

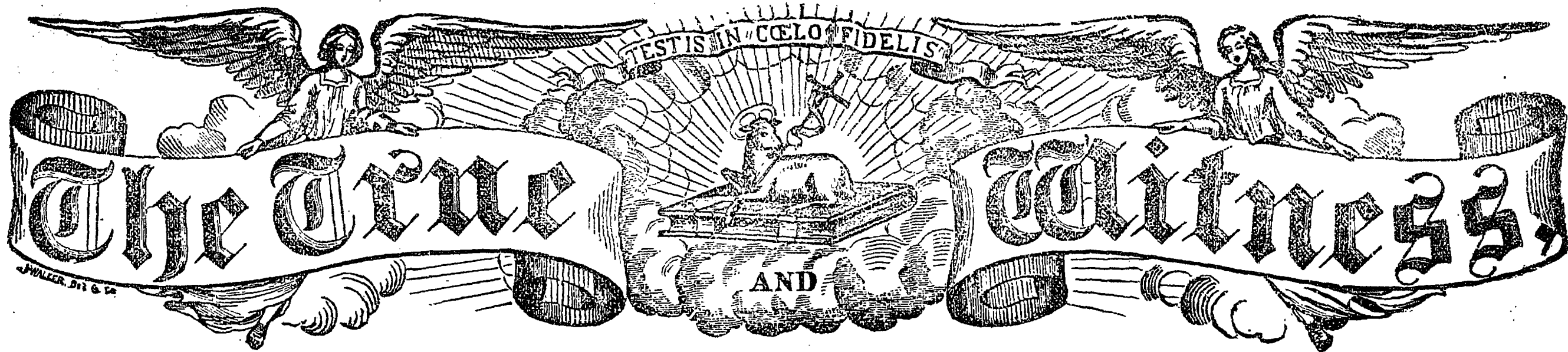
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

ELLEN AHERN; OR, THE POOR COUSIN. CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

‘Letters from home!’ said Ellen Ahern softly, as she turned them over, and after a tender, lingering glance at the seal, which she longed to break at once, and at the handwriting on the outside which gave her promise of much heart-felt pleasure, she laid them aside until Therese’s grammar lesson was got through with, that they—long expected and gladly welcomed as they were—might not tempt her to neglect her duty. But at length, Therese—who detested grammar—after a dull and imperfect lesson, which it required no little patience on Ellen’s part to explain, and make her comprehend, was over.—With a sigh of relief, the child closed her book and laid it away in her desk, wishing in her heart, that all the grammars in the world were burnt up, when the bell rang for luncheon.

‘Come, Miss Ahern. There is something very nice to-day.’

‘I do not think I shall take luncheon to-day, dear.’

‘Shall I fetch you something?’ said Therese, lingering at the door.

‘Thank you, no,’ replied Ellen Ahern, and the next moment she was alone with her letters, for which she had been hungering and thirsting for weeks, and had grown heavy-hearted and sad, because they did not come. And now that they were here, in her grasp, a strange revulsion of feeling made her shrink from making herself acquainted with their contents.

‘I’ll trust to Providence,’ she said, closing her eyes, and mixing the letters together; then selecting one, she broke the seal and unfolded it, before she opened them to see from whom they came. It was from Sir Eadna Ahern, and overflowing with affectionate inquiries regarding herself, her place, and her position, mingled with his usual characteristic and keen sarcasms on Lord Hugh Maguire, and his acts. He wrote ‘that he was well, and living with Father McMahon. They were both too old to require much feeling, and contented themselves once and a while with a Barmacidean repast at which they generally amused themselves by building chateaux d’Espagne, which if not profitable served to direct their thoughts into some other channel than the bitter one of their poverty and griefs. They were like two eremites who could do nothing but sustain each other, and hold up each other’s hands when a weary with what seemed fruitless prayers for relief—not for themselves—but for others. Lord Hugh Maguire had pushed things to such an extremity that the Catholics of the barony could not even purchase the necessaries of life—there was a ban upon them, and whoever was known to sell them food or fuel became banished and outcast with them. There had never been such misery—though God knows there had been suffering enough—witnessed in Fermanagh before. The Scotchmen were there still, and a few days ago, to gratify his lust for oppression and power, and in revenge for the burning of his factory, Lord Hugh Maguire had issued orders for the time honored and sacred arches at Cathagaura to be pulled down, stove by stone, and to furnish material to build up another.’

‘The miserable wretch!’ exclaimed Ellen Ahern, as the thought flitted through her mind of the tramping of rough feet over her mother’s grave, and the tearing down of the violets and sweet fern under their iron heels.

‘And no one!’ went on the letter, ‘dare utter a remonstrance. This would be to me most intolerable, a *suis*, so intolerable, that if my life paid the forfeit I should go to that degenerate and cruel man, and endeavor to shame him by such eloquence of scorn and strength of remonstrance as my indignant feelings might suggest, but that there is something stirring, which under God’s providence will bring his career to a close, and I am willing to spare myself the pollution of an interview with him, and *hinc* the sin of striking down a white-haired and aged man, as no doubt he would do, without hesitation, if I attempted such a thing. Even Fahey, with all his obsequiousness, and giving into his plans, is so continually bullied and exasperated by him, that he’s afraid to go into his presence, for it’s but seldom that he escapes without threats and taunts which take down his consequence more than is agreeable to him. Of course, his baffled designs in relation to you, a *lanma* *voght*, gave a fresh impetus to his cruel nature; but we heard nothing for weeks, and weeks, after your escape, for all intercourse between the castle and hamlet was interdicted. Father McMahon and I were aware, however, that Lord Hugh had his spies about, hence we were doubly on our guard.—Gradually, a report was whispered by one and another of our people that you had been foully dealt with—some said you had disappeared—others, that you were in close confinement in a cell of the turret—some, that you had thrown yourself from the oriel window in the portrait

gallery, to escape dishonor, and was dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks, that jut out thro’ the tangled vines and stunted firs that grew a-down the precipice on that side; and then it was declared that the banshee’s cry was heard ringing through every room and gallery in the castle that night, and that you had been spirited away. No one could tell, for no one except Father McMahon and myself, knew how it was. It is said that the sentries at the Pass of Rocks narrowly escaped with their lives on suspicion of having aided your escape, but they were fortunately able to give his lordship such indubitable proofs of having been true to their post, that, although maddened with fury at the unexpected frustration of his plans, he contented himself with hurling his loaded pistols at their heads, which they adroitly dodged and took to their heels, the pistols doing no worse mischief than going against the wall, and sending the people, who were crowding into the room to hear what was going on, helter and skelter in every direction, screaming and falling over one another, until they were clearly out of the house. He had the castle to himself in a short time, and finding no menial at hand on whom to vent his rage, he suddenly remembered his mother’s remonstrances, and rushed into her room accusing her of having facilitated your flight in such violent and insulting terms, that she fell in convulsions to the floor.—Upon which he gave orders that I should be sent for to assist her, and locked himself in his room, where he drank until he became intoxicated. I remained no longer than Lady Fermanagh required, which was not for several hours, and having given her a sedative, and the poor French woman a composing draught, I stole quietly back to St. Eubar’s. Of course, we two old men, Father McMahon and I, shook in our shoes lest we might be entrapped into saying something we ought not to, or let out, unwittingly, something which would give a clue to your whereabouts, as our joy at your safety would allow us, a *suis*, although—Christ pity us—we have enough else to make us greet sorely. The day following, as we sat at dinner—a few boiled potatoes and a cheese paring—in stroling Lord Hugh Maguire and taxed us in round terms of having abducted you.

‘I thank God, Lord Hugh Maguire,’ said I to him, ‘that by whatever means she has escaped—if escaped she has—that she is beyond the reach of your power.’

‘If she has escaped! What do you mean?’

‘I mean, that you have given me no proof that she is not concealed in some of the dungeon nooks at Fermanagh—there are plenty of them. When men seek evil to women, there are a thousand stratagems to which they can resort to conceal their guilty intentions.’

‘And how do you know, miserable man that you are, that you have not driven that defenceless child to seek her own destruction, though God forbid!’ said Father McMahon, boldly.

‘Why not search the precipitous rocks about your castle instead of coming here to waste valor and words on two aged men, as defenceless as the poor child so cruelly lost to us?’

‘Come up to Fermanagh, old dotard, and I’ll toss you over the battlements to explore them yourself!’ he replied fiercely.

‘Remember, Lord Hugh Maguire,’ I added in a solemn tone, ‘that however high a haul you carry with us, and with your menials, there is a human power to which you are amenable, and which you recognise. I mean the Law, which, when cognizant of the strange disappearance of Ellen Ahern, your kinswoman as well as mine, from your roof, will hold you responsible for her. It is known positively, and can be legally proved, that you held her in durance and conspired against her honor. She was last seen under your roof, and there is evidence to prove that the place was so effectually guarded as to prevent either ingress or egress, and I forewarn you, miserable man, that you are in peril on her account.’

unlawful booty. Of course, there was a shout of uproarious laughter, in which his Honor joined, and it ended in an acquittal. It is said they have gone south. Fahey has grown thin and weak since. He will never hear the last of that cat. He never appears in public, that ‘scat’ is not shouted at him, in shrill tones, by urchins who take good care to keep out of sight, and many a broad joke is thrown in his teeth by people who bear him no good will. This, with Lord Hugh Maguire’s furious and exacting temper, is wearing the wretch out. I had a letter yesterday from the Senor Giron. He writes despondingly, having failed to obtain the slightest clue to the two persons,—Mary Ward and her son,—whom he is seeking. He enclosed a letter for you in a blank envelope, which I direct to your address. If its contents are what I hope, do not decide without consideration, for of all the world—child of my heart—there is no man to whom I would so willingly confide your happiness. Your absence has added a weight of many years to my age. Shall I ever see you again? Alas! but let us hope. In the knowledge that Desmond Maguire really lives, I see a glimmering of better things. Father McMahon sends his blessing and his love in which I write. Yours, until death,

EADNA AHERN.

Ellen Ahern wiped off the fast-falling tears, glanced once more at the familiar hand-writing, kissed the honored name of her kinsmen, and folded the letter slowly and deliberately laid it away in her portfolio. What should she find in the Senor Giron’s letter? Her fingers trembled, and a warm glow flushed her face as she broke the seal. What did she hope, yet fear to read? Calm, respectful, and tender, as if written by an elderly brother to an absent sister, the writer hoped that she was well and happy; that her voyage had been speedy and pleasant, and that she had found such friends as her virtues merited. Then he informed her of his safe arrival in Spain, and of frequent interviews with his friend, Desmond Maguire, who never wearied of talking about his fair kinswoman, and questioning him concerning her. The theme was a pleasant one to him, he said, and so truthful had been his delineations that his kinsman declared his intention of seeking her favor, and laying his inheritance, name, title, and estates at her feet if Providence blessed him with success in regaining them. In this design, he wrote ‘I encourage him. My feelings towards you are too unselfish to desire it to be otherwise, and if, dear Miss Ahern, at some future day I shall see you the wife of that chief of your house, and the possessor of ample wealth, which I know so well would be worthily applied, I shall feel that I have not loved in vain. Let me then, as the best reward I can ask for any little service that I may have, under Providence, been able to render you, implore you to think of Desmond Maguire with feelings which, when you come to know him better, will easily ripen into love. As to myself, deformed and without any of these blandishments so winning to the female heart, what have I to look forward to, except to a life of loneliness and isolation, debarred by my misfortune from those sacred and sweet associations, without which *ada’s* life is barren. And yet methinks I see the flash of your eye, and hear you exclaim in your own lofty and earnest way, ‘Barren! Find a fruition of happiness in living for others.’ I obey. I will, with God’s help, live for others. I am even now living, struggling, hoping for others through my love for one; and although thus far unsuccessful, I will not despair. Ere you receive this, I shall be again in Ireland.—My friend thinks—perhaps with good reason—that the two persons whom we are seeking, and on whose testimony depends his restoration to his name, title, and fortune—are living under an assumed name somewhere in the North. I shall endeavor, for his sake and yours, to find them.—I shall see Lady Fermanagh again, and use the knowledge I possess in restraining the excesses of her son. Thank God, dear Miss Ahern, that you are pleasantly situated in your new home.—I hope it will not however be long when Desmond Maguire, re-established in his rights, will seek to win you back to Ireland—to Fermanagh.

Ever yours,

ENRIQUE GIRON.

‘And so,’ said Ellen Ahern, as the letter dropped from her hand, ‘the dream is over; my first, fair, noble dream! From henceforth he must be nothing to me. Desmond Maguire! He thinks, does he, because I am a poor cousin that I am to be won by his sovereign will. Not so. I shall be glad, nay, I will be thankful if he recovers his inheritance, but not sufficiently so to say ‘yes’ to his wooing, because he consents to think it would be a proper and judicious thing to unite the two branches of an ancient house. And Senor Giron calmly urges his claim; seems to think it not only practicable but desirable, and tells me that his deformity cuts him off from the love of woman kind. That is his meaning.—

What is deformity to a nature so lofty and beautiful as his? Simply a tool which makes the splendid worth of the real man, the indwelling purity of his nature, and the excellence of his attributes more apparent. I shall write this day and let him know that my kinsman need entertain no such plans. I have no desire to marry. I am willing to labor. I shall spend my life for the good of others. But no; I cannot write.—Some untoward word, some unpremeditated expression, might convey to him a meaning, which now I must forever conceal—a secret which I must never cease to guard while life lasts.’

And as these thoughts rose and fell with every heart-throb, Ellen Ahern’s countenance grew rigid and stern, and tears flashed in her eyes, but did not fall. Until then she did not know how imperceptibly she had learned to love Don Enrique, and now in the self-same hour she was taught how utterly hopeless such love was.—Founded on the noblest and purest basis, it was no common love, and now that sentence of death had been passed on it, what to do with the strange, bitter brief, that must follow, she could not tell. It came down into her heart riving like a thunder-bolt, and she felt only conscious of the wild waste it had suddenly made of her secretly-blossoming womanly hopes. Then a something iudly suggested sacrifice, and with the thought came the recollection of how Abraham offered Isaac, the child of his prayers, and the precious blossom of his old age; and how Jephtha offered Miriam, when crowned with roses and gers she came forth dancing to the sweet sounds of music, to welcome and congratulate him on his victories. Why then should not she offer this, her first-born beautiful love, purified by humility and sanctified by suffering, unto Him Who had created the heart, which through this love was so grievously wrong. And thus she sat pondering, when Therese came back to resume her lessons. She stooped down and picked up the letter which had fallen at her feet, and folding it up, placed it in her portfolio beside the other, feeling all the while as if a shadow had come down over her life. She assisted Therese in her lessons, explained and illustrated whatever was obscure in them to her, and went through the usual afternoon routine as calmly and patiently as if nothing had happened to interrupt the serenity of her life. She felt that henceforth her life was one of duty; it would require patience, but most of all, grace, to perform her part well and patiently, and she thanked God that work was at hand for her in the education and training of the motherless child, Therese. She would, out of her own blighted life, make that—as far as she could—fair and beautiful; guard its purity, develop its germs of goodness, guide its instincts and be patient and unwearyed in the eradication of its faults. She would not seek for or expect reward in this life, she would only use her disappointment as a spur to her energies, and efforts to overcome herself. These were her heroic resolves; such the refuge that she sought, and thus the sought by elevated aims to forget the thorns, and dreariness of the narrow path she had chosen. The conflict was sharp and brief, and left her very pale; the pallor was like the grave shadow of death, and her eyes were heavy and leaden.—Therese did not at first observe it, but on looking up to answer some question of Miss Ahern, she saw the change, and throwing aside her book, she stole up to her side, and timidly passing her arm about her neck, inquired if she was ill?

‘Not ill, dear Therese, only oppressed here,’ she replied, laying her hand on her breast, ‘I shall be better by and by.’

‘I have been very stupid, Miss Ahern,’ said Therese, leaning her head down on Ellen’s shoulder, ‘I will be more attentive in future.’

‘Dear child,’ said Ellen Ahern, kissing the bowed head, and wending her arm closer about her, ‘you have done, ought to grieve me. Do not think it. I am perhaps a little lame sick.’

‘Then I know you will go away from me.—Oh do not leave me, Miss Ahern. I will try to make this, my—our—your home, pleasant to you, by doing all that you desire. Only think how friendless and lonely I shall be if you go away,’ sobbed Therese.

‘I shall not leave you, Therese,’ said Ellen Ahern firmly. ‘You console me, dear child. I should not know what to do without you. I shall not leave you. Come, we will go into the drawing-room; the music lesson must not be neglected. All I ask is, that whenever you may chance to notice that I look ill, do not question me. Quiet and thought are the only antidotes that are efficacious.’

‘Only love me, and stay with me, Miss Ahern, and I will keep secret, although it will make me very sorrowful to see you looking ill and troubled,’ replied Therese. Ellen Ahern’s temples throbbed, and ached painfully during the time that Therese was playing over her long and difficult lesson, but every false note was corrected, every awkwardness in fingering and position observed as usual, and then she sat down at

the piano, when Therese finished, and played the piece over once or twice to give her a better idea of how it ought to be done. This brought them to dinner time, after which followed the afternoon walk, which terminated the evening at St. Stephen’s, then home again; tea—the study hours afterwards, and at last rest and solitude. It had been a long, weary day to Ellen Ahern; the hours had seemed to drag themselves more slowly along than she ever known before; she almost fancied that the sun had stood still, but it was over now—darkness and quiet had come down over the earth like the caress of a dying mother to her sorrowing child, and in the seclusion of her own room she sat down to look into the face of the sudden grief that had stricken her. She opened and read once the letters she had that morning received.

‘Deformed!’ she repeated, bitterly. ‘Did I ever tell him that he was deformed, or shriek from him on account of it, that he should make a parade of it now? With that magnificent head, and that glorious face, impressed so gradually with the image and likeness of his Creator, in which every lineament expresses the majesty of intellect and the truthfulness of the soul within, how dare he speak of deformity? Alas! to be so great and yet so little—to demean his own innate nobleness and beauty, his strength and grace of mind, his lofty and pure qualities, by making it subservient as it were to a solitary misfortune, which will make his life solitary and fruitless.’ And then a tender pity stole into her heart and thought that her earthly hopes could have aspired no higher than companionship for life, with the strong, earnest, high-toned nature of Senor Giron. But she felt that such dreams were useless and hopeless now. She did not know to what an extent she had cherished them, until they were wrecked. And as she sat thinking how she should remedy the evil, she knew there was no doubt but that these fair and broken hopes, these dreams of the past, would recur again and again; she was only human she did not expect to annihilate them, but she also knew that their sweetness would be more and more diminished, until a beautiful, soul-strengthening bitterness would predominate in her chalice, and she would in the end look back on it all as a discipline her life had needed; a lesson that her inexperienced heart required. Such struggles are nothing new. While some few find favor with God and are chosen the original labor of heaven, those who are left are subject, amongst other ills, to those heart trials which in a peculiar manner embitter the life of woman. There are not many living who could not tell a history of recent pain and struggle akin to the one we are relating, and who, but for that, would never have won the heroic endurance with which they bear the burdens and ills of after life. One of these sharp conflicts strips life of much of its cheater, and teaches precious lessons of wisdom to those who are called to suffer in this way. Ellen Ahern did not attain the power of renunciation at once—that would have been a miracle—but she no sooner discovered the strait she was in, than like a true, pure-minded woman, she established an aim, which, by steadily pursuing it, would not only extricate her from it, but discipline her mind and soul. She was a stranger to sentimentality and supineness, and there was something heroic in her nature which, even if she had been a pagan, would have taught her how to suffer and grow strong, but now guided by higher and holier than earthly motives she sought to make the fruit of her sufferings an ‘offering worthy heaven,’ and consecrate the strength that they might impart to the honor and glory of God.

