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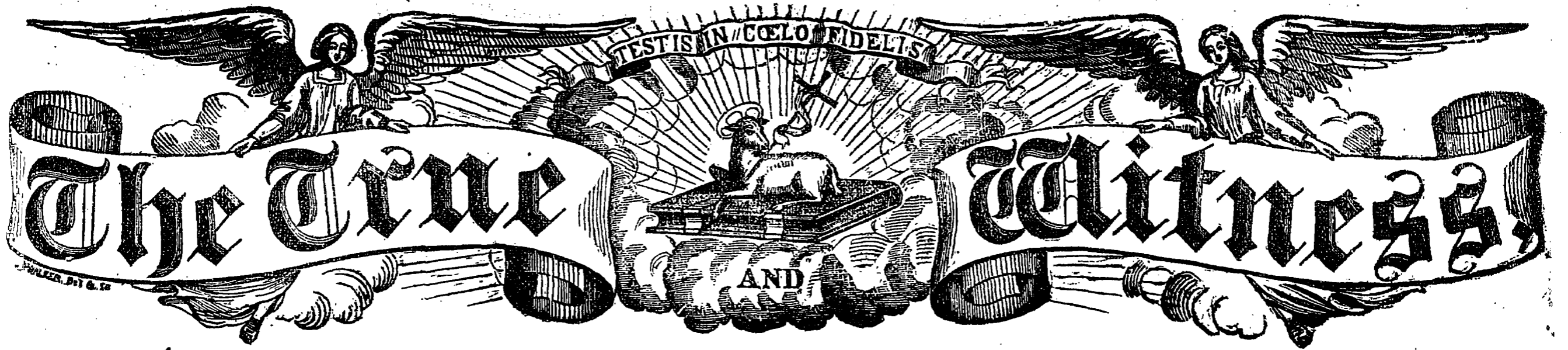
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XVII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1867.

No. 32.

THE TWO SISTERS OF COLOGNE. (Concluded.)

We stopped before a small, single-storied house, having a wall on either side of it, and no other habitation near.

'Come with me, young man,' said Gretchen. 'Lori will get supper ready meanwhile.'

The elder sister turned into the kitchen. Gretchen led the way up stairs.

'We have but two rooms.' Lori will prepare your bed in the parlor, after supper.

Will you wash your hands? She struck a light, and opened a door to the left, at the top of the stairs.

It was the bedroom of the two sisters—small, yet containing two beds, and several great chests.

'And you two are here, alone?' I asked. 'No servant? Are you not afraid sometimes?'

She shook her head. 'No, we are not afraid. Lori is afraid of nothing—not even of ghosts.—Do you believe in ghosts?'

I laughed. 'Do not laugh,' she whispered. 'Ghosts are the only things I fear.'

Sometimes I fancy I see them in the garden there.' She shuddered.—'See what a fine garden we have. . . Plenty of space, is there not?'

She was pouring water into a basin from an earthenware ewer, I remember, as she said this. She set the vessel down, and turned to the window, through which the moon, which was now rising behind a solitary sycamore, shone into the room.

A square space enclosed by high walls, where the grass grew rank, and a moss grown walk led to a little door in the wall at the farther end.—'This was what she was pleased to term the garden.'

'The violets grow rarely there in the spring,' she said, with a strange smile, as if interpreting my thought.

When I had washed my hands, Gretchen conducted me into the next room, where Lori had now laid the supper. It was a chamber, with an alcove, or closet, at one end, a great earthenware stove, and a number of gaudy prints around the walls.

In the midst was the table, where three covers were laid. It was decked with a bunch of China-asters in a jar, and was substantially furnished, I was glad to see, with a pie, a dish of raw ham, a loaf of black bread, and some grapes. As for drinkables, there was a small jug of Bavarian beer, and there was a bottle of water.

Lori bustled to and fro; Gretchen lighted another candle, and set both on the stove, behind the table. As she did so, my eye was attracted to the floor, on which the light streamed.

It was uncarpeted; and a number of black beetles were running across it, alarmed by the illumination, no doubt. Now, I have always had an irrational repugnance to this insect; I am afraid my face showed it.

'We cannot get rid of the nasty creatures,' said Gretchen. They come out in myriads from crevices near the stove; but the light always frightens them away.'

We sat down. I was very hungry, and fell to with right good will. Lori kept me company. She sat opposite; and whenever I raised my eyes, I saw the movement of her massive jaws defined against the candles behind her.

Gretchen sat on my right hand; thus the light fell sideways on her face, while that of her sister was in shadow; and the table being small, Gretchen's hand and mine came frequently in contact. She ate very little; she crumbled and played with a piece of bread, and seldom allowed those strange piercing eyes of hers to leave my face.

As supper went on, Lori talked and laughed a good deal; Gretchen said nothing. She seemed to grow more and more absorbed in her own thoughts; and once, when her hand touched mine, I observed that it shook. She filled up a tumbler of water and drank it. Lori pushed the beer towards me.

'Fill up for yourself—' I drained the jug into my glass. I raised it to my lips and began to drink. Suddenly Gretchen uttered a sharp cry, and started up. In doing so, she nearly upset the table; and her elbow somehow came in contact with the glass in my hand. Its contents were spilt upon the floor.

'Ach! the beetle—the horrid thing!' she cried. 'It has gone down my back, I believe.' She rushed from the room, as white as a sheet.

'Fool!' murmured Lori, setting her jaws tight. 'What waste of good liquor! And there is no more in the house! I will send her, for her pains, to get fetch another schoppen.'

'Not on my account, I pray. I like water quite as well. Nay, your 'Bayerische Bier' sometimes disagrees with me.'

'Why, what manner of man are you, that drink water?' she demanded. 'I seldom afford myself anything else,' I replied.

The beer had streamed from the table to the floor, where it had formed itself into a long diagonal channel towards the stove. It was still dripping, which drew my attention, I suppose, to the boards. The beer had encountered one or two black beetles in its course. I had heard of their fondness for fermented liquors; it had taken effect very quickly in this case. I saw them struggle, feebly and more feebly, to crawl away from the intoxicating flood. Lori's quick eye discerned what I was looking at.

'The nasty creatures! They soon make themselves tipsy,' she said, as she ran and fetched a broom. Then she swept them up into a plate, and carefully wiped the floor.

Gretchen now returned to the room and helped her sister to clear away the supper. As she moved about, I, my hunger being appeased, noted with a quickened perception what a supple, grandly formed creature this Gretchen was.—The fancy came into my head that the White Cat, when transformed, must have resembled her; fair and lissom, with delicate pink nostrils and straight bright eyes.

In the elder sister I thought the cat grew akin to the tigress; her sharp, narrow teeth, heavy jaw, and stealthy, cruel eyes, filled me more and more with an indefinable repulsion. I was glad when she said,—'I will go and see after your bed, young man. Gretchen will keep you company meanwhile.'

I was sitting in the moonlight, near the window. Gretchen stood beside me. 'You are unlike all the men I have known,' she said, after she had looked at me in the strange way for some minutes. 'Are all Englishmen like you?'

'Happily for them, I suppose, very few.' 'But Englishmen are faithful, she said eagerly. 'They never deceive, never betray. I have read about one Englishman in a book. Could you be true to a woman, without changing, all your life?'

'I should hope so!' I cried, with the impetuosity of youth. 'A man's love is not worth much otherwise.' She stretched forth her long white hands and laid them on my shoulders.

'Will you be my love, young Englishman?' she murmured, in a hoarse, tremulous voice. 'I can make you rich. You need toil no more. I can save you from great dangers, too. I like you face.'

I started up, blushing, for the thing came upon me suddenly after all; but I replied without hesitation.—'Were I to say I could love you, Fraulein, I should be false. I have left behind me in England one whom I have long loved, and to whom my word is pledged.'

'Listen,' she interrupted, vehemently, but in a whisper, as though dreading to be overheard.—'I have more in my power than you know of. Do not reject the love I offer; it may be the worse for you if you do. I would save you, young man.'

I understood her to refer to my poverty and her own wealth, as I replied, with a little flourish of gallantry.—'If my love for another makes me proof against your charms, Fraulein, I am not likely to yield to the temptation of riches. Poverty and I are well acquainted already. Its dangers and hardships cannot scare me, for I have experienced them all.'

'There are some dangers you have not experienced. A comely young fellow may run risks sometimes that he knows not of.'

There was a wild look in her eyes as she spoke, and her words left a vague, uncomfortable impression on me. But Lori entered the room at this moment, carrying my bedding in her arms; and further conversation with Gretchen was impossible. She helped her sister to spread the bed upon a trestle in the corner of the room;—then she fetched sheets and a patchwork counterpane, the design of which I can distinctly recall even now. There were triangular bits of red cloth inserted here and there, which looked to me like so many small tongues of fire; I have good reason to remember them.

When her task was done, Lori stood before me, with her arms akimbo. 'You feel sleepy, young man, no doubt, after your long day. We keep early hours, for we are up betimes. You shall have a cup of coffee and a slice of black bread at five, before we bid you Goodspeed. No, no excuses. It is in our vow. Schlafen Sie wohl.'

Had I spoken the truth, I should have said that, far from being sleepy, I had never felt more wide awake than I did then. Ever since supper a strange restlessness of mind had taken the place of the languor which had oppressed me.—Gretchen made as if she would have spoken when Lori ceased. She turned towards me.—I saw her fingers working nervously at the black

apron. I believe it was her sister's silent ascendancy over her which restrained her, for I intercepted a sideways glance from Lori's stealthy eyes which she shot towards Gretchen. With a face in which fierceness and terror and anguish seemed to be conflicting, the latter looked at me, as she followed her sister from the room, without even wishing me the customary 'good night.'

What did it all mean? Now, for the first time, I think, I began revolving in my mind all that I had seen and heard since I entered that house, and a disagreeable sense of something strange and mysterious gradually took possession of me. What was there about these sisters to inspire mistrust? With the elder, indeed, I could understand it. There was a physical repulsion which made the blood curdle in my veins when I thought of her. But the younger was beautiful to look upon. She had shown herself tenderly inclined towards me. Why should I find myself thinking of her with a feeling akin to dread?—Her words recurred to me. At what danger had she hinted? There had been something wild about her eyes, about her talk, at times.—Then there was her extraordinary proposal.—Was she mad? I remembered her strange conduct at supper, the fierce authoritative look wherewith her sister overawed her. It seemed a likely solution to much that was otherwise inexplicable about them both. But, if so, how unaccountable that Lori, knowing her sister to be subject to fits and fancies like these, should offer hospitality to a stranger. There was nothing immodest about the demeanor of either of them; there was nothing that could suggest the suspicion that this was a guet-apens of any sort.—The idea of robbery was ridiculous. Was not my poverty, so apparent in the threadbare student's blouse I wore, a sufficient safeguard?—Why, I had not even my knapsack with me, as they knew; and I was young and muscular—not an easy victim for open violence, had any been intended.

I racked my brain with endeavors to arrive at some definite conclusion; for as to trying to sleep, I found it useless. My brain seemed on fire by this time. Every moment I felt myself growing more excited, more keenly alive to every sound, and all my mental perceptions quickened. The single candle they had left me, burned dim; it seemed to fill the room with all sorts of grim shapes and shadows. After a long interval, during which everything in the little house was absolutely still, I got up, in my restlessness, feeling that anything was better than to lie tossing there, a prey to feverish fancies. I walked about the room, with the candle, examining every article in it. First, there were the colored prints upon the walls—among others, one of the Loreley, I remember, and one, a scene from Schiller's Robbers, which made my blood run cold as I looked at it. There was a cupboard, which I opened; nothing but a few plates and one old knife. I sat down again upon the bed, and my eye was attracted once more to the red tongues of the patch-work quilt. It was a very ingenious piece of work. I tried to follow the kaleidoscope pattern into which the various shreds had been wrought with that strange device of crimson cloth at regular intervals. Regular? No. At one place in the corner, I perceived now that three or four tongues seemed to have been sown together. I held down the candle to examine them, and started back.—What I had taken for crimson cloth was a stain of coagulated blood.

I shuddered. 'Perhaps some one cut his finger here,' I said; but I didn't believe my own words; and then I tried to laugh at myself, and said my brain was giving way. I started up.—I saw nothing clearly. The Robbers and Loreley were dancing bobgoblin dances on the wall. The moonlight through the sycamore branches played in a shivering shadow in one spot of the floor. I knelt down, and crept along upon my hands and knees, examining the boards. But there was no stain there; only the smell of the beer in one place, and an army of those horrid beetles, who ran away from the light as I lowered it, to the back of the stove. I pursued them with a sudden savage impetus towards destruction. They all disappeared between two chinks in the floor. I sat my foot on the boards. I thought one moved. I stooped, and saw at once that the two boards immediately behind the stove, though fitting closely, were not nailed down—might be removed, no doubt, with some little trouble. I dug my nails into the chinks and tried to lift one. In vain. I only tore my finger with a splinter. Then I thought me of the old knife I had seen in the cupboard. With its help, I presently raised the end of one of the boards, and so drew it out. A square deal box lay concealed beneath. It had no lock or fastening of any kind.

Although my excitement was so strong that I remember my two hands trembling as they laid hold of the lid, yet I paused for a moment before raising it. Was it a dishonorable action. My conscience told me that I was justified, and I

to the box open. I nearly dropped the candle as my eyes beheld the contents. First, there was a great bundle of coarse, black hair; then one of curly-flaxen, like a child's; then another of very long and silky brown—a woman's evidently. Along with these were four—six—eight—rows of teeth, some large and strong, some fine and white. A common ring or two, a silver watch-chain, a poor cloth cap, filled the remaining space in the box.

The horrible truth flashed upon me. I had been brought here, not to be robbed of my poor clothes, nor of what little coin I might have about me. These were only to be thrown into the bargain. They were seeking to compass my life, as they had done the lives of others, for the sake of such possessions as these before me—possessions independent of poverty or wealth. I remembered the tales that had been rife in my own country, not long before that time, touching Burke and Hare. And I now remembered, too, the look that Lori had given her sister, when, in my idiotic vanity, I had smiled and showed my teeth.

Now, I knew what was the danger, to which Gretchen, in a sudden compunction and softening of heart towards me, had referred. Now, I could see clearly whither every incident of the evening tended. The beer at supper was drugged with some strong narcotic. Gretchen had tried to save me. Had she really done so? I had tasted the drink, and though I never felt wider awake in my life than I did at that horrible moment when the sweat started out upon my brow, in the consciousness that my life might not be worth an hour's purchase, might not the effect of the drug be only weakened and retarded for a while? The small quantity I had imbibed had excited my brain into an abnormal condition for the time. I had little doubt of this. Might it not be succeeded by a reaction? I was seized with a horrible dread of succumbing sooner or later, to sleep. I should then be powerless. I cared for nothing, comparatively, if I could only keep awake. I started up. It was dangerous to sit still. I traversed the room with hasty strides. I tried to turn the handle of the door; it did not yield; it was locked on the outside. There could be no longer a doubt of the design against me.

The many church-clocks through the old city struck two. I listened for any movement in the house, and once I fancied I heard some one breathing outside my door. But I waited a long time and it was followed by no other sound.—Then I began to drag the bed, the table, and the chairs, and to pile them up into a barricade against the door. This occupied some little time, and, work as quietly as I might, the necessary noise prevented my hearing anything else. It was not until my work was done that I became conscious of something moving in the garden, just below my window.

There was a dull, low thud, as of some hard substance striking the earth at regular intervals. I crept to the window and looked out into the moonlight, which was now fast disappearing behind a gabled roof. Instead of illuminating the entire plot of ground, the rays now fell slantwise into the garden, of which more than one-half was swallowed in black shadow. But I clearly distinguished two figures. Do you remember Milton's Vale of Rest? When I saw that picture, years afterwards, I could not help shuddering. It recalled so vividly the attitude of the two sisters in that terrible moment. The women were digging a grave; the elder one with all her masculine energy; the younger, reluctantly, as it seemed, removing, with slow strokes of the spade, the black earth, and pausing long between each. Once she looked up, and the moonlight fell upon her wan, haggard face. She put back the long silver-lighted hair from her brow; she leaned upon her spade; and then a whisper, like a serpent's, in her ear, urged her to her task again.

