

The Herald.

VOL. III.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1867.

NO. 25.

THE HERALD

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

at his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING.

Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR MARCH.

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 6th day, 5h. 26m., morning, E.
First Quarter, 13th day, 4h. 35m., morning, NNW
Full Moon, 20th day, 4h. 43m., morning, S.W.
Last Quarter, 28th day, 3h. 33m., morning, S.E.

DAY MONTH.	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	sets	High Moon	Days length.
1	Friday	6 43	5 43	7 8	3 24
2	Saturday	41	45	8 7	4 7
3	Sunday	39	46	9 0	4 47
4	Monday	37	48	9 50	5 24
5	Tuesday	36	49	10 36	5 59
6	Wednesday	34	50	19 20	sets
7	Thursday	32	51	11 59	7 34
8	Friday	31	52	morn.	8 43
9	Saturday	30	53	0 41	9 52
10	Sunday	28	54	1 26	10 55
11	Monday	26	55	2 10	12 0
12	Tuesday	23	57	2 58	morn.
13	Wednesday	19	58	3 52	1 7
14	Thursday	17	59	4 54	2 7
15	Friday	15	1 6	3 3	3 46
16	Saturday	14	2 7	10 3 48	48
17	Sunday	13	3 8	18 4 32	50
18	Monday	11	5 9	17 rises	53
19	Tuesday	9	5 10	10 5 40	56
20	Wednesday	7	6 10	58 6 44	59
21	Thursday	5	7 11	59 7 45	12
22	Friday	3	8	even.	8 48
23	Saturday	1	9	1 0	9 44
24	Sunday	59	11	1 40	10 43
25	Monday	58	12	2 21	11 35
26	Tuesday	56	13	3 1	even
27	Wednesday	54	15	3 47	0 29
28	Thursday	52	16	4 38	1 15
29	Friday	50	17	5 32	2 2
30	Saturday	48	18	6 29	2 43
31	Sunday	45	21	7 26	3 12

PRICES CURRENT.

CHARLOTTETOWN, March 22, 1867.

Provisions.	3d to 7d
Beef, (small) per lb.	3d to 7d
Do by the quarter,	3d to 5
Do (carcasses)	3d to 5d
Do (small)	6d to 7d
Mutton, per lb.	4d to 6d
Veal, per lb.	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.	6d to 7d
Butter, (fresh)	1s 1d to 1s 3d
Do by the tub,	1s to 1s 1d
Cheese, per lb.	4d to 6d
Tallow, per lb.	8d to 10d
Lard, per lb.	9d to 11d
Flour, per lb.	3d to 3d 3/4
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.	16s 6d to 17s 6d
Eggs, per dozen,	1s to 1s 2d
Grain.	3s 9d to 3s 9d
Barley, per bushel,	3s 9d to 3s 9d
Oats per do.,	2s 4d to 2s 6d
Vegetables.	2s to 2s 3d
Peas, per quart,	2s to 2s 3d
Potatoes, per bushel,	2s to 2s 3d
Poultry.	2s 3d to 3s 6d
Geese,	2s to 2s 3d
Turkeys, each,	6s to 8s 6d
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Ducks,	none
Fish.	20s to 30s
Codfish, per qt.,	25s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	2s 6d to 4d
Mackerel, per dozen,	2s 6d to 4d
Lumber.	3s 6d to 4s
Boards (Hemlock)	4s to 4s
Do (Spruce)	7s to 9s
Do (Pine)	13s to 18s
Shingles, per M,	13s to 18s
Sundries.	6s to 7s
Hay, per ton,	1s 9d to 2s
Straw, per cwt.,	none
Timothy Seed,	none
Clover Seed, per lb.,	4s to 6s
Homespun, per yard,	6d to 9d
Califkins, per lb.,	4d
Hides, per lb.,	1s to 1s 3d
Wool,	4s to 5s
Sheepskins,	2d to 4d
Apples, per doz.,	2d to 4d
Partridges,	2d to 4d

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,

KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN
THIS HOTEL, formerly known as the "GLOBE HOTEL," is the largest in the City, and centrally situated; it is now opened for the reception of permanent and transient Boarders. The proprietor, by strict attention to the wants and comfort of his friends and the public generally, to merit a share of public patronage.

