

worthy of observation, that the inquiry undertaken by Drs. Hill and Hughes, the medical inspectors appointed by Lord Clarendon for the purpose, has only lately commenced; they this week began their labors at Kilrush. The result of their inquiry, I presume, will not be laid before the House of Commons this session.

There were, as I have already stated in your columns, 1,800 deaths in the first four months of this year in Ennistymon and Kilrush Unions alone. In the latter Union, the prosperity of which was described by Mr. Yandeleur in your columns, there have been one thousand and thirty-nine deaths between the 1st of January and the 31st of May, 1851. Can anything be more discreditable to our country than the fact that, because the Irish members have acted obnoxiously, or the Government so weak they dare not offend certain parties in Ireland, no serious parliamentary notice is to be taken of this disgraceful condition of a part of Her Majesty's dominions not 24 hours' journey from Buckingham Palace?

I know the Irish Secretary professes to be very anxious to meet the question, that he may show all these inaccuracies of my public statements. Why, Sir, throw me overboard altogether; what does the census and the well known undisputed mortality of the unions say, on evidence none can dispute? I admit that peasant life may be at a discount when the parliamentary market is so agitated by papal bulls and Jews; still I think common decency required that facts so awful should have produced something more serious in the way of notice than the sending two highly respectable medical men on a tour of inquiry, to obtain evidence from the very parties who did the deeds which mainly caused this destruction of life. I have done my best that, at Kilrush at least, the commissioners shall know from whom to inquire, and what could be proved; but I know very well that the chief actors in this cruel drama are in a position to intimidate every witness, to remove some, and if they choose, to altogether seal the mouths of many; still I don't despair but some truth must come out; but I cannot call this an inquiry at all in this character satisfactory, when compared with the gravamen of the charges made against the boards.

I lately, in your columns, called the attention of the authorities to the way in which the guardians job in contracts; that their eyes might be fully opened I had informations laid against one of these worthies at Kilrush; it was proved on oath, before Mr. Lucas, that he had taken a contract to supply 160 quarts of milk daily, in the name of a man who had not one cow, who has I had, am since told, two sons paupers in the Workhouse for two years. The sham contractor was produced, other witnesses sworn, and the case most clearly proved; one of the active guardians not only thus, by fraud, obtained this contract, but used to receive the checks and endorse them in the name of the poor creature who was said to be the real contractor. S. G. OSBOURNE.

SCENE IN THE GODLESS COLLEGES.

(From the Rambler.)

The dramatic personæ are—the rector, Charles Softly, Esq., M. A. (professor of ethnology and physical geography); the professor of Greek (a member of the Established Church); the professor of moral philosophy (an Atheist); the professor of botany (a Quaker); the professor of chemistry (a Swedenborgian); the professor of history (a Presbyterian); and the following students, who may be taken as representing a general class in one of her Majesty's provincial colleges in Ireland, or in any institution founded on similar principles, viz.—Daniel Isaacs, a Jew; Patrick Callaghan, a Catholic; Edward Williams, a Methodist; George Bolder, a Septic; Peter Dodson, an Atheist; Cornelius Burke, a high-church Anglican; and Jeremy Tarbutt, a Secedist. Such was the composition of the group which assembled to hear the first lecture of the new professor of ethnology, who, as his name is intended to imply, was a most amiable and conciliating gentleman, who never willingly offended the feelings of any person, and entered upon his professorship with the determination never, if possible, to utter a word which could hurt the religious convictions or prejudices of any of his hearers. Having, accordingly, opened his first lecture with extreme caution, modifying every definition, so as to keep as much as possible out of the way of disputed theological or metaphysical points, begging pardon even for the use of the term "creation," as it implied the existence of a Creator, he takes occasion to request his audience, that if at any time he should unfortunately use terms to which they conscientiously object, they would be good enough to signify the same, and demand any explanations they might require, "so that the studies might proceed with perfect harmony, and that they might show to a bigoted world that it was possible for enlightened men of all creeds to act together in the glorious work of the education of the mind." The result may be anticipated, but it is exhibited in a clever and interesting manner by the writer in the Rambler, to which, as our space will not permit us to make sufficient extracts, we must refer the reader. The word "mind," which the professor had just uttered, presented the first difficulty. Bolder, the Septic, wishes for an explanation of the meaning in which the term has been used. Professor Softly is as plausible and general as he can be on the subject, but the students begin to suspect that he is a humbug; Dodson, the Atheist, is dissatisfied with the professor's explanation. He will not have it assumed "that the mind, or soul, or whatever it is called, is really separate from the body, recent scientific researches showing that it is a mere part of the organized material whole." Softly thinks Mr. Dodson has no right to assume, at least there, that his special view on the subject was the right one; and after proceeding a little farther he raises the ire of the Catholic student, who appeals to the rector, but the rector evidently thinks the Catholic a great deal too particular. The latter question is something about mind, having "no direct power upon the material world, save in accordance with the known law of physical and mathematical science." We here extract a fragment of the dialogue.

