

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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GEORGE E. OLBERG and JOHN GILLIES,

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1860.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

By the last dates it would appear that no new movement had been actually commenced by Garibaldi, who was reported as busily occupied in organizing the Sicilian levies, and preparing for an attack upon Messina. Naples itself was beginning to give signs of great agitation; placards of a most inflammatory description, urging the people to revolt, were in circulation, and the City had been declared in a state of siege. Rumors and concessions had been offered by the King, but these came too late. No Government can treat or negotiate with its rebellious subjects with arms in their hands, and live. It must either conquer or die, for there is for it no other alternative; yet the chances of a successful appeal to arms seem to be slight for the Neapolitan Bourbons. The insurrection is openly and actively countenanced by Sardinia; it is looked upon favorably by France; whilst Austria and Russia, though no doubt well disposed to support the King of Naples' tottering throne, are too remote, too much taken up with their domestic affairs, to be able to lend him any very effective assistance. That the insurrection will therefore prove successful is more than probable, though in case of its success, what will be the fate of the Neapolitan Kingdom is wrapped in impenetrable obscurity. Annexation to Sardinia is of course the policy of the Cavourites; but it is not probable that Louis Napoleon will countenance another annexation to the dominions of a neighbor who, in case of war might prove a very formidable adversary. At Rome all remained quiet, though it cannot be doubted that a successful insurrection in the Southern part of the Peninsula would seriously affect the position of the Sovereign Pontiff. Many rumors are afloat as to the designs of the French Emperor; of his sympathies with the Neapolitan and Sicilian insurgents; and his adherence to the policy sketched out by M. About, of "Rome and a Garden" for the Pope.

The domestic news was of little interest.—There had been a great Review of the Volunteers before the Queen in Hyde Park. Upwards of 20,000 men marched and counter-marched in the most gallant manner imaginable, at the aspect of whom the spirit of the Great Briton rose immensely, and an invasion was pronounced no longer practicable. Perhaps the *Times*, and others, crow too lustily about so small a matter, thereby provoking the jeers and jibes of their sarcastic neighbors on the other side of the Channel; but there can be no doubt that, if put to it, the Volunteers would fight well, and approve themselves no contemptible opponents to an invader, and no unimportant auxiliaries to the regular army. Unfortunately, however, for Great Britain, so conscious is its Government of its injustice towards Ireland, that it dare not appeal to the military ardor of the Irish, as it appeals to the loyalty of its immediate subjects in England and Scotland. The Irish volunteer indeed, but not for Queen Victoria; not to protect the shores of Ireland against Louis Napoleon, MacMahon, or others of his captains—but for Pius IX., but to defend their Church against the menacing attacks of Cavour, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and the banded borders of revolutionists and infidels whom Great Britain applauds, and indeed subsidizes. Amongst the other memorabilia of the week we may also mention a discussion in the House of Commons on Orangeism. Mr. Maguire called the attention of the Chief Secretary for Ireland to the circumstance, and asked what steps government had taken, or were about to take, to repress the nuisance of Orange processions. Mr. Cardwell replied that it was true that those hateful displays had occurred in some parts of Ireland; but that magistrates had been exhorted to vigilance—that additional police were quartered in the districts most infested by Orangeism—and that from these precautions he trusted the peace of the country would be preserved.

The steamer *Malabar* with Baron Gros, Lord Elgin, and their respective suites on board, had been wrecked in a violent squall in the harbour of Galle. No lives were lost, but the papers, the ambassadors' credentials, and a large amount of gold on board at the time, went down with the ill-fated vessel.

LETTER FROM THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF, IN REPLY TO THE ADDRESS FROM THE CATHOLIC BISHOP, CLERGY, AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston has received the following letter from His Holiness Pius IX., in reply to the Address forwarded to Rome from the Faithful of the Kingston Diocese, which we have great pleasure in laying before our readers:—

"Venerable Brother—Health and Apostolic Benediction:—

"We have lately received your letters of the Month of March last, which certainly were of no small comfort to us, in the great troubles and bitterness with which we were oppressed. For by those same letters we are assured, more and more, what, and how great, are the piety, love, and reverence which you, your Clergy and faithful Laity bear towards us, and this Chair of Peter; and how great your grief, pain and indignation, because of the most iniquitous and sacrilegious attempts upon Our Civil domain, the supreme authority of this Holy See, and the Patrimony of the Blessed Peter, made by men who in their hostility to the Catholic Church, and to this Holy See, have not scrupled to trample under foot all laws, human and divine.