Should I fall asleep now, I was a dead man. I knew it. No strength, no agility, could save me. The dread of this became so acute, that it worked upon my imagination. I began to think I felt drowsy. A numbness seemed creeping over my limbs. A weight was falling gradually on my stiffened eyelids. I prayed, in an agony of terror, that I might not be killed asleep—that I might, at least, have a fight for my life.

Suddenly Lori raised her head and listened.—The sound to which she listened—a whistle, so low that I could scarcely hear it—was repeated. She crept stealthily across the garden, and raised the latch of the postern, which evidently did not open from the outside. A man came in, a burly, thick-set fellow, and the door was closed again. The three stood together for a moment in the moonlight. Lori and the man looked up at my window (I took care they should not see me), while Gretchen turned her head away and wrung her hands. Then all three came slowly and noiselessly towards the house.

Now or never was my moment for escape!—

There was one chance for me. I had seen how the door opened. . . . If I could manage to reach it! . . . But if I hesitated, a few minutes hence the drugged beer might complete its work, and I be unable to move hand or foot. I opened the window softly, and looked out. There was a drop of about twenty feet into the garden (which, it will be remembered, was some feet below the kitchen again). If I jumped this, the noise must attract attention; and I might sprain or break my leg into the bargain. An expedient occurred to me. I had not replaced the flooring which I had removed. The board, which ran the full length of the room measured nearly sixteen feet. Leaning, as far as I could out of the window, I managed to rest one end of this board upon the ground, the other against the house-wall some four or five feet below me.

I had scarcely accomplished this, when I heard the sound of feet outside my door, a bolt withdrawn, the handle turned. My barricade would obstruct the doorway for some few minutes—but for some few minutes only. I had just time to swing myself from the window-sill by my hands, to get both feet round the plank, to slide to the ground, to fly like the wind, to raise the postern latch, when the crash of falling table and chairs reached my ears. I ran—I know not in which direction—up one street, and down another, on, on, fancying I heard the sound of feet behind me, no soul visible to right or left. At last, breathless and exhausted, down by the river's side, I came to a soldier's guard-house. A sentry was at the door; there was the ruddy light of the men's pipes and of a lantern within. No haven was ever more grateful to shipwrecked mariner. I fell down upon the step; the sergeant and his men came and stared, demanded with oath what I wanted, and, as I could not speak at first, declared I was drunk. Then, as in half-articulate phrase I poured out my strange tale, they changed their minds, and declared I was mad. But as I was an amusing rather than a dangerous lunatic, and served to beguile the tedious hours of the night, they let me remain among them; asked the same stupid questions over and over again; laughed their horse-laughs; and spat all around me, until day-break. Then they directed me to the cathedral, and I left them. One of the sacristans was unlocking the doors as I got there. I found my knapsack untouched, in the dusky corner of the confessional; there, utterly worn out, at last, with the excitement of that eventful night, I leaned back, in the gray morning light, and fell asleep.

The sun was high when I woke; the feet of the devout were shuffling in to their morning orisons. I shouldered my knapsack and crept away. My head ached; my limbs felt chill and numb. Had I been dreaming? Were they no more than mere shadows of the brain which had left behind them so deep and terrible an impression? I met a sacristan—not the one whom I remembered the night before—as I was going out. I stopped to question him. Did he know anything of two fair-haired women who had been at vespers last evening? I described them.—He stared at me and shook his head. In the crowds who came there daily how could he tell whom I meant? I left him and entered a humble little gastehaus hard by, where, for a few groschen, I broke my fast. Here I made the same inquiries. I even essayed to tell my story; but I saw that, like the soldiers, the people thought me wandering in my wits. They told me rather derisively that I had better tell my story to the police. But how could I hope to be believed, unsupported as my extraordinary statement was by any proof whatsoever? If I could not test the reality of these events to my own absolute satisfaction, was it likely that others would regard them as anything but the creations of an excited imagination.

I wandered for a couple of hours through the city, trying to find my way to the house, the exterior of which I felt certain I should recognize. I could not even trace the road I taken, and at last I gave it up. The conviction slowly and reluctantly grew up in me that I was suffering from the effects of a violent nightmare. Its impression remained painfully strong on my mind for many days (I left Cologne the same afternoon); and, indeed, for several weeks I never went to sleep without living over again those terrible hours. But no ill dreams disturbed my rest; and since the effect of all things must wear out in time, as months rolled on the memory of my night in Cologne became to me no more than a remarkable experience of the strange phantasmagoria which the mind may conjure up, and invest with every appearance of reality, when volition is removed. I drew over and over again in my sketch book, the heads of these two sisters as they had appeared to me; and I wrote down with extreme particularity, every word they had said, and every small circumstance of my dream.

One winter's evening in the following year I again passed through Cologne, on my road home.

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One winter's evening in the following year I again passed through Cologne, on my road home.

I was a richer man now than I was eighteen months ago; my foot was on the first step of the ladder, for I had painted a picture which had sold well. It was no longer necessary for me to carry about my worldly possessions on my back, or to seek out the poorest gashaus. The steamer landed me, with other passengers, on the quay, hard by a handsome hotel. I resolved to patronise it. The evening was cold; but all along the quay, outside the hotel, in the court yard, groups of people were standing, and talking with a slow, heavy power of speech; betokening that the native mind was moved by some topic of more than common interest. I caught a word here and there which aroused my curiosity. I asked the keeper who showed me to my room what the subject of such general public interest was? An execution, he replied; adding that executions were rare events there now, and that unusual interest had been excited by this one, from the fact that the persons who had suffered the extreme penalty of the law were two sisters, murdresses, whose crimes had long escaped undetected. I must have turned white instantly, for the man looked at me with surprise. 'Did you ever see these women?' I managed at last to stammer out. 'No, nein Herr. I could not leave the hotel to attend either the trial or execution. But there is an officer in the Speisesaal who can tell you every thing about them, for he saw them in the prison, and commanded the troops in the Platz to-day. I said no more to the man, but went down to the coffee-room, a few minutes later, with my sketch-book in my hand. At one of the small tables a middle-aged Prussian officer was having his supper. Without more ado, I accosted him. 'Sir, you will forgive a stranger's intrusion, I hope. I am an Englishman just arrived in Cologne. I understand that you were present in an official capacity, this day, at the execution of two women. You will oblige me greatly by giving me what information you can respecting them. The motive that prompts me to ask this favor is something beyond common curiosity as you shall presently learn.' 'Be seated, sir,' said the officer, politely, pointing to the chair opposite. 'I will tell you all I know concerning the sisters Strauss. You are acquainted with the nature of the crime of which they were convicted? It was the murder of one Hausmann, a young pedler. Not for the sake of his money, for he was poor enough, but for his hair and teeth.' (I shuddered, but said nothing. He continued.) 'This was by no means their first crime. They were discovered to have been driving their horrible trade for two or three years past. It is supposed that they murdered upwards of twenty persons, men, women, and children.—Numbers who disappeared mysteriously are now said to have been made away with by the sisters Strauss. Their victims were all strangers or friendless, to whom they offered hospitality, and touching whose disappearance no inquiries were likely to be made. Some few had money, perhaps; the generality were poor; but several watches and a considerable sum of money were found secreted in the house.' 'It had a garden,' I said, as though I saw it all again,—a garden walled round, with a postern at the father end. In the house were three rooms.' 'Just so. All the world has been visiting that house within the last few days. A great number of skeletons have been found in the garden. The popular execration was so great that it was feared the women would be torn in pieces on their way to the 'galgen' (gallows) to-day.—Had it not been for the strong guard which I commanded, and that their terrible sentence,—one rarely pronounced now,—would, it was known, be carried out to the very letter, they would assuredly have fallen a prey to the fury of the mob. As it was, the savage satisfaction of the prospect of seeing them broken on the wheel—' 'Broken on the wheel! Good Heaven, sir, you surely don't mean that this sentence was carried out?' 'Yes. It is, as I have said, very unusual, now, for this punishment to be even recorded, still less enforced. But, in cases, of very rare atrocity, nothing short of it seems to satisfy the public. I saw even women to-day, looking unmoved; though I, a soldier, who have seen a good many bloody battle-fields in the great war, would fain have ridden away.' 'Some minutes elapsed before I could speak.—I opened my sketch-book, and turned over its pages. 'Sir,' I said at last, 'I have one question more to ask you. Do these heads at all resemble the wretched women whose death you this day witnessed?' 'Assuredly they do. They must have been drawn from life,' he replied. I then told him my story, as I have now told it you. I need hardly say he did not doubt but that I had actually, in the flesh encountered the sisters Strauss, and had been in such imminent peril as a very few men have survived. As to the hypothesis of a dream, which had taken such firm root in my mind that I could not lightly discard it, the officer laughed it to scorn. Yet even at this distance of time, when I read and hear strange stories of prophetic dreams, a doubt crosses my mind, and I ask myself whether my adventure with the two sisters of Cologne was not, perhaps, of the nature of these. But you now know as much as I do, and I leave you to decide the point for yourself.

FLORENCE MARRYAT, ON PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES IN INDIA. We hear of the poorer classes of Roman Catholics in Ireland being 'priest-ridden.' As soon as I had made a few acquaintances in Bangalore, and commenced to look about me, I began to think that the larger half of its residents might truthfully be termed 'missionary-ridden.' Quartered there at the same time as ourselves was a certain Major T., who was particularly devoted to the missionaries, and who possessed a wife to whom nature had been very unkind; so much so, as to render her a noticeable object, even amongst other women who were old and ill-favored. Remarking the circumstance one day to a friend, I expressed my wonder as to the reason that had induced her husband to marry her. 'Why, don't you know the story of their marriage?' exclaimed the gentleman with whom I was conversing. 'As soon as Major T. was converted by the missionaries, they told him that if he wished to prove the truth of the desire which he expressed to lead a new life, he must marry for no man could be a Christian who had not a wife. Upon this, he said he should be very glad to do so, but he didn't know any one who would have him. 'Oh! there will be no difficulty about that,' was the reply, 'for we will direct our people to send you a wife from the mission at home.' Accordingly, Major T. was provided with a partner free of expense, only, unfortunately for him, the stock-in-trade of good young women being low at the time, Mrs. T. was the result of the missionaries' application on his behalf. This story was, I believe, from after inquiry, strictly true; but a sequel which I heard added to it, renders it doubly absurd. It seems that another virtuous young man being in want of a wife at the same time, two girls were exported for their benefit; but the other fellow being sharper than Major T., got off to the vessel before him, and made the first choice. What a state of mind the second candidate must have been in, when he arrived on board, and encountered his share! Scarcely a suitable one, I am afraid, for the pet of the missionaries. And you these men, who profess to lead our steps heavenward, would entail upon their fellow creatures, in the cause of virtue, all the evil passions and misery which generally follow in the wake of that irreparable error—an ill-assorted marriage. Major T., at the time I knew him, had grown-up daughters of his own, who happily had inherited more of his appearance than that of their mother. Yet, after his own experience, he could go to a young officer who had just been 'bestriden' by the missionary power, and say to him, as he had been told himself, 'Marry, marry.' 'But who am I to marry, sir?' was the echoed reply. 'You can marry one of my daughters; there are three of them; take your choice.' 'I don't know which I should like best,' the young man said, ruefully; 'however, I'll visit at your house for a few weeks, and when I've decided you shall have my answer.' And so the choice was eventually made; and a bargain was concluded by two men who would have turned up their eyes at the mention of a goddess union between a couple of unbelievers. Whilst I lived in Bangalore, a German missionary lived there, whose name of H. is known throughout the length and breadth of Madras. He was a very singular person, endowed of a certain degree of cleverness, and a talent for coarse mimicry, which went down very well with the lower orders, and rendered him a favorite with the soldiers. He, doubtless, held great sway over them, and if he had confined himself to beguiling them into his chapel on week day evenings, to listen to his curious discourses, instead of drinking arrack in the 'bazaar,' he might have done great good. But he was self-sufficient and conceited at the same time, and tracing on his profession and his foreign birth, used to force himself upon the notice and into the presence of the people who had no desire for his acquaintance. He spoke to everybody he met, stranger or not, and would take no denial when calling at houses where he wished to enter. He carried with him a number of picture cards, his favorite one of which was a dreadful red heart, with all the known vices transcribed upon it, which he would draw fourth upon a first interview, and inform you it was a faithful representation of your own. Going one day into the house of an officer, whom he had never seen, he commenced with the abrupt question—'What is your name?' 'William' was the answer. 'How are you?' continued the visitor. 'Quite well, thank you.' 'Bill!' exclaimed the German missionary, emphatically, 'You're a liar!' This not being the ordinary mode of address between English gentlemen who meet for the first time, 'Bill' was about to make some angry remonstrance at the accusation, when the missionary continued: 'It is not well with you; it is very ill. Your soul is sick unto death.' And thereupon producing his cards, and various tracts, he proceeded to explain the supposed state of his mental interior to the astonished young officer, who, however, had the good-nature and good sense to pass over the silly affront, and only make a joke of what might very reasonably have been turned into a quarrel. At another time, Mr. H. entered a house belonging to a friend of mine whilst her husband was absent, and talked to her in so coarse a strain of what, if they had their deserts, both she and he would deserve to be called, that she was frightened, and her account of the missionary's rudeness was so great that her husband vowed if ever he set foot in his 'compond' again, that he would order his horse-keepers to turn him out. An excellent story was current of this man having met an officer driving rapidly down hill in a 'buggy' which had a vacant seat, and saying to him as he passed: 'You are driving to hell, sir. You are driving to the devil.' 'All right, H.—' was the unconcerned reply, 'jump in, here's a place for you.' Another young fellow whom he used to visit was wont to excite his ire by calling out after him, just as he had left his bungalow, and in the hearing of the soldiers, to whom he was always preaching the doctrine of temperance and sobriety. 'Won't you have one more glass of brandy and water before you go?' But these were the doings and sayings of the unregenerate, who could not be made to understand that the missionary spirit entitled a man to outrage all the rules of society and of courtesy. The followers of the German apostle were vehement in his praise and would hear nothing ever whispered to his disadvantage. His sermons I have heard described as extremely ludicrous; but as they were seldom delivered without allusions being made which were disagreeable for a lady to listen to in public, I never honored his lectures with my attendance. He used to imitate animals in the pulpit, when the subject of his discourse led him to wish to do so; and once when he was 'lowing' like the oxen, the imitation was so natural that some carriage bullocks which were tethered outside the chapel heard and answered him. Mr. H.'s ideas of the manners of European society is too good to be omitted; although some of it may be attributed to his foreign birth and breeding. There is a good hand-garden at Bangalore, and each evening the band of one or other of the regiments stationed in the cantonment plays there. The carriages are drawn up in order in their appointed position; the equestrians stand still, or canter their horses in the outer circles, as they think fit; and the gentlemen generally dismount and loiter about the

grasses and flower-beds, talking to their friends. The German missionary, on being asked what he thought of the institution of the band, and whether it was harmful or not, replied that he did not approve of it, but that was very well for old tried Christians, but very bad for the young man. 'They go to the band,' he said; 'they walk round; they say to the ladies "my dear" and "my darling" and that is all. It is very bad; it is not good.' There was a very wicked story going the round of the Neigherry Hills the last time I was up there, with respect to this gentleman, by which it was affirmed that when a house which he occupied at Connor was accidentally burned down, a quantity of empty bottles and a lady's bonnet were conspicuous amongst the articles which were destroyed. Under the sway of the missionaries many of the ladies of Bangalore of necessity belonged to my second class, and were very religious, or thought themselves so. They held 'mother's meetings' for the native women, at which, by dint of stuffing them with a good deal of curry and rice, and promising them new clothes at the end of the year, they managed to secure the attendance of a few cunning natives, whom some of the ladies, to prove their philanthropy and sense of the feeling of universal brotherhood which should exist between Christians, used actually to kiss.—This I know to be a fact, as it was related to me by the very un sensible person who had performed the operation. I am no advocate of religion which casts, and the tract system possesses little charms for me. I believe strongly that a good man once told me that he believed, that the species of tracts usually disseminated—which are weakly worded and designed—have done more harm, by affording a subject for scoffing, than any really-written book has done good, for we are reluctant to admit to be taught by what we feel to be an offered insult to our understanding. 'Crumbs for the Craving Christian,' 'Bansons for the Unbeliever's Breaches' (these titles are real); I am not clever enough to invent such to suit my purpose; are not calculated to excite my reverence; and I know that the ladies alluded to above looked upon me as a lost sheep, whenever the subject of their missionary meetings, their tracts, and pictorial cards, and their converted natives were brought forward. For, if I dislike tracts, I dislike the natives of Madras still more.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

