, happy rich, whose sweet sad luxury it is to be able to indulge your grief by lavishing on the dying all those many comforts which wealth enables you to procure. At least, it is your enviable lot to smooth the passage to eternity—to pluck away a few of the thorns which beset their path.

But let me return from my digression. Not even the few trifling aids Maud could afford us might we look for now. She, with her husband and children, were braving the perils of the deep, Mr. Lindsey having procured an eligible post under our government in India. And, as if all things conspired for our utter ruin, our good friend, Mrs. Melmoth, was absent on a continental tour, and we were left utterly friendless and alone. Oh! those sad days, each one bringing with it starvation to the body, and exquisite tortures to the mind. My poor father, in that Christmas week, was deprived, by the myrmidons of a harsh landlord, even of the bed whereon he lay. Oh God, shall I ever, ever forget the horrors of that scene? No; it is all present to my mind's eye. There are the satellites of the law, turning over with their rude grasp our little property, with hideous jest, and mocking laugh and taunting sneer, those sordid articles—sordid indeed, for the gently born are all beneath their hands. There lay our writing materials and letters, thrown heedlessly on the floor; our desks, simple though they were, are gone. And, ah! woe of woes, there crouched together, on a mattress of wool which the pity of man hath left, with the big tears stealing through those thin hands, which bide his aged face, sits my poor father. No word escapes his lips, but dreadful indeed it is to witness the tears of man.

But see, the December shadows fall. All is now quiet. The rough, harsh men have done their barbarous master's bidding, and gone their way. We, my father and myself, have been some time alone. Margaret, in the fever of despair, had sallied forth early that morning, in hopes, even at the eleventh hour, to raise the sum required from a friend of Mrs. Melmoth's. Vain, vain hope! She had walked the whole of the long winter day, and, with a beating heart and trembling lip, had urged her suit, and been refused.

My poor Maggie! she guessed how it would be; and heavy indeed was the load which pressed upon our sad hearts as we walked over that desolate house, the sight of which did indeed make the word home a mockery to us. Yet no repining word escaped my father—no murmur of impatience. Ah, angels of mercy, a little, yet a little longer, and that worn, tried, but faithful spirit shall be carried by thee to the footstool of the Eternal.

'I cannot bear this,' I murmured, as I noticed a deadly pallor steal over his face; 'relief must still be sought. Nay, see you not, Maggie, this may be death even now approaching.—The inroads of disease, the want of proper nourishment, this fearful shock—all may hasten the end which I feel assured is near.'

'Shall I leave you, Minnie, in this desolate house, or will you go to St. Mary's?' asked Maggie, who well knew that it was the aid of a priest I sought.

'I will remain with my father,' I answered; 'we may not heed the shame we feel. Margaret, for his dear sake we must stoop also to beg the aid of charity. If you can meet with Father—tell him how sore is the plight we are now in.'

A long, long time seemed to intervene after the departure of Margaret until her return. I had no light save that which the remains of a rush-candle bestowed, and which was almost consumed, and my eyes often wandered uneasily around the dim obscurity beyond, for I could not help fancying that once or twice I heard a slight noise, and then—was it fancy, or do I really see the shadow of a man on the opposite wall, gliding, as it were, across the passage beyond, for the door stood partially open?

A thousand hideous and superstitious fears thronged thick and fast upon my mind, my heart too truly told me that I was in the presence of the dying. A silence almost appalling reigned throughout the house, and on the hard mattress beside me lay my father, his ashen countenance already wearing the hue of death; buried in a sort of stupor, I only knew he yet breathed by the faintest perceptible motion in the clothes which covered him.

With every sense painfully on the alert, I still kept the temporary seat I had endeavored to form, and with body strained forward, and eyes painfully fixed, spite of myself, on the opposite wall, I listened and watched for a return of the sight or sound which had annoyed me, inwardly praying that Margaret might soon return. Yet again my heart beat thick and fast, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and my hands turned cold as ice, as that shadow again moved across the opposite wall.

No time was to be lost, the rushlight was about to expire. I felt I had indeed not nerve, alone and in darkness, to brave the horrors of such a scene as this, and scarcely conscious of what I did, I moved stealthily from the place I occupied, and seizing the light with a trembling hand, I crept across the room. Yes, I was not wrong, there, in the landing beyond, surely stood the form of a man. A cry rose, to my lips, but I thought of my father, remembering that in our desolate and ruined home there was no incentive to plunder. And though my teeth chattered, and my limbs shook from cold as well as fear, I conquered the impulse to shriek, and left the room, resolving to know the worst. Quick as thought, the form of this nocturnal visitant glided to the staircase, I followed, shading with my hand the fast expiring light, suddenly it paused, I heard my name pronounced, though in a whisper: I was beckoned onwards, and now, losing every thought of fear in a sense of curiosity, I rushed boldly down the stairs, exclaiming, when within a few paces of the passage,

'In the name of heaven, who are you, and what seek you in this abode of sorrow?'

'Minnie, Minnie, don't be frightened—it is I, it is Arthur,' exclaimed my wretched brother, grasping me round the waist with one hand, for he saw I was about to fall, while he snatched the light from my trembling hand with the other.

Doubtless many of my readers have, in some time or other during their lives, known what it was under the impulse of fear or other emotion, be it what it may, to act as I did, careless of fear for the present, rush on to know the worst, and then either relapsed into insensibility as I had nearly done, or found relief in a copious flood of tears. To my inquiries, as soon as I could speak, as to how he had entered the house without my knowledge, or for what reason he had occasioned me so terrible an alarm, he gave me the following account—

It happened that in the morning his wife had passed along the street, had noticed the muffled door and the confusion that prevailed, and had afterwards ascertained in the neighborhood that an execution was about to take place, whereupon he added, 'I thought I would get some wine and a few good things for the poor governor, by abstaining somewhat from drink, with-

out which, unfortunately, I could not live. I know how badly you all think of me,' he said, wiping a tear from his eye, 'and I came here at the very moment when Margaret had for a few moments re-entered the house, leaving the door ajar. I entered, and stowing away what I brought with me into the kitchen, crept softly up stairs to see if could get hold of you without the knowledge of father. I can't much wonder,' he continued, 'if he does not wish to see me, and as I can't bear reproaches, for I don't suppose I can unmake myself, I just watched my opportunity till I could attract your attention, though I was mortally afraid lest you should utter a shriek, and think a thief had got in the house.'

'A thief here!' repeated, looking around on the bare walls of our wretched home; 'but give me what you have,' I added. 'Ah, how welcome it will be.'

For a moment a touch of his old boyish tenderness rushed over the ruder nature of the man, for he drew me to him, kissed me, and replied with tears in his eyes—

'Why, Minnie, my poor girl, you are indeed sadly altered, so pale and thin, and so is Maggie too; she is no longer bonny Maggie,' he murmured, as if to himself; adding, 'Ah, well, we were all sad scamps, no doubt,—the girls should not have been left to do all; then recovering from his reverie, he continued, 'Matilda is a rough hard woman, you know, she's been roughly bred, and so forth; her parents of the servant class, she herself one too, poor thing, when I married her—but enough of that, she is not a bad woman, and she came home and told me with tears how hard things fared with you all; and we had a little money, and I have got a basket of good nourishing food here; and when poor father comes to himself see if he will let me come up, won't you, Minnie?'

'Yes, I will,' I replied; 'but see, what shall I do, the light is just out.'

'Gropo your way up as well as you can,' he replied, 'I will be back in a few moments with candles.'

I did as he requested, and entering the sick room again, took my seat by my father, in whom no change was yet visible. The next moment, however, Margaret's low knock sounded on my ear; it aroused my father, who in faint accents asked who knocked so late, and betraying that the mind was wandering in delirium, whispered me to bar and bolt the doors well, and bring the plate upstairs, lest it should be stolen, then again his mind evidently wandered to the distressing scenes of the day, as in piteous accents he repeated the words I had heard him utter,

'Leave one bed for my daughter, sir, leave one bed for my daughter; do not, I pray you, take all away.'

Hastily I left the room, and admitted Margaret, who had waited, and rantly, for the priest of whom she was in quest; and who at length, fearing I should be alarmed at her long absence, had determined on returning home, and satisfied herself with leaving a message, requesting the speedy attendance of the priest.

In a few hasty words I spoke to my sister of the opportune return of our misguided brother, who on his entrance, placing a few things in my hand, begged me, with a dash even then of the fatal carelessness of manner which had always formed a prominent feature in his character, to ask poor governor to see him, and look over his faults, adding, 'I may be a better man yet, Minnie, and sow my wild oats still, so try and make my peace with father; for I should little like the poor old gentleman to die whilst we are at variance. And now,' he added, 'good-bye for a few minutes; I am going back to Matilda, and will get a few things more which may be of use to you all; so go up, girls, and say all you can for me, so that I may see my father on my return.'

'Ah, Arthur,' said Margaret with a sigh, as the door closed upon him, 'there is no hope of reform whilst you yield yourself up a slave to the love of drink.'

'Alas, alas! an affectionate heart depraved,' I answered, as we returned to my father's room; 'I wonder may we yet hope for reform.' Occasionally my father's mind still wandered, yet he was sufficiently himself to receive the soft bread dipped in wine, which from time to time I gave to him, and which the poor old man swallowed with voracious eagerness; while Margaret, warming flannels by the newly-kindled fire, ever and anon applied them to his feet; and frequently, his mind dwelling on the past, would be ramble in this way:—'Change of ministry,—what then,—all alike to me; whether Whigs or Tories are in power, girls, I tell you it is all the same. If I had interest—ah, then indeed it would be another thing,—some hanger-on of the nobility, some vulgar 'parvenu';—any one, any one, girls, save people of learning and of talent.'

Whilst thus he rambled, his attenuated fingers were describing on the bedclothes a mathemati-

cal circle, and he proceeded as follows, sometimes speaking in a low measured tone, so low that I could with difficulty catch the words he uttered, and then again rising it unnaturally loud, continuing with rapidity of utterance, counting on his fingers as he spoke:

'Correggio, Mozart, Dante, Beethoven, Chatterton, Otway, Dryden. Ah, ah, ah!' he repeated in a low, unearthly laugh, which chilled us while we listened;—'Haydon, too, poor Haydon, whose beautiful painting you will remember, girls, hung in the Egyptian Hall, which none cared to behold, while hundreds poured in, beneath the same roof, to see General Tom Thumb the poor little dwarf Tom Thumb; and so, because Tom Thumb was a libel on our nature and our manhood, the mob poured in to see him, and he got the white silver and red gold, girls, and Haydon, Haydon,—ah, let me see what was his end—why, Haydon lost his senses through trouble and hunger, and committed suicide, and then the Queen gave a pension to his widow.—Ah, ah! the man was left to starve, and the nation left him to the poverty of a beggar and the grave of a suicide.'

Then came a pause, and Margaret and myself knew that Arthur was on the landing,—we had heard him let himself in by means of the key which I had given him; but Margaret motioned him below for a while, till consciousness fully returned; for we feared the effect his presence might have at present; yet we were, I need hardly add, rejoiced that he was in the house at this trying moment.

Then again he partook voraciously of the food we offered him, still continuing his mournful colloquy with himself.

'They held out to me hopes of a consulate, of an appointment in India; but it has all ended in nothing. Seven, eight, nine languages,—yes, I know all these; but, go to, man of letters, ours is a money-making country, a land in which trade and commerce thrive—we will have none of you; we prefer the cotton lord, though, albeit, his knowledge of his mother tongue sometimes fails him; but, never mind vulgarity, you know they have the money, and so, sir, the rough uneducated head of to-day may be, and often is, the lord of a fair domain to-morrow; and we, you see, with all our stock of learned lore, are rotting in obscurity and want,—but soft, sir, there is another and a better world.'

My father paused; the glassy eyes, so preternaturally bright, filled with tears. We felt that, unconsciously to himself, he had struck on a right chord, and we blessed God for the change which we foresaw was about to take place.

'Father, dear father,' we exclaimed, 'do you feel better?'

'Yes, a little better,' he replied; but his voice was very low; he was much exhausted by the effort he had just made,—the long wild delirium into which he had fallen.

'Margaret has seen Arthur lately, father,' I gently urged; 'he has expressed a great wish to see you;—you will see him, will you not?—he is sorry that he has behaved ill to you, father,—may I tell him he may come?'

'Certainly,' he replied; 'Arthur is more his own enemy than ours; for he is ruining both soul and body.'

'He is below stairs, father; may he come up?' said Margaret.

'In the house now?' he replied, seemingly musing as he spoke. 'Ah, now I mind me, it seems like a long dream; but we had no fire, no food; and this is wine, girls, wine,—where got you this; did Arthur bring it you? Ah, poor boy, why is he not always affectionate and good?'

The next moment Arthur knelt beside the old man's bed; and down the rough face of manhood stole the tears, and promises of amendment were made. And, alas! that I should have to say that, for some time, they were unstable as would be letters written on the sand; for rare indeed is the reformation of the drunkard.

And as we sat and talked, our spirits grew more composed; we heaped fresh fuel on the fire, covered up my father with the warm blankets Arthur had brought, and when again my poor father sank into that stupor which occasioned us so much uneasiness, we in low whispers conferred together as to the possibility of our raising a little money, so as to have my father removed on the morrow to a furnished lodging.

Suddenly we heard a low knock at the door; Arthur retired immediately into another room, and the priest, of whom Margaret had been in quest entered.

With the deepest sympathy the good clergyman looked round the wretched room, affording us the means at the same time of providing what was necessary for the greatest emergencies of the moment.

While my poor father prepared to make his confession, Margaret and myself withdrew; and on our return, the priest informed us that he should come on the following morning with the

holy viaticum; at the same time inquiring if we had no medical attendant.

This was, however, the case, and but little could now be done. My father had long suffered from disease of the heart, accelerated, doubtless, by the mental anxieties he had undergone; the priest however resolved to send a medical friend of his own to see if there was any hope, or if my poor father was in a fit state to bear removal.

What our feelings were may be better imagined than described on receiving any gentleman, leave alone a stranger, in our dismantled comfortless home; but there was no help—the trying ordeal had to be gone through with as much composure as possible, Margaret hastening with the first dawn of the following day to order a bedstead and other little necessities from the nearest shop the neighborhood afforded.

It was still early—about eight o'clock, and we had by this time done our best to give an appearance of something like decency to our invalid's room, who had again fallen into that death-like stupor which to me appeared as the harbinger of speedy dissolution.

CHAPTER IV.—ANOTHER MEETING—LIFE'S STRUGGLES CLOSE, AND ETERNITY DAWNS.

The sharp wind of one of our coldest January mornings whistled in many a mournful gust through the empty uncarpeted rooms of our desolate house, while a heavy snow-storm raged without. With the aid of Arthur, excessive activity on our own parts, and above all, the gold which the good priest put into my hand, the chamber in which my father lay presented a more comfortable appearance; and now, with everything prepared, as far as our poor means would permit, we sat with anxious fear depicted on our countenances, awaiting the arrival of our friends. In rain strove to shake off that feeling of gloom which hung over me, in which my brother and sister participated: my eyes were swollen with the tears I had shed on the preceding day, both on account of my dear father, as well as the scene we had passed through, and a thrill of horror would creep through my veins whenever I thought of his death taking place in that wretched abode. While thus I mused, my eyes fixed on that pale face, over which the grey shadow of death seemed to pass, the loud knock of the postman—loud, though the knocker was muffled—sounded at the door, and the noise aroused the invalid, who uttered a deep sigh, as though he surmised that the letter would bring more ill tidings, should fate have future woes in store for us. Margaret the next moment placed a letter in my hands, directed to my father, to which was affixed a coroneted seal; he opened his eyes, over which a dull glassy film seemed already to pass, and in low, faint tones motioned me to open the letter. I did so, and read aloud a few lines, written by the Earl of —, one of the ministry, to whose good offices my father had formerly been indebted. The note was brief; but each word occasioned me a sting of most acute anguish; for relief had come indeed too late.

The purport of the letter was to say that Her Majesty had been pleased, in consideration of the literary services of Mr. Arthur Herbert, to order that a pension of £200 a year should be paid to him during the remainder of his life; and the announcement was couched in terms at once courteous and kind.

'Father, dear Father!' I exclaimed, 'we may all be happy yet. Heard you: not what I read?' I added; for he seemed to take no notice of the announcement. His lips moved, and I placed my ear to them to catch the sound which already seemed like the last effort of expiring nature.

He appeared as though he were holding a colloquy with another, and I caught the words—

'Will your lordship bear my petition to the Queen, and pray Her Majesty to bestow some little mark of her royal favor on my daughter Minnie? I am going on a long journey, and cannot profit by Her Majesty's kindness now.'

Oh! dreadful tale—my dear, dear father's mental faculties had been so shaken by the trials through which we had passed, that if not entire, there was at least a mental aberration of his once vigorous intellect. I clasped my hands together in the bitterness of the deepest despair, and we all turned to the window, partly to conceal our tears and partly to watch for the priest, for whose arrival we now felt anxious, as well as for that of the doctor.

We were not many minutes in suspense; for, with a heavy snow-storm beating relentlessly down from a sky of leaden hue, and drifted full in their faces, by a cutting north-east wind, we observed two gentlemen meet from opposite directions, speak a few words together, and then crossing the street, advance in the direction of our house; and with lighted hearts we received them in that chamber of sorrow.

I had felt full confidence in the skill of my father's late attendant, who had often assured me

that there was no cure for his malady, and at the same time I was perfectly aware that the want of proper food and the severe pressure of mental anxiety, added to the fearful scene of the previous day, had set the last seal to his fate.

A very few questions addressed to me by the physician, and his remarks when I answered, showed me I had judged rightly.

