

Sir—Three young girls, named Margaret Flanagan, aged seventeen years, Mary Hosey, aged sixteen years, and Bridget Haley, aged fourteen years, have been forwarded to me by the Vice-Consul at Rouen, to be sent to their homes at Leeds. From the statements made to me, and which are confirmed by the affidavits of Margaret Flanagan and Bridget Haley, they were decoyed away from Leeds, without the consent of their parents, about the 24th of November last, part under promises of high wages and excellent treatment by two agents of the La Foudre Flax Mill, near Rouen. They have been altogether deceived and ill-treated, and the case being a very grave one, comprehending thirty-seven girls in all, of which number several are on their way to this place, I shall send copies of the affidavits to her Majesty's government and the Mayor of Leeds, and endeavor to put a stop to so infamous a practice. The names of the agents are Smith and Garthwaire, and I hope to be able to have them punished. I have directed these poor girls to present themselves to you on their arrival at Southampton, and now ask your benevolent aid to forward them by rail to Leeds. I understand that they are very respectable girls, and have been exemplary in their conduct, so that I must hope they will reach home happily. I shall give them a little money for their subsistence, so that you will only have to provide their travelling expenses."

A terrible catastrophe is reported by the ship Orlando, Capt. White, at Havre from Mobile.—On the 28th Nov. the St. George sailed from Liverpool for New York, with 117 passengers, mostly Irish, a crew of 25, and a valuable cargo. On the morning of the 24th Dec., in lat. 46.12 N., long. 25.30 W., the ship was discovered to be on fire. Notwithstanding strenuous efforts, in which seven or eight persons were suffocated by the smoke, the flames broke out from the deck, and being unable to do more, Captain Brinson mustered the women and children on the poop to save them, as long as possible, from the horrible death which stared them in the face. Fortunately, at the same moment, the Orlando hove in sight, and bore down to render assistance—the sea running so high that the ships' boats were speedily swamped, and none floated but the lifeboat, which carried only five persons at a time, but by means of which, and 64 hours of incessant labor, 76 of the passengers and crew were put on board the Orlando. The storm had by this time increased to a tempest, and the "Orlando" had but just got clear from the burning ship, when the latter sunk. About fifteen men were drowned in trying to reach the "Orlando," eight were suffocated by the smoke, and twenty-eight were burned or sunk with the ship. Some hours after, the "Orlando" had most of her sails blown away. It was, however, determined to bear up for port, and after eleven days of anxiety, being short of water and provisions, succeeded in reaching Havre. A subscription was immediately commenced on behalf of the survivors.—The conduct of Captain White and the crew of the "Orlando," is above all praise.

INVESTMENTS IN IRELAND.

(From the London Economist.)

There is a general but vague notion entertained in this country that land may be bought and farms hired in Ireland upon terms apparently advantageous, but that from some undefined cause, or combination of causes, purchases in Ireland are not likely to prove profitable or farming investments altogether safe.—Agrarian outrages, landlord oppression, priestly intimidation, religious and political rancor, and involved titles to land, are spectres which have long haunted the English mind, and, notwithstanding the recently altered circumstances of Ireland and Irish society, still deter capitalists from giving due attention to Irish land, either for purchase or occupation, as a field for investment or residence. We have always regarded such views as erroneous, as prejudices founded on a state of things which has passed or is rapidly passing away. Our keen-sighted farmers north of the Tweed have caught a glimpse of the truth that farms in Ireland may be profitably rented, and a considerable number of Scotch farmers have taken farms there.—To some extent also English capitalists have bought Irish land, now to be had free from the interminable intricacies and hazards of Irish titles, through the simple parliamentary titles afforded by the Incumbered Estates' Court. Most of the property sold by the Court has been bought by Irishmen. Previous to the famine, Irish landed property, both in respect of title and management, had got into such a state that some change was indispensable, and the pressure of famine compelled the application of rational means of remedy which, but for that exigency, would probably not have been resorted to. Now there is no other part of the United Kingdom where land can be had so free from conveyancing technicalities and expense. The first great step towards rendering land an article of commerce, a commodity attractive to the prudent capitalist who regards his investments not only with a view to present advantage but also to the possibility of his desiring to change them, has been taken in Ireland by the establishment of a Court authorised to give to a purchaser a clear, simple, and indefeasible title to the land he buys.