EXCITEMENT IN DUBLIN.—Numerous Arrests.—A telegram from Chester on Monday night informed the authorities in Dublin that about a thousand men had arrived in that quiet old city by trains from Liverpool and some of the large towns in Lancashire. These persons were suspected, with good reason, to be Fenians, and their object was supposed to be to seize on Chester Castle and take possession of the armoury and ammunition which are stored there. At a late hour on Monday night another telegram gave the unwelcome information that the destination of the rabble which had invaded Chester appeared to be Dublin. It was stated that a large body had left Chester for Holyhead, and had embarked on the Dublin steamer due at the North Wall yesterday morning. Others, it appeared, had gone back to Liverpool, and had taken their passages by the St. Columba, which left the Trafalgar Dock about 8 o'clock Monday night. Immediate preparations were made to meet the state of things which these telegrams forebode. The C Division of police was marched down to the landing stage of the North Wall, at two o'clock A.M., but there was no appearance of the Holyhead boat, the Alexandra until after six o'clock, when she was seen coming up the river in the dim morning light. Her steerage was crowded, but nothing could be told of her passengers until she was moored alongside another steamer. At this moment about one hundred constables ran down the gangway into the Alexandra, and about a score of detectives contrived unobserved, to mingle with the visitors. There was some short delay, but after a few moments the true character of the excursionists began to be discovered, as one by one they came slowly out of the boat crossed the other vessel, and landed on the quays. Each man had a companion policeman. Some carried bundles made up in handkerchiefs. Others had small carpet bags. Altogether they were the most motley assemblage that could possibly be conceived. No two men were 'got up' in the same style. Most of them looked very hungry; and when to their previous discomfort was added the sensation of downright alarm, they began to apprehend the full meaning of the Habeas Corpus Suspension act, the expression which their faces assumed was amusing. Many tried to hide in corners, and were unearthed by the detectives; and not a few sought to pass for cattle drovers; but failed ignominiously. There was no attempt at resistance. The invaders brought very little luggage, and what they had in most cases consisted of the poorest clothes tied up, with crusts of bread in very dirty handkerchiefs. The four or five respectively dressed persons who were arrested had boxes or portmanteaus which were diligently searched by the police. In no instance has there been any serious attempt at resistance, and, in truth, the overwhelming force of police, which gradually increased as the morning broke, gave abundant reasons for avoiding a struggle. The passage had been somewhat rough, and probably sea-sickness had already tamed the courage of the passengers. There were about a score of the prisoners who had not sufficient physical strength to cope with as many well-fed boys. One Constable would have been a match for two or three. On the other hand, there were some tall, stout, and dangerous-looking fellows, who might have been formidable antagonists if a struggle had taken place. At any rate they all marched quietly into the shed prepared for their reception, and submitted to whatever examination was directed by the superintendent of police. Very few spectators, beyond the group of porters who waited for the arrival of the first steamers, saw the arrival of the first batch. But the news soon spread, and a crowd of dock laborers, cabmen, and other workmen assembled, whose laughter added considerably to the discomfort of the prisoners. At seven o'clock the Liverpool boat was observed and a body of police went round to the landing stage, which is about three hundred yards nearer than the place where the Alexandra was moored. The scene as the St. Columba swung slowly round was so similar to that previously enacted further description is quite unnecessary. The men were quite dispirited, and not a little surprised. Having been foolish enough to attempt the passage, they were also sufficiently ignorant to believe that they could get into Dublin without their arrival being known or anticipated. Those who were taken on board the St. Columba were also brought into the shed which was scarcely large enough to give standing room for the crowd and the attendant constables. At 7½ o'clock the arrests had concluded and the whole Fenian force as such it, were marched down to Sackville lane police station, each person in charge of a policeman. The object of this extraordinary attempt to disturb the peace of the city is easily guessed at. The Commission of Oyer and Terminer is now about to commence the trial of Fenian prisoners arrested during the months of December and January, and there is good reason to suppose that a plan had been formed for the rescue of Mr. Stephen Joseph Massey and his companions in captivity.

LATEST PARTICULARS.

The result of the examination held yesterday in Sackville lane police station is that the police authorities are convinced that the majority of the men arrested in the morning on the arrival of the steamers at the North Wall, had anything but a legitimate purpose in view in coming in such a body to this country. The sixty-seven prisoners were separately examined. It has transpired that some of the men, who, as already stated, are in general of a poor class, are military pensioners. These parties could not

readily conceal from the police, what had been their former calling. Four of the prisoners were discharged on custody on giving a satisfactory account of themselves. The others sixty three in number, were removed in the prison van last evening about five o'clock to Richmond Bridewell, being escorted by a number of the police on cars. A large crowd had assembled in Sackville lane to witness the departure of the prisoners, and a very great deal of excitement prevailed. It has not yet been ascertained what course will be adopted with regard to the prisoners.—Irish Times Feb., 13.

ARRESTS IN KILLARNEY.—Yesterday evening three parties were arrested in Killarney, on a charge of being implicated in the Fenian conspiracy. The prisoners are Capt. Moriarty, Thomas Garde, and J. D. Sheehan. They were brought this day to Tralee, by the 12 o'clock train under a heavy escort of police, under command of Head-Constable Addis. About six o'clock last evening the police proceeded to the house of Captain Moriarty and took him into custody on a charge of Fenianism; they subsequently, at about 8 o'clock, arrested Thomas Garde (the carpenter who some short time since was charged with the same on the information of the shoemaker, Glissano, and acquitted, the evidence being insufficient); and next, at 12 o'clock, they seized upon the person of J. D. Sheehan. The three prisoners are now in the county jail. I am told that an investigation into this case will take place in a few days. A rumor is afloat that other important disclosures are expected.—Tralee Correspondence of Cork Examiner.

DUBLIN, Feb. 14.—In consequence of urgent communications from the Magistrates of Killarney, representing that a Coastguard station had been sacked and the arms taken, and that a mounted orderly carrying despatches had been shot, his horse and his arms taken, and the town threatened by large bodies of armed men, the Government immediately sent troops from Cork, who arrived at Killarney last night, and by 2 o'clock to-day a force of 1,000 men, including cavalry and artillery, from the Curragh and other places, under Sir A. Horsford, will be concentrated on the Malin Junction Station. The body of men which threatened Killarney has been diverted from that object, and by the latest intelligence were moving on Kenmare, followed by the troops.

KILLARNEY, Feb. 14.—The Fenian raid is an abortion. Some parties of armed men were wandering on foot—sore hungry and exhausted—among the mountains bordering the Lake district; but troops have been poured into Killarney, and, by the energy of the Government, seconded by the local authorities, all danger may be considered as ended. One thousand men have arrived in Killarney during the last twelve hours, the whole under the command of General Sir Alfred Horsford.

The annexed communication from our special correspondent, which has reached us by express, will be read with interest:—

Having only just arrived I am not in a position to give you much particulars of the Fenian demonstration which has taken place in this locality during the past few days. I am, however, able to assure you that a feeling of confidence has been created here that the measures already adopted by the Government and the local magistracy are sufficient for any immediate emergency that may arise. I understand that complete ignorance exists, even in circles that should be informed on the subject as to who the men are who have thus audaciously attempted to disturb the peace, or where they have come from.—It seems that they have come inland from the coast district of Valentia and thereabouts, and according to the latest intelligence received here, they number between eight and nine hundred. It is also understood that when within eight miles of the town, the other day having learned that troops were being poured into the place, they wheeled off through the Gap of Dunloe, en route, it is supposed, for the town of Kenmare—about eighteen miles hence. When this fact became known a body of one hundred soldiers was at once mounted on cars and driven at a rapid pace in pursuit along the mountain at the police barracks. Others assert that the mission of this cavalcade was to gain possession of a bridge over which the Fenians should pass if they persevered in their march on Kenmare. Troops were also despatched to other points to which the party might turn, and also for the purpose of cutting off a retreat.

DUBLIN, Feb. 14.—No less than 37 persons were arrested on suspicion by the Dublin police yesterday morning, in addition to 67 taken on the previous day. The police had been informed by telegraph from Holyhead that a great many Irishmen had come down by the London and North-western Railway, but had not embarked for Dublin. On the arrival of the Hibernian from Holyhead during the night only three men, named Sheehan, Donovan, and Walsh, were arrested as likely to be connected with the Fenians. But when the Trafalgar came alongside, about 5 o'clock, 20 men, who stood in a body, and tried to get ashore as speedily as possible, were taken into custody. Not aware that the Hibernian was still suspended in this country, they were loud in their complaints at having their freedom interfered with. Others were arrested on board the Sea Nymph. The Freeman's Journal says:—

It would be hard to bring together a more daring and reckless-looking lot of men than the prisoners. Some of them had been in the late American war, others were discharged soldiers, but the majority stated that they had been operative tradesmen, mill-workers, and dock labourers. A few of them had money, but by far the greater number had none; but there appears to be no doubt if they had succeeded in escaping the vigilance of the police they would have had all their wants supplied by persons in the city on whom the detectives are keeping a close watch. Orders have been issued by the Government to the constabulary stationed at all the seaports in the kingdom to exercise a strict watch on all incoming steamers from America and from 'across Channel,' and to arrest all suspected persons who cannot give satisfactory accounts of themselves and their movements. A few of the persons who had been arrested at the North-wall this morning were released from custody on proving to the police that they had legitimate business in this country.

The prisoners have been removed to Richmond Bridewell. The reason generally assigned by the prisoners for their coming over in such numbers just now is that they were seeking employment, but it is stated that many of them are known to have given up employment with 6s. or 6s. a day before leaving for this country. Some who were able to give a satisfactory account of themselves were discharged, 22 were detained in custody. A watch is still kept on the quay by the police, under Inspector Devine, for any further arrivals of suspicious characters. At Drogheda yesterday morning a body of 35 police boarded the Colleen Bawn, from Liverpool, and arrested five men, who, like those arrested in Dublin appeared to be laborers and mechanics. Two were discharged by the magistracy. The steamers arriving from England at Belfast have been searched in the same way for Fenians, but no arrests have been made. At first people were disposed to think 'the movement on Chester's coast, or merely some tentative manoeuvre to try what the effect would be of a real rising; but there seems to be now no room to doubt that mischief was intended, and that this affair is another abortion of the Fenian conspiracy. It must be confessed that the unprotected state of the military stores in Chester Castle was almost an irresistible temptation; but it is hard to imagine what rational men, even so well armed, could have hoped to do against the garrison of Dublin.—Times Cor.

The pointed stone forming the apex of one of the most curious of Irish Round Towers, that of Ardmore, in Waterford, which had withstood the storms of many centuries, was blown down in a gale a month ago.

THE RECENT WATERFORD ELECTION.—It is believed that the editor of the Waterford Citizen proposes bringing an action against the editor of the Waterford News for a letter which appeared in the latter journal. The cause of action is that in that letter the Citizen is stigmatized as a Fenian print.—From Irish Times Correspondent.

EMIGRATION.—From Ireland as well as from Germany, emigration promises to be very large during the present year. A Cork paper says that a very sensible increase has taken place in the emigration through Queenstown, and it is expected the numbers will gradually increase as the spring comes on.—The emigrants now leaving are said to be of a more respectable class than usual, and from their comfortable, contented appearance it is difficult to understand why they should emigrate.

THE LAND AND THE CHURCH QUESTIONS.—We gather from the Cork Examiner that a scheme for the amendment of the land laws was submitted by Mr. James Cooper to the Mill street Board of Guardians, on Thursday, in the form of resolutions. Mr. Cooper proposes to give to tenants sixty of tenure for terms varying from 61 to 100 years, according to the proportion of reclaimed and un reclaimed land on their farms; and to settle rent by reference to the poor law valuation, the rent being always from a fourth to a third higher than the valuation, to give the tenant the right of selling the good will of his term during its continuance, allowing the right of pre-emption to the landlord, and to divide county cess equally between landlord and tenant. The resolution was adopted. Mr. Cooper also moved that the legislature be petitioned to withdraw the State endowments from the Established Church, and devote one half of them to defraying the cost of supporting the poor, and the remainder to some useful national purpose. This resolution was also adopted.

The 32d report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland has been issued. There were 6,263 schools in operation, which had on their rolls for the year then ended 870,401 children, with an average daily attendance, for the same period, of 315,108 children, and an average number of children on the rolls for the year of 872,486. At the close of the year 1865 the number of schools in operation was 7,356. The average daily attendance of children for the year was 321,296; the average number of children on the rolls was 598,403; while the total number of distinct children at any time on the rolls for the year was 923,084. As compared with the year 1864 there is an increase of 109 in the number of schools in operation for the year 1865; while in the daily average attendance the increase amounts to 6,105, in the average number on the rolls the increase amounts to 22,924, and in the total number of pupils enrolled during the year the increase amounts to 51,632.

THE VARRY RESERVOIR.—Those who reside near the Varry in its course from Roundwood to the sea will not soon forget Friday the 8th of February, 1867. It transpired that the leak in that embankment, which had been pronounced 'perfectly safe,' could not be stopped, and no one seemed to know where it was. It was known that the County Surveyor considered the danger serious, and it was rumored that some of those who had heretofore ridiculed the possibility of any accident happening were now advising precautions on the part of those who might suffer if the embankment gave way. Policemen were placed with rockets to give notice if the danger increased and those who stayed in the houses near the river had horses and cars at their doors ready to fly at the first signal. People could not forget, that though many escaped from dangerous positions when the Sheffield disaster occurred, yet as the engineers pronounced the embankment safe before it gave way, many perished who either believed those assurances or considered themselves removed from the direct influence of the flood, even if they were not in fact. A few trees or the ruins of a bridge may divert a body of water in quite an unlooked for direction. The Roundwood reservoir is nearly seven times the size of that above Sheffield; but if it only took the course of the Varry the damage done would be much less. Were the waters let loose they would rush down to the Devil's Glen, probably leaving this beautiful and striking scene a frightful mass of bare stone.

Mr. J. Kelly, owner of extensive gardens and orchards at Rathmullen, county of Meath, has died, in consequence of being ridden over accidentally while looking at a hunt near his own house, by P. Dalton, the whipper-in of the Louth Hounds.

Mr. Smith Barry has addressed the electors of the County Cork, as an independent Irish gentleman, pledged to no party. He is for a frank and statesmanlike solution of the land question. He is a firm supporter of the rights of property, but he counts among the plainest and clearest of those rights 'the right of the tenant to the enjoyment of the fruits of his own industry.' On the other points, also, he goes the length of the Catholic Bishops.

Some notion will be formed of the dreadful sufferings of the poor in Dublin when it is known that in the twenty-four hours preceding Saturday morning, forty-two deaths took place in the South Union Workhouse, and that over thirty deaths in the house were reported on Monday morning. These poor people were principally those who had been recently admitted.

It is understood that the Fenians are but partially armed; but who they are or whence they come continues to puzzle every one, and just now I am not able to dissipate the mystery which hangs round this desperate ely wicked, mad and hopeless enterprise.—Cor. of Dublin Freeman's Journal.

The Belfast magistrats seem determined to punish with severity all persons brought before them on a charge of using party expressions in public thoroughfares tending to a breach of the peace. A number of both women and men have been fined in sums ranging from 2s. 6d. to 40s. for shouting in the streets, some in favor of Fenianism, others against the Pope.