"Most agreeable to us was the expression of these your sentiments, and the sentiments of your faithful people, which assuredly are worthy of all praise, and clearly make manifest the charity towards the Catholic Church with which you burn, Venerable Brother, and the zeal with which your faithful people study the interests of that same Church. Continue therefore, together with your Clergy and Laity, to offer to Almighty God your most fervent prayers, that He will deliver His Holy Church from so many and so great calamities, and that from the rising to the setting of the sun, He will increase and ornament her with still more illustrious triumphs; that He will help and comfort us in all our tribulations; and that by His infinite power, He will deign to bring back to the paths of truth, justice, and salvation all the enemies of His Church and of this Holy See.

"And since, Venerable Brother, you clearly perceive in what an arduous conflict our most holy religion is engaged in these evil days, we doubt not that, aided by the divine help, because of your exemplary piety and episcopal zeal, you will fight the battles of the Lord strenuously, and that with ever increasing alacrity and vigor you will fearlessly defend the cause of that religion; wisely and prudently watch over your flock to preserve it from evil; and that you will detect the multiplied frauds of the adversaries, refute their errors, and repel their shafts.

"Lastly, be assured how great is Our fatherly love towards you: of which, as a most certain pledge, we desire you to accept the Apostolic Benediction which, with the warmest affection of Our heart, we give to you, Venerable Brother, and to all the Clergy and Faithful committed to your care.

"Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, this Fourteenth day of June, 1860, and in the Fourteenth year of Our Pontificate.

Pius P. P. IX.

THE ATTEMPTED PROSELYTISM IN NORFOLK.—For the last month Protestantism has been stirred to its remotest depths by these magic words. A vast conspiracy against Protestant truth had—so it was reported—been brought to light; an interesting, innocent, but deceived youth had been snatched from the jaws of Jesuitism and perdition; the wiles of Rome, the Mother of Harlots, had once more been manifested to the world; and an Italian priest, wearing a long black cloak, a slouched hat, and whose life was spent in continually crouching under hedges, lying in wait for little Protestant boys, was to be apprehended and brought to justice.—Great was the moaning of the old women in the conventicle; loud and terrible was the thunder of the *Times*: whose echoes, taken up, and reverberated by the smaller fry of the evangelical press, carried terror into the bosom of many a Protestant family on the banks of the far St. Lawrence. The editor of the *Montreal Witness* was in dismay, and still kept peering about, lest haply some Italian priest in long black cloak, and with a slouched hat, should pounce upon him unawares, and make a Papist of him on the spot. The fair daughters of "Our Zion" were alarmed exceedingly.

And now alas! it turns out that all this virtuous indignation, all these indignant protests, all these nervous tremors were uncalled for; that "The Attempted Proselytism in Norfolk" must henceforward rank amongst the class of stories known to the profane as "Stories of a Cook and of a Bull"; that the "Italian priest with long cloak, who crouches beneath hedges," is but a creation of the poet's brain; and that the reported victim of the nefarious designs of Papal emissaries is at best a very silly, if not a very depraved lad, who promises, if he continues as he has commenced, to outshine the evangelical Maria Monk herself as a champion of the Holy Protestant Faith. But we must lay the story before our readers, as a specimen of the stuff out of which "No-Popery" cries are cunningly fabricated; premising that every particular by us narrated is duly set forth in the evidence before the magistrates by whom the case was investigated.

On, or about the 9th of June last, a youngster, 16 years old, of the name of Vansittart, the son of Mr. Vansittart, a member of Parliament, and a professor of evangelical Protestantism of the extreme "Low Church" brand, ran away from the school of the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, a Protestant minister at Rackheath, with whom the lad had been placed by his father, in consequence of having previously manifested some Romish proclivities.

The run-away shaped his course for Norwich, distant about five miles from his school; and asking his way to the Catholic chapel, was directed by a policeman to St. John's chapel, in charge of a Rev. Mr. Dalton, Catholic priest. Young Vansittart introduced himself to Canon Dalton, told his story, expressed a desire to be admitted into the Catholic Church, and exposed his state of impecuniosity to his reverend auditor.