Now all this will be readily assented to in a general way, and the force of much that has been said by Irish writers on the industrial resources and prospects of Ireland will be admitted; but still there is a disinclination to act without some reliable English authority for the soundness of Irish investments. Such an authority seems to have been found in Mr. William Bullock Webster, who, in a work of small compass, entitled "Ireland considered as a Field for Investment or Residence," has shown conclusively, that for investment or residence or both, Ireland offers many attractions, and that most of the objections commonly entertained are mere bugbears. In his professional capacity, Mr. Webster has visited "every county in Ireland, except two," and at one time participated in most of the misapprehensions which he admits to exist in the minds of Englishmen generally, but which his experience is, that capital may be employed in the purchase of land in Ireland "as securely and more profitably than in any other part of the United Kingdom."

Mr. Webster first deals with the illusion that "in Ireland there is no security for either life or property." For a considerable period he had upwards of a hundred men, under the superintendence of an English foreman, employed on one estate. They were kept steadily to their work, regularity in coming and going being insisted on. No smoking during work was allowed. Wages from seven to nine shillings per week were paid, and not a disturbance occurred; and in-

stead of shooting or threatening their strict superintendent, they subscribed to present him with a token of their gratitude. Fair treatment and judicious strictness had their natural good effects. And Mr. Webster says that for some years past there has been a gradual improvement taking place in the Irish peasantry; they are more industrious; temperance and village schools are working improvement in their character. Poor rates have ceased to form any extraordinary burden on land, the pauper population being gradually absorbed into a laboring class or drafted off by emigration. Mr. Webster gives a letter addressed to him by Mr. Eastwood, the spirited settler in Connemara, to whom Sir Robert Peel referred with so much approval in the House of Commons, from which we take the following passage. Mr. Eastwood says:—

"From my own observations and experience I attribute a great deal of the unwillingness Englishmen have to settling in Ireland to owe doubts, which, like nursery rhymes, have fixed themselves on their mind. The first is a doubt as to the security of life and property; the second is a doubt as to Pat's applicability to either mental or physical labor. Now, both these doubts have no more substance or foundation than the fictions chronicled in the nursery rhymes, and yet, I believe, they take as deep root, and prove as hard to eradicate. I own that I entertained these doubts myself before I came over to Ireland; but a short acquaintance with the people soon convinced me that I had injured them in thought, and satisfied me that a contrary opinion could only exist where great ignorance of the Irish character remained. I am not afraid of being contradicted by any Englishman who has gained a character, and settled in this country, when I say, that life and property are fully as safe, if not more so, than England. The Irish peasants know well how to distinguish between friends and foes. It may and will take some time before the new settler can remove the caution and distrust which experience on their part has sadly imposed. But they are quick to observe, and ready to follow, an example, and when that is fairly placed before them, without any notice being taken of their unjust fears and doubts, both will soon vanish, and you retain the Irish laborer a docile and tractable servant ever after."

"I commenced work in this country early in the year 1846, and being looked upon, I suppose, as a *rara avis*, I had constant applicants for work at all times in the day."

"The labor there consisted in digging up land, running deep and wide dykes for carrying off water, throwing down old walls, breaking up the stones for drains and fences, uprooting large stumps of trees, and turning the course of a river which interfered greatly with my designs. With so many operations on hand at the same time, I was enabled to pay particular attention to that most difficult attainment in the workmaster—a proper mechanical distribution of the labor. There is a way of managing a task when, from the division and shifting of labor, the men sometimes are ignorant of the object to be gained till it is almost accomplished, and then they see the motives which guided all the changes throughout the work, and if correct (for they then can judge them,) the management receives all the credit it deserves. I knew much depended on the character I might gain for judgment of the men I employed, and consequently paid every attention to the economy of their labor.—The wages in the country were from 7d to 8d a day for men, and from 3d to 6d a day for boys and women. I commenced by giving 10d a day to the men; but in this I was wrong. I soon found I was inflicting an injury on the farmers in the neighborhood; and in the then condition of the peasantry, I discovered that they thought me foolish for so doing, and actually were less inclined to work. I therefore, adopted the amount of wages in the country. I often had as many as three hundred laborers. I paid them regularly every Saturday night. I was with them the whole of the day; and whenever I found any reason whatever to dismiss a man, I paid him his wages and sent him off out of the field, and probably his place was immediately taken by some one of the many who would wait from morning till night expecting to come in for such a reversion. I was very strict, but then I tried to be very just; and, after some time, I found great satisfaction with the labor I obtained."