A late Dublin paper records the death at Milford, County Mayo, Ireland, of Peggy Walsh, aged 12½ years, a servant in the same family, Miller, since 1377. Also the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Kinley, of Coleraine, County Antrim, at the age of 107.

The Daily Telegraph states: We understand that the Irish members of the Liberal party held a meeting on Thursday to confer upon the course which they should take during the present circumstances. The attendance was not large, but it was understood that many who had intended to take part in the proceedings had not arrived in town. Among those present were some gentlemen who held office under the late Government. It was determined that the business of the meeting, and of all others similarly convened, should be private, and that no note of it should be communicated to the press. However, without violating any confidence, we may state that, after considering the intention of the Government to allow the Habeas Corpus Suspension to expire, and the promise of a good land bill, the Irish members resolved that they would not determine upon any course of action in the House until they should hear the whole Ministerial programme respecting Ireland. With respect to future action, a committee of seven was authorized to call assemblages of Irish members for the consideration of all questions affecting the political, social, or material interests of their country.

THE TAXATION OF IRELAND.—The following is the notice of motion given by Mr. McKenna M. P. in the House of Commons on Wednesday, in reference to the taxation of this country:—'Return of the gross revenue of Ireland for the years 1841, 1851 and 1861 respectively, and of the population of Ireland in each of these years; and a computation of the amount of such revenue raised in each of these years respectively for each head of the population.'

The Irishman says that since the Union, now 66 years ago, £396,000,000 have been drained out of Ireland by absentee landlords.

The London Court Circular says it is the intention of Her Majesty to take a cruise during the coming summer in the Victoria and Albert, which will be ready for service by the 20th of May.

One evening, eight years ago exactly, the wife of a man at present working at the Neptune Foundry, in this city, disappeared from her house in a mysterious manner, and not the slightest clue could be discovered to trace her, or account for her absence.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The London ship-building trade has been in a very depressed state for some time. Recently, however, one or two firms were offered contracts for building iron ships for Continental Kingdoms.

Don't you think that the Trades' Union system may be carried too far? One Pound Nineteen Shillings per week is surely better than the present rate of eighteen-pence and the paper's loaf.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.—Sir.—Mr. Kingslake said the other day, at Bridgewater, that though constitutions might be made worse by lowering the franchise, members would not, or words to that effect.

Mr. Ouseley, leader of the Opposition.—Was it because members were implicated in a dishonest transaction that the public were to be robbed in this way?

Mr. Digmore describes the picnic.—I travel up the river 12 miles in a boat. God knows my shirt was wringing wet. I go in for a feed, and then I nip off. We had saddles of mutton and what d'ye call it, and everything that's nice.

Mr. Macpherson charged Mr. Martin, Attorney-General and Premier, with a miserable and despicable dodge.

Mr. Martin.—It is false.

Mr. Macpherson.—He has uttered the greatest lie that he has uttered since he swore a lie.

Mr. Martin, Premier.—If the honorable member accused him of resorting to a dodge, it was as false as hell.

Mr. Buchanan.—The Botany Bay aristocrats were the most unmanly dogs he had ever seen.

Now, this Assembly was elected by ballot and manhood suffrage. It sits for a colony where there is an excellent University, where there are good schools, a well-educated clergy, a highly intelligent mercantile class, and an excellent Bar, which is, as every one knows, resorted to by young men of good family and gentlemanlike manners and ideas as a field for successful industry.

STATISTICS OF THE ARMY.—The Appendix to the Report of the Recruiting Commission shows that the establishment of the army (non-commissioned officers and men) on January 1, 1866, was 200,960.

THE ARMY.—We understand that the scheme for the reorganization of the army is now nearly completed in its details, which, when announced in the House of Commons, will not be found to coincide in all points with the recommendations of the Royal Commissioners on Recruiting.

The Malta Times of the 31st January says.—We have good grounds for stating that it is the intention of the home Government to expend a very large sum of money on increasing the armaments of this fortress.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE.—At the Shire hall, Nottingham, on Saturday, the Rev. Charles Forth, of Basford, near that town, was charged with the following extraordinary offence.

LONGITUDE BY THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The difference of longitude between England and America has hitherto, rested upon the chronometric expeditions instituted by the Coast Survey during the years 1849, 51, and 1855.

The Lord's of the Admiralty have sent instructions to Port-Admiral Sir William F. Martin to have the following vessels prepared for sea immediately.

Several of Mr. Bright's political friends have written to him, begging him to explain the sentence in his speech at Rochdale, where, after speaking of the mutiny in India, he hinted that a great event might break out in England before long.

The following resolution on the subject of Ritualism was unanimously adopted in the largest meeting of the prelates of the Southern Province which has for many years assembled in Convocation.

The Mark Lane Express publishes the following estimate of the average yearly crops of cereals in England for the past ten years.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Major Jervis asked whether the attention of Her Majesty's Government had been drawn to the recent arrests in London, by the civil power, of two officers of Her Majesty's service, in consequence of a court-martial recently held in Jamaica.

A CANDID CONFESSION.—The Speaker of the House of Representatives is reported as saying, on Saturday, that 'in the British House of Commons there is generally much more noise and confusion than in this House.'

WASHINGTON, March 4.—The Majority of the impeachment Committee reported they had examined a large number of witnesses, and collected a large number of documents, but have not concluded their labors.

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them, but it has been more wonderful in every way than the beginning of Mahomet. It would be well for those who gauge religion by a material standard alone, to read Mr. Dixon's work so soon as it can be procured, and to meditate upon this problem of Mormonism and its success, which is certainly well worth the attention of every thinking man, and which before the end of this century, will have forced itself upon the consideration of the civilized world, in a manner very little dreamt of at the present time.

FRAUDS IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE.—A Congressional Committee appointed to inquire into this subject has made a report, which exhibits a state of corruption and extortion so astounding that but for what appears to be the most incontrovertible evidence, it would be esteemed impossible that it could exist anywhere out of Turkey or Russia, where the corruption and extortion of officials are proverbial.

THE NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT OF THE DUBLIN IRISHMAN writes.—You will recollect that Bishop Duggan was very violent in his denunciation of Fenianism always. The reason was that he believed it contained a secret sworn society underneath its open plans.

GETTING IN THE MONEY.—To accomplish this work the money had to be got in. Some gave freely and the burden fell upon their shoulders; as you may have often remarked in an Irish parish, it is one little section of the congregation—and not by any means the richest—which always feeds the priest's horse.

KNAVES AND TRAITORS.—Another particular smart man was B. Doran Killian. Miss O'Mahony is down upon him, and I believe justly. He humbugged John O'Mahony up to his eyebrows, then he humbugged the public in general with his Eastport expeditions, and then he went to grass.

WE read the following in the Vicksburg, Miss. Times, of Feb. 13th.—There were about thirty converts, among whom we noticed some of our oldest and best citizens, baptized in the Catholic Church yesterday. The Mission at this place, which closes to-day, has been extremely successful, both in gaining new converts and in strengthening the faith of old members.

SNUBBED.—The Chairman of the U. S. Committee on Foreign Relations requested to be discharged on Thursday from the consideration of the memorial against Confederation presented to Congress by some Canadians residing in the States.

A NEW method of punishment has been introduced into one of the public schools of Holyoke, Mass. A disobedient scholar is ordered up; his mouth forced open and a dose of cayenne pepper administered.

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
At No. 696, Craig Street, by
J. GILLIES.
G. E. CLERK, Editor.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:
To all country subscribers, Two Dollars. If the subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year then, a case the paper be continued, the terms shall be Two Dollars and a-half.
To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by the carriers, Two Dollars and a-half, in advance; and if not renewed at the end of the year, then, if we continue sending the paper, the subscription shall be Three Dollars.
The True Witness can be had at the News Depots Single copy 3c.
We beg to remind our Correspondents that no letters will be taken out of the Post-Office, unless pre-paid.
The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "JOHN JONES, August '63," shows that he has paid up to August '63, and owes his Subscription from THAT DATE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 15.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.
MARCH—1867.

Friday, 15—Ember Day, Lanes and Nails.
Saturday, 16—Ember Day, of the Feria.
Sunday, 17—Second Sunday of Lent.
Monday, 18—St. Gabriel, Arch.
Tuesday, 19—St. Joseph.
Wednesday, 20—St. Patrick, transferred from 17th.
Thursday, 21—St. Benedict Ab.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT.—All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, from Ash Wednesday to Holy Saturday included, are days of fasting and abstinence.
The use of flesh meat at every meal is permitted on all the Sundays of Lent, with the exception of Palm Sunday.
The use of flesh meat is also by special indulgences allowed at the one repast on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays of every week from the first Sunday after Lent, to Palm Sunday.—On the first four days of Lent, as well as every day in Holy Week, the use of flesh meat is prohibited.

OFFICE OF THE
ROMAN LOAN.

At the Banking House of Duncan, Sherman & Co.,
11 NASSAU STREET, CORNER OF PINE.
New York, January 30th, 1867.

To ALFRED LAROCQUE, Esq.,
Agent of the Roman Loan,
Montreal, Canada.

Dear Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that I have received instructions to keep this Loan open, until the same is absorbed, as it is expected in Rome that the late direct appeal of the Holy Father to the Clergy will produce this result before the first of April.

Very respectfully
Your obedient servant,
ROBERT MURPHY,
General Agent for the United States,
British Provinces and South America.
Bonds of 500 francs are sold for \$68 00
Do 125 do do 16 50

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

That on the 6th inst. Fenian disturbances broke out in Ireland is certain, but it is no easy matter to construct a regular and reliable history of the details. We give below the several telegrams as they reached us, with this caution—that they have all passed through the hands of the Yankee operators, by whom they have very probably been distorted:—

LONDON, March 6.—The Fenian agitation in Ireland has been renewed and is increasing. A meeting of several hundred Irishmen near Dublin has been dispersed by the troops. Telegraph wires have been cut in various parts of the country.

LONDON, March 6, eve.—In the House of Commons, Lord Naas, Chief Secretary of Ireland, stated to-day that the Fenian rising around Dublin was supposed to number from 1,000 to 4,000.

DUBLIN, March 6.—An attack was made by a body of Fenians upon the Drogheda Barracks yesterday. The attacking party was received with great gallantry by the military and police stationed in the barracks, and several volleys given the assailants, who retired in confusion, losing a number killed and wounded, whom they took from the field. The repulse was complete. Several of the Government forces were wounded, including three of the police.

LIVERPOOL, March 6.—Despatches have been received by the Government stating that an attack was made by a small force of Fenians upon Castle Martyr yesterday, but the enemy was repulsed and driven off. One of the attacking force, said to be an American officer, was shot.

LONDON, March 6.—The Fenians have torn up the rails and blocked up the roads between Cork and Dublin, completely suspending railway travel between those cities.

The Government does not feel any alarm at the aspect of affairs, as very efficient measures have been made and are now making to suppress all attempts at insurrection throughout Ireland. There have been as yet no serious outrages committed by Fenians either upon persons or property of private subjects, the rebels appearing to be in a quasi state of strict military discipline.

General Massey, a supposed Fenian leader, has been arrested in Limerick.

Tracy, reporter of the Cork Herald, has been arrested for telegraphing false reports of sedition among English troops.

LONDON, 8th, noon.—Several Irish and English newspapers have received and published a proclamation purporting to come from the Government of the Irish Republic. It declares that after ages of outrage and of vain appeals to rea-

son and justice, they have at last resolved to appeal to arms to rescue Ireland from serfdom and establish a national union, public safety and political freedom, and bring about the consequent separation of Church and State. As republicans, they appeal to republicans throughout the world for sympathy and support.

DUBLIN, 8th.—A heavy storm prevailed in this vicinity the night before last. Large quantities of snow fell, and it is said that the insurgents who took refuge in the mountains are suffering severely from cold and exposure.

Donohue, the leader of the Fenians in the fight at Tallaght, has since died, and three of his companions are also dead.

A police constable has been killed by the Fenians in Cork.

The rails on the roads running into Waterford have been torn up.

Large quantities of ammunition and materials for producing Greek fire have been discovered and seized by the soldiers and the police in various parts of the country.

LONDON, 8th, noon.—Troops are being rapidly despatched to Ireland from all available points.

LATER.—Despatches from Dublin, Cork, and other parts of Ireland received during the morning and afternoon give the following intelligence: A body of Fenians 1,500 strong are reported to be threatening the Town of Tipperary. The troops had a battle with a band of insurgents near Kilmann, in the County of Limerick, and defeated them, killing one man, wounding several, and taking thirty prisoners. Among the latter was the Fenian chief General Lane. A force of rebels some 300 strong was also beaten by the soldiers at Clonmel. Several of the former were killed, eighteen prisoners were taken, and a quantity of arms was captured. The Fenians strip private houses of all guns and other weapons. Armed bands of men are moving through the Counties of Clare, Tipperary and Limerick, and have frequent conflicts with the police and constabulary. A Dr. Cleary is reported to have been killed at Kilmallock. Incendiary fires are frequent in the City and County of Limerick.

LONDON, 8th, evening.—The Irish correspondent of the London Times says Ireland is full of Irish Americans, and urges that severe punishment in their cases is imperatively necessary; but adds that it is very difficult to apprehend them, for the people, though they give them no aid, refuse to betray them to the authorities. He states that Col. Dunn led the Irish in their attack on the station at Kilmallock. He concludes by saying that the present rising is considered a failure in Dublin.

DUBLIN, March 8, evening.—A despatch from Waterford reports that the Fenians had appeared in force at Devil's Bit Mountain, in Tipperary County. Troops with artillery had been despatched to dislodge them. The result of the battle is not yet known.

The insurgents muster in strong force particularly in the County of Tipperary. No bands have yet appeared in Wicklow County, and the town of Wicklow is quiet.

Reports from Drogheda state that there has been no further disturbance in that city up to this hour. Twelve of the foremost rebel leaders have been captured.

The Fenians have captured and hold possession of police barracks at Kiltel, in the County of Kildare.

LONDON, March 9, noon.—It is reported from Ireland to-day that tranquility has been restored throughout the province of Leinster, and that there has been no recent disturbance in the County of Kerry, the scene of the abortive outbreak of last month.

DUBLIN, March 9.—A despatch from Wexford states that the Galty Mountains, on the border of Tipperary and Cork counties, are swarming with Fenians, and it is feared that an attack will be made upon the town of Tipperary, the inhabitants of which are disaffected and strongly disposed to help them.

LONDON, March 9.—Official despatches received from Ireland say that loads of arms have been discovered and seized by the military, and that this fact seems to confirm the reports that the rising of the Irish had failed to be general.

LONDON, March 9, evening.—Despatches from Dublin state that small bands of Fenians are patrolling the counties of Cork, Wexford, Tipperary and Limerick, pressing the people into their ranks and committing robberies everywhere. The taverns in the city of Cork are to be closed every evening at dark.

James Stephens is reported to be still in Paris.

DUBLIN, March 10.—The existence of a Fenian Council, which has been in secret session in this city has been discovered, and its members arrested by the police. Burke, one of the Fenian leaders in the South, has been captured at Tipperary.

DUBLIN, March 10.—The band of Fenians which was previously reported to have taken possession of the Barracks at Kiltel, in Kildare, have been dispersed by the troops. The insurgents made an attack on the Barracks at Mount Melik, at the foot of Slieve Bloom Mountain, and were repulsed. Two of the attacking party were shot. The rebels are said to have assembled to the number of 3,000, in the neighborhood of Aberley Abbey Laix, in the Queen's County. Troops have been sent out to disperse them.

Two Irish Americans were arrested on board a vessel from Cardiff, at Cork. Both were recently at Chester.

LONDON, 11th, evening.—Ireland is quiet. The Government, however, is organising the forces into six flying columns for the pursuit of the scattered bands of Fenians and active service in case the necessity should arise.

The band of which was recently encamped on the Galtree mountains has vanished, leaving no trace of their whereabouts.

The government has offered a reward for the apprehension of Dunn, one of the Fenian leaders.