This was the result of that midnight cogitation, she would have to think of it over and over again, become accustomed to it, and define it clearly, until the path of her duty was distinctly marked out and beaten down before her; then she would begin to hope for peace, and not until then expect to think of her disappointment as a dream. Tenderly reverent and sweetly subdued she sought the Sacraments the next morning to strengthen herself in her good resolves, and console her in her weakness, for well did she know that earth has no antidote for earth-born sorrows; no healing or building up for the hope it has demolished; and she deemed herself blessed and highly favored in knowing that it was her privilege to fill up with Heaven those uselessly rents that had disfigured her heart and broken the harmony of her natural life. How differently did she feel at this Mass from any that she had ever assisted at before.—How much more intimate and direct seemed the union between herself and Him, Who, concealing the fullness of His Divinity under the Sacramental veil, came forth from the Tabernacle to become her food and guest, now that like a little helpless child bereft of all natural ties and buffeted by some untimely sorrow, she came confidently to his footstool, dependant on His protection and help, and having no one else on whom to lean! Other sorrows and griefs she had encountered, but none that had so shorn her of her strength as this, and cast her so helpless on the assistance of Heaven.



One day Mr. Wardell signified his will that Miss Ahern and his daughter should return the visits that had been paid them. He had sent for Therese and told her to be ready at one o'clock; and at that hour...

'Oh, Miss Ahern,' exclaimed Therese, running into her room half-dressed, 'that's a splendid carriage at the door, and uncle Cato says it is papa's. Is not that nice. It is like Cinderella, only I hope it won't turn to a pumpkin, and the horses to mice, don't you?'

'For your sake, yes,' replied Ellen Ahern kindly.

'Papa must be very rich, Miss Ahern. I did not know it until to-day, and I am so glad.'

'Glad to be rich, Therese!' said Ellen, arranging her shawl.

'Should not one be glad to be rich. I think it is very pleasant to surround one's self with beautiful things: soft silken draperies that let through crimson shadows; bright, flashing ornaments, and music, and, and—'

'Well, go on, Therese; but remember that all these things grow old; they wear out, become tarnished and faded, and even if they are renewed, their possessor is apt to grow so wearied with them that a simple spring daisy, becomes of more value to them than their splendor. How then, Therese?'

'I was going to say, Miss Ahern, only I was afraid it would seem as if I was trying to make myself out too good, that I should take the most pleasure of all in making people happy; in giving food and raiment to the poor and taking care of little orphans.'

'That would indeed be making friends of gold, which otherwise is like a mill stone hung about one's neck. There are true and noble uses to which money can be applied, and those that you have just named are some of them. Cherish these dispositions, dear Therese, they will bear fruit one of those days which will go before you like heavenly messengers into the life to come.'

'And how will those fare who have no money to do good with, Miss Ahern?' asked Therese, after considerable hesitation.

'Almighty God accepts their patience and contentedness with their lot, in lieu of active good works, besides which the poor afford means to the rich to win merit, and teach them how and where to invest their means to an eternal profit. Thus you see these two classes depend on each other; the poor on the rich for temporal help—the rich on the poor for spiritual blessings, for unless the rich dispense their goods to their suffering brethren our Lord will not receive them at the last day, but declare that He 'knows them not.' Therese was silent and thoughtful as if the truths that Ellen Ahern had so impressively uttered had filled her mind with weighty reflections.

'He will go now, if you are ready, Therese.' 'Will I do, Miss Ahern?' said Therese, starting from her reverie and placing herself before her governess for inspection.

'Nicely. Your papa has a good eye for colors. Your toilette is unexceptionable and I think it no harm to tell you that you are looking well.'

Then they went down and got into the new, softly-cushioned, silk-lined carriage, which rolled so smoothly and with so little noise over the rough stones of the streets that they found no difficulty in conversing on their way to the houses of the ladies they were going to call on. No one was out, and a cordial greeting awaited them at both places. Therese's shyness, and Ellen Ahern's quiet, high-bred manners, and her somewhat plaintive loveliness won strangely on them, and lent to their manner so much genuine cordiality, that their visitors reserve melted quite away, and they found themselves interested and entertained in the genial society they had gone into, and felt gratified when an early and social visit was promised in return.

'The carriage is at your service, Miss, all day if you want it, Massa Wardell say. Would you like to drive out of town a little way?'

Therese pleaded for the drive, and out along the north-western suburbs of the city they drove, after which they returned home; Ellen Ahern quiet and thoughtful, Therese enchanted with the day's novelty and really invigorated by the air and exercise.

There was preparing for her first communion, and after dinner, as she sat alone by the drawing-room fire, looking over the examination of conscience in her prayer book, the door opened, and Mr. Wardell strode in and planted himself on the rug before the fire. He did not see Therese, or know that she was there, until he felt her slender, soft fingers twined about his hands, which were clasped behind him, and felt a moist kiss upon them.

'What are you doing here?' he inquired in this usual abrupt, quiet way, and turned sharply round on her; 'and what book is that you have—is it a novel?'

'It is a prayer book, sir.'

'Prayer book! so you're going to be a saint. Give it to me. It has been so long since I saw a prayer book, that I forget how they look,' he said, holding out his hand; and he flirted over the leaves back and forth for a moment or two, then tossed it back into her lap, saying: 'Read me something; I want to hear you read, to see how you are getting on. Read wherever the leaves have fallen open. I want to try my fortune.'

'Therese held up the book, and in a sweet, clear voice, which sounded solemly amidst the silence and twilight, read: 'For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath brought down my life to the earth. He hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been dead of old; and my spirit is in anguish within me; my heart within me is troubled.' (Psalm—Domine exaudi.)

'Holu?' interrupted Mr. Wardell, sternly and harshly. 'Could you find nothing better than that to read? Go away quick, or I shall tear the leaves out of your book to light the lamps with.'

'You told me to read, sir. I am sorry—' 'Be off—he off. The next time I ask you to read, fetch-me the Arabian Nights and read about the Old Man of the Sea,' growled Mr. Wardell, with a strange quaver in his voice, as Therese, accustomed to obey him in his strange moods, fitted out of the room. Then he threw himself into a chair, and fixed his eyes on the purple glimmering flames, that quivered amid the glowing coals, and was silent.

'He hath made me to dwell in darkness,' he murmured, and a heavy sob heaved up from his breast. 'My spirit is in anguish within me. I am like them that have been dead of old. And there is no hope for me. To whom shall I confess after these long years of silence? How expiate the sin of my life? My God! how dreadful to live thus! to feel abased before the very beggar that asks alms of me—before the very negro who serves me—before my innocent child! What though they call me merchant prince, and I count thousands where most men count tens—I would give it all—I would beggar myself to-morrow—this moment, to undo that secret sin of my life. My riches make a mock of me, because restitution and reparation are impossible. I do what men misname good, and what comes of it? A void and heaviness that are insufferable. And withal, I have at times a numbness of limb that would be to most men a simple indication of worn out energies, but to me it is a terrible warning.' Then the miserable man lapsed into a deep, sullen silence, which was interrupted at intervals by a bitter sigh. (To be Continued.)

EXETER HALL RELIGION.

From the Church News (Anglican), May 8.

There stands a building—very dear to the hearts of the Protestants—on the north side of the Strand, in which Dean Close at a pious meeting recently held there informed the excited portion of his audience he once had shares, but, finding that they did not pay sold them. That building, which is large and lofty, with platform, organ, and benches innumerable, is Exeter Hall. Just as Archbishop Sandford was presumed to have 'consecrated' the Birmingham Reform meeting by his presence and gushing adulation of Mr. Gladstone, so Exeter Hall has been 'consecrated' over and over again by the noise of turbulent speakers and the explosion of oratorical wind-bags. Here, when the month of May comes round, are gathered on the platform Hibernian Bishops, and fifth-rate Deans; unctuous Clergy, who, from their water-like apparel, have evidently mistaken their vocation; dilapidated Admirals who, having given up oaths and cognac, have taken to the exposition of Scripture late in life; 'Evangelical' bankers, oily and bland, with an eye to business; officers in the army who having passioned their mistresses, now subscribe their guineas to the Society for the Suppression of Vice; voluble Missionaries, brimful of sensation triumphs, from the Gab-and-Jumbo Islands, with a chorus of melancholy-looking persons in black in the back ground who alternately sigh out of their soul's satisfaction and frantically lead the applause. In the body of the Hall, packed like figs in a drum, sit rows upon rows, of faded or faded females, from Islington and Clapham, from Hackney and Camden Town, warm with the fatigue of listening to engrossing orators, or sucking last year's oranges to assuage their unusual thirst.

Here it is that, during one month out of the twelve—that which is now upon us—large allopathic doses of spiritual excitement are chaastically provided for thousands. The rampant enjoyment is looked forward to with child-like anxiety, and looked back upon with indescribable pleasure. In one form or another, under the auspices of this Society or that, people can listen to something attractive every day throughout May, from ten o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, and, if they like it, begin again at seven P.M. until midnight. The talk is not all pious, however. Episcopal wit directed against the Ritualists, for example, makes the benches shake with the religious laughter of their occupants. Racy anecdotes and highly proper stories alternate with expositions of the Epistles of 'Paul'—as these people think it respectful and a sign of spirituality to term that Apostle. Solemn appeals to the pocket, judicious quotations from Milton; frightful homœthrusis at 'the unconverted,' with a plain spoken condemnation, both here and hereafter of 'Papists,' lie one upon the other, like the component parts of a dish of sandwiche. The performers do not, as we thus see, often fiddle long on one string. With eminent wisdom they vary the note and frequently change both the tune and the performer. Thus by sanctified adroitness, combined with commercial tact, the annual exhibition can generally be booked as a financial success.

This year, however, has been remarkable for a decided falling off in the attendance of members of the Church of England. A lower class of people than usual have packed the benches and smiled approbation of the orators. Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle and other suburban preaching-houses have contributed more than their share. The truth is that just as the Christian Young Men's Societies are losing some of their best members to the Ritualists, so the general spread of the Catholic Revival is at last telling upon the lower middle class. In this section of the British public, the generation passing from youth to manhood—at least those who are religious at all—are forsaking Bethel and Bethesda for St. Alban's and such like; hence the frantic anger and random adjectives of perambulating anti-Ritualists, who, knowing that their time is short, fume and fret in explosive sentences, with rash and shambling logic.

The meeting of the Bible Society, held last Wednesday—to take one specimen—was notable in the first instance, for the expression of Dr. Miller's conviction that the Archbishop of York is 'one of the greatest thinkers of the day'—a statement very remarkable to say the least. The doctor evidently serves up butter in a lordly dish. He should tell his story, however, to the Martines. The same speaker proclaimed in the same speech, 'I say boldly that I feel, I would almost say a thousand fold more sympathy with a Protestant Dissenter than I do with a Ritualistic Clergyman.' At the same meeting a missionary from the Feejee Islands, by name Calvert, told the following anecdote, for the special benefit of the females, concerning a Bible convert:—

Just as I was coming away two years ago, my convert said to me, 'I got my religion through the instruction I received from the missionaries, and I should like to give myself entirely to Jesus Christ and do all that I can as long as I live to help our good cause.' I replied, 'that is right—we cannot do too much for God.' 'But,' he said, 'I feel that it is not good for a man to be alone—(laughter)—and I have been thinking whether I could not manage to settle out here.' My answer to him was, 'Mr. Martin, next to the salvation of your own soul the most important thing in life for you is to get the right sort of wife. (A titter.) Do not settle here. Come along with me to Sidney, pray to God, and look out to New Zealand, and he there saw a young lady to whom he told his case. (A laugh.) She was of a like mind with himself, and I shall say nothing more in commendation of her than that she was a wife's best friend such a man.'

that a well-used string. After solemn sentences of dull platitudes, we extract a solid slice of profane buffoonery:—

Now I have had so much of the poison of Ritualism lately that I wonder I am alive. (Laughter.) It is a poison which, if it does not kill a man, makes him very low and desponding. (Renewed laughter.)—But when I came to take it a second time, and to think of the swelling vanity of those men who are connected with it, I was reminded of the frog in the fable, and I felt more comforted than at first. (A laugh.) But let me suppose that the dark shadow of Popery should come upon the land, and that we should not know the day of its visitation; let me suppose that it should please God to let loose upon us those novel heresies and those damnable doctrines destructive of the soul; let me suppose this great institution to fall to the ground, and the greater institution of Christianity itself to be overturned in this country, and let me ask what then would be left?—Why then, my lord, we could go to the Feejee Islands—(loud cheers)—where I hope my reverend brother could promise us that we should not be killed.—(Laughter.)

Mr. Thomas Nolan, a Unitarian minister apparently, proved conclusively into what so-called Bible-Christianity too frequently develops:— I believe that it will be efficacious against the evils of the day, the evil of Infidelity, and the still greater evil of Ritualism. (Loud cheers.) I have more fear of the latter than the former. I believe that there is an inherent power in the truth to burst the shackles of infidelity or prejudice. The truth will vindicate itself and will make the believer free. But I do dread the system that puts the mind into a recess and turns the screw upon it. Ritualism is nothing else than this; it puts the mind in a prison, and Romanism holds the key. How can we give light to Europe, civil freedom, religious freedom but by an emancipated Bible?

Such stuff as this, however, now forms the staple commodity of Exeter Hall. This is the pabulum for the May Meetings:—

Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.

Decay has surely smitten the section. The hand of Death is on them. Neither Lord Shaftesbury, therefore, nor the dilapidated Admirals, nor the Pharisaical bankers, nor the staff of the Record, nor the literate (?) ministers, can reverse the approaching catastrophe. Slowly but surely the day of tribulation will come. Catholics and Infidels will take their sides. When the divine authority of the Church Universal was cast away it soon followed that the descent to naked Unbelief became a mere matter of time. Blinded partisans see it not, for spiritual blindness is a portion of their curse; but the death warrant of Protestantism—a practically infidel system, weighed in the balance and found wanting—clearly stands out in the unprecedented degradation of its decreasing adherents.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH CHURCH QUESTION.—We cannot regret that Sir John Gray brought forward his motion respecting the temporalities and privileges of the Established Church in Ireland, nor that the House resolved that the time has not yet come to consider this question which a view to practical results. The Irish Church is gradually wearing itself out. Many of its own members and dignitaries are convinced that its position is untenable. It is an injustice to its clergy, amongst whom its revenues are distributed with ridiculous inequality, on the principle, apparently, of paying those most who have the least to do. Its most zealous supporters do not defend it on its own merits. They would have it upheld because it is a bulwark against rebellion, or because it is an outwork of the Established Church of England, or because the bulk of its revenues comes out of the pockets of Protestant landlords, or because it keeps up a supply of well-educated gentlemen, who, scattered over the country, act as models of learning and good manners; while some will have it that we should hold it sacred because it is the real original Irish Church, which was founded by that zealous Protestant, St. Patrick. Others warn us that if we wish for peace and quietness we will not lay a sacrilegious hand on the venerated fabric; for if we do, the religious discord which exists at present is nothing to the uproar that will follow. Mr. Vance told the House on Tuesday that if it tampered with the Established Church it would forfeit the allegiance of the most loyal subjects in Ireland. Lord Naas, taking a different line, assured it that the Church in Ireland did not constitute any practical grievance, and that the Roman Catholics do not regard it as such. Such an argument sounds oddly by the side of the warning he at the same time gave the Catholics of Ireland that if they claimed the right to confiscate the property of the Established Church, that right would at no distant day be exercised against their own Church property. But we nowhere find any one, whose opinion is of weight, defending the Church on the ground that it is truly the national Church of Ireland, that it possesses the confidence and love of the people, that they listen to its teaching bring their children to its fonts to be baptized, or ask for the ministrations of its clergy when they are dying. We nowhere find such a man committing himself to the preposterous assertion that a provision made by the State for the religious instruction of the people is equitably administered when it is given only to the pastors of a tenth part of the population while the remaining nine-tenths have to provide pastors and churches for themselves. On the contrary while it is defended by its supporters always on collateral grounds, never on its intrinsic merits, it has been denounced as a flagrant and iniquitous violation of the rights of the people, an outrage of justice, and a scandal to an enlightened age.