The latter, believing Vansittart to be in good faith, and taking pity upon him, lent him six shillings, and put him in communication with a Mr. Beha, a Catholic watchmaker—in order that the lad might raise money upon a watch which he had with him, and which he wished to dispose of. The story he told the priest was, that the watch belonged to a schoolfellow, with whom however he had left his own watch, a superior article, in exchange.

In the meantime, the Rev. Mr. Hodgson having discovered the flight of his pupil, pursued him to Norwich. Here he met Canon Dalton, who at once came up, and volunteered information of the place where the young runaway was to be found. The Rev. Mr. Hodgson professed himself much pleased with this conduct of the Romish priest; declared that the latter had behaved in a very handsome manner; and acting upon the information received, went at once and took bodily possession of his absconding pupil, to whose father he also wrote, acquainting him with the circumstances.

Down came the elder Vansittart to Norwich, boiling over with indignation against Romanism in general, and the Romish priest Dalton in particular. Of the latter it was determined to make an example; and so father and son taking sweet counsel together, a charge of conspiracy was duly concocted, and laid before the Norwich Bench of right worshipful Protestant magistrates; to whose horror-stricken ears the lad Vansittart, the victim of Romish wiles, and deep-laid Jesuit schemes, did his wondrous tale unfold. Being sworn, the interesting youth thus deposed:—

That he had been instigated to run away from school by a disguised Italian priest of the name of Father Giugini, or Enguine, whom he had encountered on the 5th of June, clad in a long black cloak, with a slouched hat, and hiding, or crouching behind a hedge near the school at Rackheath, and whom he had previously known at Brighton. That the said disguised priest, whom he—Vansittart—believed to belong to the Jesuit persuasion, kissed him at parting on the forehead, and said to him "Addio carissimo," having previously compelled him to take an oath upon a "relic or charm," never to divulge the particulars of this mysterious interview. Acting upon the counsels of this disguised Italian priest of the "Jesuit persuasion," Vansittart ran away from school, and put himself in communication with the Rev. Canon Dalton of Norwich. This was the lad's story, affirmed upon oath, before a Bench of Protestant Magistrates; who at once concluded that this Giugini with the long black cloak and slouched hat, who crouched beneath hedges, and pounced out upon Protestant boys, was a fellow-conspirator of, and acting in concert with, the Norwich priest. Proceeding upon this luminous conclusion, they held the latter to bail, and issued their warrant for the apprehension of the mysterious Giugini.

At all this fuss the Catholic community laughed "consumedly;" for they knew—what, if they had not been the victims of their Protestant traditions the Norwich magistrates might easily have suspected—that from beginning to end, Vansittart's deposition was a lie, and that there was no such Catholic priest as Giugini or Enguine in Great Britain. Nevertheless, the warrant for the latter's apprehension was issued. The police were ordered to be on the alert throughout the United Kingdom; to keep their eyes open for a long black cloak, and slouched Italian hat; to peer cautiously under all hedges, lest disguised Jesuits might be lurking therein; and, in general terms, to "comprehend all ragoon men" suspected of Popery. Such in substance was the charge of the Norwich Dogberry and Verges to the detective police of Great Britain.

But it so happened that, of the latter, there was one, Mr. Hitchman, who had his suspicions, his doubts, his qualms, as to the credibility of young Vansittart; and who, whilst the Great Briton, from John-o-Groat's to Land's End, was nervously waiting for tidings of the capture of the disguised priest of the Jesuit persuasion, formed the shrewd guess that, except as an unrealized idea in the brain of either the elder or the younger Vansittart, this mysterious Giugini had no existence whatsoever. Meantime, many persons had seen, or—what in the eyes of intelligent Protestants amounts to the same thing—believed, or thought that they believed, that they had seen Giugini in the flesh. One cried, "Lo! he is here;" and another cried, "Lo! he is there;" and so there was hurrying to and fro. At last came tidings—this time there could be no mistake—that Giugini was to be found officiating in a Chapel in London. 'Twas the Chief Constable Hitchman was at once dispatched, together with young Vansittart for the purpose of identifying the criminal; and the result of the wild goose chase was, that Mr. Hitchman's suspicions about the truth of Vansittart's story were confirmed. He cautioned the latter of the dangerous consequences of perjury; and young Vansittart moved to compunction by the dread of transportation, at last made a clear breast of it, and confessed to the Chief Constable that the whole story about the Italian priest of the Jesuit persuasion, &c. &c., was a lie from beginning to end. Whether it was instigated by his evangelical father does not yet appear.