The Right Hon. S. H. Walpole, Secretary of State for the Home Department, announced in the House of Commons this evening that the news from Ireland was good. Mr. Walpole also stated that the Government will not proclaim martial

law in Ireland, but will try the Fenians by special commission.

The Ministerial Reform Bill will be laid before the House of Commons on the 18th inst. Monday next. News has been received of the death of Dr. Livingstone—the well known African explorer; he was killed by the Caffres, and his death is a great loss to the scientific world. The Continental news is dull. By way of vindicating the liberty of the press in France, the Government has prosecuted M. Emile Girardin, and obtained a verdict of 5,000 francs against him; he has appealed. The Eastern question still occupies much of the public attention, and will probably give rise to many serious complications ere it be settled. An attempt upon the life of Victor Emmanuel is reported. This would seem to indicate that the Mazzinian, or extreme Liberal party are becoming tired of their tool, and wish to get rid of him. It is reported that the P. Passaglia is in Retreat, and gives evidence of a desire to make atonement for the scandal he has caused to all good Catholics by his attitude towards the Holy Father.

THE MILITARY RECONSTRUCTION BILL.—Now that this measure has, we do not say become law, for it is not law, never will be law, and will never be morally obligatory upon any one: but, now that it has passed the mock or rump Congress sitting at Washington, what we naturally ask, will be the action of the oppressed people of the Southern States? what the action of the friends of liberty, and the violated Constitution, in the Northern States? For the rights and liberties of all, whether North or South, are alike menaced by the "unconstitutional" Bill; and if the precedent be once allowed, the tyrant North of to-day, may be the oppressed North of to-morrow. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways.

This question would soon be resolved, as similar questions often have been resolved, in England, where the torch of freedom still burns strong and bright, and where the "unconstitutional" action of any one of the branches or orders of the Government has always found some patriot prepared to resist it, at the risk of fortune, and life if necessary. If it is otherwise in the United States, it is because such are the deleterious effects of democracy, that thereby all manhood, and all dignity are, as it were, squeezed, or violently purged, out of the body politic. Democracy not only unfits men for, but it renders them incapable and unworthy of, freedom.

Let us consult the past,—the history of England.

When an arbitrary king attempted, under the pretence of "ship money," to levy money without the consent of Parliament—(an exercise of power not more in violation of the unwritten Constitution of England, than is the recent act of the Washington Legislature an exercise of power in violation of the written Constitution of the United States)—an English country gentleman, John Hampden, though the sum for which he was assessed was only twenty shillings, boldly and patriotically determined to test the constitutionality, or legality of the impost by an appeal to the Courts of Judicature. It was not for the sake of the money, but of the great principle at stake, that he thus ventured to brave the anger of the King, and to risk his property, his liberty, and perhaps his life in defence of a great Constitutional principle.

A verdict against Hampden was indeed obtained by the Court, from a majority of the Judges, but the moral victory remained with the illustrious Hampden; and though "ship money" was levied for a few years longer, yet the discussions which ensued during the long protracted trial, and the consequent enlightenment of the public mind, gave assurance that sound constitutional principles would ere long be triumphant. Is there no Hampden in the United States, bold enough, and patriotic enough, to test in the Supreme Court, the legality of the recent action of the self-dubbed Congress towards the Southern States?

It is to be feared that there is none; yet should such a one arise, he would have before him a far clearer case in his favor than had Hampden. Charles could show many and long established precedents for his levy of "ship money;" the letter of the law was by no means plain against him; and even the famous statute *De Tallagio non Concedendo* is admitted by Hallam to be "of very equivocal genuineness." But the illegality of military law, of military districts presided over by Brigadier Generals, of military in lieu of civil tribunals—there, and then where, and when, no actual war is being waged—is so glaring, so patent, so directly in violation of the written Constitution of the United States, that it is inconceivable that the Supreme Court—should a case arising out of the late arbitrary measure be brought before it—should for one moment hesitate in finding for the plaintiff.—Why then does not some arise to bring the con-

* Some precedents, such as *Dane, Gell* might be, and were urged in defence of the pretensions of the Crown.

stitutionality of the "Military Reconstruction Bill" under the cognisance of the Supreme Court? Because the political atmosphere of the United States is not favorable to the development of Hampdens; because people there are all too afraid of "the sovereign people;" are all too abjectly crouched at the feet of that cruel and unprincipled tyrant, to dare in thought even, to contest his arbitrary decrees. The Asiatic serf crawling humbly on his belly before the throne of some Oriental despot is an emblem of manly courage, and independence, in comparison with the dough-faced wretch who, like a whipt dog, lies down and trembles beneath the lash of "the sovereign people."

We believe, too, that, were there any one in the United States with pluck or moral courage sufficient to bring the question fairly to an issue: every act passed, every tax levied, by the rump Congress since its refusal to admit the Senators and representatives of the Southern States, might be set aside as unconstitutional, illegal, and contradictory of the fundamental principle of the political community, to wit:—"That taxation without representation is tyranny." The President might, if he had had pluck enough, have brought this question to an issue, by refusing to recognise as Congress, any body from which representatives of the Southern States, applying for admission, were excluded. This was the course which, consistently with his theory that the Southern States are "States within the Union," he should have pursued, by refusing to send down any message to Congress until it were properly constructed. But a body from which the representatives of "States within the Union" are excluded, is not a properly constituted Congress of the United States; and is therefore incompetent, legally, to exercise any of the functions by the Constitution committed to that body.

What the President, from want of moral courage failed to do, it is however still in the power of any plucky and patriotic private citizen to do. By refusing, for instance, to pay any tax imposed by the imperfectly constituted Congress—just as Hampden refused to pay "ship money"—and by bringing the case before the Supreme Court, the latter would be obliged to decide the questions:—Whether by the written Constitution, the majority of the Congress has the right to exclude the minority from the debates? Whether the power of legislation and taxation, which the Constitution confers on the whole, can be legally exercised by a part? Whether *ex post facto* penal legislation is Constitutional? Whether in short, men can be legally treated as criminals, and deprived of rights either civil or political, against whom no verdict of "Guilty" has been recorded by any Court of Justice? All these questions are involved in the so-called reconstruction of the Southern States; and unless the people of the United States are prepared to abandon all their liberties without an effort for their preservation, these great Constitutional questions must be settled, either by the Law, or by the Sword—either on the battle field, or on the floor of the Supreme Court. Ah! if there were a Hampden, a man with the spirit of a freeman, and the heart of a patriot in the United States, these questions would soon be brought to an issue.

TRACTS *ver.* THE CONFESSIOAL.—There are topics which it is difficult to treat properly; there are secrets known to every body, that are yet scarce fitted for the columns of the journal. Of these there is one to which under the name of the "social evil" a selected article in the Montreal Witness of the 4th inst., directs attention; and to which we make allusion with the view of showing that the very remedy recommended by the Protestant journalist, is to be found in the Catholic Church, and in the much vilified Confessional.

In the article to which we refer, the writer, after treating of the effects of legislative action on the evil complained of, continues in the following strain:—

"What we do urge is universal enlightenment especially of the young. There should be a series of tracts, setting forth the nature, reasons, obligations, and requirements of sexual purity, and the awful inevitable consequences of disobedience to the Divine command. These, so far as prepared, should be systematically disseminated, and universally studied."

"Universal enlightenment" on a peculiarly delicate and dangerous topic, is the remedy that the Protestant recommends, to be administered through a "series of Tracts" to indiscriminately applied, and "universally studied." The Catholic Church, too, recognises the value of the remedy of enlightenment, but condemns the method above proposed for its application. She administers it in the Confessional; through the agency of her clergy, men trained to the study of moral theology; to each one of her children in particular, and in such manner as the exigencies of each particular case may require; knowing that that which may be salutary to one, may be unprofitable, or even poison to another; that enlightenment, which in one case may carry with it a savor of life, may in another case carry with it the savor of death. The tract suited to the man grown old in the practice of debauchery, she well

knows is not suited to the young person as yet a stranger to iniquity; and she knows also—such is the ingenuity of the perverted intellect, and of the corrupt heart to extract deadly poison even from the sweetest flowers—that the indiscriminate study of tracts such as the Protestant moralist recommends, and which would, in many cases, be read and studied with a morbid curiosity rather than with a view to moral improvement—would do more harm than good. Like a wise and tender mother, does she therefore commit the charge of "universal enlightenment" to men fitted for the task, by profession, and practice, by serious studies, and by a profound acquaintance with all the depths and windings of the human heart; who, sitting in the tribunal of Penitence, speak to the young and to the old in vice, in the name, and with the authority, of her Divine Spouse. If our separated brethren, laying aside for one moment their prejudices, would but calmly and honestly address themselves to the discussion of the question, "Of the two modes of enlightenment—that by means of the indiscriminate and universal distribution of tracts; and that by means of the particular exhortations of the learned and elderly priest—which is the more prudent, the less likely to be abused?" we believe that the answer would be general in favor of the Confessional: through which, and not through a series of tracts universally and indiscriminately distributed, amongst persons of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions, as Protestants recommend, does the Catholic Church give the requisite "enlightenment."

And she does more, as all who frequent her administrations know. She not only enlightens the intellect, but she purifies the heart, and strengthens the will. Not so much from a defect of knowledge or ignorance, as from a corrupt heart and from a depraved will, do sins proceed; and so the Church, not content with telling her children what to do, and from what to abstain, imparts to them through her Sacraments, the necessary power or strength to do—the power or strength to resist the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil. Ah! wretched man that I am: cries out every one whose eyes have been opened—who shall deliver me from this body of death. Still it is his doom to confess that, though he sees clearly the better course, that which he should follow, he is impelled by his passions to pursue the worse. Alas! who shall deliver me? he cries in his despair; "quis me liberabit de corpore mortis hujus?"

"Be of good cheer, my son," says the Church, says to him Our Lord Himself in the person of His minister. "If thou art weak, I am strong, and My strength shall suffice for thee. Seek it only there where alone it is to be found, in frequent and fervent Communion with Me; so, fed with My flesh and blood, shalt thou grow in grace and strength, and shalt marvel as thou bringest forth fruits not thine own." Yes? "enlightenment" not by tracts but in the confessional, but in enlightenment supplemented by the Holy Eucharist, is to be found the only certain remedy against the Social Evil which our Protestant friend deprecates, but with which Protestantism is impotent to heal. For this we need the services of the Divine Physician.

The *Canadien* of Quebec seems to be offended at the silence of the Catholic journals on the provisions of the Union Act with reference to the School Question:—"They should at least have the courage," says the *Canadien*, "to approve openly the policy of their masters, or should have the conscience to re-assure Catholics of good faith."

We would suggest to our Quebec contemporary that he himself assigns a satisfactory reason for the silence of Catholic journalists upon the matter; for he says, "*Le Clerge parait satisfait*,"—the Clergy appear to be satisfied." If so, why should the laity complain? The former are the guardians of faith and morals; and if they see no reason to apprehend any danger to the laity from the new dispositions of the law, surely the laity have no cause to be frightened.

At the same time we do not pretend to attribute to the Clergy sentiments either of satisfaction, or of dissatisfaction with the measure.—We have no right to speak in their name; and they, if they see cause to make their sentiments known, well know when, and how, to do so, without our interference. What satisfies them, will we hope always satisfy the laity.

But we would also venture to hint, that acquiescence in the inevitable, does not always imply satisfaction; and that a transaction, or bargain may honorably be accepted, not as a good bargain, but as the best bargain possible under the circumstances. For ourselves, the law as it stands is not all that we would wish it to be.—We think that the "right of appeal," though it secures to the Protestant minority of L. Canada, all that they can desire—since it transfers the question of their schools from a legislature in which they will be in a minority, to one in which Protestants will be in an overwhelming majority—offers but little advantage to the Catholic minority of Upper Canada—since it can merely transfer the question from a Legislature in which

they will scarce be represented at all, to one in which they will be still in a minority. Practically, then, the proviso on the School Question giving the "right of appeal" does not put the Catholic minority of Upper Canada on a footing of equality with the Protestant minority of the Lower Province.

It seems to us that the best policy for Catholics, is, frankly to accept the situation, and try to make the best of it; abstaining from useless repining, from factious opposition, and from factious approbation of the measure. Theoretically the Constitution may be very imperfect; but before either condemning it, or praising it, let us see how it works, and let us all do our best to make it work well.

Many of our contemporaries are, or profess to be, indignant at the silly motion made in the Washington Legislature by a Mr. Raymond, calling upon the United States Government to interfere with the domestic affairs of Canada.

The legislative body sitting in Washington, and mis-called the Congress of the United States, has just as much right—neither more nor less—to interfere with the domestic affairs of Canada, and to dictate to us what form of Government we shall live under, as it has to interfere in the domestic affairs of the Southern States, and to impose on them a military despotism.

But to their shame, and to the misfortune of this country, there are to be found amongst us editors of journals who loudly applaud the "unconstitutional" action of the dominant party in the United States. They qualify it as "just and liberal,"—see Witness 8th inst.—and in their abject, servile admiration of everything that is Yankee, of everything that is repugnant to British principles, they speak of it as great and glorious triumph.

Now what can statesmen in the Northern States conclude from this? save that there is a large party in Canada, who for the sake of ensuring the triumph of democracy, are always ready to subordinate "right" to "might," justice to "expediency," and who care not one straw whether a measure be "constitutional," or "unconstitutional," so that it promote their revolutionary policy.

Amongst the many political rumors of the day we find one in the *Mimvee* to the effect that Messrs J. A. Macdonald, and J. Ross are both spoken of as the future Lieutenant Governors of Ontario, or Upper Canada.

Remittances in our next.

No change in the market prices.

THE ST. PATRICK'S HALL.—We publish the names of the Directors of this Institution, as incorporated by Act of Colonial Parliament and elected September last:—

Messrs. B. Devlin, M. P. Ryan, J. W. McGauvran, Ed. Murphy, Dr. Hugstun, Messrs. Luke Moore, and C. J. Cusack.

The Corner Stone will be laid on Monday next, and the ceremony, at which, we believe that the Rev. Mr. Dowde will assist, will form part of the Celebration of St. Patrick's Day, postponed because the Festival falls this year on a Sunday.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—"A Friend of Youth" in our next.

We will commit ourselves neither to an unqualified approval, nor to an unqualified censure of the new Constitution. We hold that it is the duty of every Catholic, of every loyal subject to abstain from factious opposition to it, and to give it a fair trial.

The *Echo*, an Anglican paper of the low or evangelical type, makes in its issue of the 6th inst., the following statement:—

"A young priest, officiating in the Jesuit Church in Montreal, has joined the Methodist Church."

It may appear presumptuous on our part to contest the right of an evangelist to state that which is false of his neighbors: and to many it would appear ridiculous if we were to ask such a one to retract an untruth once emitted. We will however, leaving it to the *Echo* to do as it pleases in the matter, merely state that there is no truth in the assertion of our evangelical contemporary, no semblance even of a foundation for the infamous calumny which he has circulated through his columns.

We think that it is Madame de Sevigne, who complained of one of her male acquaintances, that he "abused the privilege that men have to be ugly." With equal justice, one of our French contemporaries complains that certain English journals abuse the privilege accorded to them to maltreat, or massacre the French language.

"AVIS.—La sous-signé, retourne remerciement au public pour le patronage liberal, annonce respectueusement qu'il a juste ajouté patient pacifique a son moulin mouture, et avec meilleur effluent sans attention constante, excellera en autre moulin dans la ville pour la quantité de la farine donne au boisseau. Venez et essayer encore une fois. Bonnes salutes a tous."

We would not attempt even a translation, for the above piece is not susceptible of translation into any known language. Our French readers and others acquainted with French, will be able to appreciate its beauties without a translation.

THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF—A Novel by Miss Thackeray.—Dawson Bros.—The name of the authoress—daughter of the late ever to be lamented Thackeray, the first and foremost of modern English humorists—will assure for the work named above a favorable reception, from a public by whom the name of the father is held in honor.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE—March, 1867.—We publish a list of the contents of this number of which as usual the illustrations are the best part:—The Dodge Club; or, Italy in 1869—Personal Recollections of the War—It I Were Rich—Two Hundred Thousand Spiders—Our Expected Guests—A Brace of Boys—Rum Creeters is Women—The Virginians in Texas—Laura's Lovers—How We Get Our News—Alexander T. Stewart—Editor's Easy Chair—Monthly Record of Current Events—Editor's Drawer.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act again for the True Witness in the undermentioned localities:—

Mr. Timothy Sullivan, for Ferguson's Falls and vicinity.

Mr. James McCreas for Burnstown and vicinity.

Mr. P. McEvoy for Wolfe Island and vicinity.

UNION OF PRAYER.—On Tuesday 19th, the 16th Anniversary of the Society will be celebrated in the Parish Church. Great preparations are being made, and the Musical Department has been carefully organized. The following pieces will be sung, and executed on the organ:—

Entrée—Organ Solo. De Profundis—Organ and Choir. A sermon will follow; after which the following pieces will be sung:—Vir Fidelis, Lambillotte; O Cor Amoris Victima, do; Sub Tuum; Tantum Ergo. After which Benediction, and the Laudate Dominum. March, from Prophete—Meyerbeer.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN.—The great bell of Notre Dame tolled on Saturday for the death of Dr. Luc Eusebe Larocque, brother of Bishop Larocque, who died on Saturday after a short illness. He was, pre-eminently the friend of the struggling settler, recognizing in this that the first duty of a good citizen is to act on the patriotic motto of the St. Jean Baptiste Society.—Rendez le Peuple Meilleur, and in so doing personally assisted in erecting and establishing the flourishing Parish of St. Agathe and several other settlements. He was also distinguished for his magnificence to the poor, and for his kindness in attending them without fee or remuneration.—*Montreal Gazette*.

HENRY.—A young man, named Bisson, called at the Central Police Station on Saturday last, and mentioned he had found a gold watch, chain attached, but a few hours previous. He resided in St. Charles Barrois street, and desires it to be known that on the owner giving a description of the article he will return it.

DIED IN THE STATION HOUSE.—On Friday, 8 inst. last policeman on duty on Craig street found an old man, named Peter Thomson, lying on a heap of snow, and benumbed with cold and completely drunk. The constable, with the assistance of another, placed the old man in a sleigh, and had him conveyed to the Clubbille square station, where he gradually sank, dying at about six o'clock in the evening. The person with whom he resided in Inspector street, testified to the intemperate habits of the deceased. He had been drinking hard during the last three days.

The *Mimvee's* correspondent writes to it from Paris to the effect that the Rev. Mr. Boiduc, of St. Roch, is having made by the house of Secretan, of that city, a telescope that will be the finest and largest in Canada, and, perhaps one of the most complete and powerful in America. The body will be 30 feet in length, and the glass 41 centimeters, or about 16 inches in diameter. The cost of the instrument will be £1000 to £1200.

Le *Canada* mentions several reports in circulation among them: the following: that the names of the Rev. Messrs. Boiduc and Racine were sent to Rome, as candidates for the appointment to the new bishopric of Rimouski; that the Rev. Mr. Brunet will succeed to the office of the late Principal of the Normal School; that the Rev. Mr. E. Langevin will be named Grand Vicar to his brother the Bishop; and the Rev. Mr. Boiduc is to be elevated to the bishopric of Quebec.

At grand mass on Sunday, 3rd inst. at St. Patrick's church, Quebec, Rev. E. McGauvran called the attention of his congregation to the misery existing among a class of population who seldom if ever solicit charity, namely, the wives and children of men who left that city last fall to seek employment in the United States, and being unable to do so have not sent them any money.

ST. JONAS, C. E., March 9.—The St. Johns Jail was broken open some time last night, or early this morning; three prisoners escaped. It is supposed they were assisted by outsiders. They have gone in the direction of Rouse's Point with nooses stolen on the way. Up to this moment they have not been recaptured.

MR. BROWN'S SUCCESSOR.—It is supposed that Mr. Budwell, a well-known politician in the Riding, will succeed Mr. Brown as the representative of South Oxford. At the farewell dinner given the latter the new candidate made a very sensible speech for one of the "Government impossibility" talk. Speaking of the men needed for the present crisis in affairs, he said:

"In the present transition of Canada, it is necessary that the men sent to represent her in the new Parliaments should be men of sterling integrity, ability, and upright character. With such men, and representation according to population, we may hope that at last the country will be well governed, and that our progress will be more rapid than it could have been under the old system."

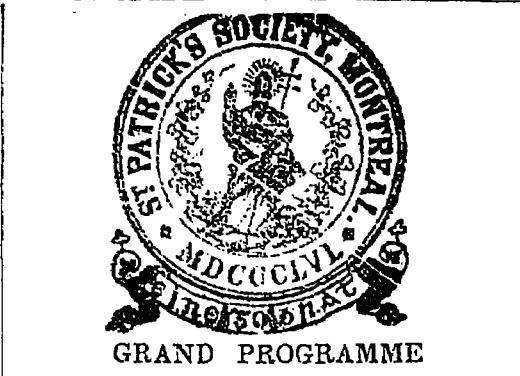
If the Americans wish to control our destinies they must do something more than bluster and lay ridiculous and impertinent resolutions before the legislature: they must prepare themselves (we speak in plain terms) to wage a war of extermination against a peaceful, prosperous and unoffending people; they must accept the chances of a desperate conflict, which will undoubtedly involve them with Great Britain, and probably with France, and their own conquered Southern territories, out of which it may be that, all life is not yet crushed out, in a most dishonourable cause, and they must be content to exhibit democracy once more as the deadliest foe to freedom, the most ruthless oppressor of the human race.—*Montreal Gazette*.

SUPERVISING IN QUEBEC.—A statement of the ship-building trade of Quebec furnished by the *Chronicle* shows that there are now only nine shipyards open, while there were twenty-one last year. The number of vessels now in course of construction, as compared with those built last year, shows a decrease of twenty-eight vessels. The number of men employed is now 1,243 against 2,897 in January of last year, showing a falling off of 1,654 in the number of men working.

The Crown Land Agent at Belleville has been instructed to withdraw all the lands north of Marmora, Madoc and Ezzavie from the market, and Government evidently intends to erect them into what they should be—a gold district. This action of the Commissioner of Crown lands will be very generally approved, as it will immediately put a stop to the speculation which had been going on to the exclusion of the honest investor, and tend to place all parties on an equal footing, under the license system.

NEW MONTREAL STEAMER.—The *Austrian*, a magnificent iron-screw steamer of about 2500 tons register, intended for the Montreal Ocean Steamship Co.'s line of Transatlantic steamers, was successfully launched on Wednesday from Messrs. Barclay, Curle, and Co.'s works at Whiteinch. The passenger accommodation is of the first order, and the vessel will be, in point of elegance, comfort, and safety, exactly similar to the screw steamer *Nestorian*, constructed by the same builders for this line of steamers at the close of last year.—*Glasgow Herald*.

DIED.—At the Hotel Dieu, Point Levis, Quebec, on Tuesday evening, the 12th February, Alexander Albert, aged Twenty-one years, second son of Duncan McDonald, Esq., of Point Levis. The deceased who was employed on the Grand Trunk Railway, was standing on the point of an engine in slow motion, from which he jumped, and unfortunately slipped across the rail, the engine passing over his feet, horribly contusing them. Medical aid was of no avail. The rites of the Catholic Church were administered to him, in the full enjoyment of his speech and senses. He expired in a few hours, much lamented by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. May his soul rest in peace.



PROCESSION OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATIONS, SAINT PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, ST. ANNS YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, MEMBERS OF THE HOSE COMPANY, CHILDREN OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF IRELAND.

JOSEPH CLORAN, GRAND MARSHAL, ON HORSEBACK. IRISHMEN OF THE CONGREGATION OF ST. ANNS CHURCH, (Not being members of any of the Irish Societies) Two abreast. CHILDREN OF THE BROTHERS SCHOOLS, ST. ANNS WARD, Two abreast. ANGEL GUARDIANS SOCIETY, Marshal on Horseback. ST. ANNS BAND, HOSE COMPANY, ST. ANNS YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, Marshal on Horseback. Members of the Society, two abreast. ST. ANNS TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, Marshal on Horseback. (With Flags and Banner.) Members two abreast. Stewards with Wands, Vigilance Committee, Executive Committee, Secretary and Treasurer, Vice-Presidents, Clergymen of St. Ann's Church.

CHILDREN OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS, ST. LAWRENCE AND QUEBEC SEUBURBS, With Flags, Banners, and Bands, IRISHMEN OF THE CONGREGATION OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, (Not being members of any of the Irish Societies) Two abreast. CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, Marshal on Horseback. Sup. with Pike FLAG, Sup. with Pike. MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY, Two abreast. MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL, Secretaries and Treasurer, President and Vice President. ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, Chief Marshal on Horseback. BAND OF THE CHASSEURS CANADIENS, Sup. with Pike FLAG, Sup. with Pike. Sup. with Battle Axe. ST. P. B. S.'s BANNER, Sup. with Battle Axe. Drawn by Six Gray Horses with Three Postillions. Committee of Enquiry, Treasurers, Secretaries.

2nd Vice-Pres'd: PRESIDENT | 1st Vice-Pres'd: CHAPLAIN. Stewards } Assistant Marshals } Stewards } with } on } with } Wands } Horsebacks, } Wands. ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY, Marshal on Horseback. BAND. Supported } FATHER MATTHEW'S } Supported } with } BANNER. } with } Battle-axe. Two Stewards with Wands. Members two abreast. Sup. with } BANNER of the B. VIRGIN, } Sup. with } Spear. Stewards with Wands, Vigilance Committee, Executive Committee, Secretary and Treasurer, 2nd Vice-Pres'd: PRESIDENT | 1st Vice-Pres'd: Stewards with Wands.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, Assistant Marshal on Horseback, BAND. GRAND BURNISH BANNER OF IRELAND, Stewards with Wands, D R A W N B Y S I X H O R S E S. MEMBERS OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, Two and two Assistant Marshal on Horseback. Sup. with } GRAND HARP BANNER } Sup. with } Battle-axe } OF IRELAND } Battle-axe. Two Stewards with Wands, Members of the Committee, Secretaries, Treasurer, MAYOR OF MONTREAL, 2nd Vice-Pres'd: PRESIDENT | 1st Vice-Pres'd: CHAPLAIN. Clergy of the St. Patrick's Church, Assistant Marshal on Horseback.

THE MEMBERS OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY OF THE DIFFERENT TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETIES, THE ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETIES, THE ST. ANNS SOCIETIES, will assemble at the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, BONAVENTURE BUILDING. The Procession will form in front of the St. Pa-

trick's Hall, at 8 o'clock sharp, and thence proceed through Craig, Blenny, and Leguachiere streets to the St. Patrick's Church.

On arriving at the Grand Entrance of the Church, the Procession will form a double line, facing inwards leaving an open space of at least eight feet.

Flags and Banners will fall to the right, and the Bands to the left. Headed by the grand Suburban Banner of Ireland, the President and other Officers-bearers of the St. Patrick's Society—followed by the Grand Harp Banner of Ireland, the President and Office bearers of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society, the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, the Catholic Young Men's Society, the St. Ann's Young Men's Society, and of the St. Ann's Temperance Society—will then enter the Church, the Bands playing the National Air—St. Patrick's Day.

N.B.—Marshals are particularly requested to use speed in organizing the Procession after Divine Service.

After Grand Mass, the Procession, joined by the male portion of the various Irish Congregations, not members of any particular society, will reform in St. Alexander street and proceed along Craig, Place d'Armes Hill, Great St. James, McGill and St. Joseph streets to McCord street, returning through McCord, Wellington and McGill streets to the New St. Patrick's Hall Grounds, corner of Victoria square and Craig street, where the Procession will disperse. JOSEPH CLORAN, Grand Marshal.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY. A SPECIAL MEETING of the above Corporation will take place in the BONAVENTURE BUILDING, ON FRIDAY EVENING, the 15th inst.

A full attendance is particularly requested. Members proposed for membership at previous meetings can be elected at this meeting. Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock. P. O'MEARA, Sec. Sec.

ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY



THE MEMBERS OF the above named SOCIETY are notified to meet in the YARD in FRONT of SAINT PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM, at HALF PAST SEVEN o'clock, on MONDAY MORNING, the 19th inst., where they will form in Procession, and proceed with Band and Banners to St. Patrick's Hall, and there join the St. Patrick's Society and proceed to St. Patrick's Church, Altar Divine Service they will again form in the same order, and accompany the Procession through the City; at the close of which they will assist at the ceremony of laying the Corner Stone of the new St. Patrick's Hall.

(By Order) MICHAEL SCANLAN, Sec.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY. NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the above Society for the ELECTION OF OFFICERS, will take place in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL (Bonaventure Building) on THURSDAY the 19th inst. at 5 o'clock P.M. A full attendance is requested, as other matters of importance will be brought before the meeting. JOHN MOYNA, Secretary.

TO PARENTS. A youth about 14 years of age will be received by an Architect to learn the profession—No premium required. Address—Architect, TUCK WITNESS Office, Montreal.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of J. B. MILETTE, Trader, (formerly of Sherbrooke, C.E.) Montreal. Insolvent.

THE creditors of the insolvent are notified to meet at the office of the undersigned Assignee, No. 1 St. Sulpice Street, in the City of Montreal, on Tuesday, the Twenty-sixth day of March instant, at Four o'clock P.M., for the Public examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby requested to attend. T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee, 2w.

SADDLERS' CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1867

With full returns of the various Dioceses in the United States and British North America, AND A LIST OF THE ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS, AND PRIESTS IN IRELAND. PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. D. & J. SADDLER & CO, Montreal.

NEW EDITION OF THE POPULAR LIFE OF SAINT PATRICK, APOSTLE AND PATRON OF IRELAND, Price 63 Cents, SENT FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE D. & J. SADDLER & CO, Montreal, C.E.

WANTED, BY A LAW STUDENT, with good recommendations, BOARD in an English family, where he could give lessons in French to some members of the family. Address, OFFICE OF THIS PAPER, Montreal, 21st Feb., 1867. 2w

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS KINGSTON C.W., Under the Immediate Supervision of the H. 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 French and English languages. A large and well selected Library will be OPEN to the Pupils. T E R M S :— Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July, July 21st 1861.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Feb. 9.—The *Moniteur* publishes an Imperial decree, dated Feb. 5, to regulate the relations of the Senate and Legislative Body with the Emperor and the Council of State, and to fix the organic conditions of the labours of the two first-named bodies. The document, consisting of 116 articles, extends over more than eight long columns, of the official journal, but in reality contains little that is new.

The *Gazette de France* had published a circular from the Postmaster-General to his subordinates in reference to the letter addressed some short time since by the Count de Chambard to General de Saint Priest, on the general situation of Europe.—

The *Gazette* gives at the same time a legal opinion from M. Albert Gigot, Advocate at the Court of Cassation and Council of State, to the effect that the Postmaster-General's order is decided illegal for three reasons:—1. Because it describes, outside judicial forms and guarantees the seizure of a document which has not given rise to criminal proceedings; 2. Because it enjoins the Post-office clerks to make that seizure, though such right of seizing letters at the Post-office, in exceptional cases authorized by the law, belongs only to Judges of Instruction, and, in virtue of more recent enactments, to the Prefects; and 3. Because it violates the secrecy of private correspondence.

It is very probable that the Postmaster-General's circular is either his own act or suggested by some over-zealous superior. When we remember that two or three protests against the accession of the Emperor to supreme power in 1851 were inserted without the change of a letter in the *Moniteur*, we can hardly think that the circular in question was written with the cognizance and approval of the Emperor. If, however, it be so, the great number of the French people who are hardly aware of his existence now see that the Count de Chambard not only lives, but is considered a formidable personage, and that a letter from him entering France leads to the violation of one of those guarantees, the most dear to the public. It is pleasant to hear people talk of the extension of liberties and crowning the edifice, when they cannot write a letter without the Post-office clerks knowing with it contains.