There was a time when the Irish Church was of the highest utility to the State; but it is the history of that time which has caused it to be said that in Ireland forgetfulness is the truest patriotism. It served our purpose when we ruled the sister country by penal laws, when we denied it the liberties we claimed for ourselves, when the display of any national emblem was an offence against the Crown, when we set Russia the example of those barbarities which she has since practised upon Poland. The Irish Church stood by us firmly then. She was an ally in all that work of which we are now so ashamed, and which we are now so anxious that Irishmen should forget. To be the friend of the Church in those days was to be on the winning side, to be sure of any good thing that was going, to find favourable judges, and juries, boxes which the sheriffs would take care were properly packed. To be on the other side was to want all this. Even then, indeed, there were clergymen of the Irish Church whose compassion for the people went as far as the conduct of individuals could towards redeeming the cruelties that were practised upon them in order to uphold Protestant ascendancy. But the Church as a body is identified with the frightful oppression which the Irish people then suffered, and to forget which ought rather to be called the truest loyalty than the truest patriotism. 'Papist' and 'traitor' were convertible terms. To be a member of the Church was, *ipso facto*, to be loyal. But since we have abandoned those missionary efforts by which we sought to convert Irishmen to the principles of the Reformation by sowing them down or hanging them up the Irish Church has lost ground in public estimation. We have laid it aside as an implement of torture, and, as it never had any other natural use, we don't know what to do with it. If we could make up our minds how to dispose of the half million sterling which flows annually into its treasury, this difficulty would disappear. There is not an enlightened Englishman who would not be delighted if he could tell the 'intelligant foreigner' who reproached him with the

maltreatment of Ireland; that monster abuse, which has been the cause of all other Irish abuses, had been swept away. And we should think that there is not one of those Irish gentlemen who are now obliged to constrain their consciences into advocating the support of a great national fraud, who would not heartily thank Heaven whenever its political demise freed them from a task which, to no honest mind, can be congenial. O'Connell once compared the state of Ireland to that of a horse whose owner complained that though he worked him hard, though he subjected him to periodical bleedings, and encouraged him by other similar demonstrations of kindness, the ungracious beast was in such poor case that he was out of his wits to know what to do with him. Did you ever try him with corn? said the friend to whom he made his complaint. For many years we have been trying the effect of 'corn' upon Ireland, and, on the whole, the result has been favourable. To our surprise and delight, we find that Irishmen are very like Englishmen in loving justice and hating oppression, in revenging injury and welcoming conciliation. We have pacified the upper classes of the Roman Catholic body, and the priests and bishops have stood by us loyally in the late Fenian business. The only persons who seemed ready to go against us were the peasantry, in spite of that liberal supply of well-educated, well-bred gentlemen, which at the cost of half a million a year we have scattered amongst them, and whose presence there is said to be productive of so many social blessings. But the loyalty which the Catholics of Ireland their priests and bishops, have displayed so conspicuously during our late hour of peril has been, in some degree at least due, to the belief that the English people and the English Legislature will not pause in the work of conciliation until every vestige of complaint has been removed from the sister country. If there is no great agitation now amongst them for the abolition of the State Church, it is because they would rather leave it to the justice of Parliament, and allow it to fall by the same hands which raised it up, than undertake the task of its demolition themselves. Indeed, it is our business rather than theirs. As long as the State Church stands, it will be a reproach to us. In no other country in the world is there so sad a memorial of the abuse of power. We all know that it is not now what it was. We know that its clergy deserve everything that can be said of them as amiable, intellectual, and learned men, the majority of whom have, we doubt not, endeared themselves by their personal worth to the Roman Catholics in their parishes, who would not listen to them as religious teachers. But personal worth is not of itself a sufficient basis for a national Church, nor can it absolve us from the obligation to set ourselves right in the eyes of the world upon this subject. No one can read the words which fell from Mr. Gladstone's lips on Tuesday without feeling convinced that the days of the Church establishment in Ireland are numbered. When the first statesman of this country, the man to whom above all others England looks for comprehensiveness of view, for sincerity of conviction and honesty of purpose, says that on no ground can its existence be justified, we may be sure that it is doomed. And when its partisans say that the agitation against it is wholly an English agitation and not Irish, we are willing to accept this assertion, true or not. We are told that in sixty years the poor Roman Catholics of Ireland, earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, have subscribed four millions and a half sterling for the building of churches, convents, schools, and orphanages. With such a fact before us we are asked to believe Irish Protestantism cannot be left to stand on its legs, but can only exist when it is propped up by the State. We do not believe it. We believe, on the contrary, that the Protestant religion would have had a far greater chance of being propagated in Ireland if it had never had any connection with the State, and had not in past times been identified with its sins. Much of the tenacity with which the Irish Roman Catholic clergies to his faith is due to the exasperation with which he and his have resented the attempt to divorce him from it by force. But are there no facts which favour the supposition that, if the temporalities of the Church were abolished, its vitality would be increased? Has not the voluntary principle been tried in some parts of Dublin, and with success? We have been credibly informed that it has. Doubtless there are numbers of parishes in Ireland where, were the temporalities of the Church abolished, Protestantism would altogether disappear—those, to wit in which its only representatives are the incumbent and his family. But is it worth while to maintain it in these places at an average cost of between four and five hundred per annum for each incumbent? We should certainly say it is not. While such facts can be thrown in the face of the Irish Church, its members must remain what they are, a small minority of the people. At present they do not exceed twelve per cent. of the whole population. What a result after three centuries of occupancy under the patronage of the State! Let it not be supposed that this patronage will be much longer continued. The people of England are convinced that it ought to be withdrawn. And whenever they have resolved in what other quarter to bestow it, they will lose no time in acting on that conviction.—London Review.

The Owl says—We have reason to believe that the main features of the Irish Reform Bill are a £4 franchise in boroughs and £8 in counties, with voting paper. It is not intended to make any addition to the number of representatives, nor is it proposed that any borough should be disfranchised on account of the small number of electors, but the system of grouping will be resorted to in order to redress inequalities. It will also be proposed to give one member to the Queen's University.

Several members, including the Irish Secretary of the late Government, insisted on the necessity of removing the grievances of which the Irish people still complain, and not even Mr. Roebuck denied that such grievances exist. He, indeed, considered that the Irish Church is a small matter, a relic of a past polity without any practical significance at the present time, an anomaly about which no wise community ought to be angry. He compared it with the Church in Wales or the manufacturing towns in the North, where the majority of those who attend public worship are Dissenters, and where Baptists or Methodists feel little reluctance towards the dominant creed. Yet even Mr. Roebuck would allow that this is rather an excuse for abstaining from an attack on the Irish Church than an argument in defence of it. His analogy may be just, and he may have the right to say that the Irish people ought not to be more hostile to their Establishment than the English Dissenters are to the English Church. But what if they are, as a fact, more hostile to it? Does he not see that his argument falls to the ground when it is shown that in Ireland the mass of the people really do consider the Establishment a badge of subjection, while in England the Dissenters have at most a slight theological or social jealousy? It may be true that the Irish Church is no great public burden, that its downfall would not perceptibly relieve any human being in Ireland, or give to Roman Catholics one iota of additional freedom; but if the people be really against it, we must consider it separately from its more secure and respected sister in this island, and ask whether its mere existence compels us to maintain it. Let well alone by all means—do not meddle with anomalies where people acquiesce in them; but when an institution is brought by the popular voice to the Bar of Parliament, let it stand or fall by its own merits.—Times.

DEATH OF CATTLE IN CONNEMARA.—It is estimated that, owing to the severity of the spring weather, very nearly 2,000 cattle perished in Connemara, belonging to the poorer classes.

DUBLIN, June 6th.—The party of Fenians who were arrested a few days ago, when attempting a landing at Dunganree, County Waterford, say that they were from Boston, Mass.

DUBLIN, June 10.—Two prominent Fenians, Naigie and Warren, formerly of the 'Army of the Potomac' were arrested at Dunganree.

The Irish Court of Appeal in Crown cases has decided upon the points reserved in the cases of S. J. Meany and Captain M'Oafferty. In both cases the decision has been in favor of the Crown; but in Meany's case the court was almost equally divided, the validity of the verdict being affirmed by a majority of one only; whereas in M'Oafferty's case only one judge, Mr. Justice O'Brien, held that the evidence did not sustain the finding of the jury.

In the case of M'Oafferty and M'Clure, all the sentences of death have been commuted. In the case of M'Oafferty a writ of error in review of the conviction was sued out in behalf of the prisoner.

REMOVAL OF BURKE.—At shortly before five o'clock on Tuesday morning the prisoner, Thomas F. Burke, was removed from Kilmalsham to Mountjoy Convict Prison. The prisoner was conveyed in one of the prison vans, which was escorted by a detachment of cavalry police, the arrangements attending the transmission being under the direction of Inspector Ward. On arrival at Mountjoy the prisoner was delivered to the governor, under the authority of the Lord Lieutenant's warrant of transmission. He was at once put into the convict uniform his moustache and beard were removed, his face clean shaven, and his hair cut close to the head. In consequence of his delicate state of health he will not, for the present, be put to hard labor. He is now under medical treatment. Previous to leaving Kilmalsham, the prisoner took occasion to express to Mr. Price, the governor, his acknowledgments for the considerate kindness which he had experienced from him and the prison officers. On the arrival of a number of Fenian prisoners from the provinces—probably in the course of this week—a batch will be removed from Mountjoy to Portland.

ANNOUNCING THE COMMUTATION OF BURKE.—At four o'clock Monday evening the Very Rev. Canon Kennedy, who was in conversation with Burke in his cell received a telegram informing him that the sentence of death passed on him to whom he was in converse on matters of great moment for hereafter, had been commuted to penal servitude for life.—Nothing could exceed the joy of the good priest at the happy tidings, but he wisely deferred telling the news to the condemned man until he had seen Mr. Price, the humane and kind governor of the prison. Mr. Price had received another telegram, but no official announcement of the commutation. Canon Kennedy lost no time in placing the welcome document which he had received in the hands of General Burke who read it without betraying the slightest emotion, and, after having read it carefully over, he calmly observed 'It is only a matter of a few years, as I cannot last long; however, I am proud of the sentence being commuted on account of my poor old mother.' In few minutes after Mr. Price received the following document, which he at once read for General Burke:—

'Dublin Castle, May 27, 1867. 'Sir I am directed by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant to inform you, relative to my letter of the 24th inst., that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, on the reconsideration of the case of Thomas Burke, sentenced to death, his Excellency has been pleased to commute the sentence to that of penal servitude for life.—I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

'THOMAS LAROCHE, 'To the High Sheriff, the Sub-Sheriff, and the Governor of Kilmalsham Jail.'

General Burke maintained his usual quiet, gentle demeanor, and when the Rev. Canon Kennedy was taking his departure for the evening, he shook him warmly by the hand, and thanked him for all his zeal and kindness.

A cool thing in the way of airing an informer was done on Sunday. I was walking with some friends in the direction of Daudrum, one of the more fashionable promenades in this locality, when just near Milltown railway station I saw a well-dressed, rather good-looking young man sauntering along the road in company with two policemen in uniform. I imagined at first he was some 'suspect,' but judge of my surprise when, on nearer view, he turned out to be no less a personage than 'General' Godfrey Massey. It was certainly a piece of the coolest assurance I ever heard of, to parade the scoundrel amongst the crowds of ladies and gentlemen who thronged the banks of the Dodder, but the 'General' was recognized before he got to Palmerston-road, and his escort made tracks as fast as possible to escape an attention they might not have been pleased at receiving.—Dublin Freeman.

The London Spectator, alluding to the career of informer Corydon, says—We suppose it is necessary for the national interest to employ scoundrels of this kind, but if they could be used and then comfortably hung, the world would feel the cleaner, and probably be none the less safe.

DISCOVERY OF FENIAN AMMUNITION IN CALLAN.—A quantity of powder and bullets was discovered here in the river near the town. One of the troop of cavalry that arrived here rode his horse to the river to drink. He discovered something shining in the water, which, on close examination, he found to be bullets. He at once communicated with the police, and, on the place being examined, they found a bag of powder and bullets which had evidently been thrown in there to prevent detection.—Irish Times.

ARREST OF A SUPPOSED OAHINGIVEN FENIAN.—A young man named Daniel Griffin, for whom the police have been on the look out, and who stands charged in the Hue and Cry with having taken part in the Fenian rising in Kerry, was arrested on yesterday, while engaged in farm operations at a place called Ballycarbery, a short distance from the town, by Sub-constable Farrell. It is a remarkable fact, and well worthy the attention of the constabulary authorities, that almost all that has been done here since February last, in the way of making arrests, and procuring information in connection with the Fenian movement, has been effected through the instrumentality of Sub-constable Farrell, whose good fortune it has been, by tempering zeal with discretion, and avoiding all offensive display and unnecessary officiousness, to retain the confidence and respect of the public whilst performing duties well calculated to render him obnoxious to a large section of the community.—Cork Examiner Correspondent.

DISCHARGE OF AN ALLEGED FENIAN.—Since the outbreak in March last, the discharges on bail of prisoners confined in Mountjoy Prison under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, have been very few. Previous to that month the steamer leaving Queenstown for America every week took regularly batches of three and four of discharged 'suspects,' but since then not a single one has been released till last week. A young man named Irwin, brother of Mr. O'Donovan Rossa, who had been confined in the county gaol, when the Habeas Corpus Act was first suspended, and subsequently removed to Mountjoy Prison, was discharged on bail on Monday last, having been imprisoned for nearly 15 months, the conditions of his release being that he should leave the country. Accordingly, he arrived in Queenstown on last Thursday, but not being able to get a passage till Saturday, he did not go away till that day.—Cork Examiner.

IRISH EMIGRATION.—The Sligo Independent says—Since the spring commenced the tide of emigration has not ceased to flow from this and the neighboring counties. The steamers plying from Sligo to Liverpool are in every instance crowded with a number of adults of both sexes, all of whom are bound for America or Australia. If the emigration of the life-blood of the country be, as some would have it, a blessing, then indeed are we singularly blessed, for at no other period have we seen so many leave our shores with the firm determination of never returning.



The *Times* is, perhaps, right in the conclusion which it draws from the report on the conduct of the Irish constabulary during the late Fenian disturbances. An insurrection so abortive, so easily suppressed, does not, perhaps, call for extreme severity on the part of the Government. But there is another moral of at least equal importance to be drawn. It has been repeatedly pointed out that the best cure for Irish disaffection is Irish prosperity, and that to secure prosperity you must first secure property. Nobody, we imagine, had any doubts about the value of the Irish constabulary, but the facts now brought forward show in a peculiarly forcible manner what an admirable machinery for the preservation of peace and order we have in that force. If the Fenian rebellion proved abortive, it was mainly their doing. Without in the slightest degree undervaluing the services of the regular troops, it must be admitted that it was the constabulary who actually did put down the insurrection of 1867. The troops did, indeed, render an important service. They taught the very useful lesson that ultimate success was wholly impossible, but more than this the insurgents and the constabulary did not give them an opportunity of doing. Mad as the rising of the Fenians may have been, there was still a certain method in their madness. Probably not even the most sanguine or the most reckless among them contemplated an encounter with the troops, at least not for an indefinite period. As far as they can be said to have had any tactics, their plan seems to have been to crush or intimidate the constabulary so as to leave the field open for carrying on a sort of guerilla warfare—if it can be called warfare when one side can never find the other—which might afford a pretext to sympathisers to talk about being a virtually established Irish Republic. But they appear to have had a wholesome knowledge of the men they had to deal with. They always required very long odds before they attempted to bring about an engagement. And if they knew their men, it is clear that their antagonists on their part knew what sort of foes they had to meet. They never hesitated to join issue, no matter what the numbers opposed to them might be.—Strange as the results of the various encounters may sound, they are not surprising to any one who knows the constitution and qualities of the Irish constabulary. It is unnecessary to add anything to what has been already said of the gallantry and loyalty of the men and officers, though it is indeed worthy of remark that in so large a body, and one so exposed to the temptations of the propagandist, no sign of Fenianism has been detected in any instance. There are no picked troops in existence so fully deserving of that epithet. They are in fact the finest specimens of the best class of what O'Connell used to boast to be the finest peasantry in the world. A company of the Guards might perhaps weigh more than an equal number of the constabulary, but we doubt if they would occupy more ground in line, for the Irish policeman runs broad in the chest. In physique they are, perhaps, the finest organized body of men in the world, and intelligence, smartness, and training they are probably not inferior to any other. From the nature of their duties, and their mode of life, living together in small scattered detachments, they acquire that self-reliance and confidence in one another, that feeling of camaraderie, which showed so conspicuously in these recent affairs. There is another point which, trivial as it may seem, ought not to be passed over: it is forming an estimate of their efficiency. Every one who has shot or fished in Ireland knows that as a general rule the keenest sportsmen of any district are to be found at the police barracks. When off duty the Irish police constable is in many instances undergoing a physical training for the work of a light infantry soldier, such as no military gymnasium could give him, a training too that carries with it an intimate knowledge of the remotest nooks and corners of the country.

With such a force ready organized to his hand it would be a grievous mistake on the part of the Government of the country to neglect any opportunity for increasing its efficiency. Whether any very great augmentation of the force is necessary is a question upon which we do not venture an opinion. Judged by the light of recent events, indeed, it would seem that the Irish constabulary, as it is, is quite equal to any task which is likely to be set before it; but recent events may not be altogether a trustworthy criterion. With regard to arms we presume it may be taken for granted that the constabulary will be armed with the best breech-loading carbine we can get. But unquestionably the security of police barracks throughout the country is a matter that requires attention. Without actually turning them into little castles or forts, there is a good deal which may be done, and which the history of the late rising shows ought to be done, if only in justice to the defenders. The police-barrack now is often nothing more than an ordinary house in the street of a country town, commanded from several points, and surrounded by all sorts of cover for an attacking party. In the case of the isolated barracks, bullet and fire-proof doors and shutters might at least be given, as well as a projection window or two so as to bring a party of incendiaries or stormers under a wholesome cross fire. A few alterations in this direction, and perhaps a few reforms in the organisation as to pay, promotion, &c., making the service still more an object of ambition to the best class of the peasantry, would render the chances of insurrection hopeless. The more the risks to which property is exposed in Ireland are lessened, the more capital will be forthcoming to supply employment, and to deliver the country from that miserable struggle for land which is the true source of the Irish difficulty and Irish disaffection.—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

The Habeas Corpus Act was first suspended, more than twelve months ago, and we have the authority of Mr. James Stephens himself for saying that the proceeding immediately disconcerted the whole conspiracy. The swaggering stranger who had been lounging defiantly at the corners of Dublin streets suddenly disappeared, and from all the chief ports in Ireland there was an efflux of military-looking passengers. The seizure of the *Irish People* was not a greater blow to the plot than this measure. The first sweep of the net brought half the leading conspirators into custody, and the rest fled precipitately to avoid a similar fate. The outbreak which Mr. Stephens tells us was then actually impending became at once hopeless, and only resulted at length after a year's suspense, in the abortive attempt of March last. All this was accomplished by simply arming the Government with summary power to arrest and detain persons known to be conspiring against the peace and welfare of the State. It has never been alleged that this power was abused or used in excess. We hardly remember even to have heard of any mistakes; indeed, the only remark has been, not that the Government was too arbitrary in its arrests, but that it was too confiding or too considerate in releasing persons arrested. Mr. Moriarty, one of the ring-leaders now under sentence of death, was liberated in this manner, rewarded his captors for their leniency by returning once more to official authority. The statistics of the case as detailed on official authority will illustrate very clearly the measure of the necessity itself, and the moderation with which it was counteracted. Nearly one thousand persons have been summarily arrested since the first suspension of the Act, but of this number fully four-fifths—in precise figures, 775 out of 951—have been released either on their own promise to give no further offence, or because no further offence was to be feared. A small proportion of these—25 of the whole number—were re-arrested; but in the great majority of instances it was found that the confidence of Government had not been misplaced. At the present moment the number of prisoners actually in custody under the Lord Lieutenant's warrant is 211, of whom two-thirds have been arrested since the outbreak in March last, but the trials now pending will dispose of many of these offenders.—*Times*.

There is a great want of heat in the weather, and

castle continue to suffer severely in several districts, whilst the yield of butter is by no means such, either in quantity or quality, as farmers would wish. Milk, too, is not abundant. From the other side of the Shannon in the district of Moun. Shannon Daly, Duff &c, we learn that cattle are dying in consequence of the want of wholesome grass, &c.—*Reporter*, May 18th.

The *Liverpool Post*, reviewing the evidence taken before the commission at Dunganon, says:—Our readers will probably agree with us that the whole of this affair resembles very closely the comedy of *All in the Wrong*. The Orangemen were wrong, it would seem, in inviting the Catholics to an encounter; and the Catholics, of course, were very wrong in accepting the challenge. The magistrates were wrong in not dismissing the complaint; and the commissioners will probably consider that they showed a strong party bias in sending the Catholics, unaccompanied by the Protestants, to the assizes.