The Catholic student, having expressed a strong reason for dissenting from that doctrine.

Softly (in his mildest tones).—Mr. Callaghan, that is a question of faith, not of science. Faith is one thing, and science is another (loud applause).

Callaghan.—But if science contradicts faith, one of the two must be false.

The Rector (seemingly confused).—Mr. Callaghan, may they not be like parallel lines, and run side by side, without meeting?

Callaghan.—They may, Sir, of course; and so they do very often. But they do not always go parallel, at

least so Mr. Softly assumes, for he declared an opinion to be scientifically true, which I know to be, as a matter of faith, false. I submit that this is contrary to the rules of — College.

Burke (aside to Tarbutt).—What a plucky fellow Callaghan is! How the deuce came he here? The place will be too hot to hold him.

Tarbutt.—Don't you know? His governor makes him come against his will. He hates the college himself, and belongs to the McHale faction. He'll bully the professors out of their lives, unless they get rid of him.

Burke.—Well, I wish him success; for I don't half like the place myself.

Softly (turning to the professor).—Perhaps I had better withdraw the statement.

The Professor of History and the Professor of Botany (together, in a low voice).—No, no! that will never do. The interests of science absolutely forbid it. Tell him you'll speak to him after the lecture.

Softly.—Mr. Callaghan, this is a very delicate question. If you will do me the favor to call on me after the lecture is over, I shall trust to explain all to your satisfaction. Gentlemen, we will now proceed with our subject.

To be brief, the professor, as he proceeds, offends the religious opinions of his hearers in their turn, and in conclusion the following scene takes place:—

Callaghan (with a loud voice).—Well! I can stand this no longer! The curse of God and St. Patrick be upon this place for evermore! (tremendous sensation and confusion.)

The Rector.—Mr. Callaghan, are you aware that you are a student of this college?

Callaghan.—Yes, Sir, I am aware of it. I came here because my father insisted on my coming; but I will stay no more. He never knew what the college really was; he thought that at least there would be no Atheism and infidelity; but I shall tell him what I have heard to-day. And now I shall not stay another moment to hear you talk about the God that made you as you'd hardly talk about the old Pagan Jupiter and Juno. I shake off the dust from my shoes upon you; and mark my words, the curse of Jesus Christ and St. Patrick will be on you and all your doings? (Great uproar, amidst which Callaghan leaves the lecture room, some of the students hissing and groaning, some applauding, and some terrified. Softly declares it impossible to proceed with his lecture; the professors and students gather in groups and discuss what has happened. By and by they depart, and the rector prepares to write to the Lord Lieutenant, to tell him that between the Catholics and the Atheists he finds it impossible to observe the statutes of — College.)

(From the London Correspondent of the Tablet.)

Wednesday Morning, August 6th.