Then drawing near my father, he in gentle terms admonished him that there was no hope of recovery, and directed his views to that better world to which he was hastening.

He returned it to me with a deep sigh, and then approaching the bed, he told my father he should call an hour hence, and bring him the holy viaticum, adding, 'You will prepare, my dear friend, whilst I am gone, to receive this bread of strength.'

'My father then beckoned the physician to his side. Poor father, it was of us, his children, that he then thought, and I heard him say,—

'You see, sir, that I am dying now, for want of a little of that relief which has come all too late for me; but my daughter Minnie, will you ask, sir, if a portion of the noble pension awarded to me may be granted to her? Then, with all a parent's innocent pride in the abilities of his child, he added, 'Minnie's name is well known, sir;—oh, yes, it is well known, and on the honor of a gentleman I do assure you she lacks not literary talent. Promise me, then, that you will lay her case before the Earl of — when that — that — letter is answered.'

'I will, my good friend,' replied the physician, 'rest assured I will look to your daughter's interest. Now take comfort,' he continued; 'I will send you a composing draught, which will relieve, at least in some measure, the pain you complain of; and I now leave you to the care of my good friend who will soon return.'

As the physician spoke thus, he withdrew, and leaving the room, I paced to and fro the empty parlor, too full of grief too poignant to be indulged in the chamber of death, to dare enter therein for the present.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Very Rev. Dr. Woodcock, Rector of the Catholic University, and the secretary to the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, have hastened to repudiate the scheme of intermediate education referred to in my letter which appeared in The Times yesterday.

'On the other hand, the Catholic clergy, who thoroughly enjoy the confidence of our people, are not adequately represented on your proposed committee. It does not appear under the auspices of the distinguished Cardinal, our Archbishop in this city, a most learned man, and of the greatest experience in educational matters.

The following letter from Lord Dufferin, to the London Times, on the Irish question will be interesting, even to those who do not adopt the writer's opinions, or endorse his conclusions:—

(To the Editor of the London Times.)

Sir,—If Ireland were a thousand miles away from us all would be changed, or the landlord would be exterminated by the vengeance of the people.'

'Such are the words to which one of England's leading politicians has thought it advisable to give utterance at a time when the most reckless portion of the Irish lower classes are supposed to be on the eve of insurrection. They are pregnant and comprehensive words. They envelope in the same stern condemnation both the cultivators and the owners of soil of Ireland.

'To some persons the picture thus set forth will appear but an exaggerated description of a patent fact; by others it will be considered an ignoble calumny.

Now, Sir, I do not presume to pronounce dogmatically between these two conclusions. No one can hope, by so simple an expedient as a letter to The Times, materially to influence the opinions of his fellow-countrymen on so vital a question.

Perhaps the simplest method of conducting such an inquiry will be—first, to specify the several counts in the indictment against the landlords of Ireland, as set forth in the public manifestoes of such men as may be supposed to speak with the greatest authority on the subject, and then to examine, one by one, the truth or falsehood of each.

With this view I propose to take two remarkable speeches upon Ireland—the one delivered in the House of Commons on the 2nd of August by Mr. Maguire, the member for Cork; the other spoken by Mr. Bright at a banquet in Dublin on the 30th of October. Both these gentlemen are grave and responsible persons, and enjoy the confidence of large sections of their fellow-countrymen.

As the speeches referred to are within the ready reach of all your readers, I will not occupy your space with unnecessary quotations, but will content myself with condensing their substance into the remarkable series of propositions they allege—namely,

- 1. That the emigration from Ireland has been a curse to that country.
2. That this emigration has been occasioned by

the eviction of the rural population by their landlords.

3. That acts of eviction in Ireland are to be attributed rather to the cruelty and injustice of the landlords than to any failure on the part of those evicted to fulfil their legitimate obligations.

4. That the present discontent in Ireland has been chiefly occasioned by the iniquity of the laws affecting the tenure of land.

5. That a change in those laws in a specified direction would pacify discontent and create agricultural prosperity.

A few references will show that I have not misrepresented the gist of the speeches referred to:—

'The emigration is a disgrace to this country and a calamity to Ireland. The landlords are the cause of emigration.' 'A million victims have borne testimony to the unwillingness of Parliament to do justice to the occupiers of the soil.' 'The landlords must be rigorously dealt with.' 'Pass a Tenant's Compensation Bill, and you will have loyalty and peace.'—says Mr. Maguire.

Mr. Bright's language is almost identical:—'The Irish landlord is a creature of conquest; Ireland is a land of evictions.' 'The law has been made by the landowners for their own behoof, and as a result, you have a population fleeing from their country.' 'Ireland is a country from which thousands of families have been driven by the force of the landowners and the power of the law.'

Now, Sir, are these things true? That is the inquiry I propose to prosecute.

First, Has the Irish exodus, as it has been termed, been a calamity or the reverse?

We have to consider this question from two points of view, inasmuch as it has affected the condition of two classes of persons, namely, those who went away, and those who stayed at home.

There is one single fact which will probably be accepted as satisfactory indication of the effects of emigration on the destinies of those who took part in it. To their immortal honor, within 16 years after their departure they had sent back to Ireland upwards of £12,000,000 of money, chiefly for the purpose of enabling their friends to follow their example. Now, unless they had prospered, these savings could not have been accumulated; unless their new existence had been full of promise they would not have tempted their brethren to join them.

To those who closely watch the transitional phases of our national life indications are perceptible of a similar emancipatory process beginning to affect the position of the farming classes. In proportion as the peasant cultivator has become aware of the existence of a more hopeful theatre for the exercise of his energies than that presented to him and his children by the miserable seven or eight acres he now miserably cultivates, that morbid hunger for a bit of land which has been the bane of Ireland is gradually subsiding; competition has relaxed something of its suicidal energy, and there is reason to hope that in the same way as the Irish labourer has already risen from the condition of a mere serf to be his employer's equal, in process of time the tenant farmer will be able to treat with his landlord on more independent terms.

But it may be objected by those who deplore emigration, that had these vanished thousands remained among us production would have been stimulated, and the wellbeing of the whole community proportionately increased. Let us see how far this would be a reasonable expectation.

Had no emigration taken place from Ireland, and had the population continued to multiply at its normal rate, the additional increase to our present numbers would by this time have amounted to three millions of souls, and as there is no reason to suppose that such a circumstance would have materially expanded the restricted manufacturing operations of the country, the larger proportion of these three millions would have had to depend upon the land for their support. Now, it appears from an official Report, drawn up on the conjoint authority of Archbishop Whately, Archbishop Murray, and Mr. Moore O'Farrell, that in 1845 five persons were employed in the cultivation of the soil in Ireland for every two that cultivated the same quantity of land in Great Britain, while the agricultural produce of Great Britain was four times the agricultural produce of Ireland. As a matter of fact, therefore, and so far as the past is concerned, the addition to the agricultural produce of Ireland has not been proportionate to the excess of the agricultural population.

It may, however, be pretended that an unsatisfactory result is to be accounted for by the unskillful method in which this redundancy of labor has been applied to the soil. But in the Lothians of Scotland, and in certain parts of England, the art of agriculture is neither unintelligently nor unsuccessfully practised, and probably a given space is there made to produce as large a crop as the united efforts of man and nature are destined to accomplish; yet in those localities it has been found that about 18 men, with a small proportion of women, are sufficient to cultivate in the most efficient manner 500 acres of arable land.

If we apply this proportion to the 15,833,893 acres of land under cattle and crops in Ireland we shall see that about 500,000 persons would be able to cultivate the entire area. But by the Census returns of 1861 the number of those engaged in agricultural pursuits in that country amounts to upwards of 800,000 persons—that is to say, to 300,000 more than are necessary to the most consummate cultivation of the soil. Consequently, there is still in Ireland a considerable section of the inhabitants with their wives and children dependent for their support upon the land, whose misapplied industry is as unproductive as if it were devoted to the grinding of a treadmill or the lifting of shot; but though contributing nothing to the producing power of the class with which they are incorporated, they have to be supported out of its profits, of which, consequently, they diminish by so much the share to the remainder. To deny this is to assert—first, that you can make a vessel sail faster by doubling the complement of her crew, and second, that the superfluous hands will have made no impression on the ship's motions by the end of the voyage.

But if, instead of the 300,000 persons at present left in this false position, the hundreds of thousands who have emigrated had remained at home to breed and stagnate on the overburdened soil, is it not evident that a state of things would not exist in Ireland such as no man can think of without a shudder?

The increase of every nation must be limited by the extent and capabilities of the area it occupies, and the amount of capital it possesses.

This law is of universal application, though one race from its more sordid habits, or lower civilization, may be more compressible than another. But, the appointed limits once reached, either the procreative energies of the people will relax, as they

have done in France, or the surplus population will emigrate, as has been the case in Germany, in Ireland, and a lesser degree in England.

Up to the year 1846 the soil of Ireland retained the capacity of producing, to an almost unlimited extent, a certain root, containing all the elements necessary for the support of human life. The expansion of the population was proportionate to the facilities it enjoyed for obtaining sustenance. Suddenly, by the visitation of God, those facilities were withdrawn; the potato failed; no other product of the soil existed to take its place; corn crops neither supplied the same amount of nutriment, nor could they be grown in successive years on the same spot. The life-sustaining power of the soil, in fact, had become restricted; as an inevitable consequence the population of the island has become proportionately restricted, and exactly in the same way as the working classes of Manchester would have been obliged to remove to other centres of industry, had the cotton famine continued, has the surplus population of Ireland been compelled to emigrate to a more fertile soil.

When, therefore, Mr. Bright speaks of Ireland as being the only country from which an extensive emigration has taken place, he misrepresents facts which ought to be within his knowledge. The average of emigration from Ireland has amounted to less than 100,000 a year during the last ten years, but from Germany alone, and principally from North Germany, as many as 250,000 persons have emigrated in a single year, while between 1851 and 1861 the emigration from Great Britain has averaged about 74,000 a year; and when he describes those whom he invidiously terms 'the ruling classes' as standing alone in their opinion—an opinion which, according to him is inspired by their selfishness and stupidity—that emigration has been no calamity to Ireland, he states what is both ungenerous and untrue. Plans for the express purpose of stimulating emigration have been devised and advocated from time to time by such men as Mr. Smith O'Brien, Mr. Wyse, and Mr. Sherman Crawford; while, did your space permit, I might furnish dozens of quotations to show how common such a conviction is to every school of politics and class of society.

To attribute its existence to our stupidity and selfishness is even more gratuitous. When did a tradesman ever complain of the multitude of his customers, or a manufacturer of the easiness of the labor market? But what is the owner of an estate other than a trader in land? His tenants are his customers; the more strenuous their competition, the higher his rents, and the denser their number, the more keenly will they compete; emigration has a tendency to diminish rather than to increase his rental, and if it has not done so already it is because it has not continued long enough.

Very frequently the landlord is a large employer of labor. Within the last 15 years I myself have paid away upwards of £50,000 in wages alone. During the last half of that period, in consequence of the rise in wages, I have got much less for my money than I did during the first half, and my consequent loss comparing one period with another, would amount to several thousand pounds, and this has been a direct consequence of the emigration. But, though a dealer in land, and a payer of wages, I am above all things, an Irishman, and as an Irishman I rejoice at any circumstance which tends to strengthen the independence of the tenant farmer, or to add to the comforts of the laborer's existence.

For these reasons I believe that emigration has been, and will continue to be, a benefit to Ireland, and I disagree with those persons who consider that the Almighty pronounced a curse, and not a blessing upon His children when He bade them 'go forth and multiply, and replenish the earth.'

I propose to consider the next point in the inquiry in a subsequent letter. I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

DUFFERIN.

MR. BUTT'S LAND BILL.—DRAINAGE.—The bill prepared by Mr. Butt for the reform of the Irish land code has been discussed by the public press, of all shades of opinion. Many have called it a good measure, or one capable of doing much service to the tenant without injuring the landlord; whilst others hold an opposite opinion. We have not as yet read this production of an able lawyer, but we believe we are correct in stating that it aims to do two important things; which, if sanctioned by parliament, would give great relief to the tenantry of Ireland. We all know that the landlords have the power to evict every tenant at will on their estates, and that the present law enables them to raise the rent of land to any sum they think proper.

Now these powers, we regret to say, have been wielded by many landlords without mercy, and the result has been most disastrous to the country.—The farmers so treated have been either driven from the land or converted into paupers. The greedy landlord has raised the rents wherever they could and placed burthens on the shoulders of their tenants which they were unable to bear. If a tenant improved his farm, the rent was immediately increased and he was taxed for his own improvements! If he remonstrated he was told to leave the farm, as others would be found to give a higher rent; and thus he had the choice to remain and become a pauper, or to leave, and receive nothing for the capital in labour and money which he had expended.

A country where laws of this kind are tolerated could not be expected to prosper; and if Mr. Butt's bill should become law, it will effect much good for the tenant farmers. But we maintain that any law that does not provide compensation for improvement, will not give real protection to the tenants, nor encourage them to improve the land. There is nothing more required by the soil of Ireland than perfect drainage. More than one half of the country requires to be drained, and if that were properly performed, the produce of corn, grass and root crops would be more than double what it is.

As a proof of this we may mention that we have seen wet land near Dundalk, which, a few years since, produced nothing but moss and sour grass.—If it were ploughed, and seed oats or barley cast into it in March or April, the horses could hardly pass over it; and half the seed was perished by the wet and cold. But it has been drained a year or two since, and this year it produced fully twenty barrels of oats per acre. The soil has become dry and easily tilled, and it is capable of yielding large crops of wheat, oats or flax.

Now if all the wet land of Ireland were treated in a similar manner, we have no doubt that it would be 5 or 6 times as fertile as it is. See, then, the loss Ireland sustains for want of a law to give compensation for improvements. Some people are silly enough to ask—'Why don't the tenants make the improvements and trust to their landlords?' We say in reply, that they have seen improving tenants ruined by landlords, and they are afraid to meet a similar fate. But give them a guarantee that if they improve, their rents won't be raised or their improvements confiscated, and they will soon commence the good work.—Dundalk Democrat.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT.—As far as Ireland is concerned the Fenian movement is not so much dreaded as it was a month since. It is true that some soldiers have been arrested and charged with sympathizing with Fenianism, and a policeman has been taken into custody. These are very serious matters; for if the army and constabulary should become tainted, what efficient force could be relied upon by the government? It is also true that there are people still found tampering with the troops, which shows a very bold spirit, prepared to carry its object in the face of danger. And it is undeniable that the authorities at Dublin Castle fancy that they are not yet secure from a surprise; for they are taking great pains to barricade the seat of government, and put in a complete state of defence. Soldiers, too, are sent wherever it is thought they are most needed, and every precaution is taken to

place vessels of war in positions where they can give assistance should a rising of the Fenians be attempted.

The people, however, we are glad to state, are perfectly quiet. Not a single row has taken place from one end of the island to the other. We have no doubt that if Ireland rose up against England, she would have the sympathy of Europe and America on her side. But of what service would all this friendly feeling be to Ireland? It would be worth little or nothing. England is at peace, and she would be able to send 100,000 men to this country. It might be possible for a Fenian army to hold out for a short time, but in the end it would be defeated. We are all bound to examine this matter thoroughly, and we cannot see the slightest chance of success for any attempt at revolution in Ireland. We have no doubt that the wisdom of our people will lead them to the same conclusion; for they are shrewd and unlightened, and can easily tell the fate that would await a revolt, which would have neither money, food nor military skill to sustain it.

The threat of James Stephens, in his last speech at Jones's Wood, New York, has caused all the commotion in Ireland. But where Stephens is just now appears to be a mystery. He surpasses Sir Boyle Roche's bird, which could be in two places at the same time, for he is reported to be in America, Germany and England. The whole affair is a game of 'Hide and go seek'; and it must be admitted that the Head Centre, has done much mischief. He has set the whole British army in motion: driven the landlords and others living in the South from their homes; harassed the police; caused Dublin Castle to be barricaded; and compelled the government to send an army of spies through every district of Ireland. He is a most extraordinary character. We believe he is still in New York, and although he pledged himself to be fighting in Ireland before New Year's Day, we don't think he will make any attempt to land in Ireland; because he knows he would be defeated, or rather that he would not get 10,000 people to rally round his standard.

To the people we say, run into no danger; preserve the peace, and yield not to the seductive voice of any one who urges you on to rebellion. A good day is approaching, when you will win justice for your country without shedding a drop of blood.—When Ireland takes up the pike or musket she becomes weak; but whilst she boldly and manfully demands her rights, under the sanction of the law, remains strong. It is by standing on the constitution that O'Connell won religious freedom, and it was by taking up the pike and rifle that Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, Meagher and others weakened Ireland, and left her prostrate ever since. These examples tell us what path we should tread; and what course we should avoid; and if we walk in the true one, it will conduct us to victory, and enable us to secure the peace and happiness of the Irish race.

PRECAUTIONS IN WATERFORD.—The military force at present stationed in Waterford consists of three companies of the 76th Regiment, half a battery of the Royal Artillery, and a troop of Carabineers.—The paddle sloop of war Gladiator, carrying four 120 lb. and two 80 lb. Armstrong guns, with a crew of 160 men, and a detachment of marines, constitutes the naval force, and the strength of the local police force is about 75 men. Much curiosity is felt to know the causes assigned by the county magistrates for a larger garrison, and also to know the purport of the Lord Lieutenant's reply to the memorial. The unrelaxed vigilance of the civil precautions, and the report that our local police are to be armed with the breech-loading weapon for patrol duty, form subjects of general remark. It is believed that if the authorities are in possession of important private information, their vigilance leaves nothing to be desired, but if such a motive be wanting, they are said to incur a heavy responsibility by disturbing the public mind.—Cork Freeman.