The Best of Liquors always on hand. Good stabling for any number of horses, with a careful hostler in attendance.

JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Nov. 25, 1865.

THE LAST CAUTION!!

As the season for Shipping has now advanced, and those indebted to the Estate of the late PATRICK STEPHENS not having come forward to pay up their respective Accounts, the Subscriber hereby intimates to them that on the closing of the Navigation Defaulters will be Sued indiscriminately.

R. J. CLARKE,

Agent for above Estate.

Orwell Store, Nov. 12, 1866.

Fresh Ground Rice,

FOR Sale by W. R. WATSON.

Jan. 9, 1867.

McKinnon's Store, SOURIS EAST.

FALL & WINTER STOCK.

THE SUBSCRIBER, thankful for the liberal share of patronage extended to him since his commencement in business, begs to announce that he has just COMPLETED

HIS FALL & WINTER STOCK OF GOODS,

consisting in part of:
GROCERIES,
BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS,
DRESS GOODS,
SHAWLS and MANTLES,
HATS, Ladies' & Gents'

Ready-Made Clothing.

FUR CAPS
HARDWARE,
LEATHER, etc., etc.
Which he offers for sale at unusually LOW PRICES, for present pay, and he respectfully requests a continuance of public favor.

MICHAEL McCORMACK.

Souris East, Nov. 6, '66. 1m

STELLA COLAS.

Rimmel's Stella Colas Bouquet, dedicated by permission to this talented Artist.

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
As a rich jewel in Ethiopia's ear.

Perfumes for the Handkerchief.

Alexandra, Guards, Fragobane,
Princess of Wales, Rimmel's, Lilly of the Valley
Jockey Club, Wood Violet, Millefleur,
Essence Bouquet, Patchouly, Milette,
West End, New Morn Hay, Loves Myrtle.

The Bard of Avon's Perfume, in a neat Box; Sydonham Eau de Cologne, Trable Lavender Water, Extract of Lavender Flowers, Verbena Water, Tercentenary Sachet, Perfumed Toilet Soap, Shakerpeare Golden Scented Locken Extract of Lime Juice and Glycerine, for making the Hair soft and glossy; Rose Leaf Powder, an improvement on Violet Powder; Bloom of Ninon, for the Complexion. Depilatory Powder for removing superfluous hairs without injury to the skin; Napoleon Pomade, for fixing the Mustachos, and instantaneous Hair Dye, for giving the Hair and Whiskers a natural and permanent shade without trouble and danger.

Rimmel's Rose Water Crackers, a new and amusing device for evening parties.

W. R. WATSON.

Drug Store, Dec. 22, 1864.

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat,

Requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Affection, or an Incurable Lung Disease, is often the result.

Brown's Bronchial Troches, Having a Direct Influence to the Parts, give Immediate Relief.

For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases, Troches are used with always good success.

Singers and Public Speakers will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before singing or speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. The Troches are recommended and prescribed by Physicians, and have had testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Being an article of true merit, and having proved their efficacy by a test of many years, each year finds them in new localities in various parts of the world, and the Troches are universally pronounced better than other articles.

Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Oct. 6, 1866.

JOHN BELL,

MANUFACTURER OF CLOTHING.

In all its branches, thankful to his Friends and the Patrons for past favors, begs leave to inform them and the public generally, that he is still to be found at his

OLD STAND,

Queen Street,

and is prepared to make up all kinds of garments entrusted to him in the latest style and improvement of fashion.

Terms Cash.

Entrance at side Door.

Queen Street, July 11, 1866.

DONALD M'RAE,

Merchant Tailor,

And Dealer in

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Queen Street,

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Aug. 5, 186 6.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON!

PER "UNDINE" and "L. C. OWEN," from LIVERPOOL, and "LOTUS" from LONDON, the Subscriber has received

An Unusually Large Supply of Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, PERFUMERY, (English and French); SOAPS BRUSHES, PICKLES, SAUCES, MUSTARD (in Kegs and Bottles); CURRIE POWDER, dried CITRUS, LEMON and ORANGE PEELS, M MA LADE, Essences SPICES, Malt and White WINE VINEGAR, SARDINES, ANCHOVIES, MUSH-ROOMS, CAPERS, and United Service SAUCE, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Drying A.P.A.N. KNOTTING, DYE STUFFS, and Miscellaneous Articles, of the Best Quality, and at Moderate Prices

W. R. WATSON.

7, cv. 1866.