It is a good omen that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill received the royal assent on the most appropriate festival of the Church—St. Peter ad Vincula. That on the same day when the Church celebrates the deliverance of the Prince of the Apostles from the chains in which Herod had bound him, and from the execution which the Jews were so anxiously expecting, the Herod and people of England should please themselves with the thought that they were binding the successor of St. Peter, disabling his representatives, and inflicting a mortal blow on his Church.—But, happily, it will not be mortal. Mr. Keogh's amendment is thought by many persons to invalidate the whole bill so far as regards Ireland; and though a bill introduced by Lord Monteagle to remove doubts as to penalties on the assumption of Ecclesiastical titles, and legalising those which were declared by Lord Lansdowne to be unobjectionable, was lost through the opposition of Lord Lansdowne and the Lord Chancellor, yet the latter lord declared that "no act done by virtue of the spiritual office of a Bishop was a matter of jurisdiction; nor would it be so held by any court of law." The Ministry no doubt wish their precious production to remain a dead-letter; but whether the majority which forced them to pass the law will allow them to let it remain nugatory, remains to be seen. We may feel quite assured that the Whigs would allow us all to be roasted and eaten, if it would conduce to their holding office one month more than they would otherwise enjoy in Downing-street. Perhaps they may also be disposed to avenge themselves for the result of the Scarborough election, about which they feel very sore, and which makes them fear similar occurrences in other places. As an illustration of Whig vindictiveness, there is now a report current in London, that Ministers have declared their intention of omitting the Maynooth Grant next session, as Catholic Ireland has shown itself capable of supporting a University for itself.

Our line is, however, quite plain. The examples of Bath and Scarborough are too clear not to be followed; and though it is much to be lamented that the Catholics of the metropolis have allowed July to pass without any attempt at an organisation for registering votes, yet we may hope that the numerous Catholic electors of the city, and of St. Marylebone, will cooperate with at least as much unanimity, and with as happy a result as their brethren of Scarborough.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster leaves town this week for St. Leonards; he will probably be at Winchester on the 15th, to bless the new Abbess of the Benedictine Nuns there, the ceremony having been put off in consequence of his Eminence's journey in France, and his being obliged to appear before the Mortmain Committee, after which he will hold a series of Confirmations and Visitations.

The Rev. Mr. Manning has been preaching with good effect in the crowded courts of Kensington, and has, I believe, caused many Catholics to return to their duties, which they had long neglected.

The Rev. Father Gabriel Gibara, Vicar-General of the Bishop of Sidon, in Syria, is at present in London, where, with the strong recommendations of the Congregation of Propaganda and of the Cardinal Archbishop, he is soliciting subscriptions in aid of the unfortunate Catholics of that diocese. I am afraid that, considering the long time he has been here, he has not reaped a very plentiful harvest.

In the Times this morning there is an article about the Roman prisons, the state of which gives occasion to a vast deal of virtuous indignation. The police reports of the same paper show that in the Waterloo-road alone there are some hundreds of children, from fourteen to sixteen years of age, who are walking about as common prostitutes. This is no new failing of London. Mr. Lawrence, in his famous lectures on Physiology, read at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1818, complains of the same thing. It is worse to

maintain unwholesome cells in prisons, than to permit the dens where these poor children are vitiated to exist? Can the same people that maintain the horrors of Van Dieman's Land, and permit the scenes of an Irish famine, allow itself, without making itself ridiculous, to censure the crowded prisons of Rome?

A fearful occurrence is announced from Russia, which took place in Wladimir on the 1st of July. According to ancient custom, a procession is always held on that day. This time the concourse was unusually great, and just as the procession was crossing a bridge the latter gave way, and 149 persons lost their lives; 58 have been recovered, more or less injured during the fearful scene.

THE PENAL BILL.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece?
Where burning Sappho," &c.

The Isle of Saints, the Isle of Saints!

Where burning Calvin lives and reigns,
Where raves Maenele—where Stowell rants—
Where Lambeth whines, and Fulham feigns.
Eternal Cant rules o'er the land,
And all except that Cant be d—d.

The Tean and Bohean Muse,
And Low-Church hymns, and Love-feast lays,
Shall find a fane some here refuse,
Where in the Rhineland Czorki prays,
And where, with zeal of the Eighth Harry,
Priest Rougeé swears that Priests should marry.

The Sun looks down on Waterloo,
And Waterloo smiles back as fair
As though its champagne never knew
The crash of hostile squadrons there:
And, standing on some Irish graves,
I felt that Papists should be slaves.

For—ages since—on Cales' shore
King Philip held accurs' parade,
To culverin's and musket's roar
And answering Arsenal's cannonado;
Counting his ships at break of day,
But when the storm came, where were they?

And where are they? And where art thou,
My country? On thy vocal shore
The Puritan voice is blatant now,
The Puritan bosom beats once more!
Nor needs thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine.