DUBLIN, May 17.—The most alarming circumstance connected with the Fenian conspiracy was its success in corrupting so many of the military. It was the only thing which could give the conspirators the least glimmer of hope that they could succeed for a week in their wild enterprise. They were deluded into the belief that the barracks doors would have been opened to them by red-coated traitors, that the military stores would have been at their command, and that the troops would have to a large extent joined the insurgents and fired upon their own officers. To the work of seducing the soldiers the leaders devoted themselves assiduously for a long time, and the temptation on which they relied was the love of drink.—*Times*.

IRISH RAILWAYS.—A meeting attended by 13 Irish Peers and 35 members of Parliament, representing constituencies in the sister country, was held on Tuesday afternoon in the Tea Room of the House of Commons, for the purpose of discussing what course should be adopted in reference to the Railway Commissioners' Report. The Marquis of O'Connell presided, and after some discussion a resolution in favor of recommending the Government to purchase the Irish railways on account of the State in accordance with the original scheme of Sir Robert Peel, was unanimously agreed to. A committee, consisting of the Earl of Lucan, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Blake, and Mr. Lanyon, was subsequently appointed to arrange for a deputation from the meeting to wait upon the Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—*The Owl*.

The *Wexford People* says:—We had occasion, recently, to refer to Lord Portmouth's sayings and doings as a landlord; it is now our pleasing duty to point out another gentleman for public approval on the same grounds. Our respected fellow townsman, Capt Taylor, sets an example to Irish landlords and agents worth following. He has just terminated relations with one of his tenants, by forgiving him four years' rent, allowing him to sell off everything saleable, and giving him £25 at parting. On the estates, in this county and the county Carlow, for which he is agent, he has given long leases to no less than thirty persons within the last eighteen months. When shall we find such things to the chronicle of Irish landlords and agents as not being the work of a rare—almost infinitesimal—minority?

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, June 11.—All the Fenian prisoners convicted of high treason, have been transferred to England and placed in prison.

THE 'TIMES' ON IRISH DISAFFECTION.—Grateful as we must be for the pains and ingenuity with which ancient Liberals and candid Conservatives attempt to reassure us in our misgivings about Ireland, we can never conceal from ourselves the up-hill character of their undertaking. It is a conflict of words with deeds, and of arguments with events. The words spoken in the Senate fade from the ear; the arguments from the mind; but the facts remain, and they every day re-assert the question that is never to be settled. Either Ireland suffers a great wrong, or her present condition is a paradox that we can never account for. The progress of the Irish trials brings day by day a recurrence of scenes that must ever be painful and perplexing to every true Englishman. We seem to see the customary order of things reversed, and self-respect self-confidence, patriotism and even justice brought to the bar, while law in its severest mood inflicts penalties and rebukes from the bench. An unfortunate country pleads for the criminal, and the cause of order and authority has the necessary aid of the informer and the spy. Were this new, we might take it as a monstrous novelty; were it peculiar to Ireland, we might submit to it as one of her many miserable anomalies. But it is neither new nor peculiar. On the contrary, something too like it is as old as history, and even now to be seen all around. Patriotism, in its truth or its semblance, brought to the bar of authority and power, confronting its accusers, and turning the tables on its judge is one of the most familiar incidents of our nursery and school reading. The education of every English gentleman is based on a rough stratum of liberty, patriotism, and independence. By the time we have learnt to qualify or to distrust these early lessons, with the fresh light acquired from philosophers and philosophic historians, we have commonly found ourselves returning to our first flame under the picturesque form of a Pole, a modern Greek, a Sicilian or an Italian, or almost any one invested for the hour with a cap of liberty, a charter, a creed, or a cause. We have not only felt and argued for these interesting beings, but negotiated, intrigued, spent money, and fought for them, till their names became household words, and we found we had invested in them more interest and affection than we could ever find heart to throw away. Meanwhile that Nonesis which takes everybody at his word has brought it about that these professions are not lost on our unhappy little nationality at home. They have all sunk deep into the soft and susceptible Irish nature, and a race whose obstinate individuality and distinctness we cannot deny holds itself to be the most rightful object of our political sympathies. It presents to us for payment the golden promises we thought we had circulated far away, not always in a convertible form. All this is perplexing for we naturally would rather not conclude either that we had formerly committed errors or that we are now in the wrong. We are obliged to discard old illusions about liberty and patriotism, and to take a practical view of the matter. It is the test by which, soon or late, we find we have to try all political questions and all questions of political jurisprudence.

In the course of an article on the recent debate on Ritualism in the House of Lords, the *Church and State Review* makes the following candid admission:—'We believe that Romanism is making way in the country, and we think we can see some of the reasons why. They are—1. That the Church being, a religious society, is liable to be legislated for by Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Westmoreland. 2. That it is now lawful for priests to deny baptismal regeneration, the inspiration of Scripture, and the existence of eternity. 3. That Bishops are under the present system forced upon the Church who do not hold the Catholic faith, and who betray her highest interests whenever they can get an opportunity. These are the main reasons why people who believe in a kingdom that is not of this world, think that it is to be found in Rome rather than in Anglicanism.'

CATHOLIC DOCTRINES IN A PROTESTANT CHURCH.—However much Anglicans may deny the fact there can be no doubt but that the *Times* newspaper is the only living theologian of their Church. If there is one question more difficult than another to answer in these days, it is that which asks for a definition of the doctrines of the Establishment. Certain events and trials within the last few years have proved beyond a doubt that an individual, and even a clergyman, may believe, may preach, and may teach almost

any doctrine, and still remain within the confines of the National Church. The Bishop of Salisbury's charge, and an article which we copy elsewhere from the *Times* upon this subject, are cases in point. Dr Hamilton is the one only prelate upon the English bench who is regarded with anything like affection, or looked upon as an authority by the Ritualistic party. Not that he goes the lengths, or anything like the lengths, which characterises the clergyman who hold the 'highest' views in that school, but mild as are his expostions of dogma, they caused one benefited clergyman to leave the Cathedral with a loud protest against what he had heard read, and all the churchwardens of the diocese to follow his example, and afterwards to expostulate in writing against the doctrines of their bishop. When matters have gone to these lengths, it seems indeed an impossible problem to solve as to what are, and what are not, the doctrines of the English Church.—*Weekly Register*.

If the advocates of Female Suffrage ground their claims on theoretical right, they must in consistency claim much more than the mere Franchise. If a woman is fit to vote—that is, to form opinions on public policy and the competency of individuals to legislate—she must be fit to serve on juries, to be a magistrate or sheriff, to be admitted to the Civil Service, and to sit in the House of Commons. Why should she not sit on juries, before which so many female prisoners are brought, and by which the personal rights and the property of women are continually influenced? If there be a woman gifted with eloquence and political energy in a certain borough, if she be the undoubted leader of the female voters of the place, the president of their meetings, the negotiator between them and the chiefs of the party, their spokeswoman, and their protectress against presuming and often tyrannical men—if she have been the originator and the principal member of deputations to Government, and have confounded halting statesmen by the vigor and pertinacity of her appeals,—why should she not sit in Parliament? At present the right to be elected is larger than the right to elect; for a man must be rated to have a vote, but for a seat in Parliament he requires no qualification at all. Could it be borne that an opposite rule should prevail in the case of woman? Would it be fair or just to call forth political genius only to crush and blight it?—to say to the energetic woman who might instruct the Legislature in the mysteries of finance or the newest principles of prison discipline, to the ready and genial widow who might obtain over the House of Commons the influence of a Palmerston, 'You shall vote, you shall organise parties, you shall be our leader on the platform, where we will recognise your intellectual power or the attractions of your address, but we will shut against you the doors of that Assembly where the gifts you possess could be best displayed, and would prove most advantageous to your country.' Would not the present proposal lead of necessity to new agitation until woman obtained all the rights of which the Franchise is only the instrument?—*Times*.

A royal commission has been appointed lately to inquire into the state of education in Scotland. The commissioners give valid reasons for confining the investigation to Glasgow, and some of the disclosures made by them, so far as Catholics are concerned, are the reverse of flattering. Before entering on the facts brought out by the commission, we should state that by published returns we learn that Irish births in Glasgow are considerably over one-fourth of the whole, while the marriages are less than one-fifth. Keeping this before us, and bearing in mind at the same time that the Irish population of this city is in excess of 100,000, while, according to the census of 1861, the entire population was 335,503, we are enabled to draw correct inferences by the comparison of these numbers. The report of the commissioners informs us that the number of children of the school age in Glasgow—that is from three to fifteen years—is about one-fourth, but as the number of Catholic births is proportionally in excess of this, in order to arrive at the proper number of Catholic children of the school age in Glasgow, we cannot be far astray if we take one-third of the Irish population, and that would leave in round numbers, about 30,000. Reduce this by one half, to make allowance for those who go to work at an early age, and we have the large amount of 15,000 Catholic children to be provided for in the matter of Catholic education. We shall not stop here to inquire into the school accommodation for this number in Glasgow, neither shall we refer to the numbers in actual or casual attendance at our Catholic schools in this city, as we reserve these matters for another article; but we shall state in a few words that which must strike every Catholic mind with peculiar force. At the lowest possible calculation, there are 15,000 Catholic children in this city alone who should be in attendance at school every day, while, on the other hand, there are only 12,563 Catholic children in all Scotland attending school! In other words there are 2,500 Catholic children less at school throughout Scotland than should be in Glasgow alone. Facts and figures are strange things, and we trust that this announcement will serve to awaken up those dormant feelings that have heretofore allowed such a scandalous condition of things to exist. This is bad enough, but where evil commonly exists worse is sure to follow. We may lament this state of things, and lamentation may do much to effect a cure if good works follow, but whose tears are fit to wipe away Father Keane's hecatomb of apostasy? We have said that the attendance of Catholic children at school in all Scotland is less by twenty-five hundred than should be in attendance in Glasgow alone; but this is not all, of the 12,573 Catholic children in attendance at school in Scotland, there are 7343 attending Protestant schools, and only 5,229 at Catholic schools!—Where, then, is the reason to wonder at the long list of our apostates? Wonder here must cease, or rather—paradoxical as it may appear—it must increase, to find the list so small after the disclosure of such terrible results. The attendance of Catholic children at Protestant schools is 2,114 more than at Catholic schools, while the entire number in all Scotland is 2,500 less than should be in attendance at school in this city alone. This horrible picture is not overdrawn it is not even fairly made out; in truth, it is only sketched, and we leave the details to be filled in by those whose duty it is to see to such matters. Often and often have we borne the brunt of that popular storm that would fain hide in its noisy clamor the danger of the wreck that is imminent; but to-day, in the presence of all whom it behoveth to hear, we offer again our solemn protest against the piling of another hecatomb of apostates from the faith. Hypocrites and self-seeking slaves may shake their heads in pious wonderment at this bare recital of such fearful results; but truth is truth and must not be hidden. Every attempt to hide it is an insult to God; and if pain should follow its avowal, let us bow our heads and hearts in humility to the penalty, and try to rectify the terrible evil done to the souls of those who are perishing for want of the guardianship of Catholic tuition. It is with pain, and without difficulty, we refer to those particulars. We have a long list of the same kind at hand, which we hope and trust we never shall be taken up with a view to their immediate remedy.—Those of our priests who are toiling out their lives to erect and sustain schools, are deserving of every assistance from the well-disposed of our co-religionists. We are likely soon to have a national system of education introduced into Scotland, and if of those whose duty it is to watch over such important changes are not vigilant in time, whatever little benefits we possess at present are sure to be swamped in the coming change. Catholics must be alive to the importance of this question. The hierarchy and priesthood of Ireland are struggling to be relieved of the trammels and dangers which the Irish system of National education have imposed upon them. Let the Irish Catholics in Scotland prepare beforehand

to meet the impending danger, otherwise they will regret it when too late.—*Glasgow Free Press*.

The *Union Review* for May betrays in the majority of its articles a strong bias in favor of the Greek schism as against both Catholics and Protestants of Western Christianity. Such would seem to be the new phase of Unionist policy. By siding with what they are pleased to call 'the Holy Eastern Church,' the Ritualists gain an ally against both their adversaries. The Greek schism, that lamentable piece of work commenced by Photius of Byzantium, in the ninth age, and completed by Mark of Ephesus in the fifteenth, is alike hostile to both Catholics and Protestants. It condemns Catholics on the ground of the pretended innovation *filioque* in the Nicene symbol; on that of the Papal supremacy and on that of the doctrine of Purgatory; but in all else it agrees with Catholic doctrine. Hence by its principles the Oriental religion condemns Protestantism, and contradicts its errors in the same respect as Catholicism does. Hence, too, all attempts on the part of Anglicans to effectuate a union with the Greeks have proved a dead failure. Such attempts were made more than a century ago under far more favorable auspices than at present. Their present renewal is even more certain to fall through.—*Weekly Register*.

HARVEST PROSPECTS.—Mr Meche in a letter to the *Times*, reports that spring sown corn never looked more promising, and the same may be said of green and pasture crops on well farmed and drained land. Wheat is luxuriant and forward; on stiff undrained clays they have been much along eaten and there has been wire worn on the light soils. Owing to the extremely fine weather every man woman and youth can find employment in the fields.

ANGLICAN GOVERNMENT BISHOPS.—A Bishop in this country is himself an officer of the law, as much so as a Judge or a Sheriff. He is not only under the Royal Supremacy, but is a representative of that supremacy, and puts the supremacy into execution. The royal power is directly derived to him.—*London Times*.

The present seems to be a time pregnant with the future fate of our 'glorious Reformation.' The *Times* has not inaptly summarized the dangers of the crisis by describing our age as one wherein a 'reading man cannot go to bed at night without running the risk of waking up next morning either a papist or an infidel.' Protestantism is arraigned before the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. The tone of thought throughout every seat of learning in Europe has narrowed the contest of the past 300 years to a simple issue—Catholicity is right, or very religion is false. While Germany seems to make her election in favour of infidelity, England shows at Oxford and Cambridge symptoms of returning again to orthodoxy. But there are those among us whose scant acquisitions do not enable them to follow the great intellectual movement of our time into the high latitudes of thought, and consequently are not disposed to accept the decision of their fate at the hands of polemics whose controversies they are never likely to comprehend until, perhaps, compulsory education comes into full swing. The great British families of Brown, Jones, and Robinson are considerable laggards in the grand theological controversies of the day. Men, whose researches into profane and ecclesiastical history have not brought them further in knowledge than a conviction that Luther was the inventor of printing and that the Pope is Anti-christ, cannot possibly comprehend the Romeward tendencies of the Bishops of Salisbury and Oxford. The only conclusion, indeed, to which they could come was the natural one, that something was wrong, and that they arrived at the very proper decision that something must be done, and have consequently delegated Lord Shaftesbury to do it.—*Northern Press*, May 18.

The *Pull Mall Gazette* of Wednesday winds up a long article upon the Bishop of Salisbury's charge in the following words:—

'It is highly desirable that these things (the effect of the sacramental words in the celebration of the communion and the virtues, or otherwise of the sacraments generally) should be clearly understood, in order that the British public should at last be aroused to the plain truth on these matters, and should know what is the direction in which all these movements are really tending. People are so much accustomed to speak of subjects of this sort with a sort of hush, to assume that it is humble and reverential to throw into their language about them a certain degree of confusion and obscurity, and to shrink from making their own meaning in connection with their transparently clear to their own minds, that it is an advantage to meet with a man like the Bishop of Salisbury who will speak out frankly what other persons really believe, though they do not venture to put it forward so distinctly. With all this natural reluctance to discuss unpleasant questions, and especially to discuss characteristic questions of the English people, the public will have to decide practically before very long, and what is more, to give effect to their decision whether they regard the clergy merely and exclusively as members of a profession distinguished from other men only by their personal gifts and knowledge or as a set of divinely commissioned magicians able to work invisible miracles of unknown nature but of unpeepable importance.'

A more complete confirmation of all, Archbishop Manning has from time to time asserted to be the tenacity of the prevalent doctrines of the present generation in the English Church, could hardly be found if Ritualism is advancing by long strides in one direction, materialism is not going at a slower pace in another. The gentlemanly system of unbelief in dogmas will soon be the prevailing creed of England. It is the natural and inevitable effect of Protestantism, as we have seen at Geneva, and must soon witness in this country.

The pious people of London were horrified on Monday morning by an announcement which appeared in the papers, to the effect that the future King of England and future Supreme Head of the Protestant Catholic Church, had been at the Chantry Races on the previous day Sunday. Fortunately for the peace of mind of these righteous persons the evening papers of the same day contradicted the story 'by authority,'—whatever that may mean, or be worth. Still there has been considerable doubt evinced all the week, as to whether the tale was true—some betting men who came from Paris, graceless sinners as they are, going so far as to say that what Thackeray would have called two 'royal pious-g's' from England were seen at that naughty amusement on the Sabbath. On Wednesday, however, the following paragraph appeared in the Paris letter of the *Morning Advertiser*, a paper which, although the property of publicans, does not patronise sinners. What a blessing it must be for the Prince and his brother that such a guardian of morals and religion is always ready to enact the detective at the French Capital. We beg to state that the italics in the extract are the *Morning Advertiser's*, not ours:—

'The Prince of Wales and his brother were invited to be present, but his Royal Highness courteously declined the invitation at the Jockey Club yesterday. He said that, irrespective of personal considerations, he had received a despatch from the Queen, begging him 'not to go to races on Sunday;' and the respect for the Sabbath thus shown by the heir to the British throne will doubtless be appreciated by his future subjects. They must be on their guard against listening to foolish stories which are current here. It has been stated that his Royal Highness was present at a ball given on Wednesday night by one of the leading members of the *demi monde*. It is an unpleasant duty for your correspondent to admit that he was among the guests who were honored with invitations, and the lists included many distinguished and illustrious personages; but any injury which he may sustain in your estimation will subside before the assurance that he went to the ball simply because it had been asserted that the

Prince would be there, and he wished to ascertain whether his Royal Highness had accepted the invitation. He was not there.

UNITED STATES.

The Massachusetts Legislature adjourned on Saturday evening *sine die*. They died hard. The members voted themselves \$5 a day; being in session about one hundred and fifty days, each man will pocket \$750—and \$30,000 will be the sum for which the people must be taxed. It is the last money we hope many of them will receive from the State.—*Boston Pilot*.

A recent trial in New Orleans brought out the following information of how professional beggars make themselves temporarily blind:—The impostor provides himself with a peculiar quality of blue stone, not for sale by all dealers, and having secured the services of some half-starved little motherless and fatherless boy or girl to lead him, he chips off a small piece of blue stone about the size of a pin, and dissolves it in an ordinary glass of water. This is enough to make fifteen men blind for three or four days. He then closes his eyes and bathes the lids with the liquid. It acts as a powerful astringent, and even if he wanted to see he couldn't, until the effect wears off. The lids are tightly closed, and if they are forced open there is a temporary film over the pupil which will deceive any but the most skillful oculist.