The *Constitutionnel* publishes a communicated article on the subject and defends the Post-office circular as perfectly regular and legal.

A rather droll incident occurred on Tuesday at the Tribunal Civil. When the Judges took their places, the Procurator Imperial was, in the usual form, called upon to move. The Procurator rose and announced, before the regular business commenced, that there was a certain number of functionaries, just named by the Government, who were in attendance to take the customary oaths before entering upon their duties, and he prayed the Court to allow them to be sworn. The presiding Judge gave his assent, when some eight or ten factious (letter-carriers) stepped forward. They were bid to raise their right hands, and the oath was read by the Greffier, or Clerk of the Court. When the first words were recited, 'You solemnly swear to respect the secret of letters that pass through your hands; &c., the Greffier, who had present to his memory the Postmaster-General's circular ordering his subordinates to open letters, could not repress a smile, and in a few seconds the Procurator, Judges, counsel, audience, the factious themselves, and even the servants of the Court, caught the infection, and burst into laughter. The oath was then got through with as much gravity as possible. By the way, it is said that M. Vaudal, who has so completely forgotten the recommendation of the old diplomatist Talleyrand, or some one else—about the danger of excessive zeal, is to be removed from the Post-office and transferred to the Senate, where he will be harmless, or, if disposed to be otherwise, will have somebody to keep him in check.

The Emperor of the French in opening the French Legist chambers on Thursday, noticed the course of events in Europe since the last session—events which he described as fulfilling the anticipations of the First Napoleon, and the failure of the Mexican expedition. His Majesty said his relations with all foreign powers were satisfactory. 'Our connection with England,' he observed, 'becomes daily more intimate, by the similitude of our policy and the multiplicity of our commercial relations. Prussia seeks to avoid everything which might arouse our national susceptibilities, and agrees with us upon the chief European questions. Russia is disposed to separate her policy in the East from that of France. The same is the case with Austria, whose greatness is indispensable to the general equilibrium.' Nothing, he added, 'arouses uneasiness at present, and I entertain a firm conviction that peace will not be disturbed.' The Emperor then refers to home questions, calling special attention to the recent administrative changes, which he describes as an extension of the popular liberties, and to the proposed reorganization of the army.

In well-informed quarters the Emperor is believed to be more disposed to support the Pope now than he was even a few weeks ago. He is bent upon maintaining the 'status quo' on all sides for the present. For this disposition on his part there are obvious reasons. It is impossible to say to what extent he would interfere by material means to keep things, as they are in the Roman States, but the moment cannot be considered favorable to attempt to change them.

The Jesuits, according to their custom, have published the annual statistics of their society. The company reckoned at the close of 1866 four consistories and twenty provinces; the number of members being 8,167, showing an augmentation of 215 over the year 1865. In the French province there are 2,222, whereas, in 1865, there were only 2,266.—Notwithstanding their expulsion from Naples, Sicily, Turin, Venetia, and the Mexican Empire, they are incessantly increasing in number.

The following clause is said to occur in the will of the late M. Cousin:—

'Desiring of giving a last pledge of affection to my honorable confreres, M. Francois Auguste Mignet of the French Academy, and M. Jules Bartholemy Saint-Hilaire, of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, I bequeath to each of them 100,000f.'

About the words in italics a difficulty arises. In the original they are, 'a chacun deux, 100,000f,' but the *deux* is written so that it may be taken for the single word *deux*, without the apostrophe. If this be correct, each of the legates will have 200,000f instead of 100,000f. This resembles the well known scene in the *Marriage de Figaro* where it depended on whether the word *ou* in the bond given by Figaro to Mademoiselle de Verte Allure had or had not an accent. In the one case *ou* meant *where*, and he had the alternative of paying his debt of 2,000 piastres, or marrying her; in the other, *ou* meant *where*, and he was bound to do both; the money to be paid and the marriage to take place in the Chateau of Agnas-Frescas.

PARIS, March 4.—The Government has commenced legal proceedings in the Correctional Court against M. Emile de Girardin, for a leading editorial in his journal, boldly criticising the policy of the Emperor.

AKOTHEA BOVBOON MANIPSAO.—A circular of the Count de Paris, similar to that of the Count de Chambard,—that is attacking the Imperial Government,—is said to have been issued, or to be on the eve of being issued.

A COUSIN'S OATH.—A not of prince Napoleon is being repeated in the Paris salons. The Emperor has twice deceived France—first in 1848, in making her believe that he was a fool; next, in 1866, in making her believe that he was a genius.

The state of morals in Paris is most deplorable. Some writers speak of it as a perfect stertoria.—The most revolting prodigality stalks unblushingly

through the French capital and holds high carnival at the masked balls held almost every night, and at the principal theatres the immodesty is most awful and most popular.

ITALY.

Piedmont.—The *London Times* has an editorial on the state of the Piedmontese Government of unhappy Italy. We made some extracts:—

The Italians seem bent on disappointing their best friends. No sooner are they, thanks to the interference of French and Prussians, rid of Austrian rule than they do all in their power to revive the charges so often unjustly, as we have thought, brought against them by their enemies as to their unfitness for self-government. Of free representative institutions they evidently understand nothing so well as the pulling down of Cabinets. They do not consider that three Ministerial crises, if following too closely upon one another, may be as fatal to a State as three removals are said to be to a household.—Three months have scarcely elapsed since they threw out La Marmora; they will not rest now till they have demolished Bicasoli.

The Bill for the Liquidation of Ecclesiastical Property has foundered in the Italian Parliament; though the House must be aware that either the question involved in it must be solved, or the country must be ruined.

Short of a re-occupation of Lombardy by the Austrians, anything more disastrous to Italy than the present course, under present circumstances, could scarcely be imagined.

Unfortunately, however, the Italians seem to lose sight of the fact that their existence does not hang either on Chambers or Cabinets. There is a question of finance; and unless they conquer their deficit the battles of Solferino and Koniggratz have been fought to little purpose. Their taxes are already heavier than a prosperous, enlightened, and well-disciplined people could bear. Till public security and good administration have done their work among the masses, nothing but the greatest moderation and forbearance, the most perfect unanimity of their leaders, can save the State. With such factious spirit as is evidently prevailing in the Florentine Hall of the Five Hundred the representative system is only the most dangerous of edged tools.

The bread riots in Turin, in Venice, in Naples, the resistance to the tax-gatherer and the recruiting sergeant, the rampant brigandage in the Southern Provinces, are too clear symptoms of the disorderly elements ready to plunge the country back into the chaos from which it has so lately and so miraculously emerged. The Italians, it should be borne in mind, though they have suffered nobly, have not ought successfully for their freedom. All this, stronger, is the reason why they should strive to conquer themselves, to rise above the petty spirit of political chicanery and factious opposition. Since the death of Cavour they have hardly ever been able to build up a permanent Government; since the Parliaments became Italian instead of Sardinian hardly a Bill has been maturely discussed, hardly has a Budget been thoroughly voted. The rage for oratorical display has been even more fatal to the work of legislation than the frantic scramble for power. This intemperate abuse of freedom of speech almost justifies the precautions with which the Emperor Napoleon has deemed it expedient to encompass the right of interpellation. For the last six years it has been all talk and no work in the Italian Chambers. Should the present Session be as unproductive as the foregoing ones—and we have seen that the evil done is already in a great measure irreparable—the Italians will have thrown as much discredit on the Parliamentary system as they have brought ruin on their cause. With a yawning deficit of ten or twelve millions, and a Bill in hand intended to place within their reach seventy-two millions of Church property, as well as to bring about the settlement of the Papal and Clerical questions—they lose their time in squabbles about the right of meeting to be granted to men who only three short months ago were Austrian slaves. Certainly we wish the Italians, with all our hearts, the enjoyment of all possible liberties except that of self-destruction; but we feel convinced that were this year to close, leaving the Italians no further advanced in the solution of their financial and their Church and State difficulties than they were at its opening, he would be a rash man who would answer for the ultimate success of their national union, of their hardy thought, but perhaps not sufficiently valued, independence.

In Italy, the property belonging to the Catholic Church is estimated at 260,000,000. The State proposes to take about two-fifths of, or 224,000,000.

The *Italia* says:—'It is believed that the Free Church and Ecclesiastical Liquidation Bill will be completely remodelled before it is again submitted to Parliament.' Deputy Bellazzi has undertaken at Florence the editing of a weekly paper in the interest of prison reform, entitled *Cesure Baccaria*, and in the first number, published on the 19th of January, 1867, he gives us the statistics of the part of the population of the kingdom of Italy detained in prison, and the relative expense of their maintenance. This statistical table does not include the newly acquired Venetian provinces, nor those of the Duchy of Mantua.—It is worth while taking a note of these more than eloquent figures, proving as they do the sort of moral order that exists in this our unfortunate country. In the Italian galleys, penitentiaries, prisons for persons under age, judicial prisons, military prisons forced domicile, the number confined amounts to 70,333.

These figures testify; and not less appalling is the sum of public money expended from 1861 to 1867 for the services of the judicial prisons, penitentiaries, and galleys or prisons for penal servitude. Here are the figures: 137,387,497f. Therefore they have spent in seven years more than 137 million francs (about 2½ millions sterling) in the support and management of their galleys slaves and prisoners. The revenue of Tuscany was calculated in 1866 to amount to 81,507,782 Tuscan francs (84 centimes to the franc); consequently in seven short years the kingdom of Italy has expended on its bagnes and prisons almost double the entire annual revenue, ordinary and extraordinary of the grand Duchy of Tuscany. Notwithstanding this enormous expenditure, what is the condition of Italian prisons, and how are the prisoners treated?

A recent article for defamation and libel, which came off at Florence, revealed the truth. The journal called *Il Diritto* denounced some time ago the custom of torture as adopted in the prisons of Parma. Signor Paolo Belmonti Quesada, governor of the Prison, took an action against the *Diritto* for libel and defamation of character. The action was tried before the civil and correctional tribunal of Florence and lasted from the 11th to the 10th of January, and from the evidence furnished by the advocates of the *Diritto*, there resulted,—1st, That the soup given to the prisoners contained insects, worms, emais, moths, and nastiness of all descriptions, so that the prisoners themselves sold it to a jobber for fattening pigs 2d, That the wine allowed them was almost ink-muddy, full of frogs, and no small quantity of noxious sulphuric acid; 3d, That a respectable person saw, through a small aperture in the cell, a poor prisoner with his hands bound behind his back, and iron on his feet, drag himself along the ground, and by an effort of his chin, press close against the wall a piece of bread and seize it in his mouth; 4th, That, on three persons contusions and marks of bodily injury were traced, produced by the friction of the small doublet and belt, gradual in its injurious effect, and caused also by the over tightness of the belt itself. The flash at the wrists was stripped of skin and severe marks were found on the shoulders and under the belt. The Florence tribunal, therefore, acquitted the editor of the *Diritto*, Sig. Enrico Giovanni; and these are the prisons and prisoners that in seven years cost 137 million francs!

Rome.—The correspondent of the *London Times* lets us into the secret tactics of the Piedmontese Government, as towards the Sovereign Pontiff. It dare not interfere with the latter openly; but it seeks to create disturbance in the Pontifical States by driving in all the rascality of Italy. For this purpose the Piedmontese has established a *cordon* around the Papal Territory, and thus prevent the Roman Government from putting down brigandage. This done the organs of the Liberal party cry out against the harbor given to brigands—and criminals by the Pope. Read, however, what the *Times*' correspondent says upon the subject:—

Although, as you were lately informed, perfect tranquillity and security prevail within the walls of Rome, the contrary is the case in all the country between those walls and the frontiers of the Papal territory. Besides what finds its way into the papers private advices represent the state of things in those districts as rapidly becoming intolerable. Except in the large towns the unfortunate people still under Papal rule and protection cannot be sure for a single day of either property or life. The tactics of the officers commanding the Italian troops now posted along the Pontifical frontier seem to be less directed to catch or destroy the brigands than to keep them within the Pope's territory. Instead of intercepting them, they drive them back whenever they show a disposition to extend their raids into the Royal provinces. This may be good policy as directed to accelerate a crisis in the Papal States, but meanwhile the unfortunate population of those States suffer severely from it. The country people cannot go to their work without danger of the most frightful ill-treatment, and even of death, wantonly inflicted without any conceivable motive, save that of rendering the country uninhabitable. It seems scarcely safe to go out of the gates of Rome.

It is evident that if the Pope's Government desires, as we can hardly doubt, to maintain order and prevent crime, its means are wholly inadequate to that end. And it is equally certain that such a state of things cannot last long without bringing on a crisis. If no insurrection has yet taken place, it must be attributed solely to the discipline under which the Romans are. Whether the directions they obey emanate from the Florence Government or from the mysterious National Committee matters little; the population of the Papal provinces has been ordered to wait; and it waits accordingly. But this cannot go on for ever. We may imagine how far the state of things is endurable when we hear of the country people abandoning their isolated houses and village homes and seeking the shelter of the towns, scarcely venturing out to work in the fields by day. The numerous Papal subjects dwelling here and at Bologna, and in various other places, and whose whole faculties are concentrated in the observation of events, and in preparation for what may come, are growing impatient, and hints of approaching action are heard. The people of the Roman provinces will hardly rise without a signal, but when that shall be given cannot imagine that the emigrants will find much difficulty in sending arms and reinforcements across the frontier.

CLOSING AMERICAN CHAPEL IN ROME.—Minister King informs the State Department that there is no truth in the statement that the chapel had been removed by direction of the Papal authorities outside the walls of Rome.

The special correspondent of the *United Catholic* writes from Rome on the 25th ult. as follows:—'All the news from Rome may be compressed into these two words, perfect tranquillity. Is it likely to last? The answer cannot be given by any one living in Rome; it must come from outside Rome, since if from outside they are not inclined to cavil, the little state left for the present to the Pontiff, certainly from within no serious disturbances can arise. It is an universal feeling shared in by all classes that, without an armed gathering, regular or irregular, of the kingdoms of Italy no revolution can be attempted in the Pontifical State. 1st.—Because the population is tranquil, devoted to peace, and the vast majority affectionately loyal to the Holy Father. 2ndly.—Because amongst the populations of this State there is the most manifest aversion to the Italian Government, which imposes intolerable burthens, and offers no guarantee of true solid liberty; and 3rdly.—Because there is a strong feeling of attachment to the Pope and the Papal Government to repress any internal disturbance. The army is sufficiently numerous, well disciplined, faithful, well-officed, and anxious to prove by facts their firm resolve to defend to the last the sacred and noble cause of the Year of Christ.—For these reasons, I repeat that, without a powerful auxiliary of Italian forces, a revolution in the Pope's territory is impossible. The few revolutionists amongst us feel this truth, and are afflicted thereby. They strive to revenge themselves by publishing proclamations, printed at Forni or Rieti, and secretly brought to Rome among the luggage of certain virtuous priestesses of Italy or commercial travellers. I have already told you that the so-called National Roman Committee sent threatening letters to the principal families of Rome, forbidding them (in the name of liberty, be it understood) to frequent the theatres during the carnival. This time it has not been heeded, and rumor says that it is preparing another proclamation, in which, declaring itself satisfied with the prompt and unanimous obedience of the Romans, it permits them to go to the theatres.—Nevertheless, the unanimity would be in quite an opposite sense if certain folks, more pusillanimous than otherwise, would prove by facts their loyalty to the Holy Father which they loudly profess to feel.'