IRELAND A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY—THE VICAR OF LEIGH.

It is not very often that "the mere Irish" are gratified with any compliments on the part of their oppressors, and those who, from their intellectual proximity to the doctrines of the Catholic Church, should be the most liberal, we must say exhibit very frequently a malignity which surpasses that of others. Hence when an admission does happen to be made, even by the proverbial hatred of the wrong-doer towards the wronged, it is of course all the more valuable, and requires to be duly entered on our books. Such an admission was made the other day by the Rev. Mr. Irvine, Vicar of Leigh, a gentleman, be it known to our readers, of pretty much the class of Mr. Bennett, showing a good deal of sincerity, but also an intense narrowness of mind. He has made himself conspicuous on one or two occasions by attempting, in the most amusing manner, to enforce the "canons Ecclesiastical" of the Church of England! on the manufacturing population of Lancashire. He believes the Anglican Establishment to be the Catholic Church, and with the utmost simplicity endeavors, spite of magistrates and mobs, to make the rules enacted by "Convocation," in the time of the Stuarts, the law by which the parish of Leigh is to be governed. Difficulties, of course, are continually turning up. His Protestant parishioners neither know nor care—how should they?—anything about the paper Catholicity of the Anglican Establishment, and they and the Vicar are quite at right angles. The law also who made him what he is, expects him to obey her, and has small respect for the "Canons Ecclesiastical" which she herself has hung about his neck, by way of an insulting badge of slavery.

But to our story. One of these "Canons Ecclesiastical," it appears, enjoins that no one shall be buried by the Minister unless it can be shown that he has been duly baptised. Rather a difficult thing to show, we imagine, with regard to nine-tenths of the pretended Christian population of Protestant England. Now, there happened to die at the union workhouse at Leigh a poor Irishman called Michael Connor. We do not know why the corpse even of a Catholic pauper should be insulted by heretical rites, and this circumstance requires attention, as one out of the many wrongs to which the feelings of helpless Catholics are daily subjected. However, the Master of the Workhouse, Harwood by name, sent notice to the Vicar of Leigh to bury the poor man with the funeral service. The Vi-

car of Leigh requires the Master of the Workhouse to state that the man had been "duly baptised." The astonished Master of the Workhouse could not certify the fact, whereupon the Vicar of Leigh writes to him to say that he could not read the funeral service over a corpse that had not been baptised for fear of "Ecclesiastical censure." This was good, as if Dr. Prince Lee (the Superintendent of Manchester), or any other of the Anglican Superintendents, would have administered "Ecclesiastical censure" against a Puseyite for not observing the Canons! But scarcely was this missive in the hands of the Master of the Workhouse before another arrived, revoking it. The Vicar of Leigh had bethought himself that Connor was an Irishman, and therefore, of course, baptised! The note is worth reading:—

Vicarage, Leigh, Dec. 8th 1852.

Sir—On looking at your note again, I see the name indicates that the deceased was an Irishman. If so, there can be no reasonable doubt of his Baptism; and on this ground, should my supposition be correct, I shall be ready to inter him at the time appointed (a quarter to nine o'clock), without troubling you to make any further inquiry.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant; J. IRVINE.

Mr. J. Harwood. Accordingly it appears, since no further mention is made of any dispute, that the corpse of the poor Catholic was duly handed over to the Protestant Minister, and buried with the rites of his pretended Church.—This is painful to every Irishman and every Catholic, still it is something that a Protestant Minister was obliged to confess that there could be "no reasonable doubt" that any man born in Ireland, and having a Celtic name, had been duly baptised. Yes, truly, the Catholic Church takes good care there shall be "no reasonable doubt" of that. If the adherence of the children of Ireland to the faith of St. Patrick has made them the outcasts of the earth, the famished and bleeding victims of triumphant injustice, this blessing has it given them, that the baptismal waters gleam on their brows in the sight of the Angels of Heaven. Let our Protestant friends, on the other hand, consider what they are to think of an institution calling itself a Christian Church, and declaring Baptism is necessary to salvation, and yet so careless in its administration that a conscientious Minister in that institution dares not take for granted that any one of her children is baptised.