And yet, amidst "the mummeries"
Of Papists and of Puseyites,
'Tis something, if the wish arise,
To persecute, despoil, and smite—
When we are left so little here—
For these a blow, for those a sneer.

Must we but smite at things unblest?
Must we but sneer? Our fathers died,
Earth, render back from out thy breast
The ghost of half an Irish side!
One Shining Light to have a shy at,
Another grand George Gordon riot.

What! silent still, and silent all?
Ah no! the voices of the dead
Sound like some distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come;
'Tis but the living who are dumb."

Again, again! Bring screws and cords,
For ere long we must come to that;
(There is a law for Papist hordes,
While True's tread on Wiseman's hat!)
Hark! answering to the glorious call,
How answers each bold Ex'ter Hall!

You have the Kentish fire as yet;
Where are the Kentish faggots gone?
Of the two lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have John Russell's letter—then,
Why not the stake at Penenden?

Fill high the bowl with Lusian wine!
The Methun wine our sires preferred!
It made our Eldon's speech divine;
He served—but served King George the Third—
A Bigot; but away the taunt,
He was at least a Protestant.

That Whiz of Whigs, our own Nassau,
In High Dutch once was heard to say,
He wished fair Erin that he saw,
Stone-drowned ten thousand miles away.
Such words as these are sure to wound,
Then let his health and vow go round.

Fill high the bowl with old port wine!
By Dolly's-bone or Antrim's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Cromwell troopers bore:
And there at least some seed is sown
That Titus Oates himself might own.

Trust not the lawyers of the Crown,
For they are very apt to sell;
And Brunswick Lodges should alone
Bulls, frauds, and Latin Priests expel.
Or, in default, why not three nations
Vie, each with each, in informations?

Fill high the bowl with Lusian wine!
And "softly sweet to Lyttian measure,"
Let Brunswick maids in choir combine
To tell their swains it is their pleasure,
That to the cry of Orange Boven
Should Papist skulls and rites be cloven.

Then place me on the Causeway's steep,
Where nothing but the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep
In amebian bigotry.
Fill up you bowl—the Pope be d—d!
We must, we will, lose Ireland!

G. SYDNEY SMYTHE.

* England, in old Catholic times, was called "Insula Sanctorum."—See the Venerable Bede, passim.
† Nothing could be clearer than the position asserted by Mr. Roebuck, that you cannot vitiate the Pope's spiritual authority without vitiating also all acts deriving from it: and thereby, henceforward, bastardising the whole of Catholic Ireland.

TO THE CATHOLICS OF CANADA!

A BEAUTIFUL
MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING
OF

POPE PIUS IX.,

SEVENTEEN BY TWENTY-SIX INCHES,
TAKEN FROM AMES' ORIGINAL PICTURE,
FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

EVERY person purchasing will receive a certificate, entitling the holder to a chance of obtaining the Painting, which will be drawn for on the plan adopted by the Art Unions.

This picture was painted from life, at the Quirinal Palace, Rome, at the desire and petition of the Archbishop, and several of the Bishops, of the United States. It measures eight feet by twelve, and represents his Holiness in the long white pontifical dress, inwrought with gold and silver, and the various emblems of the Catholic Church, standing forth from the Papal chair, in the attitude of benediction. Across the Mosaic floor, in the background, stands in a niche of the chapel, a statue of St. Peter.

The Drawing will take place within two years from the 1st May, 1851.

The following letters, commendatory of this picture, have been received:—

JOSEPH AMES, Esq. Boston, Jan 13, 1851.

Dear Sir:—I have examined the plan by which you propose to dispose of your much admired Painting of His Holiness Pius the Ninth, and think that it cannot fail to prove satisfactory to the public generally.

You are at liberty to use my name for the purpose of obtaining subscribers, as I feel confident that none who may subscribe will fail to receive in the end more than an equivalent for their money.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN B. FITZPATRICK, Bishop of Boston.

Having examined the plan for disposing of the Painting and Mezzotint Engravings of Pius IX., and being satisfied of the respectability of the parties concerned, and the extreme reasonableness of the conditions, I approve of it, and agree to take ten copies.

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, Bishop of Philadelphia.
Philadelphia, March 15, 1851.

JOSEPH AMES, Esq. Providence, R. I., June 10, 1851.