Who would own a dog?—The most effectual plan we have yet seen, for stopping the dog nuisance is that which was lately adopted in the town of Dayton, Ohio. There the Mayor has ordered, that no man owning a dog shall be allowed to go at large without being muzzled. Let it should be supposed the tenor of the worthy Mayor's notice is misrepresented, we give it entire.—'I hereby issue my proclamation to the inhabitants of the city of Dayton, warning them that it is unlawful for any person owning or having control of, or harboring any dog or animal of the dog kind, to run at large for the term of 60 days from the publication of this proclamation, without being properly muzzled.'

NEW ORLEANS, 10th June.—Mexican advices to the 2nd instant received say that Marmora is dangerously ill from wounds. Mendez is to be executed by the order of Escobedo on the 16th ult. When Maximilian gave up his sword, he said 'I surrender to you my sword, owing to the infamous treachery without which to-morrow sure would have seen yours in my hands. Escobedo has ordered the Court Martial to assemble on the 20th for the trial of the Emperor Maximilian. Maximilian has issued a proclamation, in which he says: 'Countrymen, I came to Mexico animated with the best of faith in insuring the felicity of all, and each of us but called and protected by the Emperor of France, Napoleon III. He, to the ridicule of France, abandoned me in a cowardly and infamous manner by demand of the United States, after having uselessly spent forces and treasure and shed the blood of his sons and your own. When the news of my fall and death reached Europe, all monarchs of Ultramarine's country will demand of the Napoleonic Dynasty an account of my blood, of German, Belgian and French blood shed in Mexico. Then will Napoleon Third be covered with shame from head to foot. To-day he has already seen his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, my august brother, praying for my life to the United States, and myself a prisoner of war in the hands of the Republican Government, and with my crown and my head torn in pieces. Countrymen, here are my last words: I desire that my blood may regenerate Mexico, and serve as a warning to all ambitious and incautious princes, and that you will act with prudence and truthfulness, and enable with your virtues the political cause of the flag you sustain.'

The Springfield *Republican* has an article upon the tendency of the natives of New England to move westward, which it accounts for in this way: that the introduction of unskilled laborers has had the effect to reduce wages and create more marked distinctions in society, and so the Yankee retires in disgust, and seeks a new home in the West. He will be likely to find there also the evils he seeks to escape unless he goes with a company of New England men, who will settle near together; this is now the favorite mode of emigration, and New England villages are to be found in Minnesota, Iowa, and Kansas, and are beginning to grow themselves in Missouri. You may know them by their neat churches and school houses, and by the trees and flowers in their fenced yards, and the absence of children, our contemporary might have added. As the Yankees are non-producers (of children) how long will it be before the race is extinct?

It seems of late, that our people have decided to take the law into their own hands, and redress all real or fancied wrongs by the pistol or bowie knife. This is most deplorable, and results doubtless from the fact that in such cases as the recent shooting in Albany public sympathy goes with the murderer. If our laws are ineffectual in such cases, let them be revised, but under no circumstances allow into become a matter of course that the aggrieved shall take the matter into their own hands and commit murder.—From Louisville we receive a telegram to the effect that a Mr Owens, of Lexington, Ky, was shot in the bar room of the Louisville Hotel because of some quarrel. From Memphis another telegram announces that a policeman was shot by a ruddy, who approached him and ordered him to kneel down. The policeman refused and was shot dead. It is time that this shooting mania should cease. Else we may as well return to a state of barbarism at once and acknowledge our civilization a failure.—*N. Y. Express*.

The Richmond *Examiner*, June 3, labors to prove that Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, still lives. In the course of a long editorial article on the subject the *Examiner* says:—'We may never know who was that mysterious prisoner, the man in the iron mask; or whether the Rev. Ezeas Williams was the veritable Louis XVII.; or whether Perkin Warbeck and Lemuel Semkins were really the princes who were supposed to have been smothered in the tower by their cruel Black Crook of an Uncle; but many believe in this matter of Booth's body that the United States Treasury has been a 'muddled out' of \$100,000 by a set of artful men and their accomplices and tools. By this theory we may satisfactorily account for the otherwise inexplicable mystery about the body which was carried to Washington and so singularly and unnecessarily disposed of by Baker and his associates, and thus we may also account for the many stories, some of which have a remarkable air of authority, about Booth's still being alive.'

Twelve of the Circuit Judges of Missouri have yielded to the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, declaring the 'test-oath' unconstitutional. But the rebel Radicals of that State refuse to tolerate obedience to the decision of the Supreme Court.

Said a visitor at the National Capitol to an acquaintance, whom he found, very much to his surprise, occupying a seat in Congress from a distant State, to which he had immigrated long before from the questioner's own district:—

'How in the world did you manage to get here?'

'Oh! it was easy enough to manage that, until as I was for the situation I stole a pig!'

'Stole a pig! How on earth could that help you to an election? In stealing a qualification for Congress out your way?'

'By no means, was the reply; 'but I made an available lever of it, whereupon I was swung into my seat as one of the Honorables here.'

'How?'

'Why, you must know that I stole the pig from a political opponent. When he accused me of the act, which he was by no means slow to do, I raised the cry of 'Political persecution!' and got elected by dint of sympathy for me, as a martyr to my principles. Ha! ha!



The True Witness.

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

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE: For 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.

For all subscribers whose papers are delivered by 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 5c. We beg to remind our Correspondent 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, JUNE 21.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JUNE—1867.

Friday, 21—St. Louis of Gonzague, C. Saturday, 22—Vig. of the Octave. Sunday, 23—Second after Pentecost. Monday, 24—St. John Baptist. Tuesday, 25—St. William, C. Wednesday, 26—SS. John and Paul, M.M. Thursday, 27—Octave of Corpus Christi.

A CARD.

The Fathers attached to the Church of the Gesù, return their sincere thanks to the Ladies who have labored with so much devotedness at their Bazaar for the space of two weeks, as well as to Mr. Bawtree for his excellent readings, and to all those who have assisted them in their occasion. They shall feel obliged, as priests to show by their zeal, their gratitude for this mark of kindness and sympathy.

D. A. MERRICK, S. J.

TO OUR DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

We are compelled to address ourselves to this very numerous class of the subscribers to the TRUE WITNESS, with the object of inducing them to pay up a portion, at least, of the arrears in which they stand indebted to this office. That the "times are hard," and money unusually scarce, are the excuses with which our demands are constantly met; but we do think that a little, a very little exertion on the part of those to whom we address ourselves, would enable them to discharge our claims upon them, and spare us the disagreeable necessity of asking, but asking in vain, for the payment of a just debt.

We would respectfully invite all who are interested in the TRUE WITNESS to endeavor to extend its circulation. If each one would send in a new subscriber, and if the new and old would make it a rule to pay their subscriptions, that would be doing something substantial for the paper.

To our paying subscribers, our best thanks are tendered.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Though the Luxembourg business has been patched up, we still hear some growls, as if the French and Prussians were still ready to fly at one another's throats, and it will require much good diplomacy yet to prevent a fight. Meanwhile the French Exhibition goes on, and all the crowned heads of Europe are flocking to Paris. London, it is said, will be honored by some royal visitors, amongst others by the Sultan, during the course of the summer. There has been a rather serious riot at Waterford, arising out of an attempt to rescue some Fenian prisoners. The police were roughly handled, and had to use their bayonets in self-defence. Several rioters were wounded, and two of them are reported to have died in consequence.

In spite of the late Spring, we are receiving from all parts of the country cheering accounts of harvest prospects. Flour has fallen again, and a diminution in the price of bread was looked for by the public, but as yet the bakers have been quite unable to see it.

His Lordship the Bishop of Three Rivers, has published an important Pastoral on the subject of the Union of the B. N. American Colonies. His Lordship, without committing himself in any manner to any party, or to any particular line of politics, asserts the duty of all good Catholics—to matter what their previous opinions on the matter—to yield a frank and loyal allegiance to the new Constitution, that the Law of the Empire has given us. We copy some of the most striking passages, which are well worthy of the attention, both of the sincere Catholic, and of every good citizen and loyal subject of our Queen—

"The scheme was sufficiently discussed, and examined with sufficient scruple by the most devoted and enlightened men of all the Provinces to do away with all distrust in that respect. Nevertheless, it is not the least true that it is only with fear and trembling that we should apply the hand to the basis on which an entire edifice reposes in order to substitute another, each civil consequence depending on

the smallest defect in the equilibrium. Therefore we understand the hesitation and the alarm even of a certain number of our fellow-citizens, and it was not without experiencing deep emotion ourselves that we saw the dreaded necessity of coming to the adoption of a measure so great in itself and its consequences. It is thus that we have accepted it, confiding in the Divine Providence which has always protected us in so visible a manner during the trials we have had to go through as a people.

Now that the project has received the sanction of the Imperial Government, and that it has become the fundamental law of the country, we should remember that our duty as Catholics is to put an end to all discussion on this subject. If we have had perfect liberty of opinion within the limits of justice and honesty so long as Confederation was only projected; if we could in all surety of conscience be for or against it, combat it warmly or defend it with conviction, according as we thought it useful or dangerous, this state of things no longer exists now that it is passed into a law. To-day it has been adjudged upon and become obligatory, and you must now remember the great principle of Catholicism—Omnis auctoritas a Deo: quae autem sunt a Deo ordinata sunt. Whatever may have been our anterior opinions, the good of our country and the teaching of our religion make it unequal duty to accept it and submit to it. You should in conscience, my very dear brethren, as Catholics as well as sincere friends of order, union and peace, favor, to the measure of your ability the good working of the constitution which is about to be inaugurated.

That duty you will be in a position to fulfil during the approaching elections, by assuring yourselves that the men whom you will choose to represent you in Parliament are animated with that spirit of conciliation, with that good will the co-operation of which is indispensable in order to derive from the new constitution all the good we desire.

It will lay with you then, my very dear brethren, to proceed with these elections with a sentiment of the great responsibility which rests upon your shoulders, in the accomplishment of a duty whence may depend the happiness or the misfortune of our nation; it will lay with you to bring to bear all the maturity and honesty which will be prescribed to you by your faith and your conscience. It is only on those conditions that God will bless your choice, and give you representatives according to his heart, wise and upright legislators, capable of promoting with safety and defending with courage and ability our dearest interests.

We profit by the present circumstance to exhort you to avoid with particular care, the vices which unfortunately have too often dishonoured several of your elections. We especially refer to electoral corruption and intemperance. Nothing is more likely to draw down the anger of God upon a people. And, my very dear brethren, does not Heaven now seem about to call us to account!

THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.—Our readers will be glad to learn that this worthy Prelate is recovering from the rather serious indisposition, under which he has been suffering for some time, the consequence, we suspect of overwork.

ORDINATIONS.—The annual Trinity Ordination of the Grand Seminary of Montreal took place in the chapel of the above place on Saturday, 14th June.

The aspirants were duly prepared by a retreat of seven days, in which many of them decided their vocations, and invoked the blessings of Heaven on the choice they were about to make, and to secure the grace of their vocations.

His Lordship Rt. Rev. Ignatius Bourget, D. D., &c., the officiating Prelate, arrived at the High Altar, addressed a short but pathetic discourse to those who presented themselves for ordination, recalling to their minds the dignity of the state to which they were aspiring; and that they, in imitation of the Apostles who had prepared themselves by a retreat for the descent of the Holy Ghost, were also prepared to receive the Holy Spirit in their souls. His Lordship spoke for upwards of twenty minutes, his whole discourse breathing forth unction, piety, and paternal charity.

Want of space prevents us from giving a minute account of the sermon.

We here subjoin a list of the names of those who participated in the ordination:—

PRIESTHOOD.—Rev. Messrs. Chas. Brouillet, Diocese of Montreal; L. Z. Chompoux, do; J. S. Racine, do; O. Gaffney, Hartford, Conn.

DIACONATE.—Rev. Messrs. John J. Salmon, Montreal; B. P. Barrett, do; J. M. A. Brien, do; S. F. B. Menard, do; P. J. Belanger, do; F. E. Gendreau, St. Hyacinthe, C.E.; Jas. T. Brennan, Halifax, N.S.; C. E. Murphy, do; D. C. O'Connor, do; J. J. McCann, Toronto, C.W.; J. J. Kelly, do; Bernard O'R. Sheridan, Hartford, Conn.

SUBDIACONATE.—Rev. Messrs. J. B. Ignatius Bourget, Montreal; L. A. Charbonneau, do; J. E. Dugas, do; J. R. Giroux, do; L. A. Lavoye, do; A. Seguin, do; L. Bonin, do; J. S. Ethier, do; Chas. C. Cloke, Alton, Ill., U.S.; M. Weis, do; Chas. J. B. Murray, Kingston, C.W.

MINOR ORDERS.—Messrs. J. P. Leduc, Montreal; G. E. Brochu, do; E. S. Demers, do; J. Lasalle, do; A. Lefrere, do; J. J. Beineke, Alton, Ill., U.S.; R. J. Sullivan, Hartford, Conn.; E. McKenna, New York; F. Ouellet, Sandwich, C.W.; A. Ouellet, St. John N.B.; E. Hudon, S.J., Montreal; A. Pelletier, S.J., do; J. Busan, S.J., do.

TONSURE.—Messrs. E. A. Coallier, Montreal; M. Auclair, do; T. I. Giroux, do; J. B. Morisseau, do; J. Brien, do; F. X. Chagnon, do; A. Harnois, do; U. Gaudet, do; Jas. A. Langon, Halifax, N.S.; Thos. Heslin, Hartford, Conn.; O. McKenna, New York; E. F. Cassidy, Toronto, C.W.

Rev. Messrs. Sheridan and Menard whose promotion to the Diaconate we record above, were promoted to the Priesthood on Sunday last, at St. James Cathedral, by Rt. Rev. Monseigneur Bourget.

I will not delay to make any comments on this grand and imposing ceremony, it suffices to remark that the Grand Seminary still continues to send forth yearly, from within its venerated walls, numbers of learned and virtuous young men, to aid in the salvation of their neighbor, and promote the greater glory of God.

As an item of news interesting to Catholics, and as a sign of the good feeling that for the most part prevails in Montreal betwixt Her Majesty's Protestant and Catholic subjects—we copy from our contemporary the Daily News, the following account of the Salle d'Asyle Nazareth, in St. Catherine Street:—

We have recently visited the above institution, and as we believe its objects are not very generally known, and that publicity will extend its usefulness, we make no apology for laying before our readers a brief account of its origin and sphere of action, at the same time recommending all who have leisure, and take an interest in infantile education, to pay a visit to the establishment, and judge for themselves. The Infant School in St. Catherine street has been in operation since February, 1863. It was designed for the double purpose of imparting instruction, and offering a day refuge for the children of poor parents who were compelled to be absent from their homes, working for their living. Similar institutions have, for many years been found to work admirably in various European cities, and in some cases have met with government support. In France, the Empress Eugenie has made these institutions her specialty, and, thanks to the warm interest she feels in their success, large sums are annually voted from the Imperial Treasury to aid in their extension and development.

In the institution of which we are treating, the instruction imparted to the children is both of a religious and secular character. The principles and habits engendered are such as none can take exception to. The young intelligence is sought to be quickened, the young mind developed, method and order inculcated, competition excited in a word all the budding instincts of a child's nature are called into active play. Habits of cleanliness are looked upon as among the primary considerations, and the physical health of the pupils is well attended to. Children are admitted to the building at 7 a. m. daily, and are received at the door by one of the Sisters. The washing of face, hands, and feet, is then attended to, lavatories for the purpose having been erected at the end of a spacious dining hall; after which the children are conducted to a magnificent room divided into compartments, one for male and the other for female pupils. The two sexes cannot see each other, but Sister Gaudy who imparts instruction and who, en passant, has a motte spirituelle which cannot fail to exercise a potent influence, can see all that transpires on both sides. The seats are raised one above the other, and in the middle of the room fronting the pupils, the instructress, with the assistance of a board, tablets, objects d'illustration &c., communicates the lessons simultaneously to every child, occasionally singling out particular pupils and instituting a sort of competitive examination. Nothing can be more charming than to watch the intelligent countenances of the children while this is going on. Dismay rarely accompanies failure. Somehow Sister Gaudy, who has charge of the school, has a happy knack of conveying to her infant charges a hopefulness and an elasticity which survives disaster, and in the bright eye of a child who has been tried and found wanting the beholder can read as plain as words can speak: "Next time, see if I don't answer right!" The dining room is plainly but substantially fitted up. Every child has a book on which to hang basket, hat, &c., and each book has a number attached to it. When the bell rings for the classes to commence, all place themselves in ranks, the little boys in one room the girls in another holding their hands above their heads. At a given signal each child drops the right hand on to the shoulder of the next neighbour, and starting with the right foot they all beat time like little soldiers and march off to the school room. A certain number distinguished by rosettes are told off as commanders, who in turn tell off the companies and dismiss them to their studies. And here we may remark that, thanks to the interest evinced in this institution by Lord William Paulet, when commanding the Guards at the time of the Trent imbroglio, some sixty or seventy suits of uniforms, with arms, accoutrements, &c., are in possession of the Sisters for use on special occasions; and we were informed that the favored boys are not a little proud of their military outfit and their proficiency in drill which latter, strange to say, is carried on without any extraneous aid. All the children are taught reading, spelling, arithmetic history and geography. After lessons the children march to the dining room, where they receive a hearty meal. Soup is provided for each child who does not bring food from home, at a nominal charge (we believe copper) During the day, certain hours are told off for recreation in a large yard in rear of the building, where the children appear thoroughly to enjoy themselves. The institution is open to visitors, Sundays and Thursdays excepted. The best time for a visit is at 9 o'clock in the morning and two in the afternoon, when instruction is going on. During the first year of its existence, the institution was the means of imparting education to 310 children; in the second year 566; third, 595; fourth, 702; fifth, 877. Applications continue to increase, but the expenses of the sisters far exceed their means. The benevolent founder, the Rev. Mr. Rousseau, who is thoroughly devoted to the institution, finds himself unable to proceed further in extending its usefulness: It is to be hoped that he will receive practical and permanent assistance from philanthropic citizens in his efforts for the education and moral training of children who, but for the aid of the charitable, will in all probability grow up as social Arabs in our midst, and perhaps be destined to become a burden to the State instead of ennobling and sustaining it.

In connection with the institution we must not omit to add that the Sisters have established a Blind Asylum, which we believe, unique in Canada. At present there are few patients, but we are convinced its existence has only to be known to bring numerous applicants for admission. The inmates seem happy, and the efforts made to instruct them in useful occupations, such as bead work, cane-bottoming chairs, knitting, &c., have been very successful. The facility with which the patients read from books by touch, and convey their thoughts by punctuation, is marvellous. On Thursdays, young females of the city wishing instruction in needlework, are accommodated, free of charge; of course furnishing their own materials. We saw some very beautiful specimens worked by girls over 7 years of age, who are formed in separate classes in the upper part of the building. These latter girls are permitted to remain in the institution on payment of fifty cents a month, but all boys after reaching that age are excluded. We may add that the children of well-to-do citizens are cared for in the institution on payment of trifling fees.