This materially altered the aspect of the case; and so when it again came up before the Norwich magistrates, on the 26th ult., a strange scene took place. Mr. Sergeant Ballantine for the plaintiff—Mr. Vansittart (sen.) appealed strongly, but in vain, to the Protestant prejudices of the Court. He argued that the conduct of the priest Dalton was "most tolerable and not to be endured;" and that proselytism, or the conversion of Protestants to Catholicity was a crime so serious that the law was bound to punish the actors therein. As a specimen of Protostant law, Protestant logic, and Protestant justice, we copy from the London *Times* the concluding passage of this learned Protestant advocate's address to the Court. Conscious that in open Court, his client was about to be proved by his own lips a perjured liar—Mr. Sergeant Ballantine thus delivered himself:—

"Any how the boy had been haunted by Roman Catholic priests and had sought the mass and other ceremonies of the Roman Catholic worship. The conduct pursued by the defendants was such as he

(Mr. Ballantine) was bound to say would not be endured in this country and must be put down with the strong arm of the law. It might be that the boy had sought them, but they ought to have exercised a sounder discretion and not inculcated ideas which must be destructive to the peace of families. He ventured to say that whatever a man's religion might be, if he was a man of honor, honesty, and decency, knowing his duty to his neighbor and determined to perform it, he ought, under the circumstances under which Master Vansittart came to Canon Dalton to have restored the boy to his legal protector; and he contended that it was a crime of the most grievous kind to assist a boy to act in disobedience to his father. There was no difference between Catholics and Protestants as to their equal rights as citizens; but when medals were put into children's hands as symbols of the Immaculate Conception; when priests assumed titles to which they had no claim whatever; when boys, instead of having their reason appealed to, had their fancies addressed; and when misery, disunion, and discontent were introduced into families, so that the framework of society was shaken to its very base, it was time that those who dared thus to interfere should know that the law was strong enough to reach them, and that punishment awaited them."

Mr. Woollett replied for the defendant, the Rev. Canon Dalton. He argued that, even were the facts deposed to, true, no case had been made out against his client; that the only *Act* in point, only made it criminal to induce children under 14 years of age to leave their parents, and Vansittart was more than 16 years old; and that, supposing the matter to have happened in Ireland, and that a Catholic pupil of that age had been enticed from Maynooth, and received into a Protestant Missionary Society, the law would not have given its aid to his Catholic parents to compel him to return to Maynooth, or to punish the missionaries by whom he had been persuaded to leave the Romish College. He taunted his opponents with their refusal to produce Chief Constable Hitchman to testify to the Giugini story; and then from the lips of young Vansittart himself, proceeded to prove that story an infamous lie. We copy from the London *Times* report of this strange affair, so that there may be no doubts as to the value of the lad's evidence:—

Master Vansittart was accordingly sworn, and examined at great length by Mr. Cooper. It is unnecessary, however, to repeat his examination in chief, as it was merely a recapitulation of the circumstances to which he deposed at the last sitting, with the important exception that no allusion was made to the Italian priest who was said in the first instance to have visited the young gentleman surreptitiously at Rackheath.

Cross-examined by Mr. Woollett—I was 16 the 1st of May last. My mother died when I was quite young. It was my intention to stay with Mr. Hodgson when I first came to his house. I was induced to leave because I again got some Catholic notions and wished to be a Catholic.

Mr. Woollett—Had you any communication with any Catholic priests at Rackheath?

Witness—No. (Sensation.)

Mr. Woollett—Did you see any Catholic priest on the 5th of June.

Witness—No.

Mr. Woollett—Had you seen on that day any person disguised with a long cloak and with an Italian hat on?

Witness—I had.

Mr. Woollett—Did you believe him to be a Catholic priest?

Witness—No. I had not seen him anywhere else before the 5th of June: I saw him then on the drive leading to the rectory at Rackheath: I had no conversation with this person: can't tell exactly when I met him: can't swear to the exact time, but it was between 10 and 12: was in Mr. Hodgson's private grounds and saw him passing on the road. (This will account for the otherwise unexplained fact that such a person as has been sought for by the police was noticed, as stated in *The Times*, by several persons at Rackheath.) Had no conversation with him except that he said "Good morning."

Mr. Woollett—Now, I shall specially put to you.—Did you ever see that person at Brighton?

Witness—No.