As yet there has not been a single arrest in the county Kildare. The Peace Preservation Act has been put into force in the county, and the police at the several stations are on the alert. In Waterford great precautions have been taken to protect the local inhabitants.

It was asserted in the course of the week that Greek fire had been found upon the premises of a Fenian, and the story obtained a temporary belief. The Dublin correspondent of the Standard states, however, that the inflammable matter was nothing more mischievous than Irish poteen, and that the only token of disaffection found upon the premises was a secret still.—Dublin.

TROOPS FOR THE SOUTH.—A difficulty having been experienced in providing accommodation for the troops ordered to different quarters in the south of Ireland, an application has, we understand, been made by the military authorities to have a portion of the workshops in many unions allocated for this purpose, and we learn that this mode of barrack accommodation has already been provided in the towns of Clonakilty and Rostkeele.

ARREST OF A POLICEMAN ON A CHARGE OF FENIANISM.—The Cork Examiner states that a member of the constabulary stationed at Milford, named Peter Deely, a native of Tipperary, was arrested on Saturday morning by Sub-inspector Maxwell and Head Constable Vase, on a charge of Fenianism, and conveyed to Charleville, where he was placed in close custody. It is rumoured that the only evidence against him was a scrap-book, in which was written some songs of a political nature, and a full belief in his innocence of the charge is expressed.

TROOPS FOR CLONAKILTY.—Saturday Evening.—On yesterday evening two companies of the 13th Light Infantry arrived here from Cork, and have taken up their winter quarters in the barracks. It seems a portion of them are to be transferred to the Clonakilty Union, as the barracks is too small to meet the requirements of the soldiery. The presence of the military will cause a 'flow' of money to be circulated in town; one of the many reasons for having them sent for.—Cork Examiner.

STAMPEDS OF FENIANS FROM IRELAND.—The Cork papers confirm the report that a regular 'Stampede' has set in among the Yankee Irish who have been hanging about that city and its neighbourhood for some time. The correspondent of a Dublin paper, who has spoken to some of them, also substantiates the rumor. One of them applied recently for a berth on board the outgoing steamer, declaring that he and his friends had come from New York understanding there was a 'little business to be done in Ireland,' but that they found the country filled with English soldiers and policemen, and that he would stay no longer. Finding he could not be booked, as the berths were all full, he gave utterance to a blasphemy—only to be heard from a Yankee rowdy against everything Irish. The Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia ships have been completely filled on all their last voyages. The Companies have advanced their rates from Winter to Spring rates.

We understand that mutual protection societies are in course of formation in parts of the county Donegal. The object is that the members should have an understanding to act together in case any attempt should be made on person or property. Such societies have been considered necessary, owing to the unprotected state of some localities, and the insufficiency of the police to insure protection in the case of an insurrectionary outbreak. We are not surprised to learn that the societies in question meet the general approval of the peaceable and loyal.—Derry Sentinel.

ARREST AT CLONAKILTY ON SUIR.—A young man named David McGrath was arrested in Carrick-on-Suir on Wednesday, and a letter was found on his person signed 'James Stephens.' The letter addressed the prisoner 'Centre of Carrick-on-Suir.—He was brought before the magistrate and remanded.

SWIFFORD, Dec. 15.—There are, in all, up to the present time, twelve persons confined in jail in this county, who have recently been arrested on suspicion of being connected with the Fenian conspiracy. It is stated that warrants are in the hands of the constabulary for the apprehension of others.

On Friday evening some cases of breech-loaders arrived at Clonakilty in charge of three mounted policemen to be distributed to the constabulary of this town and the country stations.—Cork Examiner.

ARREST AT CASTLECOMER.—Sub Inspector Wilson, of Castlecomer, with a party of constabulary, arrested a young man named John Fitzpatrick, at Damerstown, near Castlecomer, on Tuesday last, under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act. The prisoner who is respectfully connected, emigrated to America when the act was first suspended, and only returned a few months since. It is rumoured that some important documents were found upon him. He was lodged in the county prison on Wednesday.—Kilkenny Journal.

MILITARY PRECAUTIONS.—In anticipation of the Fenian rising or invasion, the government are adopting the utmost precautions to guard against surprise. The constabulary now perform their rounds armed with their rifles, and in short time they are to be supplied with breech-loading rifles.—The troops in this garrison attend their several places of worship in detachments, and it is reported that they are supplied with ammunition when going to the house of prayer. Certain it is that the barracks are most vigilantly guarded, and if the government have not serious reason to adopt those precautions, they deserve censure for creating need less alarm.

PROTECTION FOR HAULBOWLINE.—Her Majesty's gunboat Rose has been placed at moorings on the west side of Haulbowline for the purpose of affording protection to the military stores department which is situated at that part of the island. Of course this step has been taking consequent on the Fenian movement. In the early part of last week, moorings were put down between Haulbowline and Rockey, the gunpowder magazine, for the purpose of having another gunboat placed there. The Rose was transferred to this place, and the following night after taking her position there she dragged away the moorings and was near going ashore on Rat Island. Notwithstanding the violence of the storm which was blowing, any unforeseen occurrence was prevented by the promptness of those on board, who slipped anchor before the vessel struck.—Cork Herald.

ARRESTS IN DUBLIN.—On Sunday, about seven o'clock in the evening, a body of constabulary, under the command of the sub-inspector at Dunleer, went into a house belonging to Richard Brannigan, which was situated in an orchard at the rear of Mr. Brannigan's house; twelve young men were there—some, it is said, playing cards, but all were arrested. They were all then searched, and a prayer book found on one. Summonses are to be issued, and the case is to be brought before the magistrates at the next petty sessions to be held at Dunleer. When the police were about to get admittance the lights were extinguished, which aroused their suspicion, and subsequently all the houses of the 'suspects' were searched, but nothing was found in them of a criminating character.—Freeman.

SKIRMISHES.—A seizure of arms has taken place here. It is a very different description from some of those that have been lately noticed in the papers, but in all probability it is no less useful for the peace of the country. Since the meeting of Magistrates in Cork, I am informed that nightly meetings have taken place in this neighbourhood for the purpose of forming the ultra Protestant party of the town into a kind of armed band. Whether they were sworn, or by what description of obligation they may have bound themselves, I have not yet ascertained, but they were formally enrolled. As a first result of their organization two cases of arms from Richardson, of Cork, came down here last evening. These cases have been, I am told, seized by the police, who did not desire to have such articles traversing the country without knowing something more about them. I do not know what is to be done in the matter, but if I can ascertain before post hour, I will let you know.—Cork Weekly Register.

Our (Pail Mill Gazette) Dublin correspondent writing last night, says:—'Notwithstanding the additional and unusual precautions which the authorities seem to consider it prudent to take in Dublin Castle and at other points in and about the city, there is a marked subsidence of the apprehensions which were so manifest a fortnight ago. Numbers of persons, however, are still leaving Ireland for the winter, and it is remarked that the mail steamers between Kingstown and Holyhead are crowded on their passages to the latter port and almost deserted when returning to Kingstown. Some of the officials in the Castle are responsible for creating much uneasiness by their demeanour and mode of expression, and an officious proposition, emanating within the past few days from a member of one of the public departments for the formation of a sort of mutual defence society among his neighbors in a suburban district of Dublin, has caused considerable surprise, and led to much comment—the proceeding being supposed to indicate anticipations at the Gasue which the public have no obvious reason for sharing in. The authorities have deemed it proper to dig a wide double fosse round the magazine in the Phoenix Park, and a number of men were engaged yesterday (Saturday) in the operation. The police continue to search the persons and luggage of all persons of suspicious exterior arriving from England at eastern Irish ports, or from America, but for the most part nothing is found, and no one is detained. A man named Byrne has been charged before the magistrates in Dublin with an attempt to tamper with the loyalty of the city police. 'It is a pity,' he said to a constable, 'to see a young man like you wearing the uniform. You should take it off and put on the American uniform. There is plenty of money, arms, and ammunition coming into the country every day. There is a strong body of men in Ireland, England and Scotland who will sweep all before them.' On being searched at the police station a bullet-mould was found with the prisoner; yet the magistrates set him free on giving bail, himself in £200 and two sureties in £100 each. An additional battery of the Royal Artillery has been sent to Limerick; a detachment of troops has also been placed in Galway; gunboats are stationed at Waterford, Passage East, and other points on the same coast. The counties proclaimed last, Mayo, Clare, and Kildare, did not attract very great attention last year when Fenianism was rife.'

The two young men, James and Thomas Hudson, who were arrested on Friday last, in Chamberlain-place, for having a large quantity of gunpowder, were brought up on remand on Monday at the Head Police-office. There was also a sum of £105 found with the prisoners. It will be recollected that when arrested they stated that the powder and money belonged to their brother, John Hudson, who was then at Ballinasloe superintending the display of fireworks in honour of the marriage of Lord Duno, under the direction of Mr. Lawrence, of Grafton street. John Hudson had surrendered, and now appeared in court; and it being proved that the powder and money seized belonged to him he was committed for trial at the commission. Mr. Lawrence, however, tendered bail for him, which was accepted. The other prisoners were discharged.

The sanitary Committee of Waterford are trying to have the Kilbrary Marshes—covering 180 acres—reclaimed by draining, as the malaria arising therefrom is considered highly injurious to the public of Waterford, which has 28,000. It is projected to have the work done as a public work and then assess the cost on the owners of the land.

The education question is becoming only less troublesome than Fenianism. The last phase of the question is a new scheme of grammar or middle-class schools grafted upon the model schools of the national system...

Information Wanted of James McOann bricklayer from Co. Armagh, Ireland; last heard from in Montreal; now supposed to be in California. His brother, Patrick McOann, residing at 40, Bridgegate street, Glasgow, Scotland, will be glad to hear about him.

Prophecy.—A report goes that a prophecy made some centuries ago declared that in the year 1865 a certain nobleman named Abercorn would rule Ireland as Viceroy, and that he would be the last who would ever hold that position in this country.

Burying without a Coffin.—In the barony of Forth (the celebrated Anglo-Norman colony planted in the days of Strongbow) is situated the church of Lady's Island, formerly 'the Lough Derg' of the south of Ireland as a pilgrimage, and therefore frequented from all parts.

Hoaxes on the Liverpool Police.—In consequence of information received, the Head Constable of Liverpool and a strong force of detectives a few evenings ago searched the house of a medical gentleman, who is well known as a high officer in an Orange lodge, for James Stephens.

Alarm in Jersey.—The island of Jersey this week has been greatly excited by current reports...

Great Britain.—It is curious to observe that the very same number of the Times (that of the 8th instant), the Feast of the Immaculate Conception which contained the sneering article against the Archbishop and the meeting of Thursday, the 6th bears witness to the divided state of the Anglican Church...

Anglican Doctors Disagreeing.—It is curious to observe that the very same number of the Times (that of the 8th instant), the Feast of the Immaculate Conception which contained the sneering article against the Archbishop and the meeting of Thursday, the 6th bears witness to the divided state of the Anglican Church...

beneficed clergymen of the same Church, both Doctors of Divinity, both great authorities in their respective schools. Is there any authority in the Anglican Church that can say which is right? In which teaching are the laity to believe? The two doctrines are diametrically opposed to each other, and each must involve teaching as distinct from the other as light from darkness.

London.—The seizure of English rifles in Cardiff is attributed to another police mistake. The arms were only waiting consignee in the usual course of trade.

On the whole, the facts seem to be that a school among the Protestant clergy which may be numbered certainly by hundreds, and probably by thousands, is bent upon restoring Catholic worship as a means of restoring Catholic doctrine; that some of the bishops feel more or less with them; so also do a numerous body of influential laymen and women in still greater numbers; that judicial proceedings can do nothing effectual against them; that any new law can be passed against them is unlikely.

ALARM IN JERSEY.—The island of Jersey this week has been greatly excited by current reports...

The Earl of Shaftesbury has written a letter upon Ritualism, in which he says:—'It is said—and truly said—that the laity have the power in their own hands. No doubt; but will they come forward and exercise it? Will they address their bishops, memorialize their clergy, leave no abuse unnoted, sustain one another, and sink all minor differences to subvert the common cause? If they will do this we shall be secure. If from a variety of reasons they decline to do so, a miracle alone, and nothing else, will save the Reformation in Great Britain.'

PAUPERISM IN ENGLAND AND WALES.—An official return was lately published, showing that there were 838,388 paupers in England and Wales (so far as returned) on the last day of the 5th week of July last. The corresponding number for 1865 was 837,991. There is, therefore, a decrease of 1,505 in favour of the present year.

THE CAREER OF A FORGER.—His Pretensions and Experience as a Revivalist.—The Glasgow Herald gives some curious particulars respecting the antecedents of Greatrex, the photographer, who was recently arrested in New York on the charge of having been the principal in the late extensive forgery of bank notes in Scotland, and sent back to that country. It says:—'Greatrex was known in Glasgow as an active member of the Plymouth Brethren. In this circle he frequently preached, and is said to have converted some well-to-do citizens, who are now zealous in the faith. The talent which he possessed for this kind of harangue was strikingly exhibited on the occasion of Pritchard's execution, when, mounting a rostrum erected near the Green railing about three o'clock in the morning, he sought to improve the coming spectacle to the assembled multitude.'

occasion of Pritchard's execution, when, mounting a rostrum erected near the Green railing about three o'clock in the morning, he sought to improve the coming spectacle to the assembled multitude. 'The same ostentatious display of piety led him to exhibit a series of boards bearing Scriptural exhortations, such as appear on the walls of schools, in the show-room of his photographic establishment; and his studio was also well supplied with books of a religious character. Added to a very prepossessing appearance, his gentle and dignified manner was well calculated to gain for him the favorable regard of those with whom he came in contact. In short, he possessed those graces of person and manner which, if employed only as a mask for hypocrisy and deceit, make a man one of the most dangerous enemies of society.'

Whatever fears Greatrex may have at first entertained as to his apprehension, he had evidently adopted the belief latterly that his pious to outwit the authorities had been completely successful. Accordingly we find from a letter which has just been received from the bank clerk who went to America along with Superintendent McCall, that he commenced operations as a preacher and revivalist in New York and its neighborhood, and had seemingly attained to a measure of popularity which was denied him in this country.

Mr. McCall, with one of the New York detectives and the bank clerk, who knew Greatrex by sight, went on an early morning to a German lager beer saloon, commanding a view of the boarding house in which Greatrex was supposed to have taken up his quarters. Several hours passed away with no result, but they were by and by rewarded by seeing Greatrex and the young woman who went after him from this country pop their heads out of the window as a band of music passed along the street.

The officers waited until Greatrex quitted the house for an afternoon stroll, when they followed him. He had taken off his beard and whiskers, and wore his hair after the manner of the Yankees, but notwithstanding this change in his appearance, the bank clerk at once identified him. The American detective then came forward and quietly slipped his arm within that of Greatrex, accosting him by name, while Mr. McCall took him by the other arm, and the trio walked in the most friendly way along the street. Greatrex did not speak for some time, but when addressed by the bank clerk he started, his face became flushed, and he affected not to know the person who was speaking to him.

As we have already hinted, Greatrex had so improved his shining hour in America, as a preacher and revivalist, that at the time of his apprehension his settlement over a Baptist church near New York was considered an extremely probable matter. He occupied one of the New York pulpits in place of Rev. Dr. Adams, who appeared to have been pleased with him, and recommended him as a suitable pastor to a congregation out of town which had been deprived of its spiritual guide.

We admit at once that the Catholic Church does not smile upon revolutionary proceedings, nor encourage rebellion against the powers that be. It is decidedly monarchical in old monarchical Europe, but it can co-exist, cordially with a Republic. Order and legitimacy always find in the Catholic Church a steadfast support. Of this we have a striking instance in Italy at this moment. The Cardinal Archbishop of Naples refuses to do homage to Victor Emmanuel, because he is a usurper of the throne of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; while the Cardinal Archbishop of Venice chants a Te Deum in his Cathedral for the same Piedmontese King, because he has acquired a legal title to sovereignty in Venice from his late lawful sovereign, the Emperor of Austria, through the Emperor of the French, to whom the Kaiser had voluntarily ceded his royal rights in the Lombardo-Venetian territories. In Ireland the Catholic clergy have always set their faces against insurrectionary movements, even when suffering under the most cruel penal code that was ever framed in a Christian country against the profane and practice of a Christian form of divine worship, and when as men they must have sympathized with the motives by which the insurgents were impelled, and the objects they proposed to themselves—namely, a redress of grievances.—It is against the Irish priesthood, and not against the Orangemen, that Stephens bursts his fiercest invectives. We have not the least doubt that the Head-Centre of the Fenians sympathizes much more with the Grand Master of the Orangemen than with the Papal delegate in Ireland; and very naturally, for the Cardinal is a friend of order, whereas the Grand Master is the head of the most disorderly confederacy that ever kept up dissensions and prevented the growth of harmony in any country.—Weekly Register.

RECRUITS FOR THE ARMY.—The returns which have been issued for the year 1864 show that in that year 27,754 recruits were examined: 10,725 were rejected at the primary inspection (386 per 1,000), and 1,720 more were rejected at the secondary inspection, bringing the rejections up to 448 per 1,000 and leaving 15,309 to pass into the army as soldiers. Of every 1,000 recruits 563 came from England and Wales, 112 from Scotland, 320 from Ireland, and five from parts beyond the seas. These figures, when compared with those for the preceding year, show a slight decrease in the proportion from Scotland, and a corresponding increase from England. Of Scotchmen, only 358 per 1,000 were rejected, and of Welshmen only 366; but 458 Englishmen per 1,000 were rejected, and 471 Irishmen.

The ritualistic controversy still rages. This morning's Times contains amongst other controversial correspondence another letter from Dr. Pusey, the 4th within a week on confession, in reply to Lord S. G. O., and 'Hugh McNeill.' As if the poor Oxford Doctor has not enough in these two antagonists to grapple with, he is this morning assailed also in the Times by another Lord Shaftesbury, who calls upon the laity, in heated language, to make 'one prodigious effort,' to get rid of both Puseyism and the 'Church of Rome,' at one blow out of the country. So much for 'low church' toleration.

Dr. Pusey also writes to the Times of Thursday an explanation with regard to an ambiguous expression about the Real Presence in the 'Christian Year' and its recent alteration. He has completely removed the impression that Mr. Keble was not so definite in his views on the subject of the Real Presence at the time of his writing the 'Christian Year,' as he afterwards became. In consequence of this alteration the sale of the new edition of 'Keble's Christian Year,' with the 'Real Presence' alterations, is prohibited by the Dublin Association for Discounten-

ancing Vices. 'A Clerical Member' says to the Record:—'I have no doubt but that it will give unfeigned pleasure to your readers to be informed of the decided terms in which His Grace the Archbishop condemned from the chair 'the unhappy alterations introduced.'—Weekly Register.

UNITED STATES.

CONVERSIONS.—It was our happiness to witness, on the 17th inst., the interesting ceremony of the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and Lady into the Catholic Church at Hagerstown, Md.

Mr. Stewart was formerly a pupil of the learned exponent of 'Mercersburg Theology,' Dr. Nevin, whose theological writings have attracted considerable attention in the different religious denominations. More recently, Mr. Stewart, having been ordained in the German Reformed Church, was stationed at Barkslettsville, Frederick county, Md., where he remained ten years—only five weeks since he relinquished his clerical duties.—Balt. Mirror.

On Thursday last Henry Berner of Cincinnati bought two hogs. On Friday and Saturday his family ate some of the meat. The result was the entire family, five in number, were taken sick on Saturday night and three died the next morning.—The other two recovered. It is thought the hogs were diseased.

INCREASE OF CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES.—In the Illinois Penitentiary the number of inmates has doubled since 1854, and the same alarming increase exists, as indicated by the number of convictions, in other sections of the country. Since the close of the rebellion, society has been in a chaotic condition. Peace threw back a large number of young men whose morals were not improved by army experience, and their natural desperation was doubtless increased by the disposition of boldness and daring which are parts of a soldier's training. In many instances want, arising from the loss of former means of employment, has aggravated a natural depravity of character. The breaking up and scattering of many households, by which mothers and children were separated and thrown upon their own resources, and removed from the conservative influences of the household, is a prominent cause of this phase of crime which grows out of domestic infidelity or indifference. But a still more fruitful cause of crime may be traced in the general laxity with which the laws are administered and the frequent abuse of the pardoning power.

New York, Jan. 8.—Another important meeting of Fenian Centres and Delegates was held this evening. A direction of nine members was elected to supervise the action of the executive officers and control the management of the funds. Nothing deterred by the supposed treachery of their late leader James Stephens, nor by the tremendous odds against them, the Fenians here propose to persevere in their desperate enterprise.

A letter was read from Mr. Stephens, stating that he was both surprised and indignant at the recent action of the centres and delegates, and at the reports which have appeared in the daily papers in reference to his detention. He denies having deserted the organization, and refuses to be deposed.

He requested a committee of six members to wait upon him, to whom he might explain the situation of affairs. Owing to illness he was unable to attend in person.

The feeling of the meeting was that Mr. Stephens should receive a hearing before being finally condemned.

FIZZLING OUT OF THE C.O.I.R. STEPHENS.—Fenianism, the Irish Republic and the Chief Organizer Stephens appear to have all suddenly collapsed. Few sensible people, we presume anticipated any other termination to the affair than that announced at the meeting of the representatives of the organization on Sunday, that Stephens, the C. O. I. R. had turned out to be a humbug and had become an enfant perdue, his whereabouts and the funds in his possession being a mystery to the circles and centres of circles. Fenianism made a good deal of noise in its day, and it has gone out of sight in a most ignominious fashion. A few miserable pretenders succeeded in intriguing out of the movement the only two sincere men who probably ever intended to put it up with honest uses—O'Mahony and General Sweeney. Falling into the hands of the Philistines its fate was only a matter of time. We trust that the exposure will serve as a warning to our honest, warm hearted and patriotic Irish citizens, laborers, mechanics and servant women not to be led astray again by selfish and designing fellows who play upon their generous natures in order to line their own pockets and make a little notoriety.—N. Y. Herald.

New York, Jan. 10.—The Fenian Stephens is reported by the Evening Express as having changed his residence three times within a few days in order to conceal himself from exasperated Irishmen. A prominent member of the Fenian Brotherhood had a lengthy interview with him. During the conversation, Stephens said he was in dread of the Irish police in this city, and that he would sooner give himself up to the British Government and let it hang him than surrender himself to them.

A Washington correspondent says that one of the chief arguments relied on for the impeachment of President Johnson is that it was mainly through his influence the Southern States repudiated the Amendment to the Constitution. Mr. Johnson tersely defined his position in the following 'sentiment,' at a dinner in Washington on Tuesday night, in commemoration of the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans:—

No state of its own will has a right under the Constitution to renounce its place in or to withdraw from the Union, nor has the Congress of the United States the constitutional power to degrade the people of any State by reducing them to a condition of mere territorial dependency upon a Federal head; one is a disruption and dissolution of the Government; the other is consolidation and exercise of despotic power. The advocates of the former and the latter are alike enemies of the Union and our constitutional form of government.

EMIGRATION TO NEW YORK DURING 1866.—The records in Castle Garden show that in December there were 9,638 arrivals. Of these 4,913 came from Liverpool; 887 from London; 577 from Glasgow; 409 from Havre; 2,270 from Hamburg; 1,202 from Bremen; 47 from Genoa; 83 from Christiansa, and 141 from Antwerp. These were brought in 16 sailing vessels and 50 steamers. Of the latter, sixteen bore the flag of Great Britain; two of Bremen, and two of Hamburg. The destination of 80 of the emigrants was Canada. The total arrivals at Castle Garden for the year were 750 vessels, bearing 28,143 cabin passengers, and 231,829 steerage. There were 254 births on board the above vessels, and 1,667 deaths.—Montreal Herald.

THE LAST DEVICE OF SHRODDY.—Cheating Lane Soldiers out of their wooden Legs.—Congress over a year ago, made an appropriation to supply one legged soldiers with artificial limbs. The job was a large one and the pay was large; and the shoddy politicians seized upon it to make money out of it at the expense of the poor lame veterans. And a nice job they made of it. The contract price was \$75 apiece. Yet not only were shabby and shakily limbs supplied at this rate, but all sorts of extortion in the way of express charges and repairs added. Some had to pay as high as \$50 extra and \$50 for repairs. Two hundred letters from the invalids show the character and extent of the swindle.

One who paid \$50 extra states that he has made himself a wooden stump which is much more comfortable than the government limb. Another of these congressional pees is pronounced by the owner a nuisance and an imposition, after having had it eighteen months wearing it only four, giving \$50 for it, and paying \$5 for repairs. One has had it repaired six times.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Spaulding of Ohio, offered the following resolution:—'Resolved, That no movement looking towards the impeachment of the President should be made at any time without the concurrence of a majority of the Republican members, who may attend a caucus called for that purpose.'

Mr. Ashley of Ohio moved in amendment to substitute the words 'that no articles of impeachment of the President shall be ordered at any time, etc.' This was adopted by a vote of 31 to 20, and left the way clear for all resolutions of inquiry necessary for impeachment to be introduced into the House, without first going before a caucus. In the debate which took place, a number of practical difficulties were discussed. The points raised were: Whether an impeachment could not be partly tried by the Senate of the XXXIXth Congress; also, whether the House of Representatives of the XXXIXth Congress could prefer articles of impeachment on which the President could be tried by the Senate of the XLth Congress, or whether, should articles of impeachment be now preferred, and the trial of them not conclude at the expiration of the present Congress they would have to be received in the XLth Congress.

THE BOSTON LIQUOR LAW.—Ever since the foundation of the constabulary system in this State, two years ago, the officers have been striving to suppress the retail sale of liquor, which is here a criminal offence, by prosecuting the small grocers and groggeries. The large hotels, at the bars of which a very large part of the drinking is done, have not been interfered with; their gains have been increased by the losses of their poorer neighbors; and the Chief Constable has vowed his purpose of leaving these powerful establishments alone till that remote period when the traffic shall be suppressed everywhere else, on the theory that he must begin somewhere, and that less gross intoxication can be traced to these than to the bars of the lower grade. Naturally this course has not been gratifying to those numerous small dealers, who have been exposed to expenses devouring all their profits by the complaints of the constabulary, while men who had got rich from the same beginnings were allowed to commit the same offence with impunity. At last they have allowed their wrath to take form in a practical protest. A formal complaint was made in the Municipal Court at the instance of one of these minor rum sellers, against the proprietors of three of our principal hotels—Parker's, Young's and the Revere charging each of them with 'maintaining a liquor nuisance.' And on Thursday the three wealthy and substantial gentlemen complained of, J. Parker, George Young and W. Brigham, appeared in the character of prisoners at the bar. They all pleaded guilty without a blush, and were each sentenced to pay a fine of \$50, to be imprisoned for three months, and to give bonds in the sum of \$1,000 not to offend again. The sight of the three tottering in the penitentiary would be a rare one, but it is not to be granted yet, for the whole trio appealed, and were bound over to appear before a higher court. And so the case goes over, with the multitude like it, to await the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States as to the constitutionality of the law.

Republicans propose to reduce the late seceded States to the rank of territories by right of conquest. Of Texas it is proposed to form four territorial governments.

The Governor of the State of New York, in his recent annual message, stated the debt of that State to be \$31,750,000—an increase of nearly two millions in the year.

Dr. Cadieux, the renegade French Canadian who wants to sell out his country to the United States lectured in Detroit on Friday night last to a very poor audience. His lecture was a tirade against England and contained besides lying misrepresentations with regard to the feelings of the French in Lower Canada. The doctor may as well abandon the lecturing business. The Sons of Liberty as well as the Fenians are played out.

There is a constant succession of reports of frauds and swindles of every possible description, from all parts of the country. Smuggling, defalcations, revenue frauds, illicit distillation of spirits, and violations and evasions of the law in every conceivable way, are now the burden of the news columns of a daily journal. As the Philadelphia Ledger remarks, either we are now in a condition of extraordinary wickedness, or else the concealed villainies of a long period have all been suddenly uncovered to the light of day.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND WORKMEN IDLE.—According to the estimate of a New York paper, there are fifteen thousand men in the United States out of steady work, connected with shipbuilding. This industry was at one time, in a most flourishing condition in the United States, giving employment to a large number of artisans and mechanics, and adding to the national wealth. Why is it depressed now? Simply because, by the operation of the unnatural laws of protection, the builders are not enabled to get the materials which enter into the manufacture of ships at their market price. The customs duty on iron has been raised so high for the benefit of a small class of iron-masters in Pennsylvania that those who are compelled to use iron have to pay for it a much greater price than could get it for elsewhere. And so with other articles. The iron-masters are 'protected' that the shipbuilders and the thousands of families depending upon shipbuilding would starve; that the railroads should be so burdened with high-priced rails and machinery that they must charge ruinous freights on the farmers' products. This is always the way in which protection, as it is called, works. A particular kind of industry appears to flourish, but at the cost of some other or all other forms of industry. With coal and iron at their very doors, there is no reason why the Pennsylvania ironmen should demand protection; or, in other words, should rob the whole community for their benefit.—They ought to have the advantage in their favor of Atlantic freight, insurance, and other charges, to be able to compete with foreign nations in the manufacture of iron. The work of protecting the iron-masters is the enhancement of the price of iron, and this enhancement forces other people to charge high prices for articles they make, into which iron enters; or falling to get this increased price, the industry falls to the ground.

The Hon. Thaddeus Stephens, who is a candidate for United States Senator from the State of Pennsylvania, writes the following respecting the present practice of gross political corruption:—

It cannot be denied, and therefore need not be concealed, that for the last ten or fifteen years the legislatures of Pennsylvania has had a most unenviable reputation. Corruption and fraud have been freely charged, and I fear too often proved to have controlled their actions. No matter how honest when chosen, the atmosphere of Harrisburg seems to have pierced many of them with a demoralizing taint. A seat in the legislature becomes an object of ambition, not for the per diem, but for the chance of levying contributions upon rich corporations and obtaining large jobs. Corruption finally becomes so respectable as to seduce candidates for office boldly to bid for them, and to pay the cost for the delivery of the ballot. The very office of Senator is known to have been once bought with gold, and to have, trafficked for an offer on several occasions in exchange for the precious metals. Indeed, it has become proverbial that the longest purse is surest to win. So sure is this, that men once or more detected in such shameful practices do not hesitate to appear before the public and ask leave to practice the same game.

The Orton Aqueduct or New York Water Works in 1866 received \$1,113,000 from fifty-five thousand houses.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 18.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.
 JANUARY—1867.

Friday, 18—St. Peter's Chair at Rome.
 Saturday, 19—St. Canute, M.
 Sunday, 20—Second after Epiphany. Holy Name
 of Jesus.
 Monday, 21—St. Agnes, V. M.
 Tuesday, 22—St. Vincent and Anastasius, M. M.
 Wednesday, 23—Espousal of B. V. Mary.
 Thursday, 24—St. Timothy, B. M.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We do not vouch for the truth of the following account of the propositions which the representative of Victor Emmanuel at Rome is urging upon the Sovereign Pontiff. We give them for what they are worth, which perhaps is not much, seeing that they are taken from the Protestant and revolutionary press:—

1st. The Piedmontese Government is to carry a law for making Florence its capital.

2nd. The Cardinals are to be salaried by the same Government, and to be called Princes of Italy.

3rd. The subjects of the Sovereign Pontiff—with the exception of the people of Rome itself—are to be invited to declare by plebiscite whether they will remain as they are, or be annexed to Piedmont.

4th. Rome to be declared a free city, under the sovereignty of the Pope, with perhaps a small territory adjacent: the Government to be secularised.

5th. The Papal troops to be discharged, with permission to join the army of Victor Emmanuel.

6th. These conditions to be binding during the lifetime of the present Pope only.

7th. Pius IX. to recognise Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy, and to crown him at Florence.

8th. Italy to pay a part of the civil list which all Catholic States will contribute to the Sovereign Pontiff.

Such, in substance, are the propositions said to have been offered by the revolutionists, through their present chief, or rather tool, Victor Emmanuel, to the Holy Father; but as the latter cares more for the Pope, than he does for Pius IX.; as it is the honor and the interests of the Church and the Holy See that he has at heart, and not his own ease and personal dignity, we do not expect that he will accept them, or ratify a Treaty which would by implication admit the right of the Piedmontese to take possession of Rome alter his death. However we know that the interests of the Church are in safe hands, and that Pius IX. will never agree to anything which in any manner may impair the rights of his successors. Persecution, and exile, he can suffer, as he has suffered, and cheerfully accept, and death even if such be the will of God; but when asked to sacrifice a principle, and to barter away the rights of the Holy See, his answer will, we may be sure, still be, as it has been—"Non Possumus."

We are sorry to learn that France has met with yet another rebuff. Her expedition to the Corea is reported a total failure, and this is as much a European, as it is a French misfortune. Some how or another, the star of France is not so brilliant as it was some two or three years ago, when she occupied the proud position of protectress of the Holy See. She has been snubbed in Mexico, snubbed by Prussia, and now her arms have suffered a defeat in the far East.—Frenchmen lay these things to heart, and their practical conclusions will, we think, not be favorable to the present occupier of the Imperial throne.

It is still the same story from Ireland. Arrests of doubtful Fenians, seizures of indubitable arms. Still the excitement is dying out, and the general impression seems to be that there will be no fighting. Lord Langford, travelling with a double-barrelled gun in his possession, but without a license, has been arrested near Dublin. He was admitted to bail, but the gun was detained.

News of the total suppression, or stamping out of the Cretan insurrection, alternate with reports that the Turks have been baffled in all their attempts to reduce it, and that the spirit of rebellion is fast spreading amongst the Greek populations. There are rumors too of an understanding for joint action upon the impending Eastern Question, betwixt some of the great European Powers of the Continent. Great Britain will probably stand aloof, nor is it likely that she will allow herself to be provoked into a repetition of the blunders of the late Russian War. In so far as Great Britain is concerned, the "sick

man" will most probably be left to his fate, or at all events, to the tender cares of French and Muscovite doctors.

A report has reached this country of a baffled attempt to assassinate the French Emperor; particulars not given, and the report itself very doubtful. Mazzini has issued an Address to the Revolutionists at Rome; he exhorts them to fight at once, but, like Stephens, he, from constitutional motives, prefers standing aloof from the fray, and leaves others to do the fighting.—His forte consists in inciting others to deeds of blood; he furnishes the dagger to the assassin, as in the case of the infamous Galienga, but he will not strike the blow himself. Spain is also in a disturbed state.

The Eastern Question is becoming more serious. Greece appears about to make the cause of the Cretan insurgents her own, by declaring war with the Porte. She will be backed by Russia, perhaps by France, and the danger of another European war is imminent.

The impeachment of the President by the Congress of the Northern States will most likely be abandoned from want of grounds. Stephens, who is now used up, is said to have escaped from New York to Boston.

We are sorry to see that some severe attacks upon the St. Patrick's Society, have been made by an anonymous correspondent of the Montreal Gazette. We can say no more on the subject at present; and wait the action of the Society, which of course cannot condescend to plead to charges made by an anonymous assailant, who, in that he withholds his name, is certainly a coward, probably a liar.

Our Kingston correspondent, *Enquirer*, will, we trust, pardon us for our seeming neglect of his letter of last month, to which however we now tender the following reply. He tells us that a lecturer at Kingston has been holding forth against Popery; exposing its errors and inconsistencies; and that he insisted especially on the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Pope, as disproved by, and in consistent with, certain allegations which he, the lecturer, made against certain of the Popes.

To test the value of this argument we must determine what is the doctrine as to Papal infallibility; to what extent, and under what circumstances alone, infallibility is, by the most ultra-montane of Catholic writers, predicated by Papal decisions; and 2nd, we must determine what connection there is betwixt the allegations of the "lecturer," and these peculiar circumstances.

1st. The Pope is held to be infallible then, and then only, when addressing the Church, in the name of the Universal Church, *ex cathedra*, or from the Chair of Peter, upon a question of faith or morals, he defines any dogma, or deduces thence any proposition. Only to this extent, and under these circumstances, do Catholics necessarily predicate infallibility of Papal decisions. As a private doctor, infallibility is not predicated of the Pope; and far less it is believed that he is impeccable.

2nd. The facts alleged by the Kingston lecturer against certain Popes—even were we to admit their truth, which we do not—are quite irrelevant as against the truth and consistency of the Catholic doctrine; because in no one single instance does he adduce a fact falling within the limits of the definition of Papal infallibility above given.

For instance—Were it true that "one Gregory" permitted a man to have two wives; or if "a Boniface," or a "Pope John," or "a Stephen," or "a Pope," name not given, did the acts, or did say the things attributed to him, there would be nothing therein inconsistent with the Catholic doctrine, that the Pope is infallible when addressing the Church in the name of the Universal Church, *ex cathedra*, upon a question of faith or morals. So in the same way, even if Liberius had signed an "Arian creed" (which he never did do) the Catholic doctrine would be thereby unaffected; since Liberius did not pronounce that Creed to the Church as containing the true embodiment of the doctrines revealed to the Church. For, be it remarked, the Pope never does pretend to be the organ of a new revelation, or to have the right to declare of faith anything not contained, implicitly at least, in the original depositum of revealed truth. He claims only to declare wherein that depositum consists; to define its true meaning; and to draw up new formulas, as the exigencies of the case may require, against novel forms of error, *contra errores nascentes*.

Our correspondent will also notice how vague, how purposely obscure and indefinite, were the allegations made by the "learned lecturer."—He "spoke of one Gregory who permitted a man to marry," &c. Which Gregory? we ask, for were there many Gregories. He told his audience how "a Boniface"—which Boniface? again we ask, for there have been many Popes of that designation. And so with all the other instances of alleged misconduct, and erroneous doctrine.—Our lecturer has merely picked them up, second hand, out of some of the catch-peeny trash that

the Exeter Hall press circulates as Antidotes to Popery; no respectable Protestant historian publishes these silly stories over his own name; and it will be quite time enough for us to notice them seriously, when he who retails them shall condescend to particulars—to dates, and circumstances, and cite his authorities for his statements.

THE JANUARY FEVER.—Hares are said to go mad in the month of March. This may be a popular superstition; but what is more certain is, that what may be called "pejorative insanity" breaks out in the month of January, amongst a great many of our Montreal Protestant fellow-citizens—otherwise and at other times, well behaved and amiable men; good neighbors, good fathers of families, good men of business, and in short the very last sort of persons in the world whom we should suspect of being subject to periodic hallucinations.

The periodicity of the disease is not its only, nor even its most marked characteristic. It is at least equally noteworthy for its virulence whilst it lasts, and the rapidity with which it runs its course. It generally breaks out on a Monday evening, in Great St. James Street, and in the vicinity of the Methodist chapel. It attacks people of both sexes indifferently, and of all ages; though old women, whether in or out of petticoats, are its favorite victims. It goes on intensifying in force, as the week advances, till on Thursday evening it attains its climax; but after this date it rapidly subsides again, so that by the beginning of the next week the traces of it are hardly to be discovered, even amongst those most severely attacked.

In many of its features this disease, which is in fact a kind of moral intoxication, presents some striking points of analogy with what is vulgarly known as the "blue devils." There is the same nervous excitement, the same morbid apprehension of some ill-defined, yet impending danger: the same outward and visible tokens of demoniacal possession. Its victims rave, and slobber; they are—if put upon platforms especially—subject to violent contortions, during which they oft foam at the mouth, and groan piteously: others, again, are comically affected, and the demon possessing them manifests itself in grotesque attitudes, and low buffoonery. We may remark *en passant*, that the tall, that the lean and spare of flesh are generally the subjects of the tragic manifestations; whilst the display of jocular madness is mostly abandoned to the fat, the corpulent and unctuous—to the spiritual Falstaffs of the comedy. It is a marvel to behold some of these "vessels" when under the influence of the spirit.

We said that the disease, or "January Fever," bears a close resemblance to what is known as the "Blue Devils," the chief difference betwixt the two being one of color. "January Fever" in short is an attack of the "Scarlet Devils;" the chief devil being a mythical old lady clad in red, with a preposterously developed hinder end, who is by our lunatic friends supposed to be devising all manner of evils and inflictions upon Canada. Just as in the "Blue Devils," or *deltirium tremens*, the patient fancies that he sees fiery eyed snakes, and ferocious bulls about to spring upon him, and devour him, so do those suffering under a smart attack of the "Red Devils" imagine that they see themselves and their friends about to be swallowed up alive by a dreadful monster called "Popery," or the "Scarlet Woman," with which they are called upon to wage immediate, and active war.

Luckily however the last named disease is short lived. It never lasts beyond the week; and at its close our friends, for the most part perfectly coherent, return to their stores and to their merchandise, to their account books and their ledgers, as if nothing had happened. Here and there exceptions are to be met with, pitiful cases in which the disease has become chronic, and baffles all the skill of the professors of the healing art. But these cases are rare and exceptional in Lower Canada; and we may safely say that the periodic January attack having passed away, our Protestant acquaintances become as amiable, and as friendly as ever, not only perfectly harmless, but kind and courteous, even to the dreaded Papists.

The Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Quebec met in this City on Wednesday last, for the transaction of important business.

The friends of Mgr. Larocque, will be happy to learn that since his release from the arduous duties of the Episcopate, his health has improved. His Lordship was in town on Sunday and Monday last.

We learn from the *Journal de Quebec* that Mr. Hugh Murray, nephew of His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston, and at present serving in a battalion of Pontifical Zouaves, has been lately promoted to the rank of sergeant. It is satisfactory to know that Canada furnishes her quota of brave soldiers to the most honorable service in the civilized world—that of the Sovereign Pontiff, menaced by the hordes of the Revolution.

A VERY PITIFUL LAMENT.—We find the following touching complaint of the disappearance of rum, in the columns of the *Montreal Daily News* of Saturday last:—

"Good, honest, wholesome rum, upon which many an old toper got drunk, and persevered in getting drunk till he reached 80 years of age, is no longer known. We have in its stead cheap whiskey, that fills our lunatic asylums, burns the brain, shatters the intellect, and paralyzes the human body."

WELL DONE KINGSTON!—The Catholics of the diocese of Kingston, if not so numerous as in other parts of the Province, are second to none in their zeal for religion, and in true Christian charity—as may be seen from the subjoined documents. The first is a letter from the Bishop of Portland to His Lordship of Kingston, acknowledging the receipt of a sum of \$975 towards the rebuilding of the churches and chapels of Portland destroyed by the great fire of July last. In like manner the second document contains a report of the sums collected in the different Missions of the Diocese of Kingston for the relief of the sufferers by the terrible fire of October last at Quebec:—

Portland, Nov. 25th, 1866

My Dear Lord—I have received by Express the package containing the balance of the sum of \$975.30 Canadian currency, collected in your Diocese by your Lordship's order, to enable me to restore the chapels and other religious institutions, destroyed in this city on the 21th of July last.

I am most grateful for your kindness in thus coming to the relief of my afflicted people; and in union with them I will ever appreciate the generosity of the Catholics of the Diocese of Kingston, who have answered so effectively the appeal which their worthy Prelate made in our behalf.

My Dear Lord, be pleased, to return to them and to their Pastors our heartfelt thanks; it is all that we can offer at present; while He for whose sake they have been charitable will not fail to bestow on them His abundant blessings.

Recommending myself and my charge to your pious prayers, I am most sincerely your friend and brother in Christ,

† DAVID W. BACON,
 Bishop of Portland.

QUEBEC FUND.

The following sums, collected throughout the Missions in the Diocese of Kingston, have been sent to the Mayor of Quebec for the relief of the sufferers by fire:—

Kingston Cathedral.....	\$300 25
Wolfe Island.....	145 00
Marysville, Tyendinaga.....	71 00
Prescott.....	50 00
St. Andrew's.....	68 70
Dooro.....	40 80
Oboourg.....	66 00
Baily.....	30 00
Lindsay.....	70 00
Brockville.....	43 60
Trouton.....	68 30
Cornwall.....	29 97
Gananoque.....	22 25
Bellefleur.....	100 12
Picton.....	140 40
Peterboro'.....	87 00
Locheil.....	18 50
Alexandria.....	42 15
St. Raphael's.....	44 61
Kemptville.....	33 20
Smith's Falls.....	20 60
Perth.....	75 25
Ganden and Sheffield.....	50 00
Tyendinaga, (North).....	23 00
Port Hope.....	22 00
Westport.....	25 00
Williamstown.....	33 46
Total.....	\$1740 46

Whilst upon this subject we may be permitted to express our regret at the carping tone adopted by some of our contemporaries towards the administrators of the Quebec Relief Fund. Their task is a very thankless one, at best—and a very difficult one; and as they are but men, it is not wonderful that errors of judgment should be imputed to them. But it is ungenerous to attempt to add to their difficulties by magnifying every error which they may have made, or which their censurers may think that they have made—and after all their censurers are not infallible: but it is impolitic, and cruel to the poor, to attempt to increase those difficulties, and thereby render the task of properly administering the Quebec Relief Fund still more arduous. Rather should every good citizen try to assist the administrators of that Fund in their difficult task, and to lighten their labors; and if he sees, or fancies that he sees, any thing amiss, to point it out temperately and in the spirit of Christian charity. In due time the accounts of the Committee will be made public, and they will then be the subject of legitimate criticism; but in the meantime it is very unjust to discuss its proceedings from a political, or what is called "sectarian" point of view. Let us give its members credit for being honest, even if fallible men, doing their best to solve a very difficult and intricate problem.

Our readers will hear with sorrow, of the death of that excellent and much loved Priest, the Reverend M. Lafrance of St. Hyacinthe.—For many years he labored as a parish priest in the diocese of Montreal, and by his parishioners his name will long be remembered with affection. May his soul, through the mercy of God, repose in peace.

GAVAZZI.—Our old acquaintance GAVAZZI is missing, and his friends—creditors perhaps—are in a state of great uneasiness about him. So we gather from a paragraph which we clip from the *Toronto Globe*:—

"The *Birmingham Gazette* says that Father Gavazzi who resided in that town for some time past, has disappeared in a mysterious manner."

The same journal hopes that the missing man has not been captured by the Jesuits. We would suggest that diligent and close search for him be made by the police in the groggeries, and houses of debauch. Probably some tidings of him may be there obtained; for certainly it is to such places that we should most naturally direct our attention were we in quest of a missing "converted priest," as the fitting or congenial *habitat* of the animal.

The recent elections in Prince Edward resulted in the triumph of the Liberal party who are now in a majority in the Legislative council.

PROFESSIONS.—On Thursday, 3rd inst., the following young Ladies made profession of religion at the Grey Nunnery of this City.

- Sister Eliza Desaulniers.
- " Zoe Mongeon, in religion Sœur Ste. Jean.
- " Helene Catherine Quinn.
- " Marguerite Gratton.
- " Rose de Lima Renaud.

The Very Reverend M. Bayle, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, officiated, assisted by the Reverend M. Bonissant, also of the Seminary.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY CONCERT.—This Annual Festival of the Irish National Society came off with great success on the evening of Wednesday last, in the City Concert Hall. Upwards of Three thousand person were present, and all were delighted with the music, dancing, and entertainments of the evening.

Shortly after 8 o'clock the President of the Society accompanied by the Presidents and office-bearers of the other National Societies of the City, by His Honor the Mayor and the *élite* of our citizens, made his appearance on the platform, behind which was visible the Banner of the Society, supported on either side by the British Ensign. The President then stood forward and delivered the Address of the evening as follows:—

As having the honor to occupy the distinguished position of President of this Society, it is my duty to thank you for your co-operation in the benevolent objects for which this entertainment is designed. (Cheers) It is a source of congratulation to every member of the Society that we should commence this year 1867 with such evident marks of encouragement as now surround us, and that our efforts for the relief of our less favoured countrymen have been crowned with success. It gives me infinite pleasure to see so many of the sons and daughters of old Ireland gathered under one roof, who actuated by the same generous impulses, united in the same lofty hopes, influenced by the same kindly feelings, are united by the golden bond of Christian charity and fraternity. (Loud cheers) It gives us all pleasure to unite in a common work of benevolence. And why not? Are we not all branches of the same tree, enlightened by the same faith, and knowing each other as children of St. Patrick. (Loud applause.) These considerations should warn us against the dangers of national shipwreck incurred by disunion. United we stand divided we fall. United, the Irish, as they have shown, are capable of high achievements, and may I not for one of these results go to Victoria Square, and taking my stand on the foundation walls of St. Patrick's Hall say, how richly and abundantly blessed are we with this proof of what can be accomplished by a united and patriotic people. (Cheers) When completed it will be, except our churches, the proudest monument of Irish industry and perseverance on this Continent. (Loud and prolonged cheers) To one and all who are within reach of my voice this evening, I would say, ask yourselves, have you done your duty to St. Patrick's Hall, and united with the others in this good work. I would ask my fair country women to assist with our countrymen, by every means, upon their assisting in the erection of this noble monument. Let young girls refuse every offer, unless the suitor has qualified for the matrimonial position by subscribing his name on the stock book of the St. Patrick's Hall. (Loud laughter and applause.) Leaving this subject I beg to congratulate the Society at seeing so many of our Protestant fellow citizens present this evening. It is gratifying to mark the fraternal intercourse which exists and to acknowledge how we have learned to know and trust each other. It is our duty, high and low, rich and poor, to afford each other mutual encouragement and mutual support. Let our mission be to spread good will and kindly feelings among all classes. I would now call your attention to the respectable position occupied by St. Patrick's Society. It is the guardian of our national honour; it is, as such, the duty of every one of us to take an interest in it. But more than that,—its mission is one of true benevolence. It clothes the naked, it feeds the hungry, it keeps alive the sacred love of fatherland—a love which proves that the spirit of the Irish nation never dies. (Cheers) Ireland will rise in the scale of nations, notwithstanding the disadvantages with which it has had to contend, and take a position to which every honest and right thinking man believes her entitled. (Loud cheers.) Every Irishman should, then, enrol himself under the banner of St. Patrick's Society, and share in its good deeds. Already it has been largely indebted to our fair countrywomen, many of whom are now actively engaged in promoting its interests. May God bless them for their pious and patriotic labours. (Cheers) Nor must we forget to render thanks to Mr. Brydges and the officers of the Grand Trunk Railway Company for the assistance they have rendered at all times; not to Mr. J. H. Daley, whose services have always been cheerfully given. Mr. Devlin, thanking the audience for their attention, sat down amid loud applause.

The programme was then proceeded with, the Band of the 25th opening with the Overture to *Zampa*. Miss Burns, with great beauty and effect, sang, "The Blind Girl to her harp," a very difficult piece of music. Mr. Hamall sang *Dublin Bay* in a very pleasing style, for which on being encored he gave "Pat Molloy," received with the greatest enthusiasm. The trio sung by Messrs. Lavioie, Camboie and N. Beaudry from William Tell was admirably rendered, as indeed were all the pieces, the choruses being very effective. Nor must we omit Professor Swift's readings which were given with great ability, his keen sense of humor in the trial scene from *Pickwick* calling forth hearty cheers and laughter. Mr. E. Woods, Musical Director, had great credit, and the accompaniments played by Mr. A. Meilleur showed him to be an adept in subordinating his own playing to the interests of the vocalist, a thing sometimes forgotten. After the Concert the floor was cleared, and dancing was kept up with much spirit to a reasonable hour.

PRESENTATION.—A very pleasing episode of the concert of the St. Patrick's Society on Wednesday evening was the presentation of a beautiful gold medal to Mr. Hamall, the well known talented singer of this city. A beautiful lyre is engraved on it and the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. Hugh Hamall, by his friends and fellow-citizens, as a mark of honor due his superior talents as a balladist. Montreal, January 1867." Mr. Hamall has reason to be proud of the beautiful gift and of the appreciation in which he is held by his numerous friends.

ST. PATRICK'S HALL.—The room occupied by the St. Patrick's Society as its place of assembly, in Nordheimer's Buildings, was burnt on the morning of Monday last. We understand that all the Books and Records of the Society, as well as its splendid and costly Banners, were destroyed. The origin of the fire is as yet a mystery.

AUSTRALIAN STATISTICS.—The correspondent of the London Times furnishes us with some very valuable information respecting these lately settled dependencies of the British Empire.

There is, of course, even in Australia as everywhere else, distress, and complaints make themselves heard; but the distress of Australia, after all, is very different from that which we, in those semi-arctic regions, call distress; and the complaints of the Australian destitute and unemployed, sound somewhat strangely in ears accustomed to the bitter cry of our own half-starving poor.

A meeting of the unemployed, he tells us, was held the other day in Melbourne to invoke the Government in behalf of these poor destitute laborers. A series of resolutions were adopted, and a deputation was appointed to wait upon the Chief Secretary, to see if anything could be done.

We recommend the consideration of these facts to those very silly, or very dishonest journalists who pretend that the material advantages which attract so many Canadians to the United States, are due to the superior political conditions of the last named country; and that we have but to assimilate our political institutions to those of the great republic lying South of us, to enjoy at once an equal degree of material prosperity.

The Toronto Globe appears to be somewhat alarmed by the statements of the Minerve's London correspondent on the School Question, and the intentions of the Canadian delegates thereupon:—

La Minerve is Mr. Cartier's organ at Montreal, and its editorial correspondence from London is written by a member of its staff sent over to watch the passage of the Confederation scheme through the Imperial Parliament. It is very likely that his speculations relative to the school questions are inspired by Mr. Cartier himself.

It will be seen from the above that the Globe is as much in the dark as we are ourselves, as to the means which M. Cartier intends to adopt, to relieve his oft reiterated pledges, that the Catholic minority of Upper Canada shall, in the event of Confederation, and in the matter of

Education, be placed on precisely the same footing as the Protestant minority of Lower Canada. We must wait with patience until the details be made public; and then it will be the interest, as well as the duty, of the Catholics of both sections of the Province, to tender to them, and to the Ministers who introduce them, their hearty support, as a set-off to the threatened hostility of Mr. George Brown and the Clear-Grits of Upper Canada.

It is painful, but at the same time instructive, to note the steady decay of religious feeling in Protestant England, with respect to marriage, especially since the formal recognition by the Legislature of the principle of Divorce, and the creation of a legal tribunal particularly charged with the duty of putting asunder those whom God had joined together in holy matrimony.

But illogical as is the English mind, this state of things could not last for ever: the via media, in which Anglicans delight to walk, must, in course of time, become worn out; and the idea of attaching any peculiar religious significance and value to marriage, after it had ceased to be deemed a Sacrament, could not, when exposed to the test of reason, retain for ever its hold on the Protestant mind.

It was in 1837 that the Legislature began to tinker its marriage laws; and even up to 1844, so strong and generally diffused amongst the Protestant people of England was the belief that somehow or other marriage was something more than a mere "civil contract," that no less than 91 out of every hundred marriages were celebrated in churches.

But just in proportion as religious marriages ceased, or the idea of marriage as a "religious rite" decayed, so did the number of civil marriages, or marriages contracted before the civil magistrate and without any "religious rites at all." (We copy from the Report in the London Times.) steadily increase:—

Nor can it well be otherwise. All modern legislation in Protestant countries, and for that matter in some Catholic countries too, are even in Canada—tends in one and the same direction.—It is all based upon the assumption that marriage is a mere civil contract, to which, however, religious ceremonies or accidents may be added at the pleasure of the contracting parties; and the people unfortunately, but only too readily, take their cue from their rulers and legislators.

But from this view of marriage the most deplorable consequences must follow, and have followed, as a logical necessity. If, as has been often urged, marriage be a mere civil contract—and if it be aught more, it is altogether beyond the jurisdiction of the mere civil magistrate—it follows as a necessary or logical consequence, that there is no moral difference betwixt marriage and concubinage. A legal difference there may still be asserted, as there was betwixt the sexual unions of Roman citizens with one another, and those contracted betwixt Romans and strangers, betwixt slaves and freed men; betwixt the connubium celebrated with the solemn rites of confarreatio, and the mere contubernium which the Roman law tolerated betwixt the vilest of Rome's population.

Another fatal, but unavoidable consequence of their theory is this. That according to its advocates, adultery ceases to be a crime sui generis, or indeed according to commercial ethics, any moral offence at all. Adultery is a breach or violation of the marriage contract.—But if marriage be a mere civil contract, then adultery, which is a breach or violation of such a contract, is the same in kind as, and morally, indistinguishable from, the breach of any other civil contract—such, for instance, as the failure of an army contractor in furnishing the Government with a specified number of bullocks, or pantaloons, within the specified time.

Therefore it is that, although from a Catholic point of view, a marriage contracted before, or celebrated by, a registrar, or a police magistrate, or a tinker, is just as valid, just as much a Christian marriage, as is one contracted before, or solemnized by a Methodist minister, or for that matter by the Archbishop of Canterbury, we look upon the substitution of civil, for religious, marriages in England as a great misfortune; or rather as the symptom of the spread of serious moral corruption amongst the English people. It shows that, gradually, but surely, they are throwing off all idea of a connection betwixt religion and marriage, and are becoming accustomed to treat it as a mere civil contract.

The N. Y. Irish People, Fenian organ, admits that there are two things for which the Irish should thank England:—These are; the Ordnance Survey, and the National School system. The latter has "borne"—so says our N. York paper—"a fruitful crop of devoted and intelligent patriots;" or in other words, by its anti-Catholic tendencies, it has prepared the once soundly Catholic soil of Ireland for the reception of the anti Catholic and pernicious seeds of Fenianism.

PROVINCIAL DEFENCES.—With reference to General Michel's report as to the defencelessness of Montreal, it is rumored that the Imperial Parliament is to be asked to vote £2,000,000 sterling for fortifications here. It is even said that the plans to fortify Montreal on the south side have already been drafted and sent home for approval to the Imperial authorities, and that it is not unlikely the work will be commenced early next summer.

BISHOP LYNOX AND THE FENIANS.

The New York Herald of Thursday publishes the following letter, addressed by His Lordship Bishop Lynox of Toronto to Mr. Robert Coddington, of New York, who, it appears, is collecting money and necessaries for the Fenian prisoners now in jail here:—

"ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, Dec. 14, 1866."

Dear Sir,—I received first ten Dollars, and second twenty, to be forwarded to Rev. John MacMahon.—I sent him the first remittance; and the second I gave to the Sisters of Charity to help them in supplying him with provisions. Since Rev. Mr. MacMahon was located in the old jail, and access to him was permitted, these good Sisters sent every day cooked provisions and other comforts to him.

"It is sad to think that these unfortunate men are so utterly abandoned by their former friends, if they had any. It is true that relief coming officially from the Fenian Brotherhood would only compromise these men and the parties who carried the relief; but private friends might do something."

"We do not judge those men now, we only know their wants and miseries; and the officials of the jail kindly pass to the prisoners clothing and provisions. Father MacMahon expressed himself very grateful for your kindness. All the prisoners enjoy good health. Mass is celebrated for them every Sunday, confessions heard, good books lent to them, and nothing neglected for their spiritual benefit.—They will leave here, I hope, wiser and better men."

"I JOHN JOSEPH LYNOX, Bishop of Toronto."

The Rev. Mr. Methot, Rector of Laval University, in a letter to the Quebec Chronicle, contradicts the report that Government is in treaty for the purchase of the university buildings. Another story of a similar effect, with respect to the Ottawa buildings, may at the same time be set at rest. There is no foundation whatever for the report current some time ago, which had it that the Seminary of St. Sulpice was negotiating for the purchase of the recently erected parliamentary buildings, and had offered land and buildings here in exchange.—Montreal Gazette.

Mr. James McColl, a discharged Custom House officer of Toronto, now editing a Fenian paper in Buffalo, gives this amicable New Year's Day exhortation to the way to treat every Irish soldier and official in the British service, to whom the writer himself for so many years belonged, and tried so hard to get back when dismissed.

"This is the enemy with whom we now have to deal, and we call upon every true Irishman in Canada in particular, to plant the dagger in his heart when he least expects, and to consider that heaven is ready to justify any act that would rid the world of a monster so heinous and corrupt."

"This is very good for the ex-Surveyor of the port of Toronto."—Montreal Gazette.

THE FENIAN PRISONERS.—Last night the three prisoners Thomas Madden, Thomas Smith and Michael Crowley, arrived at the Kingston Penitentiary, the sentence of death against them having been commuted at the last sitting of the Executive Council here, to twenty years imprisonment. The Volunteers and Government Police have sweetsburg to day.—Montreal Gazette 10th inst.

TORONTO, JAN. 12.—The trials of the Fenian prisoners were resumed yesterday in this city, before Mr. Justice Morrison. Two cases were disposed of, one by conviction, the other by acquittal. The fortunate one was John Smith, quite a young man, who gave his place of residence as Nashville, Tenn. He had been found sleeping in a barn at Fort Erie after the fight. Some Fenian documents were found on his person and a missive to his lady love, none of which were regarded as containing proof enough for conviction.

The prisoner who was convicted is named Timothy Kelly, of Cairo. He was arrested on Sunday morning, after the battle, in a barn near Fort Erie. When arrested he had a wound in his arm, and he expressed his regret that he had come to Canada, and said he had come to Fort Erie after the fight. The jury did not regard the evidence for the defence as being sufficiently exculpatory, and after deliberating for an hour and a quarter, found the prisoner guilty.

The trials were resumed to day. Patrick O'Neil was first tried. The evidence against him was similar to that against Kelly. After a short deliberation he was found guilty. Sentence deferred until Monday.

Patrick McGrath was the next tried. He was also found guilty. Sentence deferred till Monday also.

The 'General' Gleason who succeeds to the sceptre of Stephen, and 'the very small sum in hand' towards making war on Great Britain, we are well informed, never was a 'General' in any service but that of the I. R. He was, however, a lieutenant, and subsequently a captain, in one of the Irish American regiments raised during the civil war, and was cashiered from the service for cowardice. The record of the trial, if it be worth while, may be easily procured, by any one interested, from the War Department at Washington. Two years ago this hero was arrested and imprisoned in Ireland, and got off on the double plea of being an American citizen, and of being convinced that the Fenian movement was 'all a humbug.' Such are the stunts and the scoundrels who, in succession, endeavour to use and abuse—to degrade and dishonour—to trade on and betray the best feelings and interests of Irishmen, abroad and at home. As our Yankee neighbors say—'Pass round 'General Gleason P.—Montreal Gazette.

The Quebec Chronicle states that Government is negotiating with the Laval University for the purchase of the university buildings on the Grand Battery, in the Upper Town, and that the buildings are probably intended for the use of the local government under Confederation.

BOGUS COIN.—Lead quarters and half dollars are being put in circulation upon the markets both here and in Quebec. We trust the police will shortly ferret out the issuers of these spurious coins. The Graby Gazette says: A rumor is current that an establishment for the manufacture of counterfeit money exists in this village, and that a keen watch is kept on certain suspicious quarters.

CHAUDRON GOLD MINES.—The Inspector for the above mines reports that a large nugget has just been taken out of one of the pits, in the Seigneurie of Rigaud, Vendreuil, about thirty-two feet below the surface. It measures about six inches in length, four in width at its broadest part, and contains about forty ounces, being roughly valued at \$300.

ORGANIST WANTED.

WANTED, FOR ST. MICHAEL'S (R. O.) CHURCH BELLEVILLE, O. W., a competent person to take charge of the Organ and Teach Choir.

An efficient person would find lucrative employment (during leisure hours) in town and vicinity. Application to be made (by letter, post-paid) to the VERY REV. DEAN BRENNAN, P. P. Belleville, Jan. 14, 1867.

DEATH FROM COLD AND EXPOSURE.—On Saturday evening last, two daughters of Edward Masse, laborer, the eldest 13 and the younger 11 years of age, residing near Farham Centre (Samuel Sheehy's saw mills) were returning home from their weekly boarding school, near two miles from their home, about dark, and when within 100 rods from their destination, the elder sat down and said to the younger 'I can go no further. The younger then said she would go to the neighbors and let them know. The eldest replied that she should not go, and took hold of the younger by the arm and held her, saying 'You must stay with me, and we will die together.' The younger one then sat down beside her, and they talked together until, as near as the younger one can judge, 8 p.m. Then the elder stopped talking, and the younger supposed she was dead. The younger says that about an hour after, her sister gave three screams and fell back dead. The younger sat with her until five next morning, and then went home and told her parents, who went and got her. The younger sister is 4 or 5 weeks only touched with frost.—Belleville Times

The total number of disasters to Canadian shipping on the lakes during the year 1866 is 63, of which 11 were steamers, 57 sailing vessels. Three steam and eight sailing vessels proved a total loss. Number of lives lost, 12.

The St. John's Telegraph thus refers to the recent election in Prince Edward Island:

'The question of Confederation does not appear to have been in issue; indeed, it is difficult to discover that the elections were anything more than a personal scramble. It is satisfactory to know, however, that the Hon. A. A. McDonald, one of the Quebec delegates, has been returned; while the nominee in another district of Hon. Kenneth Henderson, a hot Anti, was rejected. It seems tolerably certain at all events that the Government is in a minority in the Legislative Council. Since the Hon. Mr. Gray and Hon. Mr. Pope left the Government, because of its hostility to Confederation, the Cabinet seems to have gone from bad to worse, and may now make up its mind to give up the ghost. We do not know that much fault can be found with its management of local affairs, but for some time past internal discussions have paralyzed its actions, while in reference to the Union question its policy has been characterized by vacillation which has pleased neither Unionists nor Anti's.

The Prince Edward Island Examiner also says: 'It was rumored about town last week that, at a meeting of the Executive Council, held on Thursday last, the House of Assembly would be dissolved.—The Executive Council is very weak—(having only five members in the Island out of nine)—and, perhaps, they did not feel themselves capable of making such an effort as to dissolve the House. Certainly it was not done. It is said that the Government are waiting to see what shape Confederation will take with regard to the other Colonies before they dissolve the House.'

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Hancock Postage, Mich. J. J. McSwaney, \$2; Portsmouth P. Hamall, \$1; Finlay Harbor, J. Kirby, \$10; Elginfield Rev. Jos. Gerard, \$2; Tyndinaga, P. Kilmurry, \$2; Vienna, H. Vogt, \$7.50; St. Phoeb, P. Ryan, \$3; St. Bridget, B. Maguire, \$3.47; Boncherville, J. B. Dulsbrogher, \$2; Espinasse, William Lynch, \$5.40; St. John, Thomas Sheridan, \$4; Corunna, P. McGill \$3; Niagara, K. McDougall, \$2; Point St. Charles M. Crow, \$2.50; Hnattingdon, Rev. L. J. Gagnier \$4; Carleton, P. G. Baechesue, \$2; Norton Creek, J. Bulger, Jr. \$1; Sweetburg, P. Butler, \$2; Wales, J. McDonald, \$3; Lancaster, 36, B. J. McDonald, \$2.50; Melrose, T. Dineen, M. W. Halchmond, D. Connolly, \$4; Henryville, M. J. Melvane, \$4; Terrebonne, Rev. J. Graton, \$6. Per J. J. Lawlor, St. Johns, N. B. J. McCarty \$2; J. Cullinan \$2.50. Per E. Kennedy, Perth—L. Prouy \$1; R. McDonald \$3; A. McLeellan \$2. Per P. Doyle, Toronto—K. Coffey Cooktown, \$1; J. McMahon, Tottingham \$2; M. Walsh, Woodbridge, \$2. Per J. Killoran, Seaforth—E. Hart \$2. Per F. Ford, Prescott—J. McCarthy \$2. Per Rev. M. McCauley, Granby—W. Carey, South Rexton, \$2. Per Rev. J. McNulty, Caledonia—Self \$2; M. Donnelly \$2; T. Lynch, Jarvis, \$2. Per J. Carroll, Rawdon—P. Mason \$3.

No material changes in the markets.

MARRIED.

On the 8th instant, at the Church of Cotene St. Louis, by the Rev. Canon G. Lablanc, Wm. Henry Weekes, of Cookshire, Eastern Townships, to Elena Rosa Theresa, daughter of the late Geo. Troutbeck, Esq., of the Commissariat Department, Montreal.

At Costelloe Lodge, St. Vincent, Manford, C. W., at the residence of the bride's father, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. John Gould, Hugh Brodie, jun., of Montreal, Notary Public, to Christina, eldest daughter of Peter Christie.

DIED.

On the 12th instant, in the Convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Mary A. O'Meara, in religion Sister Mary St. Patrick, aged 19 years.

In this city, on Sunday, 13th inst., of consumption, Bernard Hart, aged 23 years.

In this city, on the 11th instant, Mary Browne, aged 52 years, a native of the Co. Duven, Ireland.—May she rest in peace.

In Quebec, on the morning of the 12th instant, at his residence, Diamond Harbor, at half past 2 o'clock, Miles O'Brien, Esq., aged 34 years, Councilor for Champlain Ward, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends. May his soul rest in peace.

At Prescott, C. W., on the 23rd December, 1866, Mr. Farrell Pezner, Carpenter, aged 57 years, a native of the County Roscommon, Ireland.

MONTREAL CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK

NOTICE. ON and after the 2nd day of JANUARY next, this institution will allow interest at the rate of FIVE per cent per annum on deposits. By order of the Board, E. J. BARBAU, Actuary. December 31, 1866.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS

KINGSTON O. W., Under the Immediate Supervision of the Rt. Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

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

TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st of September, and ends on the First Thursday of July, July 21st 1867.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Emperor Napoleon has not displayed less than his habitual skill in the manner in which he has prepared the annunciation of the September Convention, and eased off the evacuation of Rome. It was a delicate task, and has been cleverly performed. It cannot be said that he is yet out of the wood; it were premature to shout for the triumph; but still much has been done, things have gone very well as yet.—as the French say, le gros de l'ouvrage est fait. The Emperor is skilful in playing his fish, and most ingenious in his choice of baits and of soothing delusions. Out of regard to the susceptibilities of his pious wife and of the Catholic party in France, he to the last moment forbore to dispel the doubt many entertained whether his part of the Convention would really be fulfilled, and his flag removed from Rome, and also from Civita Vecchia. So far was this reserve carried that General Montebello began to chafe in his harness, and to believe that the final order of evacuation would come too late for him to depart by the prescribed date. The Flamy mission was another tub to the hurried whale. Although the Convention itself, according to the French interpretation of it already envied, the temporal power with protection and safeguards, assurance was to be made doubly sure, and a special envoy was sent to Florence to restrain Italian ardor and provide for Papal security. There was no need to put on the screw. Ricasoli, as Prime Minister of an Italy all but complete, could afford to be forbearing, and showed a pliancy probably unprecedented in a man so long noted as stubborn. Negotiations with the Vatican were at once to be resumed, and the announcement was accompanied by that of extraordinary concessions, and by the assurance that Italy was far from desiring that the Pope should quit Rome. All this was soothing and encouraging to the alarmed friends of the Pontifical Power. There was yet another card to play still more to calm anxiety, and especially to allay that naturally felt by Pius IX. The report, first set afloat some three months ago, that the Emperor of the French would visit Rome was revived, and, if it has as yet received no official or positive corroboration it has been sufficiently countenanced to give it weight and value. When it has served its turn and helped to tide over a difficult moment, in its turn it may be allowed to subside into oblivion. It will have done good service if it assists in detaining the Pope at Rome until such time as least as circumstances may allow the Tuilleries to contemplate his departure with less discomposure than at present.—Cor. of Times.

Napoleon III. has had his day of prosperity and glory like his uncle before him. Hitherto everything has succeeded to his utmost wishes. This time last year he was in the zenith of his power, and gave the law to Europe and part of America. But M. Bismarck and President Johnson have checked him in his mid career and thwarted his ambition.—Cor. of Weekly Register.

The French Government is greatly irritated against the Journal des Debats for giving the passage, where the Holy Father alludes to the Emperor's health.—The Paris papers have been ordered not to reproduce it; and one journal in particular that had the paragraph already in print, was obliged to put it aside. Times Cor.

In the speech spoken by M. Haussman, Prefect of the Seine, at the grand banquet at the Hotel de Ville, the other day, and which, amidst self-congratulations on the present condition of Paris, expressed the most unbounded admiration of the Emperor and of all his acts, and the most enthusiastic devotion to his dynasty, occurred a few sentences which have puzzled the public. In his allusion to general politics he said that:—

'The very moderation of the Emperor was the principal cause of difficulties which the sword would perhaps have decided, but that the honour of His Majesty's Government has been, and will be, to solve them by means slower and more laborious. And, in effect, in the midst of the passions which most frequently agitate human affairs, and when wisdom makes itself understood and imposes its authority, it is doomed to see roused against it violence from the most opposite quarters which its interposition disconcerts and its curb irritates.'

People are curious to know what the 'difficulties' are to which the speaker alluded, and whence comes the violence which the Emperor's 'curb' irritates.—These enigmatical phrases have excited not only curiosity, but a certain uneasiness which perhaps M. Haussman never intended. The toast with which he concluded his speech were such as might naturally be expected from so high a functionary.—'The Emperor, whom may God long preserve to France the Empress, whose heroic soul possesses all sorts of courage and devotedness to the Prince Imperial, on whom the destinies of our children repose.'

A report is current that one of the branches of the Government have decided to favor the proposed re-organization of the French Army. It is thought that, in consequence of the opposition manifested to the measure both by the people and several leading statesmen, the Emperor will not favor its presentation by his War Minister to the Corps Legislatif.

Two Millions of Proules in Paris.—The population of Paris, including the arrondissements of St. Denis and Sceaux, according to the census of 1866, amounts to 2,150,916; which is an increase of 197,256 above the number given in the census returns for 1861. As the annual expenditure of the city of Paris now amounts to upwards of 20,000,000 francs, it follows that the total taxation is 10 francs, or eight shillings, for every head of the population.

A portion of the proscenium of Cardinal Richelieu's skull was recently discovered in France, and by the Government restored with great pomp and solemnity to the mausoleum originally erected in Paris to receive his remains. The Parisian sneer usual on all such occasions, found expression next day in the following *bon mot*: 'Ah! yes. We have had his skull. Would that we had half his brains!'

ITALY.

Piedmont.—It was related some time ago at Florence that a warm discussion, and even high words, had taken place between the King and General Fleury with reference to the eventuality of the Pope's departure, and that the substance of what passed, communicated to the Emperor, considerably alarmed him. From the same source I am now informed that it was afterwards clearly intimated to the Italian Government that if the Pope left the Pontifical States in consequence of internal pressure France would bring him back to Rome, as she did in 1849. But the Italy of 1866 is not the Italy of 17 years ago, and I greatly doubt that her Government—so long, at least, as Ricasoli is at its head—would tamely submit to such re-imposition of a departed Pontiff. It may be said that it would be madness for Italy to engage in a struggle with France; but we have lately seen that she can make alliances when she finds her too strong to cope with single-handed. It is necessary, however, to anticipate fresh European conditions on account of what is now passing or likely to pass in Italy.—The Emperor has not risked, braving disagreeable and offending friends, in order to leave Rome with the idea of returning to it in a hurry. Having got so far out of the scrape, it would be the height of quixotism: again to put lance in rest of defence of the windmills of the temporal power.—Times Cor.

The Movimento publishes the following letter from Garibaldi:—

voice of England against those who wished to interfere and to isolate in Sicily the movement for emancipation. Thanks to the generous idea of the deliverance of the Neapolitan continent was facilitated, and the union of the Italian family now so happily accomplished, becomes possible. To this noble person, then, the well merited expression of gratitude.

Capri, Dec. 4, 1866. G. GARIBOLDI.

Rome.—The Pope has addressed an invitation to the Bishops of the Catholic world to assemble at Rome in the month of June, 1867, to celebrate the 18th centenary of the Martyrdom of the Apostle Peter and Paul, and the canonization of several Martyrs, confessors, and virgins.

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—The military tribunals have proved guilty of a fresh enormity, which confirms the truth of our previous statement a propos of the Apostate Rotolo—namely, that the Piedmontese do not deal out even-handed justice, and that the deposition of a malefactor is sufficient to get the accused sentenced to hard labor. Within the last few days, Pietro Fria, and Santa Fria, a young girl sixteen years old, were tried before the third military tribunal, sitting at Martorana. They were brother and sister, and the former was charged with having been *caposquadra* (leader of a band), and the latter with having abetted the rebellion. There was no proof sufficient to sustain this twofold accusation, and the depositions of the witnesses were in favor of the parties; everybody was convinced of their innocence, and it was considered a matter of certainty that they would be set at liberty. But no; the tribunal chose to rely on the deposition of Gamfi, the informer, whose motive had been to avenge an old wrong, and the unlucky Fria was sentenced to twenty years of hard labor, while his sister got ten years of imprisonment. We might cite many such instances of Piedmontese justice, did our space allow. The truth is beginning to come out about the insurrection of September. The *Precuratore*, a revolutionary journal, which has always been notorious for bringing the Clergy and people of Palermo into discredit abroad by means of its odious calumnies, has suddenly changed its tone, and solemnly retracted everything that it has said. We beg to call the especial attention of our readers to the following passage, which has been translated literally: 'The *Precuratore* itself was among those who calumniated the country in speaking of fictitious outrages, of which the corpse of Bolla (the Commissary of Police who was killed at Monreale) was said to have been the subject; now it invents no more lies. It has slandered the people of Palermo, who, left to themselves, have not committed the twentieth part of the horrors that were perpetrated in 1848 and 1860. It has slandered the country by attributing to it a part of the reaction, which it never took; for it ought to be universally known that the movement of September was an explosion of discontent, that it was seconded by all parties, including that of the Government, but that no one party took the lead. We must henceforth come out of the putrid atmosphere by which we are surrounded. We must be guided by liberty and law, which must be respected even when we are dealing with enemies. This programme is the only safe one, and better is it to descend into the tomb than cry with the rabble, 'Death to Jesus! long life to Barrabas!' This language appearing as it does in the columns of a highly revolutionary journal, amounts to a revelation which will engage the organs of the liberal party in the Peninsula, for the infamous calumnies with which they have assailed Sicily are no longer unveiled to Europe by the Catholic Press alone, but by one of their most devoted partisans.

BAVARIA.

The relations betwixt Church and State in Bavaria, and the degree of freedom which that Constitutional State, with its preponderatingly Catholic population, allows in matters of religion, has been instructively illustrated by a recent transaction which has caused considerable commotion. It appears that since the autumn of 1865 several priests of the Society of Jesus have visited Ratisbon, some of them staying for a shorter, some for a longer period.—During their visits which were often of brief duration, they resided either with the Bishop or in the Episcopal Seminary. From Ratisbon they frequently visited other towns and dioceses to preach missions to the people, and to give retreats to the clergy, and with the authorization of the bishops shared in the ordinary cure of souls. (The number of parochial clergy in Bavaria is notoriously insufficient for the spiritual wants of the faithful). The right wing of the famous old monastery of the Scottish Benedictines at Ratisbon, concerning which a few years ago an interesting article appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and which had been let as private residences was desisted by the Bishop of Ratisbon for the reception of these Fathers, and after the termination of the tenancy terms and certain alterations and repairs, the R. R. F. Ehrenberger, Kohlschreiber, and V. Peikhoven, all three native Bavarian citizens took up their abode in it last October. In the same month they were joined by two priests of the Society (foreigners), and a lay Brother, and the six lived in community. It is also stated that the Bishop of Ratisbon destined one of the Fathers to undertake the direction of the Episcopal Seminary. Meanwhile, the municipal authorities had made no objection, but the Radical press commenced a frightful outcry, and demanded the expulsion of the Fathers.

The Government interfered on the ground that, by the Bavarian Constitution, no new religious societies and institutes can be formed in Bavaria without the co-operation of the Government and the express permission of the Sovereign. Accordingly the Ministry for Affairs of Religion and Education desired the Presidency of the province to inform the Bishop of Ratisbon with reference to sec. 76, tit. c. of the Appendix to the Constitution, and Art. 1 of the Concordat, that his Lordship's conduct had infringed on the Constitution and on the Concordat, and unless desisted from would necessitate legal proceedings against him. The Bishop of Ratisbon yielded under protest, and the Fathers have withdrawn. But it is stated in the *Augsburg Gazette* that his Lordship informed the Government that he reserved the question of legal right, and yielded to the demand for the sole reason that 'at a time when the existing condition of society made any weakening of the authority of the Government, especially undesirable, he was unwilling to create further difficulties for the Government in this affair.' There is no better barometer of Catholicism than the illustrious company of Jesus. Where they are honored, protected and loved, the religious atmosphere is gloomy and ill boding. What a situation for a country like Bavaria, with its great majority of Catholics! The Bavarian Government, instead of seconding the efforts of the Bishop of Ratisbon, and of at once supplying the permission, which they claim the legal right to accord or deny, actually compels him, by a threat of prosecution, to forego the services of the Jesuit Fathers, deprives his flock of the benefit of the arrangements which he had made for their spiritual welfare, and chases the willing laborers out of the vineyard of Christ.

RUSSIA.

A letter from Warsaw in the *Posen Journal* says: 'Russia is secretly arming to a considerable extent—the fact is undeniable. An incredible activity prevails in her arsenals; she is converting the old infantry muskets into needle rifles, and filling up the regiments in short, she is putting herself in a condition to be prepared for any event next spring. The superior officers believe they will be called upon to enter on a campaign at that period. However, it is only stating the truth to say that up to the present no change has been made in the cantonments of the Russian army, and that the military force has not been increased in the Kingdom of Poland.'

The recruiting which is to take place in Russia from the 27th January to the 27th of February, at the rate of four conscripts per 1,000 inhabitants, and five per 1,000 in certain districts, will produce 850,000 men. The Russian army at present numbers 800,000 men under arms; add to which the 850,000 produced by the new levy, and the round number is 1,650,000 men.

The *Globe* informs its readers that the Russian Government is bent upon converting the Polish population from the Catholic to the Greek Church, and it carries on its work of conversion in the same rough and ready fashion as Peter the Great adopted towards his Boyards, whom he taught civilization by cutting off their beards and teaching them to dance. Indeed, this is much too mild a parallel; for in the Polish provinces at present, the work of conversion is but another name for persecution, and finds a just parallel only in the forcible means by which the Turks of old converted their European subjects from Christian into Mahometans.

A correspondent of the *Czas*, describing the state of matters in Lithuania and White Russia, says:—'The peasant who resolves to baptise his child according to the rites of the Catholic Church is fined 30 roubles, while he who presents his child to a priest of the Greek Church for baptism receives a douceur of fifteen roubles. The Government officials and employes who refuse to adopt the Greek faith are pitilessly expelled from the service, without the least consideration for them or for their families; the funds belonging to the Catholic churches are being seized, and the ecclesiastics are deported, in order to accelerate the work of conversion.' An officer of the gendarmerie who was commissioned to assist in the conversion of the Catholic population in one of the parishes of Lithuania, gives the following account of the process:—'When a considerable number of the peasantry were assembled in the Catholic church, a body of troops surrounded the edifice—the pope (Greek priest) chafes in hand, was brought in; and, while the congregation in silence awaited what was to follow, the pope went from one individual to another to dispense the Sacrament. If any one closed his teeth, and refused to accept the Sacrament, the soldier who accompanied the pope opened the mouth of the recalcitrant with his bayonet.' Such is the process of Muscovite conversion!

A new kind of Protestant or politico religious sect has sprung up in Russia, of which we find the following notice:—

The 'Nihilists,' who are now occupying so much attention, and against whom the Governor of Nijai-Novgorod, General Ogareff, has just published a formal declaration of war, have nothing in common with any of the political sects to be found in the West of Europe. This reflection must be gratifying to those thorough going Russians who hold that their country ought no longer to be indebted for the slightest thing to the West, and that, in the spiritual as well as the material world, it is bound to supply its own wants from its own peculiar resources. Political economy, for instance, is said by people of this way of thinking to be a very good thing for England, but quite unfitted for Russia. It was gravely asserted not long ago in a scientific journal published at Moscow that Russia had had enough of 'German physiology,' and that it must have its own 'Russian physiology' now. The general division of political men into Liberals and Conservatives has long been objected to as suited only to the effete West, though in Russia, as in other countries, the political world is made up of those who wish to keep things as they are and those who wish to change them, as they think, for the better. The great merit of the Nihilist party seems to be that it has no principles at all. Not that a Nihilist is open to conviction—he is already convinced that there is 'nothing new, nothing true, and that it don't signify.'

Some notion of the difficulty of defining Nihilism may be derived from the fact that M. Schodo Ferrotti, writing on the subject in his journal, had already published four long chapters without telling us what the thing meant. The Nihilists would be mortified if it could be proved that, instead of being an original Russian product, 'Nihilism' was only an adaptation of American 'Know Nothingism'; but there is a certain analogy between the two nevertheless. One of the first duties of a Nihilist, for instance, is to keep clear of foreigners and to ignore foreign influences. Indeed they ignore everything—even criminals, which the female Nihilists of Nijai-Novgorod, to the rage and indignation of General Ogareff, refuse to wear. Call 'Nihilism' the negation of all that now exists in Russia, and we get at what is probably the truth of the matter—that the Nihilists are a party of extreme Radicals or Revolutionists, whose first step, if they had the power, would be to make a *tabula rasa* of all political, social, and religious institutions. 'Non credum in nnum Deum' is said to be the first article of this nice little belief, of which taking it altogether, it would be unfair to contest the originality.

'In the streets of Nijai-Novgorod,' says General Ogareff, in his order on the subject, 'ladies and young girls are seen attired in a special costume which the women of the sect of 'Nihilists' have appropriated to themselves. This costume is, for the most part, as follows:—A round hat, beneath which the hair is cut close to the head, green spectacles, hoods, no crinolines.'

After this strange description of what is certainly a very strange costume, General Ogareff goes on to say that, since the crime of the 4th of April, the party to which the malefactor belonged has been stigmatised in the eyes of all right-minded persons so that the public exhibition of the costume adopted by the women of this party can only be looked upon by the guardians of Public order as an act of insolence, deserving not only blame, but also the most prompt repression. Accordingly, as directs the police to 'pay attention' to all women dressed in the costume indicated, and to summon them to the police office, where they are required to sign a formal promise to adopt forthwith another and more scitable garb. In case of refusal or of subsequent contravention, they are expelled from the provincial, and moreover, placed under the surveillance of the police, who will observe 'their modes of life, their acts, and their conversations.'

This order has been published in the official journals of the province of Nijai-Novgorod, and has naturally caused much excitement and alarm. It is asked in virtue of what law General Ogareff forbids women to wear green spectacles, and compels them to wear crinolines. As long as his edict remains in force any lady who may chance to appear in the streets of Nijai-Novgorod without enough crinolines to satisfy the taste of the police exposes herself to insult and arrest. General Ogareff's order is clearly a plagiarism from those issued by General Mouravieff, at Wilna, and Count Berg, at Warsaw, in respect to the mourning worn by the Polish ladies during the late insurrection. Nihilism may be a very foolish and injurious thing; but edicts imposing the use of crinolines are worse. The introduction into Russia, proper of the system of oppression, applied with so much severity in Poland, is very significant, and shows that when the Russians have 'earned to practice tyranny in one part of the empire they are not likely to continue it in another.—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

TALE OF THE ARDENNES.

'The cow must go, Marguerite! it is better for the children to do without milk than to be turned out of doors, and that we certainly shall be if the rent be not paid on Monday week. Pierre can come with me to the fair on Wednesday and lead her there, and if we get a good price for her, we may do yet. But sell her we must, it is our only chance.'

when Jacques proposed to him that they should become man and wife. But they had a numerous family. Marguerite's health became delicate, and a fever which attacked her husband and several of her children once exhausted the little ready money they had hitherto saved. Even after his recovery, it was long before Jacques was fit to resume his work. Everything was done in consequence of a bad season; their neighbors were nearly as ill off as themselves; and the cure, though he did what he could, had too many poor to be of much assistance to them. The landlord, who generally lived in Brussels, employed an agent to receive his rents every year, and this agent had no pity for the poor farmers in distress. Besides this, Jacques had less to expect from him than any one else, having had a quarrel with him a year or two before on account of a poor man he had turned out of his farm; and report whispered that a cousin of his was anxious to get possession of Jacques's farm, if any plausible excuse could be found for forcing him to quit it. The rent fell due about this time; and by selling the greater part of his sickle the poor man had made up the sum. One cow a favorite of his wife's, was all he had kept; but another bill for physic required during his illness having come in, the sum prepared for the rent had to be broken in upon. The agent refused to take anything less than the entire sum due, and as we have seen, poor Jacques had now made up his mind to part with Marguerite's old favorite.

The fair-day arrived only too soon, and many tears were shed by poor Marguerite and her little children as they saw their pet led out by Pierre, before proceeding to the fair. Pierre himself was as sorry as any of them: for it had long been his occupation to go out with her among the lanes to look for grass. In Belgium, as in Germany, everything is put to use, even the way side grass. It is either cut down and brought home for the cow, or, as in the family of Jacques Maillard, a little boy or girl is sent to lead the animal by a rope, and while allowing her to pick up all that would otherwise be wasted, prevent her destroying the fences or young trees. But though Pierre had become very fond of his charge, he remembered that he was the eldest of the family, and would not show a good example, and that it would not be manly for a boy of twelve to cry like little Suzette or Mimi; besides, he was not going to lead the cow all the way to the fair? and then the fair itself! What beautiful things would he not see there! what long stories would he not have to tell the children when he came back about all the wonders he had witnessed; and perhaps if the cow sold well, his father would be able to spare him some times for gingerbread, which he would bring home to dry the tears of the little ones. Consoled by these thoughts, Pierre once more kissed little Mimi, the youngest of the children, and promising her a double share of gingerbread if she were good, and did not cry till he came back, he manfully trudged off beside his father.

It was a long way across the forest, before they reached the little town where the fair was held, and Pierre had often to get his father's assistance to bring on the cow; for the poor beast did not understand why she was not allowed as usual to stop where she liked and pick up the sweet grass. Jacques himself was very quiet and sad and though little Pierre had a great many questions to ask, he soon saw that his father's mind was fixed on other things than his replies to him. 'You are turning a great boy now, Pierre,' he said at last, 'and I think a good boy. If anything were to happen to me, your mother and little sisters would have no one to look to but you. Would you not be very kind to them?'

Poor Pierre was now indeed very like to cry.—'Oh, father,' he said, 'to be sure I would; but why do you speak that way? why should anything happen to you? what would become of us all without you?'

'God would take care of you, Pierre. I do not know exactly why I speak to you this way; but it is good always to be prepared for death, and somehow I do not think mine is far off. You know I went yesterday to confession, and this morning to early mass to communion; and yesterday M. le Cure bade me come into the sacristy after mass to day to speak to him. Well, he asked me if I had a miraculous medal, and when I said I had not, and asked what it was, he told me that it was a medal with a figure of our Blessed Lady on it, and a prayer to her, and that whoever wears it is under her especial protection. M. le Cure said that many people have been preserved, by wearing this medal, in the greatest dangers; and that even should it not be the will of God that the body should be saved, the Blessed Virgin will reward those who trust in her and wear this medal in her honor by being near them when they die, and helping them to make a good and holy death. M. le Cure gave me a medal this morning; for he said in our misfortunes I needed all the help I could get; and he has promised to give them to your mother, and to you also. But I think I should like you to wear this one now; and so saying, Jacques put the ribbon to which the medal was attached round Pierre's neck.

'But, father,' said Pierre, quite frightened, 'is there any danger now? and if there be, why do you not keep the medal yourself?'

'I do not know of any danger, Pierre,' said Jacques; 'but I have heard it said that God sometimes warns people before they are going to die by making them think of death very much. And if it be his will that I should die soon, I hope I am prepared to go so by the holy sacraments I received yesterday and to day. But, any way, I wish you to wear the medal; and, dear Pierre, pray very often to the Blessed Virgin, that she may help you to prepare well for your first communion, which, you know, M. le Cure intends you to receive next Easter.'

By this time they had arrived near the town where the fair was held, and as a great many people were on the road, the conversation was dropped. For some time Pierre was silent and thoughtful, for he could not get out of his head what his father had said to him; but by degrees the novelty of all around him raised his naturally gay spirits, and he amused himself perfectly. The fair, however, was not a good one, owing to the bad season; there were too many people in the same situation as Jacques—more sellers than buyers. As the cow was a very fine animal, many people came to ask her price; but no one would give what Jacques knew to be her just value, and as the agent refused to receive anything less than the entire rent, a smaller sum would have been useless to him. With a heavy heart he saw one after another of his hoped-for purchasers turn away, and at last almost all the business of the fair had been transacted, and the sports were about to commence, and still poor Jacques was in the same situation.

cow; but how odd it is, she is not with them! 'Come away from the window, Pierre, and eat your supper,' cried his father; 'we have no time to lose, if we would be home before dark.'

Their simple repast was soon finished; but before it was done, Jacques took an opportunity, when nobody was in the room, to tell Pierre they would change burdens for the rest of the journey, that he would carry the gingerbread, and that Pierre must take charge of the money. Fortunately part of it was in gold, so the weight was not so great as if it had been in five-francs pieces, as is often the case in Belgium; and, invigorated by the refreshment they had taken, they marched stoutly on towards home.

They had now come to a very thick part of the wood, and as the evening was advancing, everything looked very gloomy, and Pierre involuntarily pressed close to his father for protection. And there was some reason for his fears; for suddenly three men with black masks, and dressed in the ordinary blue blouses of the country, leaped upon them, and attacked Jacques. The poor man had merely time to say to his child, 'Run, Pierre; I command you run!' when he was knocked down; one of the ruffians was pulled to the ground with him, and while the others were occupied trying to disengage him from Jacques's grasp, Pierre set off as fast as his heels would carry him by a side path of the wood.

How he ran, this poor child! It seemed to him that he still heard his father's groans, and every moment he looked round expecting to see some of the murderers in pursuit of him. At this moment he remembered his medal, and all that his father had told him about it in the morning. 'O my Mother,' he cried; 'I am your child, and wear your medal, and I am in great danger—save me, as you have promised to do!'

By this time he was nearly exhausted; his excessive terror alone gave him strength to continue his flight; but happily he saw before him an opening in the wood, to which he directed his steps; and what was his joy when he reached it to find a house! He ran up to the door, which was fastened, and knocked loudly; in a few minutes it was opened by an old woman, who scolded him at first for making such a noise; but when she saw the state he was in, and when he had told his story, she desired him to come in and rest himself. She also gave him some soup from a pot on the fire, and told him he should lie down on her son's bed to recruit his strength. The poor boy could scarcely swallow anything for his tears, for he had no hope now for his father; but he thankfully accepted the old woman's offer of a bed.

'So these wretches gained nothing by the murder,' she said, as she conducted him up a ladder to the loft where he was to occupy was placed.

'No,' said Pierre; 'as I told you, my father had given me the money we got for the cow, and he took the gingerbread. Ah! perhaps if his hands had not been filled, he might have defended himself better and escaped. But still, God knows best; and if he had not given me the money, it might not have been saved for my mother. But, oh, how fortunate I am to have got here! I could not have gone much further; and they would have come up to me and murdered me also.'

'Yes,' replied the old woman, with a peculiar smile, 'it is very fortunate that you have come here. Lie down now, and rest yourself.'

Pierre willingly obeyed her, and in spite of his grief, his fatigue was so great that he knew he would soon sleep. Before closing his eyes, however, he took out his medal, kissed it over and over again, thanked his dear Mother for having preserved him hitherto, and implored her to bring him back soon to be a comfort and a stay to his remaining parent.—Then making the sign of the cross he was soon fast asleep.

It might be about two hours after he had laid down, that Pierre started up, alarmed by hearing a knock at the house door. It was immediately opened, and then he could distinguish men's voices. It was now quite dark, except that the moonbeams illuminated one corner of the loft through a small window. The poor child was in so agitated a state after all that had befallen him, that he felt he could not go to sleep again; and he sat up in bed trembling and listening. Just then a cow lowed, apparently in passing across the yard; and what was Pierre's amazement, when he thought he recognized the voice of his own old favorite who had been sold that day at the fair. He rose, and climbed up to the window to look out, and there he was sure she was, and one of the men who had bought her was tying her up. 'I can't sleep any more,' thought the poor boy; 'and I am frightened to stay up here alone, so I shall go down beside the people of the house.' He had taken off his shoes before lying down, and could not find them in the dark; so, without spending more time in the search, he proceeded to the door at the other end of the loft which led to the ladder.

Just as he was about to push the door open, Pierre impelled by a feeling for which he could not account stopped to listen and look through a broken pane.—The man who had been fastening up the cow had now come in, and all three were in the kitchen with the old woman; but what was Pierre's horror to see pieces of black rape, like what the assassins of his father had worn, lying beside them on the table as if just thrown off, while one of the men was washing bloody stains from his face and hands.'

'So the boy escaped with the money, after all?' asked the old woman, with a mocking laugh; 'and you have a murder on your conscience for nothing? Clever fellows, you are, to be sure.'

'Yes,' replied one of the men, with a horrible oath; 'if I had caught the young rascal, he should have suffered for the class he gave me. While Robert who had no marks of the work on him, went back to fetch the cow, Guillaume and I searched every part of the wood; but the young devil escaped us, after all.'

'Well, well,' said the old woman, 'I who staid quietly at home have made a better day's work of it than you three with all your trouble, for I have caged the young bird. He came knocking at the door to ask for shelter, told me all the story, and how he had the money instead of his father; and he is now sound asleep in Guillaume's bed at the far end of the loft.'

'He is here, then,' cried one of the men running towards the ladder. 'He shall soon sleep sounder still,' then; and he was on the point of climbing up, when Guillaume called him back. 'Can't you stay till after supper?' he said; 'here it is all ready; the boy can't escape us now; had we may as well make ourselves comfortable.' At the moment when the man seemed on the point of coming up, Pierre had once more pressed his medal to his lips; and, oh, what a fervent prayer did he offer up internally to the Blessed Virgin to finish the work she had begun, and save him once more from the hands of these cruel men. Then, seeing that they had sat down, he slipped quietly back towards the window, and examined it to see if there was any possibility of escaping.

escape; and he had nearly given way to despair, when the horseman came near, and by the bright moonlight he distinguished the uniform of a gendarme.

Poor Pierre was now really in safety; he recounted all his history to the gendarme, who, taking him up before him on the horse, galloped off to the station of gendarmerie in the neighborhood, and soon returned with a troop, who surrounded the house. The miscreants had not yet discovered Pierre's escape, being still engaged at their supper, and they were seized with the old woman, and sent off to prison, whence in due time they were brought out to receive the reward of their deeds. The story made such a noise in the country, that many of the principle families interested themselves about the poor boy and his family. The landlord heard the story, and, as it was no longer possible for the poor widow to manage a farm, he set her up in a little business; and he, as well as others in the neighborhood, took care that the children should be sent to school. Pierre was prepared by the good cure for his first communion; he never forgot his father's last recommendation, to be devout to the Blessed Virgin; and never did a day pass without his thanking and blessing her to whom he believed he owed his deliverance from so great a danger. And when, to quote the words of St. Bernard, "was it ever known that any one having recourse to her protection, or beseeching her assistance, was abandoned?" When did any one ever put their confidence in this sweet and holy Mother without being rewarded? In recompense for his devotion to her, she inspired the little peasant Pierre with so great a love of virtue and horror of vice, that in a few years the good cure received him entirely into his own house, where he prepared him for entering the ecclesiastical seminary of the diocese; and Pierre, as a parish priest in catechizing his little flock, never loses an opportunity of inculcating on them that love and veneration for the Immaculate Mother of God, to which he himself owes so much.

In a very old copy of a work, still extant on necromancy, is the following quaint passage:—"Question—How to raise the devil? Answer—Contradict yer wife."

There was once a crusty old bachelor who, when ever he saw among the lists of deaths that of a woman, was wont to exclaim—"Thank goodness, there's another of 'em gone!"

Uncle Sam had a neighbor who was in the habit of working on Sundays, but after a while he joined the Church. One day he met the minister to whose church he belonged. "Well Uncle Sam," said he, "do you see any difference in Mr. P. since he joined the church?" "Oh yes," said Uncle Sam, "a great difference. Formerly, when he went out to mend his fence on Sunday, he carried his axe on his shoulder, but now he carries it under his overcoat."

INOLENT SORRS.—Vitality is so weak in some systems, that any ulcerous diseases with which they are afflicted, lapse almost immediately from the acute or inflammatory phase into the chronic condition, becoming sluggish and indolent. But they are not the less dangerous on that account, while they are much more difficult to deal with. In no class of cases has BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA been administered with more signal success than in these. It supplies to the system and the constitution the vigor necessary to fight the disorder, while its antiseptic properties exercise a direct and most beneficial effect upon the sores. It is important to use BRISTOL'S VEGETABLE PILLS at some time with the Sarsaparilla, as they carry off from the system depraved and vitiated humors set free by the Sarsaparilla, and in this way hasten a cure. 508 Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, R. R. Gray Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

A PERFUME AND A COSMETIC.—The surpassing aromatic excellence of MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER has caused its qualities, as a cosmetic, to be partially overlooked. It is not only the most refreshing and delightful of all perfumes, but as a superficial application for the removal of blemishes on the skin, it is unsurpassed. In tropical climates, where the excessive heat causes annoying eruptions, and every sunbeam carries freckles, tan, and sunburn in its train, this soothing toilet-water is found exceedingly useful for cosmetic purposes. Its delicious fragrance is also a complete antidote to nervous headache and faintness. 529 Purchasers are requested to see that the words "Florida Water, Murray & Lanman, No. 69 Water Street, New York," are stamped in the glass on each bottle. Without this none is genuine. Agents for Montreal:—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicine.

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE NURSERY.

The following is an extract from a letter written by the Rev. O. Z. Weizer, to the German Reformed Messenger, at Chambersburg, Penn.:

A BENEFACTRESS. Just open the door for her, and Mrs. Winslow will prove the American Florence Nightingale of the Nursery. Of this we are so sure, that we will teach our 'Sassy' to say, "A Blessing on Mrs. Winslow, for helping her to survive and escape the griping colicking, and teething sieges. We confirm every word set forth in the Prospectus. It performs precisely what it professes to perform, every part of it—nothing less. Away with your 'Oordial,' 'Paregoric,' 'Drops,' 'Laudanum,' and every other 'Narcotic,' by which the babe is drugged into stupidity, and rendered dull and idiotic for life.

We have never seen Mrs. Winslow—know her only through the preparation of her 'Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.' If we had the power, we would make her, as she is, a physical saviour to the Infant Race. 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

A 'COUGH,' 'COLD,' OR IRRITATED THROAT If allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary and Bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Reach directly the affected parts, and give almost instant relief. In Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh they are beneficial. Obtain only the genuine Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Among testimonials attesting their efficacy are letters from—

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P. ROONEY, WHOLESALE MANUFACTURER OF IRISH LINENS, AND IMPORTER OF DRY GOODS, No. 82, St Peter Street, MONTREAL. Nov 8, 1866.

WANTED, FOR the Roman Catholic Female Separate School of Belleville, C. W., a FEMALE TEACHER, holding a First Class Certificate. None else need apply. Salary liberal. Application to be made (if by letter, post-paid) to M. Adamson, Chairman up to the 1st January, 1867. Dec. 20, 1866.

WANTED, IN a CATHOLIC LADIES' ACADEMY in Montreal, a TEACHER well qualified to give instruction in the English and French languages. Address "A. B." at Messrs. Sadlier & Co.'s Book Store, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

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JAMES CONAUGHTON, CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands. All Orders left at his Shop, No. 10, St. EDWARD STREET, (off Beary), will be punctually attended to. Montreal, Nov. 22, 1866.

MR. ANDREW KEEGAN'S ENGLISH, COMMERCIAL, AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL IS AGAIN OPEN, in his old established School House, at the rear of ST. ANN'S CHURCH (St. Ann's Ward).

Parents and guardians, who favor him with the care of their children, may rest assured there will be no opportunity omitted to promote both the literary and moral Education of his pupils. Mr. Keegan will give PRIVATE LESSONS in any of the various branches of an ENGLISH Education to young Ladies in his own house, No. 53, McCORD STREET, each evening, from half past Four to half past Six o'clock. EVENING SCHOOL, For young men and Mechanics, from Seven to Nine o'clock, in the School House. Terms moderate. The School is under the patronage of the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, Pastor of St. Ann's Church. Nov. 22, 1866.

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Mr. J. BRIGGS. With reference to an article which appeared in the "Journal" of Feb. 28, respecting the benefit I received from the use of your Prof. Velpain's Hair Restorative, I would say it is substantially true, and I have great pleasure in recommending it to those who have need of a Hair Restorative. Yours truly, WM. EARL.

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