We regret we have not space to go into further details, but would conjure all who feel an interest in the welfare of the rising generation, and particularly of the children of the poor, to pay the institution a visit. They cannot fail to be gratified, as we have been; and hope they will be disposed to give some assistance to the ladies who are evidently engaged in a labor of love, and most anxious to extend their sphere of usefulness.

We understand that for some weeks past a séance has been given in this institution specially for the benefit of the blind poor. The persons who were present have been so delighted with the manner in which writing was read and with all the specimens of manual labour produced by those unfortunate children, that the Hon. Mr. Laframboise, M. Victor Hudon, M. Joseph Beaudry, and Madame Dumais, have each subscribed the sum of one hundred dollars in furtherance of the objects of the institution.

We are assured that, as soon as the Sisters of the Nazareth Asylum shall be able to procure the necessary funds, they will erect a special institution for the blind. The public are earnestly invited to assist

them in carrying out a work which, in assuaging one of the greatest misfortunes of humanity, will certainly be a credit to our city.—Mont. Daily News 14th inst.

Our readers are, we suppose aware that, on Saturday the 29th inst., will occur the Eighteenth Secular Anniversary of the Martyrdom of the Blessed Apostles, and Pillars of the Church, S.S. Peter and Paul. To celebrate worthily this great anniversary, Five Hundred Bishops of the Catholic Church, of all tongues, from all quarters of the earth, but one in faith and doctrine, one in hope, one in dutiful allegiance to the illustrious Pius the Ninth, successor of the Prince of the Apostles, will be assembled on that day in Rome. The Holy Spirit will, we are sure, direct them in all things, to the greater honor and glory of God, and the good of His Church.

And that this Great Day may be worthily celebrated here, and that we also may participate in the festivities of the Holy City, our own Bishop has published a Pastoral to the Clergy and Faithful of the Diocese, which was read on Sunday last; exhorting them all to a due observance of the Festival, and assigning cogent motives for a great increase of our devotion in these days of peril, and when all the storms of the dark pit seem to be let loose against the Church of God. His Lordship the Bishop, therefore, decrees, that a solemn Novena, preparatory to the Feast, shall commence on Thursday, 20th inst., the Feast of Corpus Christi, and shall be continued throughout the entire octave, in all churches and chapels of the Diocese. The Festival of the 29th will be celebrated with extraordinary solemnity; and, in virtue of a special Indulgence Apostolique, a Plenary Indulgence is accorded to all who, with hearts really contrite, and who, having confessed, shall, betwixt the first and second Vespers of the Feast itself, receive Holy Communion; and visiting some church shall therein pray in the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, for peace amongst all Christian Princes, for the extirpation of heresy, and for the triumph of Our Holy Mother the Church.

A small sheet containing prayers appropriate for the Novena has been published in the English and French languages, and may be procured at any of our Catholic libraries.

A friend has pointed out to us that we were in error in our last, when we represented the Rev. M. Ramsay as having taken Deacon's Orders at Rome. He received the Sub-Diaconate in Europe indeed, but was ordained Deacon in Montreal on Saturday, 30th of March last, by Mgr. Bourget. It is now seven years since Mr. Ramsay was received into the Church, by the Rev. M. Fabre, one of the Canons of this Diocese.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND.—If there be one thing upon which, more than upon any other, the people of Scotland pique themselves, it is their popular educational system, their common schools: and if there be one kind of education for which, more than for any other they take credit to themselves, it is the religious education which their schools impart to all who attend them. Scotch education, and above all, Scotch Religious Education, have been so long paraded before the world as articles of unimpeachable, unapproachable excellence, that it seems to be a hopeless task to attempt even to dissipate the fogs of ignorance and prejudice which hang, and have long hung over these subjects.

Hopeless, however, as seems the task it has been attempted by Mr. Nicholson, Advocate, and Assistant Commissioner in the Inquiry into the state of Popular Education in Scotland.—This gentleman has published the results of his inquiries, and the London Times reproduces them in a condensed form, from which we propose to make some extracts. With the Times too we would direct special attention to the significant fact, that the heathen ignorance pointed out by Mr. Assistant Commissioner Nicholson is the ignorance, not of the street Arabs, or of the neglected children of poor and vicious parents, but of children attending the parochial schools, under the special control of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers.

Mr. Nicholson found, and reports, that in these schools, a portion of the Scriptures, generally the Old Testament, is daily read, and a portion of the "Shorter Catechism repeated;" whereupon, in his own words he set to work "to ascertain whether ideas, as well as words, had been conveyed to the mind;" and with the following results, as reported in the Times:—

"He was disappointed. He found children would rattle off without a mistake 'The Decrees of God are His eternal purposes' &c.—but when he proceeded to ask such questions as 'What do you mean by a saving grace? What is it to be engrafted into Christ?' there was a total blank—a kind of shrinking back as if one were touching upon ground not to be ventured upon. He states that many people are satisfied with this 'mechanical communication of great doctrines' being of opinion that the meaning will be recognized in after life."—London Times.

Mr. Nicholson was not only surprised at the utter ignorance of the children generally, as to the meaning of the words which they rattled off mechanically with great dexterity, but he was shocked at the less excusable—and thoroughly heathenish ignorance of these children on the

facts of Scripture, and the most important events connected with the origin of Christianity. Thus to the question which he addressed to them "Who was the Mother of our Lord?" he could obtain no answer: it bothered the children entirely, or, in the words of the Times:—

"The question, 'Who was the Mother of Our Lord?' was a puzzle to some schools and in one, the children seemed very much astonished, as at something which they had never heard of."

In another school that the Assistant Commissioner visited, only two of the pupils could tell the names of our first parents: and when he ventured upon the question:—

"What was the sin for which they were put out of the garden of Eden?" there was, so we are told, a long silence. At length, so the official report goes on—"after much repetition and varying of the question, the most venturesome, and intelligent member of the class, a girl of about 14, timidly suggested" the answer:—

"Committing Adultery" And as the Times, is careful to insist:— "It will be observed that he—the Assistant Commissioner—is speaking of children in schools, and not of neglected children."

Upon the whole, Mr. Nicholson came to the conclusion, after a patient and thorough inquiry into the results of the existing system of Scotch popular education, that, "though the usual form of the Presbyterian Reports represents that religious instruction is duly attended to" yet "be encountered so much deficiency, and of so uniform a type, as to suggest serious doubts whether the existing theory and practice be not in need of radical amendment."

We hope these unpleasant, and to many, these startling revelations as to the deplorable, the heathenish ignorance of the school attending children of the best educated part of the "land of the open Bible," may inspire our Protestant friends with a little modesty for themselves, and a little charity for the alleged short-comings of the children of the poor in Catholic countries—in Ireland, Italy, Spain, and Canada. Not by the latter so much, as by the former, is biblical instruction needed: for we much doubt whether in any Catholic country, a child of 14 years of age could be found attending a Catholic school who should hold such a very original view as to the nature of original sin, as that held, and expressed by the young Scotch school miss: or that even in the most abandoned part of Calabria the simple question "Who was the Mother of Our Lord?" would baffle a whole school. A little more modesty Messieurs Les Protestants, and a little more charity we repeat would not be amiss on your parts: and if you were either modest, or sincere in your professions about enlightening the young Romanists of Lower Canada, you would establish your first schools, not at Pointe aux Trembles, but in the rural districts of Presbyterian Scotland.

Some idea of the enormous wealth, of the resources, and value to the British Empire, of the Australasian colonies, may be found from the fact that the trade of the little colony of Victoria, settled a few years ago, is already upwards of \$125,000,000 and that the aggregate of her imports, and exports, exceed \$200 per head for every man, woman and child in the country. With a population of less than Two Millions, considerably below that of the two Canadas, the six Australasian colonies, imported in 1865 to the value of about \$169,000,000, and their exports on five articles of production only, were upwards of \$101,000,000.

The greater part of this great traffic, says the report in the Times, assists in maintaining the manufacturing power of the United Kingdom; and the shipping returns of the same Colonies show, on the same authority, "an aggregate of arrivals amounting to 1,369,091 tons, and 2,017,724 tons as the aggregate of departures."

These statistics, we think, furnish an unanswerable reply to those who pretend that, if the material progress of the British North American Colonies be inferior to that of the United States, it is due to their Colonial position and to their form of Government. In all important respects, in principle, and in detail, the political institutions of the Australasian Colonies are identical with those of these Provinces, whilst their wealth and their progress on the route of material prosperity are, to say the least, as great as anything of analogous kind in the United States. It cannot, therefore, be the tendency of the form of Government under which those Colonies live, and which we also in these Colonies live under, to repress the growth of wealth, or to throw obstacles in the way of material progress. No! it is not to anything in their political order, that the marvellous wealth of these newly acquired dependencies of Great Britain in the Southern Hemisphere is due, but wholly and solely to their material, or physical conditions; to their climate, and to the absence of those long cruel winters which, in other parts of the world, make such terrible havoc upon the means and the time of the working man; to their almost boundless pastures, and to their mineral resources, their gold, and inexhaustible coal-beds. These, not

It is only quite lately that the representative system was set up in Australia.







FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

Great rejoicings in France and Russia at the escape of the Czar from assassination. The Poles universally display sympathy for the crime.

The *Moniteur*, in its official account of the assassination, says, the ball struck the horse of one of the imperial grooms, who was riding at the door of the carriage. The people in the crowd threatened the life of the assassin, and the police interfered. The man says his name is Beregonski, and that he is a native of Volhynia.

The *Gazette des Tribunaux* says the ball passed between Napoleon and one of the sons of the Czar of Russia, wounding a lady who was standing opposite to see the cortege pass.

*La France* says, letters of congratulation to Napoleon have extensively been signed in the several towns, and it is believed will become general.

The Corps Legislatif to-day the President made a speech condemning the attempt at assassination, and expressing his sympathy with the august guests. His sentiments were loudly cheered. The assassin was examined to-day. He spoke with calmness, and gave his history. He is a Pole, and an instrument of a crime. He was asked, 'How could fire at a sovereign, the guest of France?' He replied with tears, 'True I committed a great crime towards France.' 'But you ran the risk of killing Napoleon.' To this the prisoner answered, 'No! A Polish bullet could not go astray; it must go straight when aimed at the Czar. I wished to relieve the world of the Czar, and the Czar of remorse, which must weigh upon him.' The prisoner showed no sorrow for the crime, and expressed regret at his failure. A magnificent ball was given at the Russian Embassy the same evening. The Czar, with his son, and the Emperor and Empress of the French, were present.

PARIS, June 13th.—A despatch has been received by the Government from Constantinople, announcing that the Sultan of Turkey will take his departure for his capital for this city on Tuesday next.

What Athens and Rome were for the ancient Paris and France are for the modern world. For ages peoples loved to isolate themselves in their own strength, and jealously to maintain their individual nationality. The tendency of the modern epoch is, on the contrary, to efface animosities and to combine interests. The assemblage in Paris of so many men of different origin, and from points so distant and so diverse, will not fail to strengthen feelings of reciprocal amity and respect. France, by affording to all the opportunity for thus bringing together so many elements, has never fulfilled her mission of civilization better, and the Princes who are about to be her guest will have never promoted a nobler or juster cause by the authority of their example.

From this you may judge of the intense self satisfaction which prevails here. Let us hope that the future will prove that the results of this gathering of Princes will not be the mere interchange of commonplace courtesies, or even of decorations, which are by no means despised by this democratic people.

We learn that the Sultan is not the only Oriental Sovereign who contemplates visiting Paris on this occasion. A telegram from Constantinople announces that the Shah of Persia has not yet accepted the invitation sent him by the Emperor Napoleon. The presence, either at the same time or of one after the other, of these sublime personages would indeed be a remarkable event of the present century, and nothing more curious would be seen by themselves during the Exhibition. When Genoa the Superb was half burnt down by the French for having taken part with Spain, Louis XIV. would not make peace but on condition that the Doge came in person to implore his clemency.

Imperials Lascaro, the reigning Doge, accompanied by the Senators Lomallino, Garibaldi, Durazzo, and Salvago, came to Versailles to do all that the King exacted from them. The Doge, in his dress of ceremony, and wearing a cap of red velvet, which he frequently doffed, was the spokesman; his discourse and his assurance of submission were dictated by Seignelai (the eldest son of Colbert, and his successor as Minister of Marine). The King seated and covered, listened to him; but, as in all the acts of his life he blended politeness with dignity he treated Lascaro and the senators with as much kindness as pomp. The Ministers Louvois, Croissy, and Seignelai displayed more haughtiness to them so much so that the Doge said, 'The King takes liberty from our hearts by his manner of receiving us, but his Ministers give it back to us. Every one knows that when the Marquis de Seignelai asked him what was the most singular thing he had seen at Versailles, he replied, 'It was seeing myself there.'

Should M. Rouher be tempted to put the same question to the Sultan and the Shah after their inspection of the capital and the Exhibition, they might make the same reply as the Doge of Genoa.—*Times Cor.*

The *Journal des Debats* advocates the necessity of France being prepared for any emergency that may arise. It is not a mystery that her military organization was incomplete, and that had she been called upon to make war, though she might have had plenty of men, those men would have been very badly armed. There would have been many soldiers, many officers, many Generals, all of whom would undoubtedly have done so under great disadvantages as regards the materials of war. No one in particular merits reproaches for that state of things, for everybody has contributed towards it. The fact was revealed by the Luxemburg affair, and the possibility of a war with Prussia proved the necessity of the preparations which people have a right to expect from a vigilant Government.

In an article in the *Opinion Nationale* M. Laurent (de l'Ardeche) doubts whether, after all, it was the true spirit of peace and concern for the future that inspired the diplomatists of the London Conference, for the people of Luxemburg have not been consoled. M. Laurent (de l'Ardeche) was one of M. Ledru Rollin's Commissioners in that department in 1848, and was elected representative of the people both to the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies, where he always voted with the Left, that is, with the more advanced political party in the Assembly. He had been, moreover, a member of the St. Simonian Community, but subsequently withdrew from it when new doctrines were introduced which seemed to many of the brethren a departure from the orthodoxy of St. Simon. Both as a legislator and publicist M. Laurent was ever well known to the public; in the former capacity for his connexion with the revolutionary party, and in the latter by his numerous writings, of which the best known are, or were, a history of Napoleon, and an elaborate apology of Robespierre, to the two first editions of which, published in 1828, he did not think proper to put his name. M. Laurent exults that the period is approaching which he predicted 40 years ago, of the universal brotherhood which is to proclaim that any conflict between nations should be considered as a civil war. He says he was mocked at a good deal, and people flung in his face the names of the Abbe Saint-Pierre and St. Simon, dreamers, well meaning, no doubt, but not to be spoken of without exciting laughter. Times have, however, changed. The scoffers at the idea of general and perpetual peace, at universal fraternity, and community of mankind, have disappeared, and their political descendants are becoming enthusiastic admirers of these same theories so long ridiculed as mere illusions, but which are now regarded as practicable by those who are founding the League of Peace. Whatever be the origin of this league, whether it has a political object or not, or whatever the social result it has in view, and which the London Conference has ratified, it cannot but gladden the 'veteran utopists' (M. Laurent is 74).

'Who hope as I do that the God of armies will be more and more arrested in his wrath and his menaces by the God of the workshops; and that pacific labour will at last display, without fear of disorders and fratricidal struggles, the magnificence of art, of science, and of industry in universal competition.'

Have these noble objects been aimed at by the London Conference; and have the causes of war, extravagant pretensions, excessive cupidity, ultra-military ardour, the paroxysms of ambition and pride given way, as if by enchantment, to international sympathies the most lively and sincere? Had Lord Stanley done this he could not be too much glorified; he would be the greatest benefactor of the human race, the precursor of the holy alliance of peoples, the testamentary executor of Henry IV., of the Abbe Saint-Pierre, and of Saint Simon. Unfortunately, the work of conciliation which he has accomplished, and for which he is entitled to gratitude, has not this immense import. The treaty which he has concluded, however advantageous for the moment to the upper world, still bears the old mark. The new right, sprung from the French Revolution, popular suffrage as practised in France, Italy, Savoy, Nice, and Venetia, and appealed to by France on behalf of the Danes of Schleswig, has been refused to the Luxemburgers. Royalty, relying on its divine right, has, in the presence of the representatives of universal suffrage, disposed of whole populations without deigning to consult them. It has decided upon their destinies according to its own will and pleasure, without the slightest regard for the consequences or for the other questions which may sooner or later, for want of equitable and definite solution, again seriously endanger the peace of the world. This persistence in the old diplomatic practice of mere expediency has been commented upon and denounced with regret and apprehension by two journals—*The Times* of England and the *Journal des Debats* of France—which, assuredly, are not disposed to Radicalism or to warlike tendencies.

The French papers inform us that in the diocese of Cambrai alone the subscriptions for a fund, out of which the Pontifical Corps of Zouaves is to be paid, amount to one hundred and twelve of 500 francs (£20) each making a total in English money of £2,240 per annum, which this very small section of France has made itself responsible for. In the diocese of Tours there are twenty subscriptions; in that of Sens, thirty-six; in Rennes, nineteen; in Le Mans, twelve; and in Limoges eight; making in all one hundred and forty-nine, or with Cambrai two hundred and fifty one subscriptions of £20 each, or five thousand and twenty pounds in English money, which is guaranteed to be paid yearly for the maintenance of the Pope's Zouaves. In addition to these there are many private subscriptions, of which we will give a more full account next week. The movement may be said to have only just commenced, but it has already succeeded far beyond what even the most sanguine of its promoters ever hoped. All honour to Catholic France, not only for the money subscribed, but for this most significant guarantee that the faithful will never with the consent of that great nation, occupy the Holy City. Five hundred francs, or £20 sterling, is the sum which each Zouave costs the Roman Government, and for this reason the subscriptions are divided into sums of twenty pounds each, every such amount being generally clubbed together by several persons. In some districts it is made up by contributions of one or two sous each amongst the peasantry; in other places many single individuals, or individual families, give each a subscription. Thus, in the diocese of Noyon, four priests have subscribed twenty pounds amongst them, and four laymen each give a like sum. Could not something of the sort be carried out in England?

The PRINCE IMPERIAL.—Speaking of the heir to the French throne the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—A correspondent of a Catholic contemporary gives a very different account of the Prince Imperial's health from that given in the Parisian journals. He says that the little patient's health is such as to leave no hope of his recovery. The poor child is a victim to scrofula of the most determined character, and part of the bone has already been removed and replaced by plates of gold in a recent operation. It is stated positively, as the opinion of M. Nelaton that he cannot survive a second operation, and that his living to succeed to the throne is utterly improbable. All this may be true, or it may only mean that the writer wishes to circulate what he believes will be agreeable to the royalist party in France. And as the statement concerning the Prince Imperial's health is immediately followed by another, setting forth how their majesties the King and Queen of France have just returned from Prague, where they have been received with the warmest testimonies of affection by the Emperor and Empress of Austria, and how they are now at their chateau at Frohsdorf, receiving the homage of a large party of the French noblesse, we are inclined to take such an unfavorable view of the prince Imperial's prospects as our contemporary's gloomy vaticinations might otherwise have inclined us to do.