Miscellaneous and General News.

THE QUARREL BETWEEN THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND HER HUSBAND.

The cable despatches announced that the King Consort of Spain had been exiled, and now we have the cause of this strange action by steamer. It appears that Don Francisco, the King Consort of Spain, has taken a great fancy to a certain tenor of the opera at Madrid, and has made vehement efforts to get him created duke and grandee of Spain. At the last Council of State the matter was brought forward for the third time, when the Ministry peremptorily refused to comply with the wish of Don Francisco, and the Queen showed by her silence that she fully agreed with their decision. On this the King Consort broke into the most violent rage, and "apostrophised in the most offensive terms" the characters of Marshal Narvaez, Senator Martori, and another Minister, accusing them of the grossest public and private immorality. The Ministers retaliated, and the Queen sat by unmoved while the character of her husband was torn to tatters. The end of the matter was, that he was ordered to retire to the Castle of Prado, there to remain under arrest for the present, while his protegee and intimate friend was marched off to the frontier by a file of gendarmes.—This is a summary way of ending matrimonial quarrels that is peculiar to royalty. Queen Isabella rules by her own right, and he can only exercise as much authority as she chooses to extend to him. It is a matter of policy, as well as affection, for him to conciliate his wife as much as possible. But the truth is, the royal pair are ill-assorted, and their marriage is a most unhappy one. It is a hard, sad story. When very young, Queen Isabella was induced to wed her cousin, Don Francisco, through the machinations of her mother, Queen Christina, and old King Louis Philippe, of France. The marriage was an unsuitable one in every respect. It was known through all Madrid that Don Francisco was a very effeminate character in every respect, and it was hinted that there never could be any progeny between the royal pair. But it seems that this was the very reason why the marriage was arranged. For King Louis Philippe had married one of his sons, the Duke de Montpensier, to a younger sister of the Queen of Spain, and the unscrupulous old King was dazzled by the idea of his descendants inheriting the throne of Spain in default of children by the Queen. As for Queen Isabella, she was young, only fifteen or sixteen years of age, and had no opinion apart from her wicked mother and the mercenary, bigoted parties who surrounded her. Such a marriage could hardly fail to be unhappy. The Queen has never loved her husband; to respect him was out of the question. She has a number of children, but it is whispered that they are not her husband's, and this suspicion, although unfounded, is an element of trouble in Spanish politics, for a large party is opposed to the succession of the Prince of Asturias, Queen Isabella's eldest son, and entertain the idea of transferring the Crown to the Queen of Portugal, thus effecting the long-cherished dream of Spanish ambition, to unite the Kingdoms of Spain and Portugal once more under one head.

THE FEELING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

[From the Halifax Chronicle.]

British statesmen may slumber on, wrapped up in fancied ease and security, they may treat their fellow-countrymen beyond the seas with the utmost indifference, and give their aid to restless spirits scurped from every available position—from the cabbage gardens of Ireland—from the shores of Yankeeedom—from the beds of Annexation—to build up a "New Nationality," but, by so doing, they are but applying old North's wedge, which, when once applied, can be worked by all the appliances known to the restless and dissatisfied; and the effects of which will only be seen when Great Britain, dwarfed in her dominions, will find that New Nationality erecting cannot save the Empire. To-day, no more loyal and devoted people are to be found in the Empire than inhabit this Province. They have been schooled in all that makes men free and contented, and wherever freedom and contentment have their seat beneath the British flag, there we shall find loyalty.—Can it be wondered at, then, when they see a midnight attack led up against them by political assassins to shackle their independence, to take from them their freedom and destroy their contentment, that they should ask the Parrot Government to assist and protect them; that they should remonstrate calmly, but firmly, trusting to the wisdom of the Crown?

Should all this fail, and discontent thereby arise, upon the heads of others will rest the responsibility—for the people of Nova Scotia are determined never to be coerced against their will into a hateful and dishonorable union with Canada, brought about by hateful and dishonorable means.