Mr. Woollett—Did that person say anything to you about "not leaving our faith?"

Witness—No.

Mr. Woollett—Did he make you swear upon a relic that you had not seen him?

Witness—No.

Mr. Woollett—Did he kiss you on the forehead and say, "Addio, carissimo?"

Witness—No.

Mr. Woollett—Have you stated all this before?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Woollett—In this Court?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Woollett—Had you taken an oath to tell the whole truth?

Witness (coolly)—Yes.

Mr. Woollett—Did you go with a policeman to London to identify this Italian priest?

Witness—Yes. I named him as Father Giugini, or Enguine. I said I had seen him at Brighton. I went with Mr. Hitchman, the chief constable of the Norwich police, to London, for the purpose of identifying a person. We went to a chapel, and a person was there pointed out to me. I did not at first say it was the man, but I said it was like him. Mr. Hitchman did not then caution me.

Mr. Woollett—Be careful: did he caution you as to your being sure it was like the man?

Witness—I am not certain about that: won't swear he did not caution me; I said it was not the man; the chief constable did not point out to me another person.

Mr. Woollett—Did you give the chief constable a particular description?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Woollett—And did the chief constable then point out another person?

Witness—No. Before that we had been into the house of a person to make inquiry, but we thought the other was the man.

Mr. Woollett—You say, "we" thought?

Witness—No; Hitchman thought.

Mr. Woollett—Then, you did not think anything about it?

Witness—No.

Mr. Woollett—Why, you knew he was not the man.

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Woollett—Didn't the policeman tell you that the information he received from you was all false?

Witness—Yes, at Rackheath; he said that afterwards.

Mr. Woollett—And was it not false?

Witness (with continued coolness)—Yes, I mentioned a person named Delgarn, or something like that as the individual who introduced this Italian priest to me. I mentioned this to the chief constable.

Mr. Woollett—Was that false?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Woollett—When did you first make a clean breast of this, and say it was all a falsehood?

Witness—Before Mr. Hitchman at Rackheath, nearly a week ago. I left school at Rackheath, at 6 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, June 9. I had a bag with me containing some shirts and clothes. It is about five miles from Rackheath to Norwich. I walked about half the way, when I met with a gardener whom I knew named Gilligwater, who lives in Rackheath. He drove me to Norwich into the market-place, and there I got out. I had some conversation with this gardener; I told him I was com-

ing to Norwich from the Saturday to the Monday—two or three days. I did not tell him what my object was in coming to Norwich. I will swear that, I had been in Norwich only once before when I was driven through it in passing to Rackheath. When I got out of the gardener's cart I asked a policeman the way to the Catholic chapel. He said there were two Catholic chapels in Norwich, and asked me which I wanted. I said it was of no consequence which. He said, "There's one in St. John's, Maddermarket." I said that would do, and he showed me the way to it. I did not know where it was. I had heard of the chapel in Willow-lane. I have said that I was directed to it by the priest whom I said I saw at Rackheath, but I heard it mentioned at Mr. Hodgson's. I don't recollect by whom. I inquired the way to the chapel in St. John's, Maddermarket; of another person passing by. I went up some steps leading to Canon Dalton's house, and was just turning back when I heard a tap at the window: said to Canon Dalton I had run away from school because I wished to be a Catholic. Did not say I was kept at school against my will; said that I had friends in London and that I knew the Bishop of Southwark: said also I had Catholic relations, but don't recollect whether I mentioned them: mentioned Mr. Bowyer's name to Canon Dalton, and said he was a distant relation of mine.

Mr. Woollett—Mr. Bowyer is a very well-known Catholic gentleman.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantine—Yes; he has written a letter to the *Times*.

Mr. Woollett—So has your client.

Witness—I said that I knew Bishop Grant. I had been sent by one of the Jesuits to Bishop Grant when I was in London. He was a person named Rowe. Saw Bishop Grant at his place in St. George's Cathedral; said to Canon Dalton that I knew Bishop Grant; that I had an aunt, a Mrs. Vansittart, at Rome; and that I had relations in London, mentioning my uncle, Lord Vaux of Harrowden. I had just told Canon Dalton that I wished to be a Catholic; and then he asked me whether I had any Catholic relations, and whether I knew any priests. I told Canon Dalton, also, that I intended to communicate with my father when he saw that I was determined to become a Catholic. I don't recollect whether I said I had no money. I said that I had got a watch, but I declined to take the money he offered to advance, as I did not know when I should be able to repay it. He said something about a relic of the Immaculate Conception. I think he said it was a relic or charm. (Laughter.)