The *Droit* referring to the recent discovery of the body of a lady in the forest of Fontainebleau, states that a post mortem examination proves that death had been the result of a crime. The police are actively pursuing their investigations, and one arrest has already been made, although for obvious reasons, the details are not made public.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—Florence, June 10.—The Italian Parliament refuse to ratify the convention concluded by the Minister of Finance with Comte Fould of Paris for raising a loan based upon the proceeds of an extraordinary tax upon the church property of Italy. The Italian Press is just now very low spirited. It is eating such very humble pie that it reproduces the scathing articles of the English Liberal Press *opros* of Italian politics, with the pretence of certain very penitential sentiments. It arouses one's pity to see a people with such glorious antecedents reduced so low as that its Press can turn and thank the passers-by who throw mud at the nation. From every side one hears complaints. The fair city of Cortona, girded with many towers, in the centre of fertile Umbria, is brought so low that its people write to say that they fear to go outside their own doors, still more to take a walk outside the city. The bills about are full of bandits who penetrate into the city, who attack the peaceful citizens, and rob them as they are sauntering quietly along under the shadow of their own city walls. The authorities have their own differences to settle, and to pocket as much as they can and care little for contingencies which have as yet on it affected their neighbors.

There are other reasons why the Italian journals should just at present be very blue. The Chamber which began so hopefully seems to have fallen or to be fast falling into the old vice of Italian Chambers—do-nothingness, and already the journals are laying down rules for the guidance of the Chamber.—As one journal justly remarks the session will terminate in barely two months, and if some great stride is not made before that time the country will be no nearer to the great object of its desire. If nothing financial is clearly settled before the session ends, 1868 will find things just where they are.—The schemes of the Finance Minister, at first received with some enthusiasm seem now to have the vice inherent in all financial schemes prepared for the deliverance of Italy under its present rulers—the vice of being dreams that can never be realised; for that they are built upon data only found in the imagination of the financier. The Italian funds in the Paris market do not go up; they rather go down and that is enough to make the Italians lose confidence in this new panacea. If there were anything substantial about it they say, the funds would soon rise. Foreign investors can only hope to pay themselves by the success of the kingdom; if there were any apparent chance of that success they would be sufficiently alive to their own interests to seize it at once. The proposed tax on grinding corn is so odious to the people

that its acceptance can only be forced. The ecclesiastical scheme, although lengthily propounded by the Minister, who told the Chamber that he was 'no idealist, only a simple financier,' is exposed to many breakers. It is only the more complete and systematic robbery of the Church, the draining it to its last halfpenny in some of its clauses, the getting blood out of a stone; and it is were to pass, the Church would be perfectly landless and fundless. But even Republican journals say, and wisely say that it promises little chance of success, and that if it were passed the only result would be that so much real property would be in the hands of foreigners and that the chances of repairing the woes of Italy would be so much fewer did any hitch occur in the management of it. There would be nothing left, then, to remove the twenty-three millions and more pounds sterling with which the accounts are burdened on the debtor side. Meantime, too, the official journal has to deny that there are dissensions among the foreign capitalists, which hinder the solution of the difficulty. Bad meantime the Chamber has to make up an income for Prince Amadeus and his bride, and to see to paying off the six millions of francs which burden the civil list—a debt Victor Emmanuel has with some policy, made a quasi condition of his renoucement of a large portion of the civil list.

As Italian unity gets weaker and weaker the noble courage and piety of right-minded Italians seem to be ever getting brighter and brighter. Large sums continue to pour in for the centenary. The noble conduct of Count Crotti di Castiglione, a Piedmontese deputy, has been a theme of much comment. Rome had decided that a Catholic could sit as a deputy provided that he took the oath, with the reserve, 'saving all laws divine and ecclesiastical,' to be uttered in a clear voice before at least two witnesses. When he went to take his seat this eminent man formerly Minister of Piedmont in France and Switzerland, and more than once the bold asserter of the rights of the Church and of the people, added these words to the oath. A great uproar was the consequence, and he was declared incapable of taking his seat from disrespect to the oath.

Some statistics of the cholera recently published in Italy show that, during the eight months and more of its prevalence in united Italy, there were 32,577 persons attacked, of whom 12,901 died. In all cases the majority of persons were men, and the proportion of married persons over the unmarried is very decided. The poor who were attacked numbered 15,467; but among the better classes the ratio of mortality was far higher—it fact 60 per cent. But few young children were attacked, and the susceptibility to the disease was most evident between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. By a recent decree the civil list of Victor Emmanuel is fixed at £710,000 yearly from the end of 1868, and by this arrangement it is reduced by £40,000 a year. As the reduction to £490,000 will not take place till the end of 1868, with all the credit of his sacrifice the King manages to secure the payment of his pressing debt of £240,000. The students of Naples have petitioned to have the heavy fees imposed on university education by these new apostles of civilisation a little lightened. They have been told for consolation that the French students pay more than they do; that their own fees for diplomas are in law only £24 16s., in medicine and surgery only £28 16s., and in natural sciences and mathematics only £20 16s., while a chemist's faculty costs only £12 16s. The word 'only' does not seem to give much consolation to these poor victims of enlightenment. Rumor gets stronger and stronger, about the rupture of the Rothschild negotiations with the Italian Government on the score of the Church property.

ROME.—Marselles, May 22.—In alligence received here from Rome to the 19th inst., states that after the last Consistory the Cardinals decided upon appointing a term within which Cardinal Andrea should be called upon to make his defence. Should he fail to comply with this order by the expiration of that term, he would be condemned in contumaciam, and sentenced to forfeit his right of voting in the Sacred College and at the Conclave.

The rumours of a probable war have damaged a little people's confidence in the success of the fetes, but the result of the Oogress has been to raise the hopes of the Romans. Nobody seems to think that the thought of war is really abandoned; but its being deferred is the cause of congratulation to us here. It saves us, at least, from the unpleasantness of a Garibaldian invasion. Garibaldi and his committee have hit upon the expedient of contracting a loan by issuing six millions of notes. This will, perhaps get the money they look to raise; they can, at any rate, fall back upon the resources available in England. The project does not seem a very happy one, and the zeal of the Romans in it is greatly doubted even by the Republican journals. The conduct of the Italian Government with respect to it is more an object of suspicion to these journals than it is to ourselves. The spectacle of a Government so bound by convention as the Italian Government professes to be, and priding itself so much upon its honourable intentions, and expressing itself as so aggrieved when one but so much as hints a doubt of its good will to the Papacy, and yet allowing a loan intended as a means for attacking the Papal Government to be announced in the official paper as a statement, and permitting these notes to be circulating under its own eyes is one not a little instructive. One day this week there were some uneasy movements near the frontier, which led to the idea that there might be something in action earlier than was intended, and reinforcements were on the eve of being sent there. There seems little doubt that the Emperor has a keen eye on these movements, and that the troops kept ready for that purpose on the frontiers of Italy or, as some say, in Oortona, would be sent down at very short notice.—*Cor. Weekly Register.*

AUSTRIA.

PESTE, June 8.—The coronation of the Emperor Joseph of Austria as King of Hungary took place in this city to-day in the presence of a great concourse of people. The ceremonies were impressive, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed.

Hungary again takes its place among European States, with the Emperor of Austria as King. The coronation took place on Saturday, with ceremonial magnificence, and amid great enthusiasm. The preparations were made on a scale intended to eclipse the display usually attendant upon such ceremonies, and to deepen the favorable impression which the conciliatory course of the new monarch has made upon his rebellious people. For twenty years that country has been held as a conquered province, and once the Emperor, who is now received with acclamations of joy, was nearly murdered in the streets of his own capital by a fanatical patriot. The change is due to concessions. Hungary has strongly maintained her right to their own Constitution and Government, and, on assuming the crown, King Francis took a solemn oath to support the old Constitution. Thus the monarch yields and Hungary makes a great point for free Government. Sacrowa taught him a lesson. The conciliatory course which he has taken under the advice of Bunsch his Prussian prime minister, is wise and politic. He becomes practically a Hungarian leaves that State its own government, overawes it with no military force, respects the will of the people, and thus founds the kingdom on the surest basis. If the concessions to Hungarian nationality are not a sham, there will be an end of insurrection, assassination and political executions. Indeed, the Emperor's liberal policy looks even further than Hungary. Poland and the German provinces are offered the same autonomy, and all political offenders are absolved from punishment. Refugees and wandering patriots may return and give their energies to building up their free institutions, and whatever disintegrating influences may result from this policy of combining different nationalities under one head, there will be more freedom and progress under Francis Joseph than the present generation has yet seen.

PRUSSIA.

In order to give an idea of the contradictory feelings with which the labours of the London Conference are viewed by the German public, I cannot do better than translate the following passage from the *Elberfelder Zeitung*:

Though the possibility of war had been contemplated with a heavy heart by all classes of the population alike, the feeling of satisfaction now prevalent is not without its alloy. People are neither thoroughly content with the settlement arrived at, nor entirely at their ease as to the future. The demands preferred by France in the Luxemburg affair have greatly contributed to rouse the susceptibilities of our countrymen, and the arrangement devised by the Powers is certainly not of a nature to pour oil upon our irritated feelings. However true it may be that Europe, having appointed Prussia the guardian of Luxemburg 50 years ago, is entitled to withdraw the privilege under a change of circumstances, still the people, too simple-minded to appreciate diplomatic niceties, are alive only to the fact of our evacuating the fortress after all. And are we to think lightly of the definitive exclusion of Luxemburg from the German Commonwealth? Is it not after such a loss but a poor consolation that the country has not fallen into the hands of France? Apart however, from our own feelings of mortification, it is easy to foresee that the enemies of Prussia, both in Northern and Southern Germany, will not scruple to make use of this opportunity for the most vehement attacks. Indeed a portion of the Saxon Press already assures us that in the days of the old Confederacy, when Austria was one with the nation, such a solution of the Luxemburg difficulty would have been impossible.

THE LAST WAGER OF BATTLE IN ENGLAND.—There has died in Birmingham a poor old man, one event of whose history forms an important mark in the progress of civilization in England, especially as relating to the old barbarous mode of settling disputes, and trying causes by the 'wager of battle.' The deceased, William Ashford, was the last person who was challenged in an English court to meet in single combat, a man whom he had accused as the murderer of his sister. On the 26th May, 1817, a beautiful young woman named Mary Ashford, in her twentieth year, went to dance at Erdington without proper protection. She left the festive scene at a late hour, accompanied by Abraham Thornton, a farmer's son. They were last seen talking together at a stile near the place, but next morning she was found dead in a pit of water; and there were fearful evidences that she had been abused and murdered. General suspicion pointing to Thornton, he was arrested and tried for murder at Warwick Assizes in August; but though strong circumstantial evidence was given against him, the defence which was an *alibi*, obtained a verdict of 'not guilty.' The feeling of indignation at his acquittal was so intense that a new trial was called for, and an appeal was entered against the verdict by William Ashford, the brother and next of kin to the murdered girl. Thornton was again apprehended, and sent to London in November to be tried before Lord Ellenborough and the full Court of Queen's Bench. Instead of regular defence Thornton defied all present modes of jurisdiction, and claimed his right according to ancient custom, to challenge his accuser to fight him, and decide his innocence or guilt by the 'wager of battle.' His answer to the question of the Court was, 'Not guilty, and I am ready to defend the same by my body.' He accompanied these words by the old act of taking off his glove and throwing it down upon the floor of the court. At this stage of the proceedings William Ashford, who was in court, actually came forward and was about to accept the challenge by picking up the glove, when he was kept back by those about him. With what wonder did the assembly, and indeed the nation, ask, 'Can a prisoner insist upon so obsolete a mode of trial in such a time of light as the nineteenth century?' The Court decided in April, 1818, that the law of England was in favour of the 'wager of battle'; that the old laws sanctioning it had never been repealed; and that though this mode of trial had become obsolete, it must be allowed. Thornton was therefore discharged, and being set at liberty left for America, where he died in obscurity.

The funny man of the *Cincinnati Times* has perpetrated the following schoolboy essay on Winter:—Winter is the coldest season of the year, because it comes in the winter mostly. In some countries winter comes in the summer, and then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in summer in this country which is the best Government the sun ever shone upon. Then we could go skating barefoot and slide down hills in linen trousers. We could snow ball without getting our fingers cold—and men who go out sleigh-riding wouldn't have to stop at every tavern to warm as they do now. It snows more in the winter than it does at any other season of the year. This is because so many cutters and sleighs are made then. Ice grows much better in winter than in summer, which was an inconvenience before the discovery of ice houses. Water that is left out of doors is apt to freeze at this season. Some folks take in their wells and cisterns on a cold night and keep them by the fire so they don't freeze. Skating is great fun in the winter. The boys get their skates on when the river is frozen over and race, play tag, break through the ice and get wet all over, (they get drowned sometimes and are brought home all dripping which makes their mothers scold getting water over the carpet in the front room), fall and break their heads and enjoy themselves in many other ways. A wicked boy once stole my skates and run off with them and I could not catch him. Mother said: 'Never mind, punishment will overtake him.' There ain't much sleigh riding except in winter.—Folks don't seem to care about it in warm weather. Grown up boys and girls like to go sleigh riding. The boys generally drive with one hand and help the girls with the other. Brother Bob let me go along once when he took Oelia Ann Crane out sleigh riding and I thought he paid more attention to holding the muff than he did to holding the horse. Snow balling is another winter sport. I have snow balled in the summer but we used hard apples. It isn't so amusing as it is in winter somehow.

A COOL FARMER.—We have seen and heard of cool proceedings ere this, but the conduct of the Vermont agriculturist was positively 'iced.' He once sold a load of hay to his neighbor, who, contrary to his expectations, after seeing it weighed stayed to see it unloaded. But a few forkfuls were off when a bouncing rock rolled from off the load; then another, and then a third came bang upon the floor. 'What's this?' queried the buyer in a loud voice. 'Most all herd-grass this year,' replied the deaf man. 'But, see, here,' continued the other, pointing to the boulders which lay arrayed in judgment against the dishonest hayman; 'what does all this mean?' 'Shan't cut nigh so much hay this year as I did last,' replied the dealer in herd-grass. Just as he had finished the last sentence down thundered a rousing chunk of granite, making a deep indentation in the barn-floor with one of its sharp angles. 'I say neighbor A,' screamed the purchaser of granite, 'I want to know what in the dence these are?' pointing to the boulders and the big lump of granite. Old N. took up a mighty forkful of the herd-grass, gave it a toss into the hayloft, then leaning upon his fork, (setting his huge quid of tobacco, and replacing it with a fresh one, he took a view of the fragments of a stone wall that lay before him and with one of the blandest smiles he replied, 'Them is rocks.'

The Presbyterian Banner has a communication from 'Dickey,' who, speaking of a revival, at which he has presided, and for which he received a little over \$107, says: 'Twenty received the ordinance of Baptism. Two others, who were to be baptized, were providentially hindered from being present.'

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health, and comfort to mother and child. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all Medicine Dealers. 25 cents a bottle. Office, 215 Fulton Street, New York; and 205 High Holborn, London.

Be sure and call for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." All others are base and dangerous imitations. Sold by all Druggists. 25 cents a bottle. June, 1867. 2m

SORE THROAT, COUGH, COLD, and similar troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious Pulmonary, Bronchial, and Asthmatic affections sometimes incurable.

DR. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are compounded so as to reach directly the seat of the disease and give almost instant relief. The Trochæes are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy; they have been thoroughly tested, and maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired. For Public Speakers, Singers, Military Officers and those who over-tax the voice, they are useful in relieving an Irritated Throat, and will render articulation easy. To the soldier exposed to sudden changes in the weather they will give prompt relief in Coughs and Colds, and can be carried in the pocket to be taken as occasion requires. Sold at 25 cents a box. June, 1867. 2m

PURIFY THE BLOOD.—If the blood be pure the body which is formed from and by the blood cannot be diseased. But if there be in any part of the body any affection, such as a boil or ulcer, even a bruise, the blood circulating through that part takes up impure matters from the local affection and carries it into the general system. This is the cause of often sudden death to persons of full habit afflicted with boils and ulcers, and who use no medicine; the matter gets into the circulating system and chokes up the fine blood vessels which supply the brain with vitality, and life ceases as if

Bereft by Lightning, Now, this can be remedied.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS take all impure matters from the circulation, and save the general health, soon curing local affections also. BRANDRETH'S PILLS protect from tedious times of sickness and often save life. Sold by all Druggists. June, 1867. 1m

SORE EYES CURED AFTER THREE YEARS' SUFFERING!

August 3rd, 1864. Dear Sirs,—It is with feelings of gratitude that I testify to the wonderful virtues possessed by your BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA, and SUGAR COATED PILLS. I suffered with most aggravated Sores Eyes for about Three Years, the lids being much inflamed, swelled, and matting. My eye-lashes were all gone, and my sight was so weak and painful that I could not let the sun light touch my eyes. Like others suffering with disease I tried the best Physicians and Oculists, both here and in the States, but their efforts, instead of benefiting, injured me. I then tried your BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA, bought from the store of your Agent here, and I am glad to say, that five bottles of the SARSAPARILLA and three phials of the PILLS, completely cured me. This was about six months ago, and my eye-lashes have now grown again, all inflammation and swelling has disappeared, and my sight is strong and free from pain. Again thanking you, I am dear sir, yours, &c., EDWARD LANE, Wellington St, Montreal.

Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray, Picault, & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine. 464

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION FOR THE SICK!—This vital question, involving the bodily health of tens of thousands, is submitted to all who suffer from dyspepsia, costiveness, bilious complaints, general debility, or any other disease originating in the stomach, liver or the bowels. Will you persist in drugging yourself with drastic mineral purgatives, that weaken, rack, and destroy the internal system, or will you accept certain, swift, and permanent relief through the medium of BRISTOL'S SUGAR COATED PILLS, a vegetable cathartic, which controls disease without depreciating the physical strength, is absolutely painless in its operation, and actually removes that necessity for continual purgatives which all the violent and depleting purgatives create? If you desire to enjoy the blessings of a good appetite, a vigorous digestion, a sound liver, regular excretions, and the mental calm which results from this conjunction of healthful conditions, BRISTOL'S SUGAR COATED PILLS will realize your wish. 418

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

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.—The introduction of this healthful and delicate perfume must inevitably render the inferior scented waters, manufactured from strong and impure essential oils, a drug in the market. Twenty years ago it took the place of the European 'essence' and 'essences,' in the South American and Indian markets, superseding every kind of *Eau de Cologne*. Its aroma is a closer approximation to the *breath of living flowers*, than that of any toilet article in use; and as a wash for the teeth, and for the complexion (when diluted with water) it is unequalled. 190 Beware of Counterfeits; always ask for the legitimate MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER, prepared only by Lanman & Kemp, New York. All others are worthless. Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicine.