KILLING NO MURDER.

In a recent trial at York, in England, an unhappy man stood in the dock who had murdered his own illegitimate child, and attempted that of the mother. The evidence was clear, and showed beyond all question premeditation and deliberate malice. Law and lawyers could do nothing for him; but another science, and a professor of it, undertook his defence. A medical witness laid down this doctrine: there is a disease called homicidal monomania, and the prisoner is a victim to it. This disorder leads those who labor under it to murder, and the especial objects of their hate are their near relations. This is the new theory. Among the many diseases to which men are liable this particular one is surely the most horrible.

The witness in applying his dreadful theory to the case before him said that the prisoner had once received a blow on the head. This was the germ of the disease. The blow produced a sort of wart under the bone, and this wart or excrescence irritated the brain. The effect of this irritation corresponding with the cause of the original wart, resulted naturally in the infliction of blows on other persons' heads and, as a necessary consequence, in the propagation of the same mysterious disorder. Thus murder becomes simply a law of nature, and a murderer nothing more than an unfortunate person laboring under an incurable disease.

It is a dreadful disorder, certainly, and the more dreadful because the immediate victims are least prepared. The homicidal monomania does not lead its patient to murder enemies or strangers. Its tendencies in that direction are rather weak. Friends may become victims, but the more certain victims are wife or children. The nearer the relationship the stronger is the impulse to destroy them.

There are amiable men in the world without temptations to certain sins; this being their case they cannot see why others should be molested. A prosperous banker is not tempted to commit burglary, and is therefore savage with the housebreaker. If he is an amiable man he will try to believe that the wretch was mad. It is just possible that the Yorkshire surgeon was a most humane philanthropist, and utterly unable to muster sufficient malice to hunt his neighbor. He therefore had recourse to a theory that the prisoner labored under a monomania. Murder was nothing but the effect of disease, and the criminal such no more but a man irresponsible for his acts. Pleasant theory for those who wish to get rid of wife, or child, or friend, but somewhat unpleasant for those who have never had a violent blow on the head.

It is not uninteresting to observe how Protestantism, aiming at a more spiritual religion than the true one, discarding forms in order to attain to the substance, has fallen down to mere materialism. Physical science is the great science of the day, and the result is a doctrine by which premeditated murder becomes a harmless recreation. Man becomes a machine played upon by others, without free will or responsibility. An accidental blow on the head settles the question of personal liberty, and the disputations of the schoolmen mere trifling.—*Tablet*.

MORE LIGHT.

Hear a correspondent of the *Lantern* on the subject of spiritual rappers:—

True, sir, true, Mr. P. It is a ternal fact and everlasting veracity. Last night I heard a thunderin' rap against my foot board.

"Come in!" I called, thinkin' natrally it was some 'un knocking at the door, like "Old Joe," in the words of the poet.

"I can't come in," sez a voice in the knockin' language, which I twigged slick-off, bein' as I afterwards discovered a *medium* of the first water.

"Why can't you?" sez I.

"Beoz I'm already," sez the gost.

"Who are you?" sez I.

"I'm Lord Byron," sez the gost.

"My grandmother?" sez I.

"No, not your grandmother—Lord Byron," answered the gost.

"I don't believe you," sez I.

"I'll prove it," sez the gost.

"How will you circumvent it?" sez I.

"By writin' some verses," sez the gost.

And trust me! if next mornin' I didn't find this here pome lirin' on a big box in the corner of the room. There warn't a table, cos it was gorn to have a noo hind leg put on. I guess it's something rather stronger than otherwrite, and them as nose the works of the poet sez its quite his stile and no mistake:—

A do! A do! my native land,
Fader o'er the woters blood—
My creditors, a grisly band,
Both Christian and Jew,
The hingin' creaks—the captain swares—
I guess he's rather tight—
I lieve behind my debts and cares,
My native land, good night!

There was ever such a lot more, but the ritin' was so 'tarnal rummy that it would have taken three sich fellers as me, and a boy into the bargain, to have made it out. So the fact are that we gave it up, and by curious coincidence I lit my segar with the darned dokkerment—and that's all I got to say.