Sleeping in church is a serious crime in Rhode Island. Last Sunday afternoon work, a poor Irishman went into one of the churches in Providence, was shown into a seat, took a quiet nap during the services, and was peacefully retiring at their close, when he was arrested, tried, and sent to jail for ten days. A good deal of trouble has arisen from this reckless invasion of the right to sleep in church, which so many claim. The *Bulletin*, referring to the affair, says the judicial procedure "touches not only the pew, but threatens the pulpit also. If a laboring man is to be sent to jail for sleeping during a sermon, how much more should a preacher suffer for a failure to keep his hearers awake? It is evident that this kind of justice, distributed evanhandedly throughout our congregations, would make mischief, and it had better be tempered with mercy so abounding as to reach back to the first offender."

The Hon. George Brown, in a speech before the constituency of South Oxford, declined offering as a candidate in the new Parliament of "Canada," and further remarked that—
"He had no thought, however, of retiring from political life. Though not in Parliament, still to take an active hand in promoting the welfare of the Province—political and industrial; and at no election had he ever striven harder than he intended to do at the coming one, for the triumphant success of the great Liberal party of Upper Canada."

The Halifax Sun, in speaking of the provisions made in the Confederate Bill for the admission of P. E. Island, Newfoundland, and all the Territory north of Canada to the Pole, and west of it to the Pacific, says that the genius of Confederation seems to have an appetite sufficiently large to take in the whole continent. We have very little doubt that one day the United States will be absorbed into the Confederation, or the Confederation into the United States—it makes little practical difference what way you put the case.

The New York Herald grows facetious over the Colonies and Colonial Union, and writes thus:—
"They (the Colonists) are the most uneasy set of un-reconstructed mortals on the face of the globe. They are neither Canadians, English, French, Scotch nor Irish. At one time they grumble at having too much independence; then at not having enough. Then they want annexation; then they don't. Then they want a republic, and go crazy upon the visit of their war-appointee to the crown of Great Britain. They seem to have a day for everything; like the frogs in the fable they are croaking all the time. They have a day for independence, another for annexation, another for a republic, another for things to remain as they are, another for consolidation, and finally, one for a monarchy."

SKETCHES OF LEADING ENGLISH MEN.

[London correspondent of Boston Advertiser.]

But though Lord Derby is the very proudest of the English peers, and is utterly wanting in large sagacity as a political general, he is the third orator England possesses. The greatest of all is Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone is next, and the Earl of Derby, by the common consent of all, I think, who are able to judge, is the third. If an American visitor sees his Lordship now for the first time, he will experience disappointment. His hair is gray, and he allows his whiskers and beard to surround his face in such a way as to give the look of the white frill round the venerable face of the pantoon. But when he stands up to speak; when the light is shot out of his piercing eye; when his face profile is seen; when the clear, polished and haughty tones, the torrent of brilliant words, the fine ease and captivating grace,—when these seize upon the senses, you are compelled to admire. Then, too he is all but the "first of the Earls," and to weak men this puts a halo over his head. Lord Derby is still an orator, as he is still a dangerous chieftain for the state. He detests with all his heart the idea of the increased power of the people, and chafes in the strong bonds of circumstance, which not only prevent him from opposing the thing he fears, but even compel him to seem for the time the instrument for bringing it into reality.

Can anything new be said at this date of the extraordinary man whom ambition and knowledge of men have hurried from the life of a gay and scoffing idler through the quick fame of the writer of glittering novels, to the career of a parliamentary gladiator, to end in the leadership of the country gentlemen of England? Mr. Disraeli's career almost fascinates in its changes. But it is a sad reflection on the political morality of our age that in one thing both his friends and his enemies agree, viz., in his treatment of politics as a game. Whatever else he may have done, he has not succeeded in convincing any one of his sincerity. I happen to know four or five of his schoolfellows,—boys who were with him for some years at a boarding school in Essex, kept by a learned Unitarian minister, the Rev. E. Cogan,—and they all to this day vow and declare that he is a liberal. Why a boy's opinions should be supposed to be the test of a man's is left to discover, but so it is. Meeting with one of these gentlemen the other day, Mr. Disraeli asked him if he remembered their old master, and spoke of the worthy man in terms which would shock some of the bishops and archbishops who give the blessing to the party he leads. As reform will be fought out in the Commons, it is upon Mr. Disraeli that the heavy responsibility at this juncture falls. He is not afraid of it. Look at him from the gallery of the House, and you will see no sign of care in his face. Indeed, his countenance, when he is not speaking, is expressionless. If those strongly marked features of the pure Jewish caste were marbled, they could not be more impervious to curiosity or less affected by what is happening around them. When Mr. Gladstone is tearing his schemes to shreds and concentrating upon him the ridicule of two hundred men, Mr. Disraeli sits with folded arms as unmoved as though he were cut out of a rock. Nor when he speaks, in these days, does he convey the idea that he feels what he says. There was a time when his speeches cut his antagonists to the bone. Their graphic tartness, sharp antithesis, sting of irony and power of climax delighted the taste, and made you forget the hollow pronunciation, the artificial accents and the got up mannerism of a fifth-rate actor. But to see him thus, he must be hardly driven. In his ordinary days he labors dreadfully, and is as heavily dull as the heaviest of the Puritan pastors must have been. There are few of his speeches, however, without some peculiarly happy epithet. The literary mind of Parliament is greatly tickled by these, and two or three of them make them believe he has delivered a capital speech. A clever critic once said of him, that his rootlessness of character contributed to his wit. He certainly is never at a loss for those sudden and superficial resemblances which have answered their purpose when they have flashed at once a subtle likeness and a ridiculous contrast vividly on the mind, and he is more fertile at discovering them than any other speaker in the House. Like Lord Lytton, he indulges often in a "jewelled haemorrhage of words," and still he is without a rival amongst his followers. Again and again have the writers in the liberal press declared that the conservatives were tired of him, and that the smouldering discontent was about to break into a flame. He continues to be their leader. Even Lord Cranbourne, who wrote bitterly against him in the Quarterly Review, now chats with him, and smiles pleasantly if Mr. Disraeli asks him a question. Dukes, earls, marquises, and all the ranks down to the country squire who lives on the estate which has been in his family since the time of Henry VIII. are still headed by this elderly Jewish gentleman, one (literally) of the circumcised, who is as foreign in his tastes as in his name. It has been curious this week to note all these proud men hanging on his words; ready to cheer them, whatever they may be; listening as he approached the more delicate parts of his statement, with suspended breath. If he meets them in the lobbies, they treat him with as much respect as they show to Lord Derby himself. He never makes free with them. They come to him; he does not go to them. When he sat down after his reform speech, and one noted how those owners of broad acres, and fathers and brothers of peeresses and of the delicate-reined beauties of the "best blood of the land" shouted their applause, and then turned to glance at the superb indifference in his face, one could not but admire the mere intellectualism of the man. Next to Louis Napoleon he is the political wonder of Europe.

Lord Stanley is a puzzle of altogether another kind. In the foreign minister of England under the tory administration, and the son of the most conservative of conservative chiefs, we see a man who inclines much more to the positivism of Coats than the faith of the Church of England; a man who is a friend of John Stuart Mill; who not very long ago was a friend of Mr. Bright; who has written in the radical Westminster Review; and who yet is opposed to anything like democratic reform; who manifested cool contempt to the progress of liberty on the continent; and who is content to sit at the side of a political Swiss like Mr. Disraeli. Two years ago, opinion was pretty evenly divided as to whether

Lord Stanley was progressing towards liberalism or towards the opinions of his father. Some said that when Earl Derby retired, Lord Stanley would appear in his true colors as a radical; others shook their heads and said he would follow the example of the long line of nobleman's sons whose fervid radicalism frosted into the toryism of their fathers as the peage drew near. After the experience of last session, the latter are in the majority. In temperament and mental habits, Lord Stanley must always be the antipodes of his father; but his cold understanding and calculating prudence, when they come to be used for his class, will be as hostile to the popular interests as the opposite faculties of the Earl. There is still, however, much uneasiness on this head amongst the tories. They half fear he would not object to give up the Colonies; they fancy he is opposed to a state church, and they know that on economical principles he is wholly in accord with the uppermost current of political tendency. If he were not "his father's son," they would have none of him. The liberals, on the other hand, have begun to grow distrustful of him. He is neither hot nor cold. To no party can he bring the aid of debating power. Nature has afflicted him with a thickness of utterance which puts reporters on the rack. I never can understand one half of what he says; but he is an able man and his despatches will be a great improvement upon Earl Russell's. Lord Stanley is not only a puzzle to men; he is much more a puzzle to ladies. They cannot understand how the eldest son of a peer should have reached the fortieth year of his age a bachelor! Amongst the great families the question some years ago was asked in a way that may be described as frantic. Such conduct was declared to be inexplicable, and then they began to explain it. He had been crossed in love; he had a *liaison*; his understanding was all that was manly about him; and so on through the gamut of foiled flirtations and baffled feminine intrigues. Gradually the fact became so familiar that the wonder which it had first awakened grew less. Bright eyes looked upon him carelessly. An odd shaft is sent at him at times, but this is less in the spirit of hope than of mischief. He has lived down their attempts. Forty, fair looking, with nice brown hair, smooth face, comely features, and not unkindly eyes,—he would not want a partner in a ball-room whatever his condition in life. Add to this the heirship of the third earldom in the land, with a rent-roll of £100,000 a year and the premiership of a great political party,—where could so marriageable a man elsewhere be found? So out of all precedent is this anomaly, that his Lordship may think himself fortunate a private bill has not been proposed in Parliament on the subject,—compelling him to marry for the sake of his order and an expectant peer-ridden country.

THE FENIAN "RISING" IN KERRY.

We subjoin a few extracts from a sermon delivered by the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, on the recent Fenian outbreak in that County:—

His Lordship said:—My dear Brethren—It is the duty of the pastor of a diocese to give advice and correction when his flock have been led into any extraordinary folly, and to reprove and rebuke them if they have perpetrated any extraordinary crime. It is also his duty, if they suffer unmerited disgrace, to justify them as far as he is able. Now, since we met here last Sunday, some people of Kerry have been betrayed into an act of madness, which we may safely say is without a parallel in the annals of lunacy. I should have thought that, considering the spacious accommodation afforded by our lunatic asylum, and the facility afforded by our board of governors, that there were few dangerous lunatics yet at large in this county. But I am sorry to say I was mistaken. It would seem that some dozens of that class left the town of Caherciveen on Wednesday evening with the avowed object of making war on the Queen of England, and of upsetting the British Empire. I think there is not one inmate of the lunatic asylum who would not hold his sides for laughter if he heard it. Now, if this were only folly, we might be satisfied to deplore it, but these people were answerable to God for their conduct, for they had, I regret to say, sense enough to know what they were doing as a grievous crime. It is just twelve months ago since I explained at considerable length in my last Lenten pastoral the deep guiltiness of rebellion against lawful authority, so they cannot plead that they were not instructed and forewarned. They resisted the ordinance of God, and by so doing they purchased for themselves damnation. I use only the words of St. Paul. But their guilt did not stop here. They had not advanced far upon the road when they perpetrated a foul, cold-blooded murder. It seems they first displayed their courage by disarming a coast-guard station where there was, if I am rightly informed, only one man to resist them. I am rightly informed, only one man to resist them. They soon met one policeman riding towards them. He was one of our flock. A man of the most exemplary life, not long married, as I am informed, to a young wife, whose life was as edifying as his own.—This man was going not only on his lawful, but his bounden duty. He would not give injury or offence to any living man. When this band of rebels met him, they demanded the papers that had been entrusted to his keeping by his superiors; but the brave, the noble-minded man, who preferred his duty to his life, boldly answered no, and fearlessly rushed through that crowd, where, we are told, they were sixty to one. If they had had the courage to expose themselves to one sabre cut they might have dragged him off his horse and taken his despatches. They let him pass—the man they dare not face in front—and, standing at his back, they shot him by his baseness and his cowardice. But, then, we see in the midst of this horrid scene the beauty of a living faith. When that Christian man lay weeping in his blood on the roadside, he turned to his murderers, and he who a minute before refused to ask his life, or even to take it at the expense of duty, asked them if there was one Catholic amongst them to bring him a priest; and this at least we may say to their credit, that they went with all speed to do so. But the good and devoted parish priest of Glenbegh, Father Maginn, was already on the way. When he heard that this party had entered his parish, he flew at once to where he thought danger and death might be, and where his ministry might be needed. They charged him with having put the police upon their guard at the barracks and he told them that he was prepared for the consequences. Then he