Babus Choate once asked a witness what his occupation was. The astounded individual answered: 'I am a minister of the gospel, sir—' 'The Baptist.' 'I trust, then,' replied Mr. Choate, 'that you are a dipped, but not a wick of candle.'

The English Parliament enacted, in 1770, that 'whoever shall impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's male subjects by the scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, should be prosecuted for witchcraft, and that the marriage should be null and void.'

The town of Brunswick, Georgia, is visited with a flea plague.

CIRCULAR.

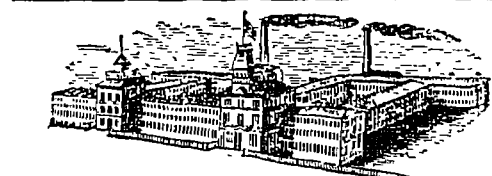
MONTREAL, May, 1867.

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part of BUTTER, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, PORK, HAMS, LARD, PICKLES, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c. &c.

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

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

D. SHANNON, COMMISSION MERCHANT, And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions, 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market. 12m



A CARD FROM

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY OF WALTHAM, MASS.

THIS Company beg leave to inform the citizens of the new Dominion of Canada that they have made arrangements to introduce their celebrated Watches to their notice. They are prepared to prove that their watches are made upon a better system than others in the world.

They commenced operations in 1850, and their factory now covers four acres of ground, and has cost more than a million dollars, and employs over 700 operatives. They produce 75,000 Watches a year, and make and sell not less than one half of all the watches sold in the United States. Up to the present time, it has been impossible for them to do more than supply the constantly increasing home demand; but recent additions to their works have enabled them to turn their attention to other markets.

The difference between their manufacture and the European, is briefly this: European Watches are made almost entirely by hand. In them, all those mysterious and infinitesimal organs which when put together create the watch, are the result of slow and toilsome manual processes, and the result is of necessity a lack of uniformity, which is indispensable to correct time-keeping. Both the eye and the hand of the most skillful operative vary. But it is a fact that, except watches of the higher grades, European watches are the product of the cheapest labor of Switzerland, and the result is the worthless Accres, Lepins and so-called Patent Levers—which soon cost more in attempted repairs, than their original price. Common workmen, boys and women, buy the rough separate parts of these watches from various factories, polish and put them together, and take them to the nearest watch merchant. He stamps and engraves them with any name or brand that may be ordered—whether London, Paris, Geneva or what not; and makes a man who thinks he has a genuine "M. I. Tobias, of Liverpool," (whose only fault is, that he can never regulate it to keep very good time, is really carrying a cheap and poor Swiss imitation.

HOW AMERICAN WATCHES ARE MADE.

The American Waltham Watch is made by no such uncertain process—and by no such incompetent workmen. All their operations, from the reception of the raw materials—the brass, the steel, the silver, the gold and the precious stones, to the completion of the Watch, are carried on under one roof, and under one skillful and competent director. But the great distinguishing feature of their Watches, is the fact that their several parts are all made by the finest, the most perfect and delicate machinery ever brought to the aid of human industry. Every one of the more than a hundred parts of every watch is made by a machine—that infallibly reproduces every succeeding part with the most unvarying accuracy. It was only necessary to make one perfect watch of any particular style and then to adjust the hundred machines necessary to reproduce every part of that watch, and it follows that every succeeding watch must be like it. If any part of any American Waltham Watch should be lost or injured, the owner has only to address the Company, stating the number of his watch and the part wanted, whether it be spring, pinion, jewel, or what not, and by return mail he would receive the desired article, which any watchmaker would adjust to his position.

The Company respectfully submit their watches on their merits only. They have fully succeeded in overcoming popular prejudice in the States in favor of European watches, and solicit a thorough examination and fair trial for their manufactures elsewhere. They claim to make

A BETTER ARTICLE FOR THE MONEY by their improved mechanical processes than can be made under the old-fashioned handicraft system.— They manufacture watches of every grade, from a good, low priced, and substantial article, in solid silver hunting cases, especially adapted to the wants of the farmer and lumberman, to the finest chronometer for the navigator; and also ladies' watches in plain gold or the finest enameled and jeweled cases; but the indispensable requisite of all their watches is that they shall be GOOD TIMEKEEPERS. It should be remembered that, except their single lowest grade named "Home Watch Company, Boston," ALL WATCHES made by them

ARE FULLY WARRANTED

by a special certificate given to the purchaser of every watch by the seller, and this warranty is good at all times against the Company or its agents.

ROBBINS & APPLETON, 182 Broadway, New York, ROBBINS, APPLETON & Co., 158 Washington St., Boston, General Agents. ROBERT WILKES, Toronto and Montreal, Agents for Canada.

A. SHANNON & CO.

GROCERS,

Wine and Spirit Merchants,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

102 AND 104 M'GILL STREET, MONTREAL,

HAVE constantly on hand a good assortment of Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Spices, Mustards, Provisions, Hams, Salt, &c. Port, Sherry, Madeira, and other Wines, Brandy, Holland Gin, Scotch Whiskey, Jamaica Spirits, Syrups, &c. &c.

Country Merchants and Farmers would do well to give them a call as they will Trade with them on Liberal Terms. May 19, 1867. 12m.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE. JUNE, 1867.

CONTENTS:

- 1. Lectures and Public Conferences among the Ancients. 2. Verheyden's Right Hand. 3. May; A Fancy. 4. Impressions of Spain. 5. Victor Cousin. 6. Praises of the Blessed Sacrament. 7. Architecture of Birds. 8. The Father of Waters. 9. The Church and the Roman Empire. 10. The Death of Napoleon. 11. Sketch of Pere Hyacinthe. 12. The Two Lovers of Flavia Domitilla. 13. Libraries of the Middle Ages. 14. Laudate Pueri Dominum. 15. Christianity and Social Happiness. 16. Visible Speech. 17. Mortality of Great Capitals. 18. Miscellany. 19. New Publications.—American Boys and Girls. The Dignity and Value of Labor.—Frithiof's Saga—Moore's Irish Melodies, &c. Price—\$4 a year. Single Copies, 38 cents. D. J. SADLER & CO, Montreal.

MONTH OF JUNE.

DEVOTIONS OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS arranged for each Day of the Month of June. Price 38 cents. D. & J. SADLER & Co. Montreal, O.E.

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SEND FOR D. & J. SADLER & CO'S NEW PREMIUM LIST FOR 1867. It contains the names of all Books suitable for Prizes, with price and discount allowed to Colleges, Convents, Institutions, Libraries, &c. Sent free by mail. D. & J. SADLER & CO., Publishers, Montreal.

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BY a young Lady, provided with a Diploma from the Normal School, capable of teaching both languages a Situation as TEACHER. Address, (if by letter post paid) to Sec-Treasurer of Schools, Craig's Road, St. Sylvester. St. Sylvester, April 5, 1867.

WANTED.

A MALE TEACHER, with a diploma, to teach an Elementary School. Apply St. Columban, County of Two Mountains, Canada East. WILLIAM HART, Sect.-Treas.

G. & J. MOORE,

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Cash paid for Raw Furs.

THE "CAPITAL" BOOT AND SHOE STORE, York Street, Lower Town, OTTAWA.

A Large Supply of Ladies' Gent's, Boy's, Children's and Misses' READY-MADE WORK

Kept constantly on hand at the Lowest Figure Special attention given to the MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE MURPHY.



Sewing Machines.

BEFORE PURCHASING SEWING MACHINES, call at J. D. LAWLOR'S, and inspect the largest Stock and greatest variety of genuine first-class sewing Machines in the city.

N.B.—These Machines are imported direct from the inventor's, in New York and Boston, and will be sold at corresponding prices with the many coarse imitations now offered to the public. Sales-room, 369 Notre Dame Street.

SEWING MACHINES.—J. D. Lawlor, Manufacturer and Dealer in SEWING MACHINES, offers for Sale the Ethna Lock Stitch, Noiseless Sewing Machines, for Tailors, Shoemakers, and Family use. They are constructed on the same principle as the Singer Machine, but run almost entirely without noise. Wax Thread Machines, A. B. and C.; the genuine Howe Machines; Singer's Machines; the celebrated Florence Reversible Feed Family Machines; Wilcox & Gibbs' Noiseless Family Machines; the Franklin Double-Thread Family Machine, price \$25; and the Common-sense Family Machine, price \$12. All machines sold are warranted for one year. Entire satisfaction guaranteed. All Sewing-machine Trimmings constantly on hand. Quilting, Stitching, and Family Sewing neatly done. Ladies Taught to Operate. All kinds of Sewing Machines Revisited and Improved, by J. D. LAWLOR, 369 Notre Dame Street.

BOOT and SHOE MACHINERY.—J. D. LAWLOR, Sole Agent in Montreal, for the Sale of Butterfield & Haven's New Era Pegging Machines, foot and power; Wax-Thread Sewing Machines; Sand paper Machines; Stripping, Rolling, and Splitting Machines; Upper Leather Splitters; Counter Skiving, Sole Outting and Sidewelt Machines; the genuine Howe Sewing Machine, and Roper's Caloric Engine, for Sale at J. D. LAWLOR'S, 369 Notre Dame Street, between St. Francis Xavier and St. John Streets. 12m.

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FOR SALE, that beautiful Farm, situate at St. Hyacinthe, two miles from the Station, containing 180 acres in superficies (130 arable, and 50 in bush) with a dwelling house, barn, stables, and outbuildings thereon erected. Terms liberal. For full particulars, apply to WAIGANT & BOGOC, Notaries, 58 St. Francois Xavier Street.

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All orders promptly attended to by skilled workmen.

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(NEAR ST. JOSEPH ST.)

At McKenna & Sexton's Plumbing Establishment, MONTREAL.

The Subscriber begs to call the attention of the public to the above Card, and to solicit the favor of their patronage.

From the long and extensive practical experience of Mr. Moynagh, in the COMPOSITION ROOFING BUSINESS (nearly 14 years), in the employment of the late firm of C. M. Warren & Co., T. L. Steele, and latterly I. L. Barge & Co., and as all work done will be under his own immediate supervision, he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. Repairs will be punctually attended to.

OFFICE, 59 ST. HENRY STREET,

AT

McKenna & Sexton's Plumbing Establishment.

P. MOYNAUGH & CO.

Montreal, 13th June, 1867. 3m

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. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

S. T.—1860.—X.—The amount of Plantation Bitters sold in one year is something startling.— They would fill Broadway six feet high, from the Park to 4th street. Drake's manufactory is one of the institutions of New York. It is said that Drake painted all the rocks in the Eastern States with his cabalistic "S. T.—1860.—X." and then got the old granny legislators to pass a law "preventing disgracing the face of nature," which gives him a monopoly. We do not know how this is, but we do know the Plantation Bitters sell as no other article ever did. They are used by all classes of the community, and are death on Dyspepsia—certain. They are very invigorating when languid and weak, and a great appetizer. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. The Mexican Mustang Linctum relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar. CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad St., Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Linctum will do. It is invaluable in all cases of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., either upon man or beast. Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signatures of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the private stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

All who value a beautiful head of hair, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyons celebrated Katharion. It makes the hair rich, soft and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxurious beauty. It is sold everywhere. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

WHAT DID IT!—A young lady, returning to her country home after a sojourn of a few months in New York, was hardly recognized by her friends. In place of a rustic, flushed face, she had a soft, ruby complexion, of almost marble smoothness; and instead of 22, she really appeared but 17. She told them plainly she used Hagan's Magnolia Balm, and would not be without it. Any lady can improve her personal appearance very much by using this article. It can be ordered of any druggist for only 50 cents. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

Heimstreet's inimitable Hair Coloring has been steadily growing in favor for over twenty years. It acts upon the absorbents at the roots of the hair, and changes it to its original color by degrees. All instantaneous dyes deaden and injure the hair. Heimstreet's is not a dye, but is certain in its results, promotes its growth, and is a beautiful Hair Dressing. Price 50 cents and \$1. Sold by all dealers. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity makes it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 60 cents per bottle. SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.

BARNES, HENRY & Co., Montreal, Agents for the Canadas.

DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

Quebec, 20th August, 1865.

Mr. J. Barges,

Sir, After the use of two bottles of your Prof. Velpain's Hair Restorative, I have now a good commencement of a growth of hair. Yours truly,

THOMAS MCCAFFRY. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. BARNES, HENRY & Co., Agents. 513 & 515 St. Paul St., Montreal, O.E.

WANTED,

BY the School Commissioners of St. Sylvester South a FEMALE TEACHER, having an Elementary Diploma, and capable to Teach both languages.— Salary, \$120. Testimonials required.

Apply, pre-paid, to PATRICK CULLINAN, Sec.-Treasurer. May 9, 1867.

GRAY'S WILD FLOWERS OF ERIN.

The large demand for this delicate, lasting and refreshing Perfume proves that it has already become a favorite with the public. No lady of beauty or fashion should be without a bottle on her toilet table.

It will be found for Sale at the following Stores: Medical Hall, Devins & Bolton, Evans, Mercer & Co., Picault & Sons, R. S. Latham, T. D. Reed, &c., and at the Pharmacy of the Proprietor.

Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded with the finest Drugs and Chemicals. A large supply of Herbs and Roots from the Society of Shakers just received.

HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing and Family Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

(Established 1859.)

GLASGOW DRUG HALL,

396 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

CHOLERA.

DR. HAMLIN'S Remedies for the cure of Cholera, with full directions for use, complete, price 75 cents. Order from the country attended to on receipt.

DISINFECTANTS.—The Subscriber has the following articles on hand and for sale:—Chloride of Lime, Copperas, Bird's Disinfecting Powder, Burnett's Fluid, Cond'y Fluid, English Camphor, &c. &c.

CONCENTRATED LYE.—This article will also be found a powerful disinfecting agent, especially for Cesspools and drains, used in the proportions of One pound to ten gallons of water.

Fresh Garden and Flower Seeds, Coal Oil 2s 6d per Gallon, Burning Fluids, &c. &c.

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The most careful attention is being paid to the newest styles of garments as the new designs make their appearance at London, Paris, and New York, so that any favorite style can be correctly obtained by the Customer.

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Full Suits can be had of Fashionable Tweeds and Double-width Cloths at \$9, \$12 and \$15. The Suits being assorted, customers are assured that they will be supplied with perfectly fitting garments.

Full Suits of Broad Black Cloth, well trimmed, for \$16, \$18, and \$20.

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TENTH STORE FROM CRAIG STREET ON THE RIGHT. 12m.

Dec. 1866.

CHOLERA.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR THIS DISEASE

MAY BE FOUND IN THE USE OF

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS, April 17, 1866.

Gentlemen— I want to say a little more about the Pain Killer. I consider it a very valuable Medicine, and always keep it on hand. I have traveled a good deal since I have been in Kansas, and never without taking it with me. In my practice I used it freely for the Asiatic Cholera in 1849, and with better success than any other medicine. I also used it here for cholera in 1855, with the same good results.

Yours truly,

A. HUNTING, M. D.

I regret to say to say that the Cholera has prevailed here of late to a fearful extent. For the last three weeks, from ten to fifty or sixty fatal cases each day have been reported. I should add that the Pain Killer sent recently from the Mission House has been used with considerable success during this epidemic. If taken in season, it is generally effective in checking the disease.

REV. CHARLES HARDING, Sholapore, India.

This certifies that I have used Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer, with great success, in cases of cholera infantum common bowel complaint, bronchitis, coughs, colds, &c., and would cheerfully recommend it as a valuable family medicine.

REV. JAS. O. BOOMER.

Messrs. Perry Davis & Son:—Dear Sirs—Having witnessed the beneficial effects of your Pain Killer in several cases of Dysentery and Cholera Morbus within a few weeks past, and deeming it an act of benevolence to the suffering, I would most cheerfully recommend its use to such as may be suffering from the aforementioned or similar diseases, as a safe and effectual remedy.

REV. EDWARD K. FULLER.

Those using the Pain Killer should strictly observe the following directions:—

At the commencement of the disease take a teaspoonful of Pain Killer in sugar and water, and then bathe freely across the stomach and bowels, with the Pain Killer clear.

Should the diarrhoea and cramps continue, repeat the dose every fifteen minutes. In this way the dreadful scourge may be checked and the patient relieved in the course of a few hours.

N.B.—Be sure and get the genuine article; and it is recommended by those who have used the Pain Killer for the cholera, that in extreme cases the patient take two (or more) teaspoonfuls, instead of one.

The Pain Killer is sold everywhere by all Druggists and Country Store-keepers.

PRICE, 15 cts., 25 cts. and 50 cts. per bottle. Orders should be addressed to

PERRY, DAVIS & SON, Manufacturers and Proprietors, MONTREAL, O.E.

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ATTENTION!

THOMAS RIDDELL & CO.,

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AND HALL PAPERS,

OF BEST ENGLISH MANUFACTURE AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL PURCHASERS.

(OPPOSITE DAWSON'S),

54 and 56 Great St. James Street, May 31, 1867.

CONVENT

OF

VILLA-ANNA,

LACHINE,

(NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA EAST).

This Institution contains in its plan of education every thing required to form Young Girls to virtue, and the sciences becoming their condition. The diet is wholesome and abundant. In sickness as in health, their wants will be diligently supplied, and vigilant care will be taken of them at all times and in all places. Constant application will be given to habituate them to order and cleanliness, in a word to every thing that constitutes a good education.

This House is situated on the splendid property of the late Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, on the river St. Lawrence opposite Oungnawaga.— The means of communication to Upper Canada and United States are of easy access.

A magnificent Garden, and very pleasant Playground, well planted with trees, are at the disposition of the Young Ladies.

The Course of Instruction is in both languages, French and English.

There is a particular Course in English for Pupils who wish to study only this language.

Particular attention is paid to the health.

The Branches taught are: Reading, Writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, History, Mythology, Poetic Literature, Geography, Domestic Economy, Plain and Fancy Needle Work, Embroidery, Drawing, Music—Piano, Harp.

The Superior Course comprises: Philosophy, Botany, Zoology, Mineralogy, Practical Chemistry, Astronomy, &c. &c.

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(PAYABLE BY QUARTER AND IN ADVANCE).

Board, per annum.....\$80.00

Washing.....10.00

Music—Piano.....20.00

" Harp.....Extra.

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No deduction is made for a Pupil withdrawn before the expiration of the Quarter, except for plausible reasons.

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In Summer, Light Blue Dress with Cape. One plain White Dress, with Cape.

In Winter, Dark Blue Dress, with Cape. 12m

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ROYAL MAIL THROUGH LINE,

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And Regular Line between Montreal and the Ports of Three Rivers, Sorel, Bertier, Chambly, Terrebonne, L'Assomption and Yamaska, and other intermediate Ports.

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