Now, I reckon, this here settles the dispute about the knockers right off, and I 'spose there wont be nothing more said about 'em. For its my privit opinyun that a gost aint much pumkin, and that's about the size of it.

So, good mornin', Mr. P., till more noose for you.

Yours, respectfully,
MR. JONES.

YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION.



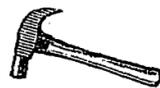
THE USUAL MONTHLY MEETING of the above Association will be held at the MUSIC HALL, Notre Dame Street, on TUESDAY EVENING, the 1st of February, at EIGHT o'clock.

(By Order)
R. P. REDMOND,
Secretary.

Montreal, Jan. 27, 1853.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF PATRICK MALONEY, a native of Tomgrany, near Scariff, County Clare, Ireland. He sailed from Limerick about the month of March, 1850, and, when last heard of, was residing at New Orleans, United States. His Mother and two brothers, Michael and James, are now in Montreal, and are very anxious to hear from him, by addressing to A. CANTON, Esq., Ship Builder, Montreal, for the Widow MALONEY. Papers giving the above a few insertions, would confer a great favor on a poor widow.



MONTREAL TOOL STORE,
SIGN OF THE HAMMER,
No. 201 ST. PAUL STREET,
(Platt's Buildings, opposite Torrance's Block),
MONTREAL.

MECHANICS and other buyers of TOOLS, are respectfully informed that large additions having recently been made to the Stock of this Establishment, the assortment is now more complete than ever, and will be found to contain in great variety, the manufactures of all the BEST British and American TOOL MAKERS.

Regular and frequent importations will be received from England and the United States during Winter, and no pains will be spared to render the Store worthy of a continuance and enlargement of the patronage hitherto extended to it.

The business being entirely limited to *Tradesmen's Tools*, with exception of a small number of articles closely allied to them, there exists ample opportunity as well as a determination to provide and keep up a *very superior assortment*, and unceasing exertions will be used towards being able to furnish EVERY TOOL required by all descriptions of *Mechanics*. A complete and extensive supply of the following always on hand:—

"PETER STUBS" TOOLS, including Saw, Watch-makers', Dentists' and other Files, &c.

"WM. GREAVES & SONS" FILES of all kinds.

Mill, Circular, Pit, Cross-cut and Billet Web SAWS, of superior makes.

"SCOTT BROTHER," "D. SIMMONS & Co." and other makes of warranted Chopping and Broad AXES.

Gentlemen's and Youth's Chests of Tools.

—ALSO—
Mathematical Instruments—Sand and Emery Paper and Cloth—Shrapping-Stones—Grindstones and Grindstone Mountings—Black, White and Red Chalk—Tradesmen's Pencils—Chalk Lines and Reels—Iron and Wood Blocks and Hand Screws—Cramps—Cramp Mountings, Glue Pots, &c.

Credit being seldom sought or required by purchasers of this class of goods, and the ready money system, therefore, easy of adoption, sales will be made at a *Small Advance upon the Cost*, and for CASH ONLY.

For the convenience of parties out of the city, orders by letter, with satisfactory references, will be carefully executed for remittance by mail, on receipt of invoice.

NO SECOND PRICE.

January 13, 1853.

FLYNN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
REGISTRY OFFICE,
AND FEMALE SERVANTS' HOME,
13 ALEXANDER STREET.

MR. FLYNN respectfully informs the Public, that he has OPENED a CIRCULATING LIBRARY, containing a collection of Books from the best Catholic Authors, on History, Voyages, Travels, Religion, Biography, and Tales.

To those who do not possess Libraries of their own, Mr. FLYNN'S Collection of Books will be found to be well chosen; and as he is continually adding to his stock, he hopes to be favored with a sufficient number of subscribers to ensure its continuance.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has REMOVED from No. 99, St. Paul Street, to No. 154, Notre Dame Street, where he will carry on his business WHOLESALE AND RETAIL of DRY GOODS, both STAPLE and FANCY, and would direct the attention of COUNTRY MERCHANTS to visit his STOCK before purchasing elsewhere.

Liberal Credit will be given.
ROBERT McANDREW.

Montreal, May 19, 1852.