Dear Sir:—I approve much of the plan by which you propose to dispose of your admired painting of Pope Pius IX.

As each subscriber will receive an engraving of this fine piece, a sufficient consideration for the subscription required, I would be much pleased to see it every where gracing the parlors of our people.

Most respectfully yours, &c.,
BERNARD O'BRIEN, Bishop of Hartford.

The Engraving alone is worth THREE times the price asked for it, and a copy of it should be found in the house of every Catholic.

D. & J. SALLIER & Co.,
179, Notre Dame Street,
Agents for Canada.

August 28, 1851.

Lodgings for Female Servants out of Place,
AT FLYNN'S

Servant's Registry Office, and Second-Hand Book Store,
No. 13, ALEXANDER STREET,
OPPOSITE ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

FAMILIES requiring SERVANTS may rest assured that none will be sent from this Office whose character will not bear the strictest investigation. Servants, too, are assured that their interest shall be duly attended to.

Hours of attendance from 9 till 11 A.M., and from 2 till 4 P.M.

SECOND-HAND BOOKS SOLD VERY CHEAP.

SERVANTS WANTED at the above Office, who can give Good References as to their character and capability. No other need apply.

August 28, 1851.

NOTICE.—INFORMATION WANTED OF ANDREW MONTRETH, a young man about 21 years of age, who left Three Rivers in 1849, and has not since been heard from. Any information concerning him will much oblige his only sister, MARY MONTRETH.

Any information addressed to her care of T. L. DUBREY, Montreal, will be most gratefully received.

August 21, 1851.

L. P. BOIVIN,
Corner of Notre Dame and St. Vincent Streets,
opposite the old Court-House,

HAS constantly on hand a LARGE ASSORTMENT of ENGLISH and FRENCH JEWELRY, WATCHES, &c.

WANTED

TO BORROW, £600, for which Security shall be given in Property, consisting of ONE HUNDRED ACRES of CLEARED LAND, on which are built NEW STONE SAW and FLOUR MILLS, with DWELLING HOUSE and OFFICES. Title to the above Property indisputable. For further particulars apply (if by letter, post-paid.) to A. B., Terre Verre Office.

N. B.—The Proprietor would have no objection to take a Partner in the business, with about £1,000 Capital.

August 21, 1851.

DRY GOODS.

We beg to apprise the numerous friends of Mrs. Coffy, and the public at large, that she has opened a Dry Goods and Fancy Store at No. 23, St. Lawrence Main Street. Persons desirous of making purchases in the above line, would do well to give her a call, as she is determined to sell at the lowest possible prices.

In compliance with the wishes of her friends, Mrs. Coffy has engaged the services of a competent milliner and dressmaker, so that those ladies who may favor her with a trial, will find their orders punctually and carefully attended to.

JOSEPH BOESE,
25 College Street, opposite the College,

MANUFACTURER OF OIL CLOTHS, which comprise PRINTED IMITATION MAHOGANY, BLACK WALNUT, TABLE and PIANO COVERS; also Plain Black for Caps, Trunks, and for use of Coachmakers. Also, all kinds of SILK and WOOLLENS DYED, in the best manner, and with despatch.

ROBERT M'ANDREW,

IN returning thanks to the public, for the liberal support he has received during his long period in business, in SORELL, intimates that he will REMOVE on the 1st May, to MONTREAL, to 99, St. Paul Street, where he will open an extensive WHOLESALE and RETAIL DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT. His long experience among Country Merchants, with strict attention to their orders, will, he trusts, gain him a share of their patronage, particularly as he pledges himself to supply them with as good Articles, and at as LOW, if not LOWER RATES than any house in the city.

May 14, 1851.

OWEN M'GARVEY,
House and Sign Painter, Glazier, &c. &c. &c.

THE Advertiser returns thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal support he has received, since his commencement in business. He is now prepared to undertake Orders in the most extensive manner, and pledges himself that he will use his best abilities to give satisfaction to those who may favor him with their business.

Graining, Marbling, Sign Painting, Glazing, Paper Hanging, White Washing and Coloring, done in the most approved manner, and on reasonable terms.
No. 6, St. Antoine St., opposite Mr. A. Walsh's Grocery Store.
May 7, 1851.