Mr. Woollett—Didn't he say it was a medal?

(Laughter.) Will you venture to say, upon your oath, that he used the word charm?

Witness—He said it was a relic or charm. I can't recollect which. I told him I was going to give my companion my watch in exchange for his, and that mine was the better one. I suggested to Canon Dalton, when we went into the streets that we should take a cab, because I was afraid I should be detected. Canon Dalton said, "No, you can walk well behind me." I did not on more than one occasion wish to get into a cab. We walked on the public pavement by the side of the market. I don't know whether it is the most public place in Norwich, but there were a number of persons about. I left Canon Dalton once for a few moments. I fancied I saw some one, and went back a little way.

Re-examined by Mr. Sergeant Ballantine—I have never been sworn upon a relic. Mr. Hitchman, the chief constable, told me that if I didn't tell the whole truth at once I should be put in the lock-up for perjury.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantine—I believe you have been inquiring whether you could be transported?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantine—Was that in relation to this person whom you have described?

Witness—Yes.

Of Canon Dalton's share in the transaction, and of how far he was aiding and abetting in keeping back the young Vansittart from his natural guardians, the reader will be enabled to judge from the perusal of the *Times* report of the boy's schoolmaster's evidence upon this important point:—

The Rev. F. H. S. Hodgson, rector of Rackheath, was next called, and deposed—Master Vansittart, never expressed the slightest discontent at my treatment of him while he remained with me. I never had any occasion to treat him with severity. I frequently spoke to him upon the subject of the impressions which were upon his mind. Up to the time I heard he was missing I had not the slightest idea that he was leaving me. I learnt his absence from my house between 7 and half-past 7 in the morning of Saturday June 9. In consequence of that I came up to Norwich, and went to Canon Dalton's house about half-past 10. I learnt nothing then about the boy. I made inquiries at the Gate-house, and afterwards went and mentioned the circumstance to the Mayor. I ultimately saw Mr. Dalton, and from what he said I went to the shop of the Behas, where I found the boy. He was sitting at a dinner table in a room at the back of the shop. I told him he was a very foolish boy, and asked him what he had been thinking about; but I don't recollect what else I said to him.

Cross-examined.—Canon Dalton came up to me and told me where the boy was to be found. He said to me, "You are looking for a young gentleman; I can tell you where he is, he is at Mr. Beha's in St. Stephen's." At that time I didn't know where the boy was. I had been hunting for him all the morning. In the first instance I expressed myself most satisfied with the manner in which Canon Dalton acted. I said I was bound to say that Canon Dalton had given every information.

Mr. Woollett—Didn't you say that he had acted in a very handsome manner?

Witness—That is rather more than I could undertake to say at this time.

Mr. Woollett—But didn't you say so?

Witness—I took no note of the words myself, but I have no doubt they were reported with perfect correctness. Canon Dalton said he had been to the police station to give information.

Re-examined.—At the time I expressed myself satisfied with Canon Dalton's conduct, I was not aware that he had taken a watch to dispose of. Canon Dalton had said "I hope you won't mention my name in this affair; it gets us into trouble, and we don't like this kind of thing," upon which I said I would let every one know how honorably he had behaved. I should have spoken to him longer, but Mr. Hitchman pulled me on one side and said, "We had better be going or the boy will be off." I believe Canon Dalton gave information on the subject at the police station about a quarter to 1 o'clock.

And so, in spite of their manifest desire to make out—right or wrong—a valid charge of conspiracy against the Popish priest, the zealous Protestant Magistrates of Norwich were compelled to dismiss the case; contenting themselves with a little parting fling of insolence towards the victim whom with regret they were obliged to let go free. Thus ended the "Norwich Conspiracy Case" in a bottle of smoke; though we are not prepared to deny the existence of a very serious conspiracy indeed, of which however, the Rev. Mr. Dalton was very nearly the victim, and of and in which we strongly suspect that the two Vansittarts—father and son—were the authors and the prime agents. This however is only an hypothesis; but what is certain is, that the case of "Vansittart *versus* Giugini, the disguised Italian priest of the Jesuit persuasion," is another and striking instance of the dangers of the "Lie with a Circumstance"—a species of