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—Naples, Feb. 4.—On Sunday last were distributed medals for military valour to those among the garrison of Naples who distinguished themselves in the late campaign in Northern Italy. The brilliancy of the spectacle, the interest which might be supposed to attach to the occasion, and the beauty of the weather, might have called forth, one would have expected, half Naples; yet there was a poorer display than I ever remember to have witnessed at a public festivity. No crowds covered the house tops; balconies and windows, except in two or three instances, were unoccupied; no ladies were there to honour those whom the King had thought fit to honour; no carriages blocked up the roads, while round the square and out side the ranks of the troops there was nothing but a slight fringe of the population. For such an occasion it was the coldest reception one could well conceive, and freezing point was arrived at when, after a short address to the troops, General Donato waved his hat and shouted 'Viva il Re.' Even among the troops it was not generally echoed, while not a single person in the crowd took it up. It is true that to a certain extent loyalty is a habit, and that, owing to the bad government of the Bourbons, disloyalty and opposition to the law, on the contrary, have become almost a merit; but make all the allowances we can, when I contrast the coldness which marked the scene of Sunday with the enthusiasm which I have witnessed on many occasions since 1860, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that the Neapolitans have not advanced either in patriotism or loyalty. Some traits are, I know, unpleasant enough; nevertheless, it may be essential to the public safety that they should be stated, and it is true that want and discontent increase in Southern Italy from day to day. Our streets are filled with thieves and beggars, whose number is increased by the hordes whom the monasteries formerly fed; the working classes have a hard struggle to provide their families with the necessaries of life, and bread is but too often an unattainable luxury. In short, heavy taxation and high priced provisions are doing their work in creating an amount of ill feeling which is deplorable to witness. Be assured that this is no hasty report of the state of public feeling. I know the Southerners

well, have extended relations amongst them, and am persuaded that any effort to raise a revenue by additional taxation would be fruitless, and might be dangerous.

AUSTRIA.

PREPARING FOR ANOTHER STRUGGLE.—The Vienna *Morgen Post* states that Vienna, as is to be defended by a chain of 40 detached forts, and that the works will be commenced in the spring. The cost is estimated at 28,000,000 florins, or about \$2,800,000.

PROPOSED ALLIANCE BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND ITALY.—Prince Humbert, the Italian heir apparent, is shortly about to pay a visit to Vienna. He will be lodged in the Burg Palace and very much feted. His marriage with the Archduchess Matilda, daughter of Archduke Albert, victor of the battle of Sadowna, which was bruited some time ago, is now again on the tapis. General Menabrea, when he negotiated the peace between Italy and Austria, is understood to have thrown out feelers on this subject. At that time the Archduke Albert said he must above all things consult his daughter's wishes.

TRICHINOSIS.—A new discovery concerning a curious disease.—A committee appointed by the Medical Society of Vienna, and composed of Professors Klob Muller and Wedl, has just published a long report on trichinosis, in which the startling fact is asserted that the real source of infection lies entirely in the rat, in which the malady is spontaneously developed, which communicates it to the pig. In Moravia, eighteen out of forty nine rats examined were trichinized, a proportion of nearly thirty seven per cent. In Lower Austria the proportion was not more than four per cent., and in the environs of Vienna about ten per cent.

The report confirms the fact that trichinosis may be transmitted by food, from the rat to the rabbit from the rabbit to the fox and hedge hog, from the rat to the pig and from the pig to the rat. Even the calf may be infected by being fed with the flesh of trichinized rabbit. What is worse still, the larvae of flies feeding on infected meat will transmit trichinosis to rabbits, provided the larvae come fresh from the infected substances; for if a certain time be allowed to pass, the trichinosis soon die in the digestive tube of the larvae. It is important to notice that the report distinctly confirms the innocuousness of trichinized meat when thoroughly salted, smoked or boiled, the latter process being by far the most efficacious. Meat roasted for three quarters of an hour is safe food; boiling requires a whole hour. And yet the report mentions cases of infection recently observed in Austria, so that means should be taken there to protect the public from this disastrous malady.

The first measure proposed is the extermination of all rats and mice, but not without previously examining them, in order to ascertain the existence of trichinosis among them. If this examination should lead to affirmative results, then particular care should be taken in the locality to keep pigs away from all sewers, heaps of manure, and other such places frequented by rats. The flesh of the pig should be examined either after death, or even during life, by means of incisions. The infected pig should be separated from the others marked, and its sale prevented. Special slaughter houses should be organized for pigs, and the flesh examined by veterinary practitioners; and the public themselves are warned never to eat raw pork under any form, but strictly to consume it only well salted or smoked, boiled or roasted.

TURKEY.

The weakness of the Sultan is encouraging the demands of his satraps. The Viceroy of Egypt asks that he shall be called the Caliph of Egypt, that he shall coin money in his own name, that he shall have power to increase the Egyptian army to 100,000 men, and that he shall have the right of appointing officers of the highest rank. These are demands which savour of imperial rule, and at Constantinople they are looked upon as equivalent to asking for independence. They can bear no other interpretation; but what can the poor enfeebled Sultan do but submit? The 'sick man' appears to die slowly, but that he is dying hardly admits of a doubt. His decline since 1834—only twelve years ago—has been more rapid than casual spectators are disposed to admit.

UNITED STATES.

THE PREVALENCE OF CRIME.—Our daily papers for some time past have recorded a constant, uninterrupted succession of the most horrible crimes.—We read of nothing, now-a-days, but of murders, most of them under very aggravating circumstances. Last week the sanctuary of justice itself was violated, a man having been murdered in open court. In one issue of an evening contemporary, all the reading matter on the first page was made up of accounts of tragedies ending in blood. It would appear as if a mania for murder was taking possession of men's minds, and leading them to the commission of the most horrible crimes.

It is natural that attentive observers should ask themselves, what is the cause of this terrible condition of affairs? To this all-important question different answers are given, according to the different ideas prevalent on many other subjects. No doubt, the late war has accustomed many to blood, and destroyed that respect for human life, which ought to be nurtured in civilized society. An army is not a very good school of morals; nor are soldiers over remarkable for a tender regard for the lives of others. Least of all, does a civil war contribute to the cultivation of those moral qualities, on the development of which depends in a great measure the safety of society.

But while giving due weight to these considerations, we cannot look on the late war as the chief cause of the lawlessness now unhappily prevalent.—The root of the evil lies lower and deeper. We know we are about to say what will appear arrant nonsense to those who share the ideas that now reign supreme; but we must give utterance to our honest convictions. We consider the real cause of the evil to which we allude, to be the system of education which has prevailed in this country for the last quarter of a century. That education practically ignores religion, and, consequently, brings up the young without the influence of those moral restraints, that alone can effectually curb their passions in after life.—*Catholic Standard*.

THE POOR TYROLESE BOY.

A soldier's widow lived in a little hut near a mountain village. Her only son was a poor cripple, he was a kind-hearted boy. He loved his mother, and would gladly have helped her to bear the burden of poverty, but that feebleness forbade it. He could not even join in the rude sports of the young mountaineers.—At the age of fifteen years, he felt keenly the fact that he was useless to his mother and to the world.

It was at this period that Napoleon Bonaparte was making his power felt throughout Europe. He had decreed that the Tyrol should belong to Bavaria, and not to Austria, and sent a French and Bavarian army to accomplish his purpose. The Austrians retreated. The Tyrolese resisted valiantly. Men, women, and children of the mountain land were filled with zeal in defence of their homes. On one occasion 10,000 French and Bavarian troops were destroyed in a single mountain pass by an immense avalanche of rocks and trees, prepared and hurled upon them by an unseen foe.

A secret arrangement existed among the Tyrolese, by which the approach of the enemy was to be communicated from village to village by signal fires, from one mountain height to another, and materials were laid ready to give instant alarm.

window and her crippled son alone seemed to have no part but sit still and wait.

'Ah Hans,' she said one evening, 'it is well for us now that you can be of little use; they would else make a soldier of you.'

This struck a tender chord. The tears rolled down his cheeks.

'Mother, I am useless,' cried Hans, in bitter grief. 'Look round our village—all are busy, all ready to strive for home and fatherland: I am useless!'

'My boy, my kind, dear son, you are not useless to me.'

'Yes, to you; I cannot work for you—cannot support you in old age. Why was I made mother?'

'Hush, Hans,' said his mother; 'these repenting thoughts are wrong. You will live to find the truth of our old proverb—'

'God has his plan For every man.'

Little did Hans think that ere a few weeks had passed, this truth was to be verified in a most remarkable manner.

Easter holiday, the festive season of Switzerland, came. The people lost their fears of invasion in the season. All were busy in the merry-making—all but Hans. He stood alone on the porch of his mountain hut, overlooking the village.

In the evening of Easter, after his usual evening prayer, in which he breathed the wish that the Father of mercies would, in his good time, afford him some opportunity of being useful to others, he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in the night as if from a dream, under the strong impression that the French and Bavarian army was approaching. He could not shake off this impression; but with the hope of being rid of it, he rose hastily, dressed himself, and strolled up the mountain path. The cool air did him good, and he continued his walk till he claimed up the signal pile. He walked round the pile, but where were the watchers. They were nowhere to be seen, and perhaps were busied with the festivities of the village.

Near the pile was an old pine tree, and in its hollow stem the tinder was laid ready. Hans passed by the hollow tree, and as he listened, a singular sound caught his attention. He heard a slow and stealthy tread; then the click of a musket, and two soldiers crept along the cliff. Seeing no one (for Hans was hidden by the tree) they gave the signal to some comrades in the distance.

Hans saw instantly the plot and the danger. The secret of the signal pile had been revealed to the enemy; a party had been sent forward to destroy it, the army was marching to attack the village. With no thought of his own peril, and perhaps recalling the proverb his mother had quoted, he seized the tinder, struck the light, and flung the blazing turpentine brand into the pile.

The two soldiers, whose backs were then turned to the pile, waiting the arrival of their comrades, were seized with fear, but they soon saw there were no foes in ambush—none but a single youth running down a mountain path. They fired, and lodged a bullet in the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal fire was blazing high, and the whole country would be roused. It was already aroused from mountain-top to mountain-top; the plan of the advancing army was defeated, and a hasty escape followed.

Hans, faint and bleeding, made his way to the village. The people with their arms were mustering thick and fast. All was consternation. The inquiry was everywhere heard—

'Who lighted the pile?'

'It was I,' said at last a faint, almost expiring voice. 'Poor crippled Hans tottered among them, arising, "The enemy—the French were there." He fainted and sank upon the ground. "Take me to my mother," said he; "at last I have not been useless."

They stooped to lift him. 'What is this?' they cried; 'he has been shot. It is true.'

Hans was taken to his mother, and laid before her. As she bowed in anguish over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes and said, 'It is not now, dear mother, you should weep for me; I am happy now. Yes, mother, it is true—'

'God has his plan For every man.'

You see he had it for me, though we did not know what it was.'

Hans did not recover from his wound, but he lived long enough to know that he had been of use to his village and the country; he lived to see grateful mothers embrace his mother; and he had the happiness to hear that she would be considered a sacred and honored bequest by the community which her son had preserved at the peril of his own life.

Great emergencies like those which met Hans cannot exist in the history of all. To all, however, the Tyrolese motto may speak, and all will experience its truth. None stand stand useless members of God's great family. There is work for every one to do, if he will but look out for it. So long as there is ignorance to instruct, want to relieve, sorrow to soothe, there need be no drones in the hive, no idlers in the great vineyard of the world.

A CURE-ALL.

Several gentlemen were talking one evening at the house of a friend, when one of them exclaimed, 'Ah, depend upon it, a soft answer is a mighty cure-all.'

At this stage of the conversation, a boy who sat behind, at a table, studying his Latin grammar, began to listen, and repeated, as he thought, quite to himself,

'A soft answer is a mighty cure-all.'

'Yes, that's it,' cried the gentleman, starting, and turning round to see where the echo came from. 'Yes, that's it; don't you think so, my lad?'

The boy blushed a little at finding himself so unexpectedly addressed, but answered,

'I don't know whether I understand you, sir?'

'Well, I'll explain, then,' said the gentleman, wheeling round his chair; 'for it is a principle you ought to understand and act upon; besides, it is the principle which is going to conquer the world.'

The boy looked more puzzled than ever, and thought he should like to know something that was equal to Alexander himself.

'I might as well explain,' said he, 'by telling you about the first time it conquered me. My father was an officer, and his notion was to settle every thing by fighting; if a boy ever gave me a saucy word it was, "Fight 'em, Charley; fight 'em!"'

By and by I was sent to the famous—school, and it so happened my seat was next to a lad named Tom Tucker. When I found he lived in a small house behind the academy, I began to strut a little and talk about what my father was; but as he was a capital scholar, very much thought of by the boys, besides being excellent at bat and ball, we were soon on pretty good terms, and so it went on for some time. After a while, some of the fellows of my stamp, and I with the rest, got into a difficulty with one of the ushers; and somehow or other we got the notion that Tom Tucker was at the bottom of it.

'Tom Tucker! who is he?' I cried angrily. 'I'll let him know who I am!' and we rattled on, until we fairly talked ourselves into a party of wolves.—The boys then set me on to go down to Tom Tucker's and let him know what he had to expect. Swelling with rage I bolted into his yard, where he was at work with Trip and his little sister.

'I'll teach you to talk about me in this way!' I thundered, marching up to him.

He never winced, or seemed the least frightened, but stood still, looking at me as mild as a lamb.

'Tell me, I cried, throwing down my books, doubling up my fist, and sidling up to him, "tell me, or I'll—kill you. I was going to say, for murder was in my heart."

'He stepped on one side, but answered firmly, yet mildly.

'Charles, you may strike me as much as you

please; I tell you I shan't strike back again; fighting is a poor way to settle difficulties. I'm thinking, when you are Charles Everett, I'll talk with you.

Hand me some water, Buddy, won't you? In a minute, Bettie.

And Bettie's favored cheek was pressed again to the pillow; and little Harry's hands went on as busily as ever with the trap he was making, and at length he entirely forgot the request.

Please get it now, Buddy, he at last heard, and scattering knives, triggers, and strings in his haste, he was soon holding a cup to her crimson lips.

Not this, please, but some fresh and cold from the well, she said.

Oh, don't be so particular, Bettie; this is fresh; and I'm so busy I can't go now; won't this do?

The no longer refused, but quickly took the cup which was offered; and it was the last time she ever called upon her brother for an act of kindness; ere another day had passed she stood beside the river of life, and drank its cool waters never to thirst again.

Little children, are you kind to one another, or are you cross, selfish, and fretful? Remember, then, the time will come when they are beyond your reach; and then, O how gladly would you give all you possess to have them back again!

Think of this when you are tempted to quarrel, to be selfish or unkind; for did you know if one of you should die, the rest would remember every act of unkindness, every bitter word which had fallen from their lips.

Learning is not offensive in a woman, if she only preserves a gentle and thoroughly feminine disposition. Some one has very significantly said that it does not matter how blue the stockings are, if only the petticoat is long enough to cover them.

The Author of 'Sweet Home'—It is said that the author of 'Sweet Home,' J. Howard Payne, whose song has been sung all over the world, was himself a wanderer in life, and never had a home.

How often, said he once, have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or hand-organs playing 'Sweet Home,' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head.

Thus he wished to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity. His wish was realized. He died at Tunis.

A wag wrote on the back of a fat alderman 'Widened at the expense of the Corporation.'

The Progress of a Luxury.—For thirty years fashionable world has been perfumed with MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER, and its fame has been spreading as time flows.

They are put up in glass vials, and will keep in any climate. In all cases arising from, or aggravated by impure blood, BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA should be used in connection with the Pills.

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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.

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Prof. Edward North, Clinton, N. Y. Surgeons in the Army, and others of eminence. Sold everywhere at 25 cents per box. February, 1867.

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE NURSERY. The following is an extract from a letter written by the Rev. C. Z. Weizer, to the German Reformed Messenger, at Chambersburg, Penn.:

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 'Susy' to say, 'A Blessing on Mrs. Winslow for helping her to survive and escape the griping, colicking, and toothing 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 'Cordial,' '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. Be sure and call for

"MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." All others are base and dangerous imitations. February, 1867.

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WANTED, IN A CATHOLIC LADIES' ACADEMY in Montreal, a TEACHER well qualified to give instruction in the English and French languages.

Information Wanted, OF James Murphy, who left Lower Canada some ten years ago. When last heard of he was in Philadelphia. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his brother, EDWARD MURPHY, Durham, Ormstown, C.E.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; it